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TO EVERY CREATURE

The

PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL XXXIII.

JANUARY 1908.

No. 1

THE CALL OF THE NEW YEAR.

To every one that call comes, the call for a new departure in making the best of self and life. The old leader for a cycle of seasons has passed out. The New Year, like a new leader, takes charge. His call bids each one hasten that which life still permits.

None are exempt. The call comes to every one, to poorest and richest, to lowest and highest, to sick and well, to childhood and second childhood, to plowman of land or sea, to toiler with muscle or brain. It remains for each one to heed the call and translate it into the language and action of his own conditions in life.

It is a call—**upward**—to higher things, to more faithfulness in work, to greater purity in heart and life, to kindlier speaking and thinking and doing—to more complete trust in the Saviour's Atonement for sin, to more of love and gratitude for that Atonement, and a closer fashioning of life after the pattern He has left—to more unquestioning rest in a Father's love and care, and more of friendship and companionship with Him. That is the call of the New Year and none who hear it but can, in His strength, answer it if they are willing.

It is a call—**outward**—to larger things, a call to reach forth from the self-centre, around which interest naturally circles, to more of heart and thought, and, where possible, to more of life, for others, more of care for those who have not food or clothing or shelter or friends, more of effort to cheer the disheartened and sorrowing, and to win to the right the ignorant and erring and straying, more active compassion for a world in sin and misery.

This call, too, is to all, and while some cannot do more or give more, perhaps not so much as heretofore, there is none but can reach outward in sympathy beyond present attainment and thus live in an ever widening sphere.

It is a call—**forward**—to leave in all things, the past of self, and aim at the possible future. Upward, outward, forward; higher, wider, farther, is the call of the New Year to all.

But how can those respond whose life of work, of toil, of drudgery, almost heavier than they can bear, goes on the same. Does not the call to them seem mockery? By no means. God remains their Father and Friend, and He will never fail. And there are none, no matter how poor and lonely and toil worn, but can be more truthful, more patient, more kindly, more beautiful in character, less selfish and self-centred in thought, more like the Great Life Pattern of Galilee. From some of the world's hardest and lowest lots in life have come some of its most beautiful characters; purest metal from the hottest furnace, diamonds from clay. Thus is it that all may respond to the call of the New Year, and know the joy that, in spite of conditions, comes with response to that call.

But such hard lives in our church and country are few. Most of the readers of these lines enjoy much of life's comfort. They do not want for food or clothing or shelter or friends. Response to the call of the New Year would make them better and happier, for the higher and farther and less self-centred the outlook and aim, the happier the life. Thus, by opening the valves outward not inward, by giving of self not by getting for self, is fulfilled the age-long wish of "Happy New Year." The call of the New Year is of itself a call, not to sacrifice, but to higher, purer joy.

To come from things general to those particular, the call of the New Year to a higher, wider outreach has a very definite meaning to the membership of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. That Church is merely a voluntary organization banded for doing good. Those who join it do so to help in the good, and they join it willingly, and the New Year shows us more of

good to do, at home and abroad, than ever we have done before, if we are willing to assume it.

At home there is the mission field, to English, French and Foreign from ocean to ocean. Nearly a quarter of a million strangers have come during the past year to make our country their home. It is hard for our Home Mission Committee to keep pace with settlement, but it must be done if our country is to be great in worth as well as wealth.

The call of the New Year for the West is urgent. The work undertaken by our Church calls for larger effort during the next two months, than ever before, if the Home Mission Fund is to end the year free of debt. We make no plea, but simply state the facts to the shareholders in the concern, that each may decide what he should do about the \$30,000 more than last year that the Home Mission Committee needs to square our work at the end of the year, 28th February.

Our foreign work has prospered as never before, the very prosperity meaning new open doors, wider opportunity, and larger responsibility thrust upon us. See Dr. R. P. Mackay's letter in this issue. This fact is in the New Year's call to the aforesaid shareholders. It is for each to answer conscience whether in response to the call, the outward reach is what it ought to be.

It is said that the scarcity of money this year has done much to lessen the Christmas expenditure for luxuries. There is no danger of this being the case with the Church Funds. Most of the shareholders in this work are too faithful and conscientious, and too deeply interested to allow the Lord's work to suffer. Instead of being the first, it is usually the last to feel the pinch of hard times. The supporters of missions usually cut expenditure in other things first.

But these things are written as a reminder, that our work this year, both at home and abroad, is larger than ever before, and large not because of ill judged expansion, but because it has been put upon us by Providence and had to be done. Or, more correctly, Providence has honored us, by giving us a larger share with Him in the extension of His Kingdom. Whatever there may have been of faithfulness in us, He has rewarded by entrusting with

more. The faithful over a few things is honored by rule over many things; and in the doing of them enters into the joy of his Lord.

AGED MINISTERS' FUND.

Some Principles and Facts.

This Fund is not "benevolent," much less "charitable." It is one of the obligations of every member of the church. Here are people by the thousand, who realize that all that is best in their own lives is owing to Jesus Christ and what He has done for them; and who know that all that makes for the peace and safety and true prosperity, the best interests of our country and of the world, is owing to Him; and who remember that Jesus Christ has bidden them tell all men everywhere, about Him. These people band themselves together, of their own free will, in an organization called the Church, to give the knowledge of Christ to every one they can reach.

The obligation which these people have voluntarily assumed rests equally upon all of them according to ability and opportunity. But the work needs some to devote all their time to it. All cannot do this; so the many say to the few who may be willing: "you give all your time to the Lord's work, which is ours as much as it is yours, and we will follow other occupations and share with you what we make, to keep you in food and shelter while you are doing our work.

In all this there is no generosity. It is simply A, the layman, giving a little of his time, or the money he has earned in that little time, to support B., the minister, who is giving his time to doing A's share of the Lord's work. There is no more generosity on A's part than on B's part. Each is taking his share, in his own way, of an obligation that rests equally upon both.

But there comes a time when the few, from age and infirmity, can work no longer. What then? They gave their life to the Lord's work. The life is not yet ended, but is it not to be supported? Their whole life was given in the contract they made with us to do our share of the work. They worked as long as there was strength

to work. It needs no reasoning to show that it is common justice that while there is life it should be supported. It is as much an obligation as was the support of that life while it was working.

Other organizations recognize this principle. The citizens of a country, represented by the government they have chosen, provide for the old age of those who have given their lives in civil or military service, to do the share of work for which these citizens are responsible; and the justice of such a principle is recognized by the Church in the Aged Ministers' Fund. This brings us back to where we started, that this Fund is not benevolence; it is not charity; it is simple justice, and anything less than justice wrongs and defrauds.

Some Facts.

We have looked at principles, now for a few facts:

(1) One fact is that most of the aged ministers need the help of this Fund to enable them to live. There may be a few exceptions. One may have inherited a little money; another may have married a little money; a third may have been so situated that he could save some and by fortunate investment has increased it so that he has enough to live on. A fourth has children who are able to provide for him. But these are the exceptions. The most of them can do little more in their working time of life, than meet the many calls that come to them, in the way of self support and of helping others.

(2) A second fact is that at best they do not get a very large allowance from the Fund. The largest is \$400 a year, and that only after forty years of service in the ministry, and from that downwards, according to length of service, while no man can get anything unless completely disabled, until he is seventy years of age. And further, a minister has to give more to this Fund all through life, in the payment of his rates, than almost any other man, and if he do not he will get nothing from it at the end.

(3). A third fact is that there are this year one hundred and twenty-one annuitants receiving benefit from the Fund, ninety-eight of these in the Western Sec-

tion of the Church, and twenty-three in the Eastern Section, the Maritime Provinces. They are dying off rapidly every year, but in a church as large as ours the ranks of the aged are as rapidly filled.

The Convener, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, who has given freely for years, so much time and thought and work to this Fund, and to whom it owes so much, writes that about \$34,000 will be required this year "to meet our obligations," and that "this will not leave anything for the wiping out of the debt at the close of last year, which amounted to nearly five thousand dollars."

We make no plea. It is not a case for pleading. We have simply submitted some principles and stated some facts, and it is for individual Christians in their giving, and for congregations in distributing their Funds, at the end of the year, to consider what we owe to those whose lives have been given to doing our share of the Lords work and whose working days are done.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

To this Fund the same principles apply, as to the Aged Ministers Fund. It is not "benevolence." It is not "charity." It is the sharing by all of the responsibility that rests equally upon all.

The same facts apply, so far as the need is concerned. While a few may have other means of support, the many have not; and if the bread winner is taken away, in our service, it is but fair that some help should be given. Civil governments do this, and the Church has recognized the justice of the plan by establishing this Fund.

The same facts apply with reference to the support of the Fund. If the minister does not himself contribute his rates while living, his family does not receive from the Fund when he is taken away from them.

Still another fact is, that the annuities are not large. A widow receives at the most \$175 a year if there is sufficient in Fund to pay it.

Here too, it will suffice to call attention to the matter, and the generous Christians of our Church will not be behind in implementing "their share," their side of the contract.

THE CANADA ASIATIC PROBLEM.

Where two races live together, that do not fuse into one by intermarriage, one must be dominant, in order to peace.

The New Year opens with one of the most important problems that Canada has ever had. It is more important than the building of her trans-continent railroads; more important than trade and tariff laws, or other weighty matters with which statesmen have to deal. It is a national and not a party or sectarian question; all such differences should be laid aside when it is considered. It is too momentous an issue for men to make political or any other kind of capital out of it.

In seeking a solution of this problem it will be readily granted that the safest way is the best. Now when there is a choice of two ways, either of which can be rectified, if found to be wrong, it matters little which is first tried. Either protection or free trade can be adopted, and changed if found wanting, without national injury, except slight monetary loss. The price of the knowledge gained is small.

But this Asiatic problem is unique in this regard. There are two alternatives, exclusion, total or very limited, and admission. But only one of these if found to be a mistake, can be rectified. If exclusion be tried and prove not the best it can easily be made right. But if admission be allowed, and is found to be a mistake, it cannot be rectified. Once in, they are in to stay. The U. S. A. has found and is finding by bitter experience that the admission of labor from Africa a century ago was a mistake, but the mistake cannot be made right with that African element twelve millions strong. The knowledge comes too late.

It is manifest therefore that the only safe way is to hold in the mean time to that which can be remedied until the way is clear to adopt its opposite. More especially is this true when all the probabilities, from past history and experience; point to its being the only right way.

What The Problem is Not.

There are several questions, more or less important, connected with the Asiatic problem in Canada. Some of these are so often stated as being the main issue, that it is necessary to repeat what it is that con-

stitutes the real crux of the situation, and makes it imperative that Japanese immigration should be restricted, as is that from China, or that any change from such limitation should be in the way of greater restriction for both. And in order that such action may not seem disrespectful to a friendly nation, or imply an assumed superiority on our part, let the limitation be mutual, as in the commercial relations of any two friendly peoples.

Defining therefore the question by elimination it may be said that;—

(1) It is not the question of Oriental labor coming into competition with white labor, though that is important. There may not yet be a greatly reduced wage, but as their numbers increase, this is likely to follow, and what white man, in labor or any other line, can keep home, school and church and train his family for intelligent citizenship, and compete with those who in Japanese boarding houses in Vancouver can get food and shelter for four dollars a month, or with Chinese who can live in shacks at the mines on eight cents a day. This, however, is not the question.

(2) Nor is it the question of securing sufficient labor for the development of great undertakings in the West. If they merely came to labor and then return home, there would be less objection. This, however, is not the question.

(3) Nor is it the question of admitting these people in order to secure the trade of their countries. Whether it would greatly affect that trade has not been proven. And even if this end were attained it would be a small return for so great a price. This, however, is not the question.

(4) Nor is it the question of conciliating the Oriental races, so that when they realize their strength they may be our friends. Even were they admitted for that reason it is probable that the results would tend the other way, for race friction here would react upon their home lands.

(5) Nor is it in any way a question of race superiority or the opposite. The Chinese are as quiet and diligent, and the Japanese as energetic and aggressive, as are the peoples of any race. "Britons can hold their own with any others" is a common boast. So they can when necessary, but Britons do not, as a rule, care to compete in labor or business with men who can

live on eight cents a day or even a dollar a week, so long as there is opportunity to go elsewhere. But inferiority, or otherwise, of race, is not the question.

(6) Nor is it a question of human brotherhood and its call to open Canada's fields to the congested millions of Asia. Many will admit the brotherhood and its obligations, who do not think that such obligations include the alienation to Orientals of our children's heritage, or the imposition upon our children of the crowds and conditions of the Orient.

(7) Nor is it a question of the duty of welcoming them as sent here by Providence to receive the Gospel. The duty of giving the Gospel to those who come is not doubted. But Christ's command is to go and take the Gospel to them and not to wait for their coming, and facts show that as a rule the same amount of work among Chinese and Japanese yields larger returns in China and Japan than in Canada and the U. S. A. This, however, is not the question.

Some of these things above mentioned have been urged as reasons for and against their admission. Some are more important, some less so, but none of them, nor all of them together, constitute the real point at issue.

What The Problem Is.

The real question is, whether Canada is to be white from ocean to ocean, one type, one race, dominant; one people welded by intermarriage, like Celt and Saxon and Norman of old into the British People; one race, with one national ideal and harmoniously working out that ideal; or whether for all future time, she is to have her citizenship made up of two strong aggressive races, white and yellow, with equal rights, but with differing ideals, races that will not fuse into one by intermarriage, and that will, so long as their nature remains human, have jealousies and rivalries and strifes which will keep them apart in ideal and alien in sympathy, the white race moving out wherever the yellow becomes dominant, the yellow increasing rapidly by immigration from an inexhaustable source, aided by its birth rate here, and thus, instead of what would be a great nation, were it either white or yellow,

making a nation weak and unhappy and unrestful, and, from this very reason a nation having strained relations, more or less, with the mother countries of both, a nation falling short of her high destiny within her own borders and unfitted to take her place among the nations of the world; a house divided against itself; for, where two races live together that will not become one by intermarriage, one must be wholly dominant in order to peace.

This is no nightmare of fancy. It can be seen in embryo to-day on the Pacific Coast. There are districts in chief cities there that are wholly Japanese and Chinese, stores and trades of all kinds for the supply of their own countrymen. When a white man's family lives adjacent to these communities or is surrounded by them, he gets out if he can and leaves the place solidly yellow.

Let these districts enlarge, as they are certain to do if immigration be unchecked, until in a municipality the yellow is dominant and elects its own municipal government, takes control as it has a right to do; and the certain result is not difficult to foresee. There will be racial strife, more or less acute. The whites will not quietly allow the management of civil matters to be taken out of their hands and submit to the dominance of Japanese or Chinese, and yet the only alternative, and one which will be adopted by most, will be to sell out at a sacrifice and move elsewhere, leaving the place more completely yellow than before.

Other centres will have a similar experience. The Japanese and Chinese will never move out because of white neighbors. It will always be the opposite. Control in a number of smaller centres will in time mean control of a country or province, and with similar results as in the smaller centres.

In this connection two things must be borne in mind. First, as already said, it will always be the white that will move out, rather than live in a British country, under the dominance of Japanese and Chinese, and second, while the white immigration will at best be limited, for its source is limited, the yellow, if unchecked will rapidly increase. And this will continue so long as Canada offers more room

and better facilities than Asia, in other words until it shall become as congested as the lands from which they seek escape.

Such, however, imperfectly stated, is in substance the problem that faces Canada with this New Year; a problem that will not wait for solution, a problem that will speedily solve itself in the wrong way, unless more speedily solved in the right way.

When the state of Alabama went "dry" recently, by vote in the Senate of thirty-two to two, "a wild scene," says an exchange, "followed the passing of the bill, the women and children who packed the galleries and lobbies breaking into cheers."

Yes, a "wild scene" perhaps, but infinitely pathetic, the wives and children who had known the bitterness of life with a drinking husband and father, unable to restrain their joy now that temptation was to be removed, and a better husband and father and a happier home made possible.

The Western parts of the Dominion are indebted to the Maritime Provinces for two more university presidents. Within a few months Dr. R. A. Falconer has been called to be president of Toronto University, the largest in Canada, and Dr. H. M. Tory to be president of the New Provincial University of Alberta.

The positions are two of the most important in the country. The former is probably the centre of greatest possible individual influence in the Dominion, inasmuch as it has the largest number, three thousand five hundred, of the country's future leaders, at a formative and critical time, when their ideals are taking shape for life. The latter has as its field both a province and its future leaders in the making.

It is no mere empty compliment, for such would be an impertinence, nor is it conjecture, for the men have been proved, to say that they will measure up grandly to the position and opportunity, in their ability and character and personality, in all that goes to make up what the moulders of future Canada should be, and that they are worthy of the confidence and support of the two great provinces over whose State governed universities they have been called to preside

An honor jubilee. All jubilees mean equality in warp but not in filling. Some mean fifty years of time; others fifty years of work, well done. Among the latter was that of Rev. Prof. Currie, of Pine Hill College, which was celebrated in Halifax, 30 October, ult. It was the jubilee of his ministry, of which fourteen years were spent in the pastorate in Maitland, and thirty-six as teacher of Hebrew and Oriental in the college. He is nearing his diamond jubilee as an educationist for he was a successful teacher for years while preparing for the ministry. Prof. Currie has not been prominent in Church courts, but he is known among the learned as one of the most thorough and exact of the world's Hebrew scholars. What is still better he is as welcome by the sick bed in the hospital as in the class room; and as skilled in shedding light and giving comfort and direction in the former as in solving the problems of Biblical study in the latter. May life's evening time be light with the mellowed radiance of a dawning day that knows no decline.

An induction of more than usual interest took place in Galt, 5 December. The first Presbyterian Church, Galt, dates back for seventy-five years. It was organized by missionaries of the Associate Reformed Church, U.S.A., which in 1858 joined with the U. P. Church of America, and it remained in that connection until a few months ago when it asked admission to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and was received by the Presbytery of Guelph, 22 May, 1907. Its first pastor in its new connection, Rev. H. J. Pritchard, was inducted 5 Dec. There are very few Presbyterian congregations now in Canada that are not in connection with our church, and these few are in hearty accord, and help, some of them very generously, in our work.

A visitor to one of the congregations of the Presbyterian Church in Canada not long since writes:—"The people were so busy with anthems that the minister had no reading of the Bible during the service."

Rev. A. Gandier, of Toronto, gives two courses of lectures this winter in Queen's, his Alma Mater. One course is on missions, the other on preaching.

St. Andrew's congregation, Toronto, linked long and lovingly with the name of Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, has faced the task of holding the fort "down town." The drift of population has led many of its people far away. The question for a time was whether the church should be moved. But there is still a large down town population, and it is in a hotel centre with a large and ever-changing population, and the decision is to remain. The church has been renovated at large cost. A thoroughly equipped building for institutional work is also in contemplation, also a country home for girls at Fergus, in memory of Mrs. Macdonnell. At the reopening of the church, 1st December, the preachers were Dr. R. Campbell, Moderator of Assembly, and Principal Gordon, both of whom took part in the opening services thirty-one years ago.

The oldest and the youngest congregations in New Glasgow, N.S., have become one. James Church celebrated its centenary more than a score of years ago, and is one of the oldest Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion. New St. Andrews is about a century younger; but the union is a happy one. New St. Andrews was vacant and cordially accepts the minister of James Church as their own.

Surely our times are better in some ways than when the Kirk had no ecclesiastical dealings with the Antiburghers. On the other hand there are some things, especially family worship, in which to-day would do well to copy from the days of long ago.

Rev. Geo. S. Carson, has resigned his charge of Knox Church, Pictou, where he has been pastor for twenty-two years, to devote his whole time as managing editor of *The Presbyterian Witness*, a work for which he is eminently fitted, and which he has carried on for some time, while doing the work of his congregation. The *Witness* is filling a steadily growing place in the work of our church in Maritime Synod. Dr. Robert Murray has edited it with great ability for half a century. May Mr. Carson's pencil point it far on the home stretch of the century.

Thompson, etc., Cum. Co., N. S., has been organized as a congregation.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, St. John's, Nfld., at once an outpost of our church and one of her most important centres, is glad and thankful that their pastor, well beloved, Dr. Andrew Robertson, has declined the call to Fort Massey Church, Halifax. St. Johns needs a strong, wise and good man for he is far removed from his presbytery; and having him, does not wish to let him go.

A good work has just been done by the Winnipeg S. S. Association. In one afternoon eight hundred visitors called at every home, and recorded the religious preference, church connection, etc., as far as possible of every one in the city, so that no one might be allowed to stray unknown or uncared for. In large cities, especially rapidly growing ones, there is danger of lapsing.

The Presbyterian College, Montreal, is aiming at an increase in its endowment. Rev. J. G. Inkster is engaged in the work. A good cause well presented wins him success and cordial good will almost everywhere he goes. He keeps prominent also the winning of young men for the ministry, one of the great needs of our church at the present time.

Knox College is starting vigorously its canvass for a new building. A strong committee has been appointed to carry forward the work in Toronto. Rev. Dr. Gray, once pastor for many years of St. Andrews Ch., Windsor, Ont., has been engaged to prosecute the canvass. Knox has a large and strong constituency.

That political conventions choose as candidates men of unimpeachable moral character and that the representatives of both parties should pledge themselves to an honest ballot, is the earnest request of the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew to all within its bounds.

Rev. A. W. Lochead, one of our missionaries in North Formosa, has been appointed for a time to Tokyo, Japan, to labor among the thousands of Chinese students there. His address in Japan is—Chinese Y.M.C.A.,

Waseda,
Tokyo.

On page 486 of the November RECORD the date of next meeting of the Maritime Synod was given as the first Tuesday of March, 1908. It was copied from a Maritime paper, into which the error had crept unawares. The correct date is the first Tuesday, of October, 1908.

An increasing number of congregations are adopting the weekly offering for both congregational purposes and the Schemes of the Church, using the Duplex envelope; one envelope with two pockets, one for "selves" and one for others. Dundas, P.E. I., is one of the latest to fall into line.

Our Foreign Missions

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Report Of Our Native Preacher In Formosa.

The following report was written in Chinese characters by Tsan Chhengkang and translated by Dr. J. Y. Ferguson, a recent graduate of Queen's and our missionary in Formosa.

Dr. Ferguson writes: "I have made a rather free translation but have kept his order throughout and have tried to present his thoughts in English as they sound to us in Chinese."

Pat-chiau-na, Oct. 12, 1907.
Queen's University Missionary Association,
Kingston, Canada.

Dear Friends:—I consider it a great honour to have been chosen by the Foreign Mission Council as your representative in Formosa. The interest you have manifested in us will be an incentive to me to put forth my best effort to spread the Gospel and advance the Kingdom of Christ in this place.

Pat-chiau-na, or Su-lun, situated about three miles from Taipeh, the capital of the Island, is a very important place. It has about four thousand inhabitants and can boast of more educated and wealthy men than any other town of the same size in Formosa. Besides a large public school, the girls' school, from which all the female teachers of the public schools in the island are graduated, is situated here.

The town is in the centre of a very rich agricultural district which exports not only rice in large quantities, but sends out more fruit and vegetables than any other town

in the north. About twelve hundred fruit and vegetable dealers come to Pat-chiau-na every day to buy fruit and vegetables besides those buying for their own use.

Pat-chiau-na affords an excellent opportunity for Christian work. There are already sixteen baptized persons who have been Christians for some years. From twenty-seven to thirty attend worship regularly, while a large number come irregularly to hear and see what they can.

The headmaster of the girls' school is quite willing that the girls should attend worship every Sunday. We hold services every evening of the week, part of the time being devoted to teaching the heathen who attend, to read the Bible and hymn book in the Romanized Colloquial.

The head man of the town and the educated class, who formerly opposed Christianity, are now friendly. The ideas of the people are rapidly changing—the old giving place to the new—thus they are more eager than ever to understand the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We pray that His spirit may guide the people of Su-lun that they may be speedily enlightened in the truths of the Word of Salvation. Thanking you for your kind interest and help.

I am yours sincerely,

TSAN CHHENGKANG.

The Executive of the Queen's University Missionary Association is prepared to send men to address congregations or societies who desire to get more intimate knowledge of what is being done. A card sent to R. S. McTavish, Queen's University, will bring you into touch with the Executive.

LETTER FROM HONAN.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

Graphic and interesting is the following from Wei hwei, Honan, by our Foreign Mission Secretary, who has been visiting our mission fields in China, India and Formosa, Ed.—

"I am back from a trip of eleven days with Goforth. I baptized forty-nine, and he had baptized twelve before I joined him, and eighty, in all, were recorded. It was a delightful experience.

With Murdoch Mackenzie in the previous ten days the time was given exclusively to meeting with and conferring with the Christians. In that case we had twenty-three addresses, an altogether delightful and inspiring time.

The body, of course, tires, but the heart will never tire of such services as these. More and more is the impression deepened that the doors are open, that the fields are white. Important and necessary as are so many other lines of work, I almost grudge every man that is given to anything else when such countless villages are accessible. If we could but send the men!

I start to-morrow with Mitchell for another week's trip, and then go to Hwai-ching for another week. On the 13th of November we meet here in Conference with as many Christians as we can get, and after that—home.

I am getting a little impatient to get back—yet this present work is the best exhibit I have yet had of—"behind the scenes." Later he writes:—

"China is in many respects the most interesting country in the world. It is one thing to call at the cities along the coast; another thing to travel inland by rail; and yet another, to travel through the country as the missionary does from village to village and see the country as it is, and see the people as they live and worship and suffer and die.

I have during the last thirty days covered about 450 miles, in company with different missionaries, through the territory they seek to cultivate, and have got a little way behind the scenes. It is infinitely interesting and infinitely sad, and I might add, infinitely hopeful.

It is very well to attend missionary conferences and hear inspiring addresses, and to meet and enjoy the hospitality and fellowship of missionaries, but we cannot know missions in that way. It is necessary to go down into the laboratory and see the thing done, and if possible try your hand and do it. It may be awkwardly done, but a little experience goes a long way.

That is what I am trying to do in Honan, and it is made easy and practicable by the kindness and unremitting attention and courtesy of the missionaries.

I wish I could tell you the beauty of this country. The half has never been told. If you are after the exaggerated in scenery or in architecture, then other countries excel, but for quiet rich rural scenery, in the highest state of cultivation, there is scarcely a country in the world more beautiful. I have had feelings in looking over these vast areas kindred to what I felt in Kew Gardens. It is surpassingly beautiful. The mountains are not absent either, nor the rivers, but they are simply accessories to the vast fertile expanse of lands that have been wheat bearing for thousands of years without exhaustion.

How comes it then that a people capable of such finished agricultural processes are so low in the scale as to moral and spiritual development? For the same reason that the people of India, that have built the finest specimens of architecture that the world has ever seen are yet so far behind the civilization of the West. It is their false religions that explain it all.

I asked a congregation the other day whether the heathen still use "corrupt communications" as they did in Paul's day. The answer was: "Every man, woman and child uses corrupt language. Nine out of ten men in ordinary business conversation introduce filthy language."

I then asked, do they steal as they did then? The answer was: "They all steal—they will steal anything, steal animals, steal grain, steal the land itself." That is heathenism as of old—steeped in rottenness, working uncleanness with greediness. Yet these people can be washed and are being washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.

I asked a man last Sunday for his story,

He said: "I smoked opium for forty-one years and I sold it for twenty-five years, but when I heard the new doctrine I gave it up." When asked if he took medicine to break the habit, he said: "No, I came to Jesus Christ and prayed about it." That was his medicine, and it is effectual.

I asked a woman how she became converted. She said: "I had a very bad temper, was very proud and resented being spoken to about it. One of my neighbors said to me 'This is very bad for us as well as for you—Christ can deliver you from that temper.'" I said: "You do not know how hard it is." "No," she said, "but Christ knows and He can do it." So I came to Jesus Christ, and whilst I have my faults still my neighbors know I am not the woman I used to be."

It would take me a long time to tell the story of the last thirty days as first with Dr. Mackenzie, then with Mr. Goforth, and then with Mr. Mitchell, I visited their different fields of labor. I have yet ten days before me with Mr. Slimmon and Mr. Ross.

This takes so much time that I somewhat grudge it for I expected to be back in Canada before now—but it is the best exhibit I have yet had of the real work, and it is the most satisfying evidence of the power of the Old Gospel to make new creatures of men who are dead in sin. It is certainly glorious.

Of course I see the best of it—the time of reaping. I cannot see the times of weeping that the missionaries can recall so vividly when years ago they appealed to men in vain.

We had in one town an audience of about two hundred and fifty, and eighty partook of the Lord's Supper. After the service Dr. Mackenzie pointed out the spot where a few years ago he stood alone, to preach the Gospel, there was none to stand by him. To-day such a congregation as this assembled, representing that and surrounding villages.

It is pathetic to find one community resisting and fruitless after years of labor, whilst others are responsive and quickly yielding to the solicitations of eternal love. But everywhere men are turning although in some cases more freely than in others.

As I witnessed men coming to the mis-

sionary for conversation and to be recorded as catechumens in so many places and in such numbers, the conviction was forced upon me that China is ready for the Gospel.

But how is it to be done? In one county alone in Mr. Mitchell's district it is said there are about 3,600 villages. What is one missionary amongst so many? In Dr. Mackenzie's district there are possibly 2,000 villages and he has been able to do some work in about 200 of them. It is so in the district worked by Mr. Goforth, and Mr. Griffith and Mr. Bruce and Mr. Grant. I have not yet seen the areas under the care of Mr. Slimmon and Mr. Ross, but all China is practically in the same condition.

The fields are white, the laborers are few. How white! and how few! I never understood until now the significance of these words, nor do any of us see them as He did who spoke them first. If we could largely increase our staff year by year for a few years a harvest would be reaped in China that would tell on the future history of the world.

How was it done? Simply in this way; "the minister made the proposition from the pulpit and the people responded without any subscription list or canvass," and St. Paul's Church, Brandon, had undertaken the support of Rev. D. McLeod and Mrs. McLeod, who have recently gone to our Formosa Mission. The missionary spirit is growing. A few years ago very few congregations thought of such a thing as supporting a missionary, now it is common.

A happy combination, in the first Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, a few weeks ago, was the designation of Rev. A. Dunn, to the foreign field, the first such designation on the Pacific Coast, and his support by Mr. Robert McNair, a member of that congregation the first such support in the Pacific coast. If this kind of thing grows like other things in the West, the future is bright with hope for the coast and for missions.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

REV. W. A. WILSON.

Indore, Nov. 15, 1907.

Dear Dr. Scott:

Back to India after scarcely nine months' absence! On landing among the familiar scenes of Bombay, it was hard to realize that my furlough was now at an end.

On the way back to Indore I stopped over at Rutlam and attended the meetings of Presbytery, when I had the gladness of meeting all my co-presbyters, save Dr. Buchanan, who had been detained in Jahelpur by the illness of Mrs. Buchanan.

It is a somewhat lonely house I have come back to, with Mrs. Wilson on the other side of the world. Mr. Sharrard, who has got deeply into work in the college already, is with me, and probably Mr. Dunn, on his arrival in January, will join us, when we shall have quite a little "brotherhood." How the house-keeping will succeed is a problem to be solved. But many military officers have to solve it in similar circumstances and why should not we?

It is very disappointing to return to a land where famine conditions are over a great area already prevailing. At Liverpool we received telegrams relating to the early cessation of the rain, and fears were awakened as to the result. These are being fully realized as we read daily reports of the rapidly increasing distress, and have to pay famine prices for the productions of the country.

The rains came late in July, were abundant in August, but suddenly ceased. The cold weather crops were sown, but the hot sun of a rainless September and October quickly withered them in a vast area, and now the outlook is very gloomy. What the actual state will be before the next rainy season none can tell, already relief works are in places opened up.

I shrink from the prospect as I recall the dreadful experiences of 1900. Were good showers to come even now much relief would be experienced, but rain at this season in this part of India need hardly be looked for.

The unrest is reported to be subsiding. The vigorous policy of the government has at least smothered the flames that threaten-

ed; time will show whether the fire has been extinguished. Lajpet-rai and Ajit-sing the most active ring-leaders in the sedition who were deported, were on the King's birthday set at liberty, and the outcry of the native press at the action of deporting men without formal trial may to some extent cease.

The extreme party in this movement for self-government, if it is crushed by police force or military power, will be found to have seriously retarded the cause. The abortive effort might be expected to fix more firmly the present order of things. But there are signs that the Home and Indian governments are not likely to be deflected from the course of giving that measure of self-government for which the people show themselves ready, a course which the present ferment of thought and the creation of new ideal are showing to be in the interests of a developing people.

Then too, the present failure is likely to convince thoughtful Hindus that there is no principle of unity in Hinduism that can be made the basis of unity among a people so diverse in race, language, cult and religious and political relation, and the way may be prepared for considering what Christianity may be able to offer as a unifying force.

This we know, He who governs among the nations and works out His purposes of Righteousness, will overrule all for the extension of His kingdom.

NATIVE PREACHERS IN INDIA.

BY FOUR NATIVE PREACHERS IN DHAR STATION, CENTRAL INDIA.

The reason for giving the following reports is that they give a picture of village work in India that can scarcely be obtained in any other way. They tell in quaint, simple story the occupations and habits of the people; what they think about and talk about; how the native preachers go among them and use the common things of life to introduce their message, and how it is received. One can fancy these men day after day, going from one to another of the hundreds and thousands of villages, and doing their little part towards leavening India with the Gospel.

When we entered the first village, an old man said to us in jest:

"Why do you people take this trouble, these people are vexed by your coming."

Anand Rao said to him that generally when anyone shows the true way people are not pleased with it. Just as a thief never wishes that anyone hinder him from stealing. The thief only wishes to steal, so these people wish to remain in sin.

After this we sang a hymn, "O my soul repeat the name of Jesus" and Zakhi spoke on the hymn that this world is not eternal but is like a dream. Our eternal abiding place is with God, but we must make preparation to go there. By accepting and believing on Jesus we can go, through Him we are saved. Twenty-two people heard.

Village Bagriya.

In this village we preached in two places. In the first place we spoke upon "The two Masters," that no man can serve both because he cannot live at peace with both. About eight people heard.

When we went to the other place we found six men to whom Anand Rao spoke concerning idols. He asked them why their idols did not save them. When sickness, pain and trouble comes why do they not release you from them. An old man said "O sir our dieties can do nothing!" "Those who think they can are deceived. We may throw them anywhere but they neither say nor do anything, but the fact of the matter is we cannot leave the customs of our forefathers."

Village Sunarkari.

All the village people had gone out to work so we had no chance to speak to anyone.

Village Nepali.

When we reached this village we found twenty-three men, after conversing a little with them we sang a hymn:

"O soul why are you misled in this world."

Zakhi spoke upon the hymn, that men absorbed in the things of this world forget the Master of the other world before whom we will all have to give an account of our deeds. When we go, only two things will go with us, our goodness and

our badness. Believe upon Christ as the one Saviour from sin and its consequences.

Hatwara in Dhar City.

Here we began to talk to about thirteen men and they asked us how we made Christians. They wanted to know if one became a Christian by eating or drinking some special thing.

Then Anand Rao showed them that the true religion of God was not a thing of eating and drinking, but of faith, and that we intentionally receive no one as a Christian until he has shown clear faith in Christ as his Saviour and Master.

Village Jamunda.

Nine people met and we spoke to them about faith in God, about taking His name and keeping His commandments. After this we also spoke on physical and spiritual death.

Village Gaddiken.

About eleven people met who were repairing their houses. They said they were fixing their houses on that day, because it was the fortnightly rest day for animals. They could work themselves but could not work their animals in the field; so we spoke to them on the Christian Sabbath, and the Fourth Commandment.

Village Utawad.

It so happened that the whole four of us went to the same village. We found men but they were quarrelling so fiercely that we could not do anything among them. So we went to some Banjari people who were camped outside the village. We found that they had left their own villages and had come to live at Utawad. So they had begun to build house for themselves. But they left their work to listen. First we sang to them

"Oh soul, why art thou misled in this world?"

Zakhi spoke on this hymn, about the shortness of life and the necessity of watchfulness and preparation. The parable of the Prodigal son was also related to them. About thirty people heard, but they could not wait long on account of their work.

Village Dilaura and Leper Asylum.

George went to the Leper Asylum, but I went to Dilaura. When I went into the vil-

lage there were not many men, but quite a lot of women. At last I found four men and sat down with them. After asking them various things. I asked about a carved wooden ornament which was outside the house. They said it was a wedding emblem. So we began to talk about weddings, and that God had made one woman for one man. So man should only marry one woman. He cannot be one body with more than one woman.

So I asked them what they thought about it. They admitted that it was not right to have more than one wife.

So I asked "what do you think of Krishna? He was not satisfied with one wife."

But they said that as he was almighty he might do as he wished, and could not be blamed.

So I asked "If the headman of this village behaved like Krishna would you be pleased?" They said no.

So I told them that when Krishna did such things he should not be worshipped.

When I was coming away a liquor seller called me. I spoke for a short time to him and those who were around his shop and came away. Fifteen or twenty men had heard.

Village of Mohanpur and Nawapura.

Some of the orphanage girls had gone with us to see their friends in these villages. We were not able to do much, but in Nawapura, where one of the girls had gone, the people listened to us. We showed them that God was merciful and that His people also should be merciful.

On the road we found some people sitting and spoke to them along the same line. About eighteen men heard.

Leper Asylum.

George taught the Sunday School subject.

Village Chikilia etc.

In Chikilia a wedding was in progress, so we just had a chat with three or four men over the body being the temple of the Holy Spirit. In Borda they were not willing to listen. In Kharmpur we came across another wedding party. We sang before them, "See, oh man, your body is weak." In speaking on this hymn it was shown that

there is an immortal body which Jesus gives. About thirty-five men heard.

Village Tarla.

This morning Raoji and myself went to preach in Tarla, a village more than five miles from Dhar. Here we spoke at two places. Thirty-five hearers at one place and twenty at the other.

We first went among the Pathas where guests in a marriage had come from Dasai. Most of these people were drunk. So Raoji spoke on evils of drunkenness. They were very inattentive.

As we were speaking there passed by the Tara (bridegroom) smeared with yellow color of tumeric. To his eyes he had applied kajal (lamp black).

We enquired why has the Tara applied it to his eyes? It was told—"In order that he may not be influenced by an evil eye."

After some more talk we left this place and came to the centre of the village at the blacksmith's shop where many people were sitting. The blacksmith objected to our staying there and said it would interfere with his work.

Just then another man that was sitting at a house in front of the blacksmith's invited us and asked us to stay at the veranda of his house.

We stopped, and several persons gathered around us. We had a good talk with these people. We spoke to them of Jesus Christ.

One of them, an old man, said "Jesus Christ and our God are all one. Its a difference of name only. Your gyan (religious knowledge) and our gyan are one. We call Ram an Artar (incarnation) of God, you call Jesus an incarnation of God, the thing is the same."

We then showed him the difference and pointed out certain things in Ram which proved that he was not an incarnation of God.

After this we conversed on idol worship and said idol worship was degrading our country people. After this the old man praised the good government and justice of the British in India.

This morning Raoji went to Sitapot, a village about four miles from Dhar. There he found eleven persons to whom he preached the Word. Myself preached at

the Henderson Memorial Leper Asylum as usual. Meeting well attended; twenty persons present.

I went alone to Dharama and Dedla. The people were mostly engaged in thatching the roofs of their houses. In Dharama three persons only were present. In Dedla five persons were sitting at the tailor's shop. These were rather indifferent and no work worth mentioning was done. A woman asked me for medicine for her child who was suffering from a boil on his head.

To-day we had an interesting meeting again among the lepers. It is a pleasure to work among these poor people. They are making progress spiritually and give good heed to the word preached. Their understanding is enlarged. One shed tears as he was listening to the words. We sang two bhajans. The meeting closed by all saying the Lord's prayer. Raoji spoke in Nodgaon. Eleven persons present there.

To-day Raoji and I went to Kalukheri, and Lasuria. Number present, seventeen. The people at Kalukheri heard quietly and gladly. One old man there said: "When we see you come in our midst, we feel joy in our hearts for you show us the good way."

In Lasuria the Kamdar talked of seditious meetings in Dhar and the punishment the meeting holders were given. Another old man talked of the good old and cheap days before the coming of the English into India.

We then pointed out to them the benefits of the good rule of the English. The good management, justice, safety of life and property, etc. "Yes," they said, "this is exactly so, but all this the Finangi does when he has squeezed oil out of us." Cheapness of grain and amassing wealth is of more importance to the villagers than good government. Another old fellow said. "In ke pas gyau jatra hai ("These people have great knowledge."

Village Saktali.

At the first place in this village we met twenty-five persons, for there was a marriage here. We first had some talk on plague for when we went in their midst, we felt they got afraid of us. Therefore, we told them that we were Dhar people, Chris-

tians, who go about villages to give knowledge of Jesus Christ and sing bhajans, (hymns). Then we spoke on smallpox, and said that you village people have mistakenly owned it as your mother. Then lastly we spoke on a saying of Lord Jesus Christ. "Fear them not which kill the body only, etc."

Then we went to another place where a man asked us "where have come from, tell us if you have any business."

So we stopped there. And I told him "Our business is this that we remind you of the things of God, for in the world people have forgotten the true God and worship stone like this. There was a stone there where we were standing. It was daubed over with vermilion and was foul with uncleanness of different kinds.

So pointing towards it, I said, "look, you call this stone a god and put your trust on it which can do nothing. It cannot cleanse itself, how then will it cleanse your hearts that are unclean with sin."

It was then shown that there is but one true God who loved men, and becoming incarnate called Himself Jesus. To save men's lives He gave up His life; Whosoever will now believe on Him, shall not perish, but shall have eternal life.

By the finishing of these words there were about twenty persons. They heard attentively at both places. Total number of hearers at both places is forty-five.

Umria.

We met about six persons here to whom we spoke on giving abuse, as one man there used abusing language. I told them that all members of the body which God has put in the body, have not been given us to make a bad use of them. But He has given them to us for good use.

Surajpura.

This is a Bhil village, about five miles from Dhar. Here we talked with the women, for their husbands had all gone out to fetch wood. The women feared when they saw us. So in our talk we told them "Fear not them which kill the body, etc." When I spoke such words the women took courage and kept hearing, standing. As we were returning we again met two women who seemed to be afraid, so I said "why are you afraid?" One of them said "why

should we fear, you tell God's good words?" Altogether there were ten hearers.

Sitapat.

Here we spoke to four persons on the fear, love and obedience to God.

Bhutia.

No work was done here, although there were some people. They were all engaged in thatching the roofs of their houses. When we entered into this village four or five little children spoke loudly with their lisping tongue. "The people of Jesus Christ have come, the preachers of knowledge have come."

Chiklia.

At the first place we spoke on death, i.e., physical and spiritual death. Then we sang the bhajan.

"Yes, O heart! Repeat the name of Jesus."

Brother Taki spoke and gave them instruction.

Then we went to another place where there was a gathering of many people sitting. There was a well where many women were coming and going to take out water.

When we went to these people, they said, "Sir, we are doing our accounts, the accountant is just having his meal, so we are sitting here, when he comes he will clear the accounts, and on the account being finished, we shall all take to our work. In these days there is no leisure as the rains are approaching. We have to make preparations."

So we said to them "By the time the accountant finished eating his food, we shall sing you a bhajan." We sang

"Jesus Christ is the Saviour of my Soul."

Those who heard it were thirty in number, and nineteen were at the first place. Total forty-nine.

Chamar Mohulla.

We preached at two places here. There we had six persons at the first place. Among them was a man in whose neck was tied a red thread. I asked him why is the thread tied in the neck. He said "sir, I was very ill, but was healed on account of this, and all doubts of the heart were taken out."

Then I enquired of him "Are you sure of

this that you recovered from your illness on account of the thread? Did you make no use of any other medicine after tying the thread?"

He said "Yes, I used many medicines."

Then I said, "How did you know that you were healed with the thread?"

He kept quiet. Whereupon I picked up his words "doubts of the heart," and I said "it is impossible, suppose a man is hungry and he take bread, and he tie it on his belly and say: 'Since I was hungry therefore I have tied this bread on my belly so that my hunger be removed.' Now tell if his hunger would be removed."

They said, "never, he should first break the bread, then chew it and then swallow it to remove hunger."

So I said, "in like manner, people make mistake with regard to sin. They wish that their sins be taken away, but they do not adopt the right means which is to 'Believe on the Lord Jesus.' They think that their sins would be blotted out by going out to pilgrimage, and by visiting sacred places and by meritorious works, by bathing in rivers, by giving alms, etc."

Again, I said to them, the illustration of tying bread on the belly showed that by so doing no one is filled or satisfied. In like manner sins are not blotted out by outward works. But there is one Jesus Christ, whose tidings you have heard many times, through whom alone is salvation obtained.

We then went to another place where seven or eight persons were sitting, among them we found four new persons.

I asked them "where have you come from?"

They said that they had come from Niarwar.

"On what business have you come?" I again asked.

They answered that they had come to buy leather, and that they were Niarwar workers in leather.

Again there was a man among them in whose neck was hanging a silver image of Bhairu. I asked them what was that for?

Upon this they said "We have great trust on this. It does all things for us."

Again I asked "you have come so far from your country Niarwar, and has this protected you?"

They laughed and said "what will it protect us? the protector is God (pointing upward to heaven).

Whereupon I said "God has done greater things for you than this, do you know that?"

They said "No."

Then I said, "look, God became incarnate for you, and was called Jesus. He gave His life for life and peace of men. Did you not ever hear this name and His knowledge?"

They said "yes, we did hear it in Ajmere."

I then said, "very well, remember this name and His knowledge." I then repeated the name of Jesus Christ which they also repeated two or three times.

About twenty-eight persons heard all this with gladness. Total number of two places was thirty-four.

Borda.

Is about five miles from Dhar. Number of hearers was about twelve with whom we talked many things, first like flitting from one branch to another. Thus talking we came to that pasage "Cast your cares upon the Lord and trust Him" etc., "the birds of the air and the grass of the fields." We then came to another village.

Kharampur.

Five miles from Dhar. Here fourteen persons were sitting together, but their money-lender was doing accounts. Then a grain dealer, who knew me said, "come, when have you come out to take an airing?" I replied "According to you, in one way we take an airing, for every morning when we go out we get fresh air, but our chief work is not to take an airing, but it is to tell you of Jesus Christ and His words."

We then showed that God is everywhere and sees all; the story of a thief and his son was told. Having said so much we finished the work. Total number of hearers in both villages was twenty-six.

Don't wish for somebody else's chance—look at your own. Your neighbor's chance wouldn't fit you if you had it. People can do wonders with half a chance, or next to none at all; but, big or little, it must be their own, the one God gave them.

DESTRUCTION OF OPIUM PIPES.

Hangchow, September 23rd.

The great Autumn festival which fell on Sunday last was celebrated in Hangchow by two interesting gatherings in addition to the usual events.

One was a united service, held at the Church of the China Inland Mission and attended by Christians of the various denominations, for thanksgiving, and in memory of this day seven years ago, when the command which had been given to exterminate all Christians and foreigners failed in execution.

The other was a civic function, the public destruction of all the opium pipes and trays collected from the various dens which were closed some weeks ago by order of the authorities.

The pipes and wooden trays, which were piled in two pyramids, were placed on a spur of the City Hill, in front of the treasurer's yamen, from which the greater part of the city could be seen. Here gorgeous red banners floated in the breeze.

Each side of the pyramid of pipes was about six feet at the base and about seven feet in height. They were wrapped in bundles of thirty or forty each, and the total number must have been eight or ten thousand.

Before nine o'clock a considerable number of people had gathered, some on the roofs of the houses and other points of vantage, whilst a few hundreds were as close to the pipes as the police and soldiers would permit.

As time passed, various squads of uniformed students with the banners of their schools drew up at different spots to witness the proceedings. At 9.30 dry straw was piled up round the stacks and the whole plentifully deluged with paraffin oil. Now mandarin chairs began to arrive, and large numbers of people poured up the various pathways leading to the Hill.

At the hour appointed, with some ceremony the torch was applied, and quickly the two piles of doomed instruments disappeared for ever. Of the brass lamps, etc., collected at the same time as the pipes, it is proposed to cast one or more fire-balls, to be hung in the new outlook box building in the city.—North China Herald, September 27th, 1907.

Pulpit and Pew.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

(The following article was prepared for the Committee on Evangelistic Work, of the Reformed Church in America, by Rev. James I. Vance, D.D., Chairman of that Committee. It was designed for use by the ministers of their own Church, and has been distributed in large numbers among their congregations. In the hope that its sphere for good may be widened, it is here reprinted with thanks to those who gave it being.—Ed.)

The reverent and thoughtful student of Old Testament history must be impressed by the statement of God to Jacob at Bethel: "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac."

Jacob is a fugitive. His pursuer is his twin brother whose resentment he has justly aroused. Tired, homesick and lonely, worn in body and anguished in heart, he drops down at nightfall, pillowing his head on a stone, and with a sob for the home left behind him, the weary pilgrim sinks to sleep.

God invades his slumber with a vision. The youth sees the angels. He beholds a radiant stairway. He discovers that life is not all stones and sands. There is a lustrous stair to the home of the blessed, and from its haloed summit a voice calls him. God is at the top of the ladder of light speaking to the wanderer.

What does God say? He is certifying Himself to this fleeing youth by saying: "I am your father's God; I am the God of the home you have left behind. I have come forth with you. I am the God to whom you were consecrated in babyhood, to whom you have been taught to pray from the time you were a little boy, and whose protecting care has been sought in the devotions of the home you have left behind. Be not afraid; I am the God of the wide, wild world, too. Your father's God will not forsake His lonely, fugitive son."

Could there be a finer tribute to the religious character and value of the family than this? Could there be a more suggestive emphasis to the worth of family worship? God elects Jacob's home as that which shall vouch for the reality of the divine presence and power. He is saying to Jacob "As long as you have Me home is not lost. I am your father's God. Let that fact solace the present and assure the future."

The Value of Family Worship.

What a testimony is this declaration of God to the value of family worship and domestic piety? Could we apprehend all

that God implied in the statement, family worship would be given a higher place in our esteem.

It is a divinely ordained and permanent form of worship.

Religion is not chiefly a public performance nor essentially a private emotion. It is something beyond a doctrinal system or a moral movement. It is primarily a domestic virtue. Upon the place assigned religion in family life, largely depends its value and power elsewhere. It is the greatest asset of the home.

The recognition God seeks first and honors most is not that which may be given Him in trade or politics or even in the Church. It is the recognition of Him in the home; and every man should ask himself the question: "Would it mean anything to my child for God to say: I am your father's God?"

Some day our sons and daughters must be leaving home, not as fugitives, pursued by a righteous resentment as was Isaac, but as the lights of the home followed by solicitudes of love. They must go out and adventure life for themselves; out across the desert among strangers, where they are likely to grow homesick and lonely.

Sometimes the pillow on which they lay their tired heads at night may seem as hard as Jacob's stone rest at Bethel; and sometimes there will seem nothing kinder for their good nights than the shining stars of the silent sky.

Well for them if some hallowed training from childhood's days shall follow them out and overtake them in the night time, and by some sweet suggestion invade dream-land with the vision of the ladder of light. Well, well for them if a voice shall speak to them out of the great mystery of existence and certify the fact of divine love and care by saying: "I am the God of your father and mother."

What is the religious life of my home? It is not important as to the street I live on, nor as to the style of house in which I reside. I need not be greatly exercised about the floors and walls and tables; but, do I observe family worship? Where I may work, what I may do, what may be my income, are all matters of minor consequence. Do I think enough of God and home to bring them together?

My children know that I have a business; they hear me talk about it. Do they ever hear me speak of my God? They know that I own a house, a horse, a bit of ground. Do they know I have a Saviour? They know that I have a vote and certain political convictions; they hear me discuss them.

Do they know that I have an immortal hope and an eternal home?

Is it possible for God to make me His strongest surety to my children? Could He certify Himself to them in the hour of trouble and need, of loneliness and temptation by saying: "I am the Lord God of your father."

The Oldest Form of Worship.

Family worship is the oldest form of worship. The first priests were the parents. God Himself ordained them to holy orders; and from that primal consecration every man is to be a priest in his own house. He is to lead God's worship there. The first church was a home and from the primal dedication every home is to be a sanctuary.

One of the two earliest institutions given to the race is the family. God set the solitary in families. Thus worship took its rise in family life. The religion of the home is the most ancient cult and the priesthood of the hearth the most august and venerable of holy orders.

Decay of Family Worship.

Nevertheless family worship to-day is perhaps of all forms of worship the most neglected. To tell its story would be to write the history of fallen altars, deserted and desecrated shrines, and an apostate priesthood. To many who worship in the church it does not occur to hold family worship.

There has been a sad decay of the family altar. A census of any Christian congregation would reveal a marked falling off of prayer in the home. Parentage has demitted its priestly functions. Many of us are not giving our children the religious training we ourselves received. We grew up in homes hallowed by family prayers. What blessed associations come with the memory of the hour?

First a hymn, then a chapter from the Book; then a man's voice was heard pleading for his own. Sometimes it was a woman's voice praying for her home. It was parental love wrestling for the children, invoking God's care and seeking God's guidance.

Was there an absent one, the God of the Covenant was asked to keep him; a wayward one, the Good Shepherd was asked to bring back the wanderer; a sick one, the ministry of the Great Physician was besought; an unfortunate one, the Heavenly Father was asked to put around him his tender and protecting arms. Was there impending trouble in that home, God was asked to guard to-morrow; was there great happiness, God was asked to consecrate to-day.

After the needs of the family had been

laid upon the altar, faith pushed out and the needs of neighbors, of the church and nation and of the world were brought in, and by the tie of family devotion "bound with gold chains around the throne of God."

From that oratory the family arose anointed, with morning faces and confident hearts, stronger for work, truer to duty, happier and better for all the tasks of life. It is from such a home as this that Robert Burns lifts the curtain in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." It is such a home that follows one like a benediction across all deserts and through all nights; the old-fashioned home; home of memory; home of sainthood; home of safety; home of faith and prayer; home that makes God nearer and duty fairer and existence happier; home that makes "this life worth while and heaven a surer heritage."

But things have changed. Conditions nowadays are different. With many of the good things of the simple past, the religious life of the home has had to go. We are told that it is harder to have family worship now than in those quiet sluggish days of the uneventful past.

Hindrances to Family Worship.

There are difficulties which hinder the maintenance of a family altar.

Lack of time is a serious trouble. Many do not observe family worship because they don't have time.

The world has changed in the last generation. All goes at top speed and every one is rushed. A hurried breakfast with the headlines of the morning paper to distract attention from a sapless, tasteless, predigested cereal; a dash to business on an express train; the clatter and clash of office and street for three grinding hours; a quick lunch to keep soul and body together; a pile of accumulating odds and ends for the fag of the day; a congested trolley or a crowded train home; a stupid dinner, a dozen yawns, and the bed until next day's programme for the modern slave begins.

Such is not an overdrawn picture of much of our modern way of living. Life is a dash through the crowd, a race to keep pace with steam and electricity. There is no time for prayer.

Such is the practical difficulty in many homes. Family worship has fallen out because there was no time for it. At first it was interfered with, the habit dwindled from a daily to a Sunday observance, and finally was given up altogether.

What do we have time for? For business. We have time for making money. We have time to see any man out of whom we can make an honest dollar, but we have no time for family prayers. We have

time to read the newspapers, but not time to read the Bible. We have time to discuss trade and politics, but no time to teach our children about God and the world to come. We have time for anything we deem important, but no time for family worship because we deem it unimportant. We can get along without it.

Lack of the praying gift is another difficulty. Some of us are not disposed to exercise priestly functions because we do not possess the priestly gifts. We are not talented in prayer; we could not do the thing to edification. We can speak to our children on other themes but our words stick in the throat when the subject is religion.

Fortunately this trouble may be easily overcome. If one cannot make a prayer himself, he can memorize one some one else has made. Perhaps a better plan would be to get some one of the excellent manuals of family worship and read a prayer. Such books which may be heartily commended are Dr. Robertson Nicoll's volume on "Family Worship," containing Scripture readings and a prayer for every day in the year, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer's "Prayers for Heart and Home."

Lack of inclination is perhaps a more serious difficulty than lack of time or ability. If we were very anxious to observe family worship it would be accomplished. One is anxious to have his home refined and to make it comfortable and attractive; but there is not always an equal anxiety for the religious character of the home. We divorce religion and home life, and get along very well. There is no family worship, because we do not care for it. Is not this the honest, naked truth in many cases where family worship is not observed.

Lack of piety is perhaps the most serious difficulty of all. Some of us may lack religious character and conviction ourselves. Family worship demands that parents live in harmony with the family altar. We may not be living where we can conduct family worship. If not is there a worse apostasy?

There is no more solemn obligation than the spiritual culture of children. It is something to see that their bodies and minds are trained; to become impassioned on the subject of child labor; to be absorbed with the quest for desirable social acquaintances; but these children have souls that are to live forever, and the most cruel parental neglect is that which sends a child out unprepared for the spiritual combats of life.

If not for his own sake, at least for the sake of his home and children, a man ought to live where he can lead them to God and help them to become good men and women. If a failure is ever consecrated,

it is that of the man who fails earnestly striving to do this; if a blunder is ever hallowed it is that of parental love sincerely and faithfully striving to make the home a place of Christian inspiration and influence.

Family Worship Should be Maintained.

Despite these and all other difficulties that may present themselves, family worship should be maintained.

It should be observed for the sake of the home. It secures to the home those things which are essential to its happiness.

It secures the sanctity of the marriage vow. People are not in the habit of going from family worship to the divorce courts.

Family worship is needed by the home as a training for the children. There is no discipline like it. Parental care becomes a link in the chain between God and the child. Life is daily brought into the presence of the unseen. The light of eternity glows on time, and in that lustrum the growing soul discovers its ideals. It looks beyond the material to the spiritual; beyond money and ambition's mad plunge, and the talk of the streets and the shop to eternal realities.

Force and moral suasion are not needed, for self-control is being achieved, and the young life is learning from the inner monitor to gather up the reins of conduct in his own hands and drive a straighter course.

Family worship should be maintained for the sake of the nation. There is a bigger political issue than the personality of candidates, even when the candidates aspire for the highest office in the nation's gift. It is the character of the citizens.

The most important issue is left out of the platforms of all political parties. It is the fact that the vital interests of the nation center in the home. We need character more than trade. We should rate the quiet virtues of domestic life above commercial supremacy.

Family worship should be maintained for the sake of the church. What is to be the church of the future? It will not be better than the home of the future. Irreligious homes will eventually produce religionless churches. The form may last, but the spirit and power will have gone.

The religion that has become only a public ceremonial is entombed. The prayer that does not echo with the devotion of the home lacks inspiration. The piety which is zealous only for cults and canons and creeds, for the propagation of doctrinal systems and the maintenance of priestly orders, but which is unmindful of the teaching of the home and forgetful of the family altar comes perilously near being a religion that is a calamity.

So long as family worship is maintained,

public worship will be easy. There is no revival the Christian Church more sorely needs than a revival of family worship?

The Religious Mission of the Home.

In addition to every other consideration, the family should be the last place from which worship is permitted to die, because of the religious mission of the home.

It is not difficult to trace the potent influence of family life in the development of the race. In it is the germ of those powerful and transforming virtues which sleep until there is the experience of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter.

The family is the nursery of civilization. God is speaking to the race in family life. Shall we not give Him an audience? In the trust which our children repose in us He is teaching us our true relations to Him. In the name our children give us He is telling us our truest name for Him.

The home is the Shekinah. What a mockery of home it becomes without the Divine Presence! Our most important lessons in religion are those learned in childhood. They have to do not with the dogmas of a creed or the intricacies of a ritual, but with our personal relation to God, our sense of right and wrong, our love for Christ and our personal responsibility.

If childhood have no tuition in these, the loss is permanent. A godless home robs a child of its natural rights. It deprives it of the opportunity to acquire a religious experience at the time it is most easily acquired and when its acquisition most powerfully influences character.

The home also becomes the type and prophecy of heaven. After a while the roof-tree of the earthly home falls in, the fire burns low on the hearth and the light goes out. Then we grow homesick for an eternal dwelling where all the orphaned shall meet, and the sundered ties shall be united in the bond that can never be broken. Out of the hopes and loves and memories of our earthly home faith's dream is invaded with the vision of the ladder of light, and our Father's voice calls us to our "everlasting habitation."

If such be the mission of the home, can there be a worse profanation than to paganize family life?

He is more than wise who binds heaven and home together with the ladder of light; who consecrates his hearthstone with the fire from off the altar; who becomes God's priest to his children so that when the hard world tires and dulls and would destroy them, there comes a brightness above, vocal with the memory of a home that had God, and radiant with the hope of a home that God has for all His scattered children.

THE MAN IN THE BOY.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,
In the little brook, the sea;
The twig that will sway with the sparrow,
to-day,

Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.
There is hope in a mother's joy,
Like a peach in its blossom furled,
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,
And a manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us
Is the soul of simple truth;
The oak that defies the stormiest skies
Was upright in its youth.

The beauty no time can destroy
In the pure young heart is furled;
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

SIMPLICITY IN PRAYER.

We have been greatly comforted at times by the fact that prayer may consist in simply asking for what we need or desire. Many a dear saint complains like this: "Oh, my prayers are so poor I am afraid they don't go higher than my head."

Wherein are they poor? You certainly have some faith, or you would not pray, and your prayers do not have to be flowery in language; they don't need to be eloquent; they don't even have to be correct rhetorically; they may just be the simple asking of a child from a father for what that child feels the need of, or even what he or she desires.

Herein comes a great deal of stumbling regarding prayer, because we are apt to connect it with ceremony. It is when one grows too earnest to hold to any degree of ceremony that wonderful answers come.

The Pharisee in the temple stood and ceremoniously thanked the Lord he was not as other men, but the Publican, who was heard, forgot everything but his need and simply asked for mercy. The very words, "Ask, and ye shall receive," teach much regarding prayer. It teaches that asking is prayer, that asking brings an answer, and that the Lord requires those who would seek Him to come to Him as supplicants begging for what they want.

The first prayer on record is: "Oh, that Ishmael might live before Thee!" And the Lord heard and answered this petition. Just the expressed desire of a father's heart.

Much worry and anxiety is saved us when we remember that we are not heard for much speaking, ceremoniously, nor because we are eloquent, nor because we are learned, but because we need and simply ask for what we want in the name of the Saviour.—Ex.

HOW HE CAME TO BELIEVE IN MISSIONS.

"No, Dr. Hull," said Martin Reed, "I don't believe in missions. Seems to me we have enough work piled up around us here."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Martin. You have been my right-hand man in so many ways since I began my pastorate here that I do not want a single grace denied you. You don't know how a man whose youth is gone covets other men's youth for the Master. But let's not have a difference to remember for the whole month of my vacation. Since you will not agree, we will change the subject."

They had stopped at the parsonage, and their eyes met with that heart-warming look of liking which is one of the most lasting sweets of life.

"Martin, I want you to do something for me, I suppose, like all well-regulated Christians, you pray at morning and evening. For one month I want you not to pray a single time for yourself or your family."

"For what, then, doctor?" Reed asked, uncomfortably.

"For whatever you please, Martin. But not one word for yourself or your family. I'll pray for them and for you, if you like, and give you free range. Don't skimp your usual praying time—that's all."

Reed laughed to himself as he went on. "I don't know what he is after, but he is trying some experiment with his finger on my spiritual pulse. He can't find out anything, though, unless I tell him."

When the two met a month later, the minister as brown as a ripe pear from his vacation, Martin answered his question before he asked it.

"I believe in missions now, Dr. Hull."

"That warms me. But how did it happen?"

"Why, you happened it, and you know it."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, that first night, when I went to pray before I slept, I found that I had nothing to say. Doctor, I tell you it frightened me to discover that in all God's full world I could find nothing worth praying for but myself and my mother and Grace. I got through somehow, but it made me think—and I didn't sleep very well.

"We have never had family prayers at our house, though, perhaps—but that's another story. Well, the next day, Uncle Daniel Burt came for a week's visit, and of course he held family prayers. And equally, of course, he called on me, as the man of the family to pray.

I was up a stump. When I knelt down my head and my heart were as empty as

a new cup. You see, I couldn't very well pray for spiritual blessings on a saint like Uncle Dan and leave myself out. So I devoted the time to civic affairs.

I didn't realize how much I had agonized over the mayor, until, as soon as prayers were over, I saw Uncle Daniel seize the paper and look through it for sensational developments at the city hall. He didn't find anything, and on the way downtown he said innocently, 'Sonny, what kind of mayor is Jane Briggs' son making?' I told him the best kind—best we've had since I've been voting, but my face got pretty red."

Reed looked up slyly at the minister, whose laughing eyes in his grave face were like a bit of sunshine in a shady place.

"The next morning I prayed for the poor, and for our institutions of learning, but, Dr. Hull, I felt something lacking; I felt an emptiness, a sense of limitation. Heretofore, I had begun with myself and radiated a little way, but now I wanted to be able to say, 'God bless the world—all but me,' and I was not able.

But you see, I had to acquit myself somehow, before Uncle Daniel, so I went to the Psalms for suggestions, and here the first thing I saw was the heathen given to Christ for His inheritance, and that the multitude of the isles are to be glad, because the Lord reigns. How many times I have passed those things by looking for something 'for me,' something 'personal'—in my littleness not seeing that these promises are 'personal' to millions of folks Christ died for."

"After that I asked Uncle Daniel to do the praying, and it pleased him—he thought it was offering him the whole of the apple instead of half, because he was company. And, somehow, I saw that I had missed it; and I kept still and envied Uncle Daniel while he lavished himself on the whole creation.

Well, doctor, in short, you showed me the selfishness of my prayers, and God showed me the way out. I believe now in the world for Christ. And I'd like to pray a little for myself, too, for I don't want to be the only man sitting down while all the rest are standing."

The minister spoke tenderly: "Pray all you like. You have entered into the secret, my friend."—Mary C. Johnson, in *Epworth Herald*.

Let us not forget that life is brief; that time hurries; that the hour is critical; and that what we do to make our memories of earth beautiful in heaven, and heaven itself more populous for ever, must be done with noble service, with generosity, with sacrifice, with love and with prayer, and done at once.

WHERE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAILED.

A surgeon relates an experience he had with a patient of the Mrs. Eddy type, who was brought to the hospital to undergo an operation upon the lower part of the leg which necessitated baring the bone.

When all was ready, and the attendants started to administer the anesthetic he stoutly demurred, declaring that as he had espoused the Christian Science faith it would be useless to take an anesthetic, as the operation would not hurt.

The surgeon, not desiring such irregular proceedings, insisted that he be allowed to use the anesthetic, as he was confident the Lord would not interfere in a case of this sort.

So positive, however, was the patient that it was useless, as he was convinced there would be no sensation, that the doctor yielded and commenced to cut.

In about five seconds a quick and piteous appeal to desist came from the patient, who was now as white as he will ever be. "Doctor! doctor! stop, stop!" The doctor stopped, and asked why he had interrupted.

"Well, doctor," replied the Christian Scientist, "I have just thought of some sins I committed when a boy, and as long as that is on my mind I have mortal fear. Give me the anesthetic."

In about three minutes they had him in the only place where the theory of Christian Scientists can be successfully practiced—in etherland, where pain is a fiction, the physical world unreal, and mortal mind does not disturb.—Exchange.

ARE THE STARS INHABITED?

Sometimes a man will spend hours thinking over this problem, and carefully weighing the pros and the cons, and possibly he will conclude that some of the bright star-worlds that seem so like our own must surely be inhabited. Then comes the question, "What kind of people will the inhabitants be?" And long and learned discussions may follow on this point.

We enter no protest against such speculations, for we believe in the study of the heavens; but we believe also that the telescope should be turned, not only toward the stars, but toward spots much nearer home. We should leave the stars alone sometimes, and find out if the house, not half a mile away, perhaps not ten feet away, is inhabited, and by what kind of people. It is all right to be interested in the welfare say, of the Martians, but it is just as necessary, at least, to be interested in the welfare of our own neighbors.

Is it not strange, is it not blameworthy, that a man should think more of beings a million miles away than of those at his

own door? It is all right to be caught up, occasionally, as Paul was, into the third heaven; but it is very necessary that we do not stay there. This old earth wants our services badly; and our work begins right at our own door. The godliness that shines brightest at long distances is not the kind the world wants just now. It wants the godliness that scatters its brightest beams around its own doorstep.—Christian Guardian.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

By J. F. CARSON, D.D.

The decalogue is for all time. It can never become out of date. It is for all men; and the men whose lives are ruled by it are the best men, the most honored men, the men of mightiest influence in their generation, the men whose memories are longest and best treasured.

The decalogue is universal. There is no ecclesiasticism or sectarianism or nationalism in it. It is not Mosaic, but divine. It is not Jewish, but human. It expresses those qualities of reverence and righteousness of which human nature is capable.

Several things must be borne in mind in any study of the decalogue:

(1) The law is spiritual, Romans 7:14. Not external conformity, but heart allegiance is the method of obedience.

(2) The law is copulative. The two tables—piety toward God and equity toward man—must not be put asunder.

(3) The law is positive. Its prohibitions are affirmative, and its affirmations are prohibitive.

(4) The law is inclusive. When any sin is forbidden, the things which lead up to the sin are forbidden. When any duty is commanded, the means that are to be employed for the performance of that duty are commanded.

(5) The law is a unit. Breaking one precept involves the breaking of the whole law. James 2: 8-11.

(6) The law is a social obligation. What the individual is commanded to do he must endeavor to have others do.

(7) The law is an expression of love. Matthew 22: 36-40.—The Westminster.

"This earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago and dimly remembered; long, laborious, full of joys and sorrows as it is, it will then have dwindled down to a mere point hardly visible to the far-reaching ken of the disembodied spirit. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another."

BRIDGE WHIST, ETC.

BY A WHIST CHAMPION.

Mrs. A. B. Sims, of Des Moines, Iowa, winner of the women's whist championship of the U.S.A., was one of the speakers at a recent Bible Conference at Winona, and gave her experience and testimony as follows:—

"After I saw what I was really doing, I burned up my whist board and cards, and I should like to speak in every church to the women and tell them what card-playing led me to and will lead them to.

I belong to Christ church, in Des Moines, and when I was most active at the card-table, I was also trying to work in the church. My husband was on the board of trustees, and I was at the head of the church sick committee.

I looked about me in the church and saw that card-playing was undermining our organization. The whist and euchre craze was sweeping the women of the congregation, and the church was sinking because of their neglect. The fever to play whist acquired such a hold on me that I abandoned my church work; in fact, I quit attending services.

Finally, Mr. Sims and I fell to discussing it, and we concluded that my identity with the church and the card clubs of Des Moines made my attitude ridiculous. I continued to play cards up to December 17, 1906. I had spent years studying whist from a scientific standpoint. I had given as much thought to the game as a minister of a church could give to the Scriptures.

Toward the close of my card career, I declared that I would give up euchre and whist parties, but would never abandon the regulation game of whist. On December 17, last year, I heard Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman preach on Amusements. I made up my mind that I would never touch a card again.

The card craze, as it prevails among the women of this country, is the most serious competitor the Church has to-day. It is causing them to abandon home and church interests. I have had letters from women in every leading city in the United States, in which they declared that the Church and society women have gone mad over bridge whist and other games. Letters in similar strain have come to me from Canada, Europe and Mexico.

It was when these messages began to pour in upon me that the hold cards have taken on civilized women fully dawned on me. I want the women of the country to hear my experience. I want to convince them, if I can, that card-playing and Christianity will not go together.—Christian Intelligencer.

VALUE OF GOOD TEMPER.

It was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at ninety, that the secret of a long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing the hygienic value of amiability—a principle which until lately, has scarcely been considered in the training of children.

Hitherto we have regarded fretfulness, melancholy and bad temper as the natural concomitants of illness. But modern science shows that these mental moods have actual power to produce disease.

No doubt in most cases imperfect bodily conditions are the cause of irritable and depressed feelings, yet sometimes the reverse is true, and a better knowledge of physiological laws would show them to be effect rather than cause.

The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease.—"Boston Congregationalist."

DUTY AND DISCOVERY.

Many a person, while in the discharge of a duty which required all possible resoluteness, courage and exertion, has discovered within himself capabilities which he had never before suspected were there. When at first the duty was presented to him he may have shrunk from it; it appalled him by its largeness and its exactions; he believed that he was utterly incapable of rightly performing it.

But he entered upon the task. Surprises awaited him. He discovered that what had seemed to be impossible of performance was quite possible for him. He discovered that some of the grounds of his fear were only imaginary, or at least not as large and fierce as they had appeared to be.

I think that this was in the history of Moses. He had pleaded most urgently with God to be excused from the duty of leading Israel out of Egypt. The thought was overwhelming. He dared not meet the requirements. With fear and trembling he at last entered upon his great duty.

Then he began to discover himself. He had more courage than he suspected. Latent capacities revealed themselves to him. His powers of endurance surprised him. His ability to speak in public was a revelation to him. And he also discovered the exceeding greatness of God. In the midst of his duty he saw God's power as he never had seen it before them.—Ex.

THE DROPPED SCHOLARSHIP.

(A Dialogue.)

"O, yes, our auxiliary has decided to drop our orphan in India. She is not very promising—in fact, the missionary wrote us that she was not exceptionally bright, and that she had even run away once. We don't propose to throw our money away on such a case."

"Indeed! Then we are starting on a new and diverging line of missionary work than that marked out by Jesus? He came to save the lost, and declared that 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they are sick.' Is this the course we take with our own perverse ones?"

"Well, but you see she is willful."

"Really? What was that I heard you telling about your own Clara being 'rather hard to manage'? Was it she who went off picking flowers while you thought her safe in school?"

"Dear me, how can you even think of referring to my lovely child as in any way being like that ungrateful heathen? To be sure Clara is naughty sometimes, but no one would ever call her willful."

"But have you thought of the great gulf between your child and this 'heathen,' as you call her? Your Clara was born in a Christian home, has always been taught truthfulness and obedience, she has been shielded from every evil influence, and yet, she is, as you admit 'naughty,' though to one not so well acquainted with her lovely disposition, it would pass for disobedience."

"The little girl you propose to 'drop' because you do not want to waste your money, is but one year older than Clara. She has been but a few years from her heathen parents; she was not loved by them. They had already sold her to become the wife of a man forty years old. She never knew truthfulness nor purity, and now your auxiliary is disappointed because their twenty dollars a year has not in four short years transformed her into a being superior to our own lovely and beloved children?"

"Well, I do think you have a way of looking at these things that brings them in a different light, but it does seem that we ought to have the best results possible when the money is so hard to get and much of it comes from those not very well able to pay."

"My dear friend, do not misunderstand me. What to your mind is the best possible results in all missionary work? 'Come, let us reason together.' Here is an orphanage containing two hundred and fifty children. Some are sick, some are blind. As to disposition they are as varied as that number of children in any school in our own land."

"Now shall our missionaries select the well the bright, the teachable and then imitate the heathen around them by leaving the rest to die? The very best possible results from money invested is to prove to the Christless

nations that 'Our God, even ours only' cares for the unfortunate; and loves even the repulsive.

"Perhaps we need to be reminded as did those of old that 'The heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes.'"

"Does the Bible really say that?"

"Read it for yourself. Ezekiel 36:23."

"I want to thank you for this talk. I feel very differently about this whole work. I will go to my auxiliary and lay the matter before them as I now see it, and perhaps they will not give her up after all."

"Let me suggest that the next meeting you ask some one to sing 'The Ninety and Nine,' and then just before you present the matter, ask them to kneel and ask God to help them do for this child as though it were their own."—In Woman's Missionary Friend.

THE SUPREME TRUST.

BY REV. J. MORTON, D.D., TRINIDAD.

The prophet by an acted parable led King Ahab to condemn himself for letting his prisoner Benhadad escape. In the midst of the battle a soldier is entrusted with a prisoner and charged, "Keep this man; if by any means he be missing then shall thy life be for his life." The man escaped, and the excuse is, "As thy servant was busy here and there he was gone." And the decision is prompt, "Thou art self-condemned."

Now life is warfare, and in both life and warfare the authority of king and captain is absolute. The soldier on sea and on land recognises that with him it is simply, "Duty or Mutiny;" but in life men do not recognize this. They forget the first rule of the King's service and substitute their own will for God's and the loot of fat lambs for obedience.

But the will of our King is right and it is the supreme rule of duty. In war and in life there is always a first, absolute duty which we neglect at our peril. This man's duty was to keep his prisoner. That one thing assured, he might do other things, but nothing else done would atone for the escape of the prisoner. "Thy life shall be for his life."

A mother must guard her child. Much else she may do, but nothing else will count if the child is missing or found in the well. If the captain loses his ship while amusing his passengers, the secondary service becomes a crime. The doctor must not risk his patient's life even by attending church.

And this law runs through all secular life; the entrusted, special duty must be discharged. All else is subordinate. We are able to do more things than one; but one is the first, the absolute duty. This we must do whether aught else be done or not.—Trinidad Presbyterian.

The Children's Pages

SOME RECITATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE OLD YEAR.

He steals away so quietly,
I cannot bid him stay
To ask the record of the past
He marked from day to day.

Yet every day and every hour
Has in its buried past
Something of good or evil done,
Which must forever last.

Dear Father, take the record, all—
O wash the guilt away;
And let the good be treasured up
In that eternal day.

THE WONDERFUL STORY.

I think that all little children,
E'en the tiniest baby thing,
Will learn the song that the angels
And children in glory sing.

There are thousands of little children,
A great and pitiful throng,
Who never have heard the story
And never have learned the song.

All over the world they are waiting
For the song so simple and sweet,
For the song the angels are singing
As they bow at the Saviour's feet.

'Tis for us who have heard it so often
To send it far abroad—
The wonderful song and story
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

There is danger in the glass;
Beware lest it enslave.
They who have drained it find, alas!
Too often early graves.

It sparkles to allure,
With its rich ruby light;
There is no antidote or cure,
Only its course to fight.

It changes men to brutes;
Makes women bow their heads;
Fills homes with anguish, want, disputes,
And takes from children bread.

Then dash the glass away,
And from the serpent flee.
Drink pure cold water day by day,
And walk God's footstool free.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

If everyone were kind and sweet,
And everyone were jolly,
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should murmur or complain,
And everyone should labor
In useful work, and each were fain
To help and cheer his neighbour--
For you and me, just you and me!
Then what a blessed world 'twould be.

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I, just you and I,
Should smile and never worry;
If we should grow, just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-bye
That good time might get started;
Then what a blessed world 'twould be
For you and me, just you and me!

A MEMORY SYSTEM.

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure.
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys, and hearts to love you. —Ex

"We each of us live in a three-storey house. The basement is our physical nature, the first storey our intellectual nature, and the top storey our spiritual nature. We can habitually occupy whatever storey we please. But it is certainly a mistake to live in the basement; and even in the second storey, we will miss the air and the view that belong to the top one."

A TINY MISSIONARY.

"Gertrude, could you spare a dolly for the missionary box?" asked mamma. "The ladies have a small corner not filled and we want to send it to-day. The minister has a little girl three years old who has never had a doll in her life, so I think you ought to let her have one of your children. Which shall it be?"

"Why, mamma, I don't see how I could give up any of my dollies," said Gertrude. "I love every one of them. I might send Polly, since she has lost her wig, but that is the only one. I'll tie her hood on and maybe the little girl will think all dolls are like that if she has never had one. The others are too nice to go to that cold country papa was telling about."

Some one was speaking to mamma from the kitchen, so she did not hear what Gertrude said. The ladies met that afternoon to pack the last thing and send the box away, so when they were in the sitting room mamma called to Gertrude and Guy to bring their things for the children. Everything but the one corner of the big box was filled, and the dray had been engaged by four o'clock.

"You are not going to give your very best books and ball, are you, Guy?" said Gertrude, as her little brother brought his nicest things for the missionary box. "Don't you know that isn't the way to do? Why, mamma and the other ladies gave their very oldest things, and I'm going to send Polly because she's lost her wig. Folks only put in the missionary box what they don't want themselves."

"I'm going to give these," said Guy sturdily. "If they only get old things in the boxes, they can have a little surprise party with my good books. I guess the baby will like the ball if he can't read."

"I am afraid Guy is right," said one of the ladies, with very red cheeks, while Guy's mamma fell on her knees beside the box and took out a very shabby old dress.

"Let's follow Guy's example and send something very nice this time," said another lady. "In an hour we can get lots of things together and I'm going to try."

Guy did not know what it was all about, but the ladies all hurried away and came back in a short time with nice new clothes for the missionary and his family, some lovely shoes for the baby, pretty handkerchiefs and even some candy and popcorn.

"Isn't it going to be a missionary box, mamma?" asked Gertrude, with wide-open eyes. "I thought you never sent nice things in your boxes to the West."

"We are going to this time," said mamma, crowding the nice new clothes into the vacant space. "Do you want to send Polly?"

"Not if you are going to take out all the

old things like that. I'll send Josephine, for she is the very nicest child I have. Do you know, mamma, I'm glad not to lose Polly for all she has no wig, I'm glad those people are going to get some nice presents, aren't you?"

And all the ladies kissed Guy and said he was a dear little missionary himself for giving his pretty things first.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

DARROW'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"Driver! What were you thinking of to leave the heaviest piece of baggage for this boy to carry? That suit-case is full of books. I've a mind not to let you drive us over. 'Twould serve you right."

"I—I don't mind it," panted the boy, as he straightened himself. I'm—big, and—strong, you see!"

"Yes; I see you are strong; but you'll not be strong long if you overlift like this. Driver, I say!"

"An' it's meself as is doin' him a favor, sor, wid lettin' av him wait on me passengers. Ef he jumps the worruk, then he loses the job, that's all!"

"Wait, Clara! I shall call another cab. Hi there!"

"Oh don't sir! Please don't. I mustn't lose this job sir. And I don't mind, sir, indeed I don't. It's easier than some I've carried."

"Oh it is! So much the worse! Here!" and he slid a half-dollar into the small hand, "come to the Laurel House in about an hour! I want to see you. Come to the gentlemen's reading-room."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'll be there!" And as the irate driver drove away, Darrow turned a double handspring; after which he started home with his prize.

"What do you s'pose, mother? Oh, I hope he wants me to do something else!"

Such riches! exclaimed the mother. "Why, that makes seventy-five cents to-day! You'll be earning as much as I do before long."

At the Laurel House, Mr. Emmons questioned the boy kindly, and learned that Darrow gave his money to his mother, who was "taking care of sister, and baby, and me, and all of us; till now, I'm so grown up that I do some of the taking care of us."

"The doctors have sent me down here to play golf," said Mr. Emmons. "Would you like to be a caddie, Darrow?"

"I should like to be your caddie, sir."

Now you're flattering me. I'm not always like this; sometimes I'm cross." He drew down his eyebrows.

But Darrow only grew more serious. "Then I'll try all the harder to please you, sir."

Indeed! Well, I expect to remain through the season. And I want one boy to be ready to play, or not to play, as I chance to feel. How would a dollar a day suit you?"

"Oh, oh!" Then he grew sober. "You don't mean it!"

"But I do mean it."

"Then I can make mother take a vacation like other people. Oh, I'm so glad to be grown-up—most!"

"Be on hand at nine, then, in the morning. And—let me warn you, you'll earn that money! Good-night!"

Darrow found a free place on the sidewalk, turned a few more handsprings, then flew home to relate his new business engagement.

The days passed. Mr. Emmons was pleased, and more, with his bright little caddie. One day he noticed two of the other caddies smoking cigarettes. And he noticed, too, that they were offering one to Darrow. He couldn't see whether the boy took it or not, but it set Mr. Emmons to thinking.

"Darrow," he said the next morning, "the doctors tell me it is because I have smoked too much that I am in such wretched health. I see that some of the caddies are smoking cigarettes. Now, I don't want you to do it. If you do—I shall look for some one else." He paused to glance sternly at the boy.

"But you won't have to look. I'm not going to smoke. The boys say there isn't any harm—not if you have the money; but I shan't do it. Not if they give me the cigarettes. I've promise dnot to."

"There is harm in it, Darrow. I would be a well man to-day if it hadn't been for tobacco. And I have smoked little for the last few years—only four twenty-five-cent cigars a day. That doesn't seem—"

"Whew! a whole dollar! Every day! Just what I'm earning. And all the money mother had before I was big enough to help take care of us. My!"

"I want you to know that smoking is bad for a man," continued the gentleman. "Whenever I'm cross it's because I want a cigar. It is harder to break the tobacco habit than it is to carry suit-cases full of books. Mr. Emmons sat still so long that Darrow thought he was through with him, and, was turning to leave. "See here! I don't like to have this battle four times a day and not feel that somebody besides myself is the better for it. I used to pay that dollar to the cigar dealers without a murmur. Now just as long as you will keep from learning to smoke,

Darrow I'll give that money to you for you mother."

Darrow couldn't help it. He opened his mouth and gave a yell that startled the nervous man nearly out of his golf togs. Then he began to turn handsprings, and kept them up till Mr. Emmons was dizzy.

"Here! Darrow! Stop that! You'll get vertigo. Come here! Is it a bargain? Then shake!"

Later in the day Darrow approached his new employer. His face was serious and long. Indeed, it was very long. "I don't believe you know how much that dollar 'mounts up to. Why, why, it's over three hundred dollars a year! And not count in the Sundays!"

"But we're going to count in the Sundays. They weren't counted out of the other game, although we don't play on that day, and there's no reason why they should be out of this."

Still Darrow felt that he should look after the interests of this reckless employer of his. "Are—are you sure you can spare so much?" he asked anxiously. "Won't you need it for something else?"

Mr. Emmons laughed. "You are the best medicine I have found yet! I'll do my best to get along without that dollar a day. But any time I should feel unable to afford it why, you'll let me out of the contract, won't you?"

"Sure! 'Cause, you see, I'm getting bigger every day. So, maybe mother won't miss it by—the time you get to need it."

"Good for you! I see you are an honorable man. Shake hands again! Suppose you and I become business partners, hey?"

"All right!" Darrow put out his brown, grass-stained hand into the slender one held out to him.

"You don't ask what the business is."

"Why—why, anything you are doing, sir. I'll do the same thing—best I can."

"There you are!—flattering me again. I shall begin to think myself a pretty fine fellow if this keeps up. But there's one thing: Although you and I are business partners, I want you to attend school regularly during the school terms; so as to learn how to take my place by and by—that is, if you don't go to smoking, or doing something else I shouldn't like in my junior partner."

"I'll be very careful, sir."

"That's right! Now, remember to ask your mother if I may come over to talk with her to-morrow, will you?"

Darrow didn't quite know what all this meant, but something inside of him was so very glad that he turned handsprings at every street corner all the way home.—*Epworth Herald.*

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"I know something!" Cot Seven announced, lifting her head painfully and smiling mysteriously across at Cot Six. Cot Six was not smiling; its not easy to do it with your face bound round with bandages. Friday's Christmas — there! and Cot Seven fell back on her pillows in triumph. "I guess you didn't know that, did you?"

No, Cot Six had not known. She had not known much of anything except that from her little soles to the crown of her little burned head she ached, and wanted to go home to her mother.

"Well, 'tis; and I know something else. I'm going to hang up my stocking!"

This time the bandaged head turned slowly and a pair of wistful brown eyes looked over at Cot Seven. "Honest!"

"Honest, I am! I've decided to. It would be puffyly dreadful to skip Christmas. You going to? Why don't you hang yours up, too?"

"Where you going to get a stocking?" demanded Cot Six. Then a sudden little wave of pity swept over her, and she was sorry she had said it. Oh, poor Cot Seven poor Cot Seven! Some things are worse than getting afire and 'most burning up.

"Oh!" It was a little moan stifled in a little white pillow; for Cot Seven had just remembered that she would never need stockings any more. She hadn't thought of it just that way before; and at Christmas time it seemed more terrible still!

It was very quiet in both little white cots. Kind Nurse Elizabeth smoothed up the covers gently and thought how nice it was that both little sufferers were asleep. She did not see two little tears squeeze out from under Cot Seven's closed lids and slip down her white cheeks; but Nurse Elizabeth did hear a little whispered call from Cot Six as she was tiptoeing away. She turned back quickly. "Well, dear?" her kind face down by the little white pillow.

"I'd like my stockings, please," breathed Cot Six softly in her ear. Nurse Elizabeth started and anxiously felt the little face set in the frame of bandages. Was the child getting delirious? "Will you please bring 'em, and put one on Cot Seven's pillow where she'll see it when she wakes up? She hasn't got any stocking to hang up Christmas. Hers were all spoilt, weren't they, when she was run over? And—and I don't s'pose she'll ever have any more." Cot Six's whisper ended in a little sob of pity.

Nurse Elizabeth nodded brightly, but she could not speak without sobbing herself. Her kind heart yearned toward both her little patients. She resolved instantly that both stockings should be full on Christmas morning.

The other name of Cot Seven was Tilly

Gamble. Tilly had been run over by a wagon awhile ago and had both legs injured. The doctors had been doing everything in their power to save them and had been alternately hopeful and hopeless. But now unless a favorable change came within a very few days, they had decided that poor little Tilly must lose them both. All the ward knew it in the strange, sad way that bad news has of getting abroad. And Tilly herself knew, though everyone had tried to keep it from her a little longer.

Into the pillow of Cot Seven a hot little face was burrowing and a little sobbing prayer was being whispered. "Oh, thou Lord o' heaven and earth," prayed Tilly, as she remembered that minister's prayer in church, "an awful thing is goin' to happen to one o' thy little children; she's goin' to lose both legs. Oh, thou dear Lord, think of both legs! When thou said, 'Suffer little children,' thou couldst not have meant for one o' 'em to suffer as much as that. And she's me—oh, Lord o' heaven and earth, that little girl is me! I thought if thou knewest I haven't any mother—a little girl without a mother needs her legs so much, dear Lord! Please let them stay on forever and ever. Amen."

When Nurse Elizabeth came back, Tilly was asleep and quite peaceful and smiling, as though in her dreams at least "they" were "staying on." Nothing more was said between the two little neighboring cots about stockings or Christmas. One day and another, and still another, dragged on their weary lengths in the great roomful of little white cots. Doctors and nurses came and went on their kind missions; one or two fortunate little patients went home, one or two new, unfortunate ones came to take their places.

Pain and weariness sat on all the little lean white faces, but each made its brave attempt at smiling. Something was the matter with Nurse Elizabeth's eyes and lips and hands when she settled Tilly for the night on Christmas Eve. Her lips and eyes were smiling; her hands caught Tilly's patient little face between them in a joyful squeeze.

"Dear child—dear child, I know something beautiful! Nurse Elizabeth whispered.

I know, Tilly whispered back softly; "it's Christmas Eve, and Christ was born." "Dear child! But this beautiful thing has you in it, Tilly. No, I can't tell you to-night. Go to sleep and dream a beautiful dream, and in the morning I'll tell you—Christmas morning, Tilly!"

"Will it be—I don't suppose it will be in my stocking?" breathed Tilly with shining eyes. For answer Nurse Elizabeth stooped suddenly and kissed her, because it was the only way just then that she could answer. "Never mind; I'd rather

not know to-night. All I want to know to-night is that it's beautiful. May be I'll dream the rest!"

And Tilly fell asleep to dream that she found a pair of wings in her stockings, Christmas morning, which an angel had lent her on account of her legs. They were beautiful wings—oh, beautiful! But she looked at them and smoothed their soft white feathers rather sadly, thinking of the pair of stout little legs that once—She opened her eyes suddenly and it was Christmas morning, and there was Nurse Elizabeth a-smiling down. And Cot Six a-smiling across! The beautiful thing?" cried Tilly in soft breathlessness.

Yes, dear; it's here waiting. Guess Tilly!"

"It isn't in my stock—I don't see any stocking."

It's in both stockings, dear! There are two beautiful things; I put them in while you were asleep and you never knew. Are you ready?"

"Ready," breathed Tilly raptly. And Nurse Elizabeth drew down the white cot covers gently and raised Tilly's head to see her own beloved legs in a little pair of white stockings. Not wings but her legs; those were the beautiful things in her Christmas stockings!

"To—to stay on?" she whispered. It couldn't be to stay on!

"Yes—dear child, yes, to stay on!" Nurse Elizabeth cried softly. "The doctors give them to you for your Christmas, Tilly. They could not be sure before, but now they are sure; you can have them to keep always."

"Forever and ever—amen," murmured Tilly. Then her awed little face dropped into the pillow. "O Lord o' heaven and earth, it isn't the doctors; it's thou!" she prayed; "it's thou gives 'em and I thank thee—how I thank thee, dear Lord! Oh, a beautiful thing has happened to one o' thy children and it's me its happened to! I'll try to be good forever and ever Amen."

All over the great roomful of little white cots there was Christmas that day. There were toys and pictures and fruit on every little white cot—on Cot Seven, too; but the joy in Tilly's face was not for those but for her two gifts that lay under the covers, her own, to stay on. When she slept it was to dream that she sent back the angel's wings with a little note pinned to one of them. "You are very kind," the note said, "but I do not need them after all, for I'm going to have my legs. If you're acquainted with my mother, would you mind telling her? Tell her they're going to stay on; oh, I know my mother'll be pleased at that! And now I must close. They are beautiful wings and I

thank you, but you'll excuse me for liking legs the best."

Nurse Elizabeth walking down the aisle of little white cots came to Cot Seven and saw the radiant sleeping face and stopped to kiss it. Dear child—dear child!" she murmured, a soft reflection of the radiance on her own kind face.—S. S. Visitor.

RELIGION IN TRIFLES.

An eight-foot length of gas-tubing Madam? That will be ten cents extra, please," said the clerk, hanging up the shorter piece the young woman had just returned and taking down another. While he was wrapping up the new package she turned to her companion and said, "How much did I return? It was five feet wasn't it? or was it six feet? If it was, I owe fifteen cents instead of ten.

"Why do you bother?" was the reply "That is his lookout, not yours."

"Oh, but it is mine," was the rejoinder. "I'm going to see how long it is. I'm not positive, but my impression is that it is five feet." She hunted till she found the tubing, which proved to be just five feet. She paid the extra nickel and was off, leaving the clerk looking after her in puzzling wonder.

"Now what made her do that?" he said to a cash girl who had witnessed the incident. "She needn't have done it; nobody would have known."

"God would have known," the girl replied softly, her cheeks flushing faintly in the effort to speak the words.

"God would have known!" All day the sentence repeated itself to the lad as he thought of different instances of petty trickery on his part in the past. At night it had not left him. In the morning it still haunted him. It marked the turning point in his life.

The young girl had no idea of the far-reaching consequences of her words. She could not have foreseen their potency. But that act for the right not only changed the whole course of the boy's life, but affected to a greater or less extent, for the better, the lives of all with whom he came in contact.

"You can never tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;

But with every act you are sowing a seed

Though its harvest you cannot see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you cannot know, yet the tree will grow

And shelter the brows that toil."

—Young People.

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF AN ORPHAN BOY IN INDIA.

BY MRS. H. R. SCOTT, SURAT, INDIA.

I was busy in the garden one morning when I saw Dushirja, one of the bigger boys, who works at the Mission Press, at this station, strolling about with an air of such ostentatious unconcern, that I felt sure he had something of importance on his mind, and I had little difficulty in guessing what it was likely to be. The boys know I am always to be found in the garden in the mornings, and when they have anything private to say, it attracts much less notice, and also requires less courage on their part, to come in on pretext of "taking the air," than to march up the bungalow steps and request a formal interview.

Dushirja made himself very useful that morning, helping to trim borders, to clear out weeds, and to water the beautiful crotons, but he made no approach to business, and I did not attempt to force his confidence. I felt sure he would be back again the following morning, and so he was, still intent on being helpful. But it was not till the third day, as he was about to leave, that he opened negotiations by informing me that he was getting "very old."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, nineteen, or may be even twenty, Madam Saheb. I came down from Mahoba in the famine year, ten years ago, and I was eight or nine or ten then, but it is written down in the Saheb's book. If the Madam Saheb will look she will see that I am very old indeed."

This lament over advancing years (?) which may begin any time after fourteen, is a well recognised preliminary to a request for permission to get married, so I knew without further questioning what Dushirja meant, and he knew equally well what I meant, when I said, "All right, I'll think about it."

It was some days later, as we were pruning the branches of a rose tree, that Dushirja took the second step. "Has the Madam Saheb thought yet? The Saheb and the Madam Saheb are my parents. If they do not take thought for their poor orphan boy, to whom can I go? I have no other hope."

"What salary have you?"

"Five rupees a month" (six and eight-pence).

"And how much have you saved?"

"Over thirty rupees—enough for furniture and all the wedding expenses."

This seemed highly satisfactory; so I promised to "speak to the Sahib," my husband, and ask his permission, which was,

needless to say, what Dushirja was working up to all the time, my part in the little drama being neither more nor less than that of a "go-between."

The Sahib raising no objection the next point was to decide on the lady! On being questioned Dushirja at first disavowed any preference for any one in particular. "Who am I that I should presume to think for myself in such a matter? The Saheb and the Madam Saheb know best, and whomsoever they choose will please me."

But, being pressed a little, he admitted that there were three girls in his mind, any one of whom "would do," subject to the Saheb's approval, and on their coming up to a certain standard on enquiries being made about them! "No, he had never spoken to any of them in his life. How could he? He had only seen them in church. He knew nothing about their character or disposition. As for looks, he attached no importance to them—you couldn't live on looks.

He would like his wife to be a good religious girl, but beyond that there were only three points about which he was particular—good health, good temper (so that there would be no fear of rows in the house), and the ability to earn something towards her own support, as he would not like to get into debt, and although the Sahib had promised to raise his salary as soon as he got married, still two wage-earners in a house were always better than one !!!"

On enquiries being made it transpired that one of the elect trio was not very strong, and another had an "unreliable" temper, so there was only one left; and on a certain morning, as we were busy over a bed of seedlings, Dushirja informed me that, after mature deliberation, he had decided to try his chance with her, and requested me to lay his proposal before the "Missy Saheb" in charge of the girls, for her sanction and for transmission to the object of his affections.

The Missy Sahib was favourable, and promised to interview Hira, the girl in question, at an early opportunity, and to let Dushirja know his fate, and it was at this juncture he began to show the first signs of a lover's anxiety.

During the time that Hira was supposed to be "thinking" over her answer, he haunted the garden daily, on the lookout for news of the progress of his suit, and when two or three days had passed without anything definite to report, he could contain himself no longer.

"If Hira would make up her mind quickly, Madam Saheb, and let me know, it would be well. If she is not going to have me, then I will think about some one else;

and if she is, I would like to be allowed to speak to her at least once, so that we might know each other a little, and begin to be fond of each other before the wedding. You see it is no use my thinking about her or letting my mind dwell on her till I know for certain that she is going to have me; so if the Madam Sahib would ask the Missy Sahib to ask Hira whether it is to be 'yes' or 'no,' it would be a great meherbani (kindness)."

So I made another pilgrimage to the Missy Sahib, who then went to Hira, and in a short time Hira told the Missy Sahib, and the Missy Sahib told me, and I was able to tell Dushirja that the maiden was "willin'," and that they would be allowed to have an interview the next day.

The interview proving mutually satisfactory, the engagement was arranged forthwith, and the bride-elect duly presented with a saree and a set of glass bangles, which in this country take the place of a ring, and they also got permission to correspond occasionally with a view to increasing their knowledge of each other, and, we may presume, to "begin getting fond of each other."

A house in the compound happening to fall vacant at this time, the Sahib gave it to Dushirja, and the next excitement was the getting of it furnished. Dushirja now began to haunt auctions and second-hand furniture shops, appearing regularly in the garden to report progress as he went along. Sometimes it was a cup and saucer he had picked up for "next to nothing," sometimes a lamp, sometimes a glass or plate, but the crowning triumph of all was when he secured a second-hand bedstead, as good as new, for two and fourpence!

By the time the house was whitewashed and ready, and the little bits of furniture all laid in, it was time to discuss the wedding-clothes, and this gave Dushirja fresh excuses for visiting the garden, to which he seemed to have become quite attracted. Too many of the natives are fond of going in for gaudy-colored satin coats on these occasions, which cost a lot of money, and are not of much use to them for ordinary wear afterwards; but I was glad to find that Dushirja had sensible notions on the subject, and did not mean to get anything useless or extravagant, and I thought he looked very nice indeed when he appeared in church on the eventful morning, in plain white, washing clothes, with tan shoes and a crimson velvet cap, by way of marking the occasion.

He and Hira seem as happy together, for so far, as if they had spent years studying each other's temperaments and tastes; and when one sees how well these "made" marriages as a rule turn out, one

is almost inclined to say, "Blessed are they that expect little, for they shall not be disappointed."

Dushirja's wooing occupied between five and six months, and I feel my morning occupation quite gone since he got married and settled, but there are indications that some of the other boys are beginning to feel themselves "advanced in years," and I have no doubt but we shall have other "cases" on hand before long.

It is a very real satisfaction to see the boys happily married and settled down, and their gratitude and responsiveness to any sympathy or interest shown them at such a time is quite touching, and well repays one for the time and trouble it costs.—The Missionary Herald.

TWO BOYS. WHICH ARE YOU?

A poor man, by hard work had managed to send his boy to college. One day he took a load of wood to the city, perhaps to pay his son's bills. He met his son walking down the street with some of his companions.

So pleased was the father, that he got down from the load of wood and hastened to speak to him.

But the son looked the other way and hurried on. He was ashamed of his father's shabby clothes.

What base ingratitude for all his father's kindness.

The best student of his year, the leader of his class, had just received the gold medal from the President of the college, amid the hearty applause of his fellow students. Then he stepped from the platform, walked down the aisle to a poor, plainly-dressed woman who had sat and watched the proceedings with tears in her eyes, and pinning the medal on her dress, he said, "Mother I should never have won it but for you." Which boy are you?

BE SQUARE.

We may name a hundred drawbacks

That a man must meet in life,

We may say it's all a "battle"

And a never-ending "strife,"

Then resolve to meet it bravely—

Stand the test—to do and dare—

But the secret of true Victory

Lies in one word, just be "square."

There is something in the twinkle

Of an honest fellow's eye

That can never be mistaken

And can never be passed by.

Be his station high or lowly,

There's that dauntless, upright air,

That convinces all beholders

That the man they see is "square."

HOW PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

A gentleman living in the country had a large sum of money paid to him, and before depositing it in the bank, was obliged to go from home, leaving his wife and little daughter without a protector.

Some time during the night his wife was awakened with a feeling that some one was in the house. She listened and could hear footsteps moving about.

The noise also aroused the little daughter. With childish trust she said, "Mamma, won't God take care of us now papa is away." Her faith seemed to strengthen the mother, who yielded to her entreaties to pray that they might be kept safely.

She arose from her bed, and, kneeling beside it, poured forth a fervent supplication to the Heavenly Father to shield them from all harm, after which they again retired. Upon going down stairs in the morning, they found everything as it should be, nothing had been disturbed.

About two years later the father was sent to visit a man who had formerly been in his employ, and who then was lying on his deathbed. He confessed that upon the night in question he had entered the house for the purpose of robbery, knowing that the gentleman had received the money, and had gone away from home, leaving his home unprotected, but upon hearing the prayer of the wife, his conscience was smitten, and he dared not carry out his evil intention.

It was that prayer alone that prevented him from possible murder, which he would have committed, had it been necessary for him to do so in order to secure the money.—Our Dumb Animals.

STOP AND WEIGH THINGS.

A farmer came into the village store very angry.

"Look here," he began sharply, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here yesterday, and when I got home I found 'em more'n half walnuts. And there is the young villian I bought 'em of," he added, pointing to the proprietor's son.

"John," said the father, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready response.

"You needn't lie about it," exclaimed the farmer, still further enraged by the young man's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, with a good-natured smile, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put walnuts in extra."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?" asked the man, in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children."

"Well, if you ain't a good one!" the man remarked, with restored good humor. "An' here I've been making an idiot of myself. Just put me up a pound of tea, will ye! I'll stop and weigh things next time."—Ex.

DOING MORE THAN OUR SHARE.

No man can be "kept down" who always does a little better than any one has a right to expect of him. And no man ever "gets to the top" in any walk of life unless he does just this. It is such a simple recipe for sure success, and is so often called attention to, that the wonder is that we are so slow to adopt it.

The man who only fills his place, and no more, is likely to remain a fixture in that place, while others, who are more than filling their places, crowd themselves out into bigger, better positions. Indeed, the man who no more than fills his place is likely to lose even that place to one who gives evidence of being able to make still more of it.

Christ himself struck unmistakably at the failure of stopping with our own work when he said, "when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which is our duty to do." We begin to make ourselves profitable only when we do more than our simple duty.—Ex.

FUJIYAMA.

Of all the so-called "sacred mountains" in Japan, beautiful Fujiyama is most sacred.

It is seen as travellers approach the coast, and when they behold it outlined against a pure sky they no longer wonder that Japanese poets sing its praises, and artists sketch it again and again upon fans, screens, vases, and almost everything which calls for decoration.

It is, like most of the mountains in Japan, volcanic. The height of the crater is 13,997 feet, and the highest peak is 14,177 feet. Up its sides millions of pilgrims press their way every year.

It is believed that whoever climbs Fuji, as a religious act, gains health and good fortune from the god whose spirit still abides upon its summit.

Among the bands of pilgrims, wearing large hats like the men, and like them carrying upon their shoulders the matting for a bed at night, old women are often seen. They walk miles and miles, jingling their bells and holding their rosaries until they reach the shrine where they may ask some special blessing.—Children's Missionary Magazine.

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackenzie of Korea.
May—Mackay of Formosa.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Cong'tn. a Missy's Organization.

TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

**DONALD HARVEY MACVICAR,
D.D., LL.D.**

By REV A. J. MOWATT, D.D., MONTREAL.

MacVicar is Keltic for—"Son of the Eagle." Long ago—so runs the story—an eagle in his flight swooped down upon an Irish village, and in his talons bore off an infant. This infant was carried over to Scotland, and dropped in the Mull of Kintyre, and so became the father of the MacVicars.

The subject of this sketch was the seventh son of John MacVicar, a man noted for his stalwartness, both physically and religiously, and was born at South End, near Campbelltown, Argyshire, Scotland, on November 29th, 1831. At the age of four, the family emigrated to Canada, and settled in the virgin forest near Chatham, Ontario.

In a log-house, and amid the rude pioneering of the early Canadian settler, the boy grew. He spoke only Gaelic till he went to school. The school he went to was a log school of the most primitive sort, and was known as "Barefoot's Hen House," and his first teachers were of a type long since extinct. Thus his early education suffered. Still, he hungered for knowledge, and when it came to be with him a question—"Life on the farm or college"—he had no difficulty in coming to a decision.

The next you hear of him he is aboard a lumbering coach, bumping over corduroy roads, on his way to Toronto. He is now a youth, breaking with a past dear as love and home and piety can make it, and venturing upon a future, untried as yet, but radiant with hope. How much such a step, as we see it to-day, meant to him away back in the fifties of last century! How much, student of to-day, it means to you! But the Lord was leading him, and he felt sure of it, and so went forward. And the Lord that led him will lead you. Follow on, then, and fear not. Let it be forward with you, as with him to the trials and triumphs of life's struggle and battle in the high places of the field. He succeeded; you will succeed.

He entered Gate's Academy to prepare for college, and in due time found himself a student at Knox. Under such eminent educationists as Principal Willis, Dr. Burns, Panton Young, especially the last named, he became a hard-working and enthusiastic student.

During his college days, not only did he grow in knowledge, but also in religious experience, and you find him, on the 22nd of January, 1854, when he was twenty-three years of age, drawing up a covenant, which he calls—"Balancing sheet with my own soul"—and solemnly subscribing it. He was evidently passing through a time of soul sifting and searching, but by the grace of God he came out on the right side, confirmed in faith, and fully decided to follow Christ.

When passing through college he had taught several terms, and proved himself a capable and successful teacher, and he was urged to make teaching his profession, but he was drawn to the ministry. Thus was he led, and it was the Lord's leading. He often remarked, in later years, that people were much mistaken, who imagined that he had himself planned everything. As he put it, he never planned anything. He just "trusted from day to day, and year to year, in a personal Redeemer, who revealed himself in never-

failing and often utterly undreamt of providences."

He was ordained to the ministry on October 19th, 1859, at Guelph, Ontario, and he records that "the church was not full." But it was full when he left, thirteen months later, to accept the call to Cote Street Free Church, Montreal. In May of that year also he was united in marriage to Eleanor Goulding, who still survives him, a union full of blessing to both.

He was inducted into the pastorate of Cote Street Church, Montreal, on January 30th, 1861, and continued the highly esteemed pastor of that prominent congregation, till his call to fill the chair of professor and principal of the new Montreal Presbyterian College in 1868.

He was a faithful and devoted minister of the gospel, a hard student, most thorough in his preparation for the pulpit, a forcible and edifying preacher, a house to house pastor, and greatly beloved by his people. Arrayed in his pulpit robes, and filled with his message, he was a commanding figure, and might have shone, had the Lord so willed it, in larger spheres of labor. But the Lord had ordered otherwise, and no doubt wisely, both for himself, and the interests he served—his true life-work.

At the Synod meeting of 1868 a new chapter in his career opens, and it was not his planning, but the Lord's leading. As early as 1863 a college at Montreal was deemed a necessity, and steps were taken to interest the public in such a movement. One cold winter night in 1864 a meeting was called, and met in the parlor of John Redpath, Terrace Bank. This meeting was attended by two ministers and seven laymen, which about represented the extent of the interest in the enterprise. MacVicar was one of the two ministers.

It was not till 1867 the Synod launched the project. In the Autumn of that year lectures began in the basement of Erskine Church, the Rev. Dr. Gregg, pastor of Cooke's Church, Toronto, lecturing for three months, and Rev. William Aitken, of Smith's Falls, the other three months. Ten students attended the lectures, known afterwards as the "Cellar Graduates." Such was the unpretentious beginning of the college, but it was a beginning.

When the Synod met in 1868 it was felt

that the undertaking must be pushed with more vigor. So two things were agreed upon—College buildings to be erected without delay, and a principal to be appointed. After vain attempts to fill the chair by great men from abroad, it was finally decided, but not without opposition, to call MacVicar. And he accepted the appointment, and threw himself into the hazardous venture. He said to the College Board at the first meeting after his installation: "Gentlemen, I have concluded to try the work of this new Institution, and will continue it so long as I think it the wise thing to do. When I think otherwise, I shall leave."

He said no more, but got to work. At this time he was a young man of thirty-seven, full of energy, full of courage, full of faith, and he needed it all. The work laid upon him was great, the task herculean. Buildings had to be erected, money to be raised, professors of like spirit with himself to be found, students to be gathered, the church's interest in the project to be awakened and enthused, everything in a word, to be created.

But he threw himself into the cause, believing it to be of God, and by the Divine blessing he was able to achieve wonders. Friends rallied around him, difficulties were overcome, opposition disarmed, money came pouring in, and so a noble Institution was built up. But not without prayers and tears;—an Institution, that, architecturally, is an ornament to the city, that, educationally, stands for consecrated scholarship, and that, spiritually, has been of immense service to the church and religion.

To tell the story of it in detail—its trials and triumphs—is far beyond the scope of this paper. Enough to say, that for thirty-four years—from 1868 to the close of 1902—his zeal never flagged, the fire on the altar never burned low, and he left behind in the College, and especially in the men trained for the ministry under his care—three hundred and more—occupying, as many of them do, important posts both at home and abroad, a monument of his greatness and goodness.

His college work, however, was but one department of his educational work. In 1865, he was appointed by the Provincial Government a member of the Protestant

Board of School Commissioners. In that capacity he acted for some thirty-one years, fifteen of which he was chairman.

At the time of his appointment the Church of Rome had practically undisputed possession of all the educational interests of the Province, and things were in a most deplorable condition educationally, and the Protestant minority were compelled to suffer under grievous burdens. There was not a single Protestant in the offices of the chief Superintendent of Education, whose department controlled all the Protestant schools, administered their funds, and determined their school books. At the time the Protestant population of Montreal was 40,000, their property two-thirds of the whole city in value, and they had but three public schools.

He flung himself, with heart and soul, into the struggle, and with pen and tongue, fought valiantly for equal rights. This battle was at last won. In 1869 a law was enacted recognizing the equal rights of Catholics and Protestants. This meant a great deal to the Protestant Board. When Dr. MacVicar joined the Board in 1865 its revenue for school purposes amounted to less than \$3,000; after the enactment of the new law in 1869, to more than \$19,000, and very largely through his efforts.

His labors as Chairman of the School Board were immense, but he freely gave himself to the great work, and the education of the city, and also throughout the province to-day, owes very much to his untiring energy and self-sacrificing public-spiritedness.

And now we come to the third great department of his life-work—French Evangelization. He was not long a minister in Montreal till he became intensely interested in the Romish Question. When a student in Knox College, Toronto, he had undertaken to canvass for the old French Canadian Missionary Society, and in later days he had to reproach himself for his "unaccountable timidity" in presenting that list to fewer persons than his conscience justified him. It was not until he came to live and work under the shadow of Roman Catholicism he learned its true character, and from that moment no one was able to reproach him for his lukewarmness or unaccountable timidity.

An incident occurred in his own ministry that set him all on fire. One summer day he strolled to where a member of his church was making hay—"Fletcher's Field." Up on the load was a bright intelligent French Canadian boy. He called him down, and gave him a French New Testament.

The little fellow so read the good book that he refused to pray any longer to the Virgin Mary. He was arrested and thrown into prison by the Mayor of St. Jean Baptiste Village. When called to account for his conduct, he created no little horror in court by his determination to persist in the course he had adopted. He was told he ought to be ashamed of himself. He said: "I am not ashamed of myself," and pulling out of his pocket the little Testament, he read in the ears of the court. "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father and the holy angels."

The little book was snatched from his hand. That night he was locked up in jail. Next morning he was allowed to go home with his mother and brother and sister. They stopped at a wayside inn. There the boy made his escape to the woods, and returned to the city to be free. To the Doctor he was a little champion of spiritual liberty, a hero of the faith, who knew what it was to forsake mother, brother, sister, home, and face persecution and imprisonment for Christ's sake, and the gospel's. There are still those who call such a thing proselytism, but he called it French Evangelization, and believed in it with all his might.

At the union in 1875 he became chairman of the Board of French Evangelization, and continued to fill that position till his death, giving twenty-seven years of loyal service to that patriotic cause. Many things occurred during those years to enflame his zeal, chief among which were the smallpox epidemic, the Chiniquy riots, and the Riel Rebellion. We can only briefly touch on some things.

It was in 1885 that Montreal was visited by the smallpox epidemic. To stay the plague the Church of Rome set on foot pilgrimages to sacred shrines, which of course tended only to spread the disease.

When therefore the mayor was called upon to enforce the laws of health, and vaccinate the people, it led to riots.

Then there was an ecclesiastical prescription, which was claimed to be an infallible remedy for smallpox and every other ill. This was a tiny picture of the Virgin on thin paper, which, when swallowed in a little water before each meal, would be sure to effect a cure in every stage of the loathsome disease. The sale of these pictures was enormous, and was a source of revenue to the church. But, of course, the plague was not stayed. It was nothing but a cruel fraud in the name of religion. All this impressed the Chairman of the Board with the necessity of pushing French Evangelization, and teaching the people better.

Then the Riel Rebellions of 1869 and 1885 stirred his soul and set on fire his patriotism, for he felt that the Church of Rome was back of that base man, and was using him as her tool to get control in the Great Northwest.

Then Chiniquy came upon the scene with his fiery eloquence, preaching the gospel to immense throngs of his countrymen. Many Protestants and Presbyterians questioned his zeal, denounced him as a firebrand, and kept aloof in the battle he waged, but Dr. MacVicar felt it his duty to be with him, prepared to fall, if need be, at his side, championing the cause of free speech, and maintaining every man's right to think for himself in religion as well as other things.

French Evangelization was thus dear to his heart. The last meeting he presided over was that of the executive of that Society. He retired from that meeting, apparently in the best of health, and an hour afterwards was found dead in his study chair. Thus passed one of the best of men, and one of the strongest champions the cause of truth and liberty has ever had in this land. He died, as he lived, at the post of duty. Full of honors, and beloved by all, he entered into rest on Monday afternoon, Dec. 15, 1902.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors.—Mary E. Wilkins.

IT IS A MISTAKE

To imagine that you can be as good a Christian out of the church as you can in it, or that you can be a secret Christian. The instinct of a new heart is to acknowledge God. The change effected in a true Christian experience compels confession before men.

If one should propose to keep his experience of God's grace secret, he would falsify the very nature of Christian piety. Therefore Christ said, "Confess me before men." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

There is no encouragement given to the notion of salvation by secret piety in any Scripture teaching or example. The Master said: "Let your light shine before men."—Presbyterian Standard.

THE CARE OF OUR MINDS.

A famous specialist in insanity, who has closely studied the causes of lunacy for many years, declares that two things lead directly to it—lack of self-control, and lack of patient orderliness. Only one fifth of the patients in the insane asylums, he says, inherit mental disease. The other four-fifths largely drift into it through their own folly.

Every fit of temper controlled, every orderly habit learned, every patient bit of work held to and carried out, strengthen the mind, he declares; and every passion yielded to, every carelessness and disorderly trait indulged, is a real mental danger. We can help to build up our own minds, or we can help to break them down.—Ex.

JOINT HEIRS WITH CHRIST.

A dying judge said to his pastor, "Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint tenancy?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well," he said, "if you and I were joint tenants on a farm, I could not say to you, That is your hill of corn, and this is mine; but we would share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here and thinking with unspeakable joy, that Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, that everything he has is mine, and we will share and share alike through all eternity."—Selected.

World Wide Work.

A FRENCH SYNOD IN 1557.

In 1492, (the year Columbus discovered America,) the University of Paris—Romanist to the core—hailed with enthusiasm the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; yet in 1512, one of its professors, Lefevre d'Etaples, set forth in his lectures with impressive clearness, the doctrine of Justification by faith, that doctrine of a standing or of a falling Church. Subsequently, he discussed the whole round of Romish doctrines only to declare them to be unscriptural and to be rejected.

While Lefevre was writing thus, "Luther was a monk in his cell; Zwingle was a priest in Glarus, and Calvin was in his cradle."

With the writings of Lefevre (which were condemned by the Sorbonne in 1521) there sympathised William Bricconnet, abbot of St. Germain-des-Pres, and subsequently bishop of Meaux. A visit to Rome seems to have affected Bricconnet, as Luther's visit had affected him; for on his return, he called Lefevre to be his vicar-general and freely opened all the pulpits of his diocese to those who were known to hold the new views.

The Reformation was thus transferred from Paris to the not distant village of Meaux, where a Community was soon formed, under the supervision of men evangelical in doctrine, yet still wearing the soutane of Rome.

In 1522, persecution broke out against this Society. Some of its members fled, others concealed themselves, not a few were burnt; while in the following year Bricconnet, frightened by the fruits of his work, became avowedly hostile to the Reformers. The Meaux Church was broken up, and its members sought safety in Paris, which thus became a nursery for the Reformation in France.

But there was no peace in Paris for the Evangelicals. Jacques Pavannes, a student and adherent of Bricconnet, was burnt in the Place Maubert near the Musee du Cluny, and the reign of bloodshed began. No bounds could be set to the murderous zeal of the Romanisers. Their victims included persons of every social position, the possession by any of heretical writings being a specially unpardonable crime. That bloodshedding, however, by the firmness of its victims, whether under the torture or surrounded by blazing faggots, but made the existence of the Society more widely known, and led to the acceptance

by many of the Gospel for which those persons died.

While these things were taking place in Paris, similar incidents would doubtless be taking place in other parts of France. The advocates of Church Reform were setting forth their grievances and complaints; others were proclaiming their wrongs at the hands of the Church, while the possessors of a purer faith were active in telling their countrymen the Old, Old story.

Communities of believers were being formed, and gradually taking shape as Local and self-governing churches; they held a series of truths in common, while regulating their Church life by some common and obvious rules. By degrees, these credences would assume the familiar form of a Confession of Faith, and of a Discipline for the government and administration of the Church.

But of all these movements we had no knowledge, until the discovery of the minutes of a "Synod" held in 1557, at Poitiers, and at which Twenty-five Articles of an exceedingly interesting nature were adopted, while the meeting itself was afterwards spoken of as a National Synod. Yet this was neither a National nor a Provincial Synod, but simply a Meeting, either of the ministers of one extensive Church with numerous congregations, or of the ministers and elders of several independent churches.

That such a Meeting had been held was utterly unknown until 1872, when its Minutes were discovered in the Library of Grenoble, by Pasteur Arnaud of Drome, and published by him in Paris in the following year.

Church organization was as yet in a very immature condition. Congregations in different localities had doubtless often met in Synod, previously to the Synod of Paris, their resolutions according to their intrinsic importance being more or less widely accepted. Hence, it was natural for the Synod of Motelmar, which met in 1561, to speak of the meeting at Poitiers as a *National* Synod, like that of Paris; while from the sameness of the resolutions adopted at Paris with those previously adopted at Poitiers and subsequently by other Synods, it could speak of "the Discipline and Order or the Reformed Churches of France."

The idea of such a Federation as was formed at Paris, had been gradually taking shape in the minds of many, and the meeting of Poitiers, with possibly similar meetings in other districts, but of which

we have not yet discovered any account, would contribute to its existence.

What we have here, may have been the first attempt to prepare a Discipline, or there may have been more than one earlier Draft, all of which could be utilized by the Synod of Paris in its work, rendering such more simple than if there had been no preliminary Draft, though evidently Calvin's *La Forme*, both as to its plan and details, furnished the model that all followed.

The Acts of the assemblage at Poitiers have thus a special value in being the earliest document we possess, containing anything that resembles a Draft of the Discipline or Polity of the French Churches—one very elementary it is true, but still, on the lines afterwards followed by the Synod of Paris, and then developed in detail by the twenty later National Synods, and afterwards copied or modified by Churches outside of France.

The Poitiers Assembly of 1557 was therefore either a Synod of the ministers of an organized Church, or a *Local Synod* composed of ministers and representatives of neighbouring Congregations.

The setting up of a Reformed congregation in any district was the result of the acceptance of the Gospel by the people of the place. These formed themselves into a Church, and were an independent community, self-governing in every respect. Similar movements would take place in other districts, and a number of such Local Churches come into existence. Any gathering of the office-bearers of such would receive the name of a Synod, and one of such gatherings was apparently the Synod of Poitiers.

The "Acts" are very interesting, as revealing a considerable progress toward the unification of the Church and the formation of a full Presbyterian Polity. The Articles are not the setting up of a Church nor of a system, but simply certain regulations for administering the affairs of one already existing.

Thus, the first four articles furnish directions about the Pastor, the care to be taken in selecting one, and the protection to be given to such, if need be, by a fair enquiry to be conducted by ministers, elders and deacons, for a wise and righteous ecclesiastical judgment; and for this purpose, some of the neighbouring ministers should be called in—a procedure very like the action of a presbytery.

The functions of the Diaconate are next set forth, and described as being largely religious, reading the Scriptures at public worship, catechising both young and old, overseeing the lives and conduct of the members, visiting their houses and taking care that family worship be held in each, recording births, marriages and deaths,

and keeping a full record of all the affairs and procedure of the Church.

The *Anciens* or Elders are next mentioned, who co-operate with the deacons in the oversight of the people, and report to the Consistory such as might be deserving of censure. The elders are charged with providing for all the expenses of the congregation, including the support of the minister and his manse, not forgetting the care of the poor—a line of work differing from the modern conception of the duties of deacons and elders.

The *Anciens* and deacons should not only be regularly at church, and at the meetings of the Consistory, but each should visit the members residing in his *quartier* or district once a month, to converse with such on religious matters, and to report the result to the Consistory, watching any erroneous or heretical opinions that might arise among the people, and taking special charge of the younger people lest these fall into evil; the whole concluding with the suggestive sentence:—

"The aforesaid ancients and deacons will maintain and carry out all that which pertains to the good order and polity of the Church,"—language which indicates a system of regulations in use, though possibly, only in the district or locality embraced by the said, "Local Church."

So much for the internal administration of the Church, while a number of regulations exist bearing on Church organization. No congregation is to meddle with other congregations unless invited to do so, which can be done only in a Synod lawfully called together, and where the appointed delegates will be present. Treasurers will be chosen by the Consistory, one to care for the poor, the other to look after the minister's stipend, who shall account for their receipts and disbursements every three months, showing receipts for all the latter. The Consistory is to meet weekly for the discharge of its business. Church members shall neither be received nor dismissed without regular certificates.

The whole document is evidently the work of a Local Community, whose numerous ministers and others came together to conduct the affairs of their own Church.

Following on the close of the Paris Synod of 1559, Provincial Synods were speedily held in different parts of the country. Happily, the Minutes of some of these bodies have been preserved, those published in 1873 by M. Arnaud forming a very valuable and interesting contribution to our knowledge of the Church Life and Work of that day.

France was not regularly divided into ecclesiastical provinces or synods until the National Synod of Lyons in 1563, so that the Acts of Poitiers were really an essay towards a full and complete Discipline. The Synod of Lyons calls that of Poitiers, a *National Synod*.—Quarterly Register.

SIX MILLION HINDU FAKIRS.

There are no fewer than six millions of fakirs in India. It is almost impossible to be in India even for a few days without coming into contact with them, so various are their orders, fraternities or sects. They are met in the crowded city, in the quiet grove by the river, in the mela or fair, on the lonely hillside and even in the dense forest. Like their gipsy kindred in the West they are always on the move. They wander from city to city, from temple to temple, dependent entirely upon the charity of the faithful.

The fakir is no recent importation. He flourished in India centuries before the advent of Christ, or even the preaching by Buddha of the Eightfold Path leading to Enlightenment and Deliverance. Their opinions are peculiar, their practices strange, their hardships cruel, their bodily austerities and mortification fantastic and painful.

The Hindus have an idea that any one wilfully inflicting pain upon himself must be a very holy man, and that any severe penance which he undergoes will give him great power with the gods. Hence these mendicants command the supernatural veneration of a vast multitude of their countrymen, who believe they are possessed with supernatural power to confer benefit or to invoke mischief.

Thousands flock to them, imploring their mediation with the gods, to secure either for themselves or for their friends blessing or cursing, as the case may be. Practically this mediation is a selfish bargaining. The devotee wants the money, and his client desires a favor of some kind, procured from the gods whose go-between the fakir is.

One man will entreat the gods in order that he may obtain a fruitful crop. Another will endeavour with a few coins to purchase the death of his enemy's bullocks, the burning of his house, or the destruction of his family. Some contribute freely to the pile of money which you may see on the edge of the fakir's spiked bed, in the hope that the gods will send them a son and heir. They give their advice—always for a monetary consideration—from the planting of the crops to the training of the children.

The curse of a fakir is a great misfortune, and no Hindu cares to bring it upon himself. It means, so he believes, a failure of his rice harvest, the death of his cattle by disease, sickness in his home, and bad luck in everything he undertakes. In personal appearance they are absolutely repulsive. They go about almost naked, and on the occasion of certain festivals are entirely nude. They plaster their bodies with mud, ashes and filth; they rub clay, gum, and other substances into their hair to give it an uncouth appearance.

They usually carry nothing but a small

brass bowl in imitation of Buddha, and this with their cloth or blanket is the only property they possess. They paint lines on their cheeks, and draw marks under their eyes to give themselves an inhuman appearance. Most of them are so thin and emaciated through long pilgrimages and insufficient nourishment, that one can almost count their bones. They sleep wherever they happen to be, on the roadside or under the shadow of a temple, anywhere where there happens to be a shelter.

Many are accompanied by a chela. Those who have read Kiplings Kim, will immediately understand the reference. This is the boy of from ten to fifteen who acts as a kind of neophyte and will himself become a fakir unless something happens to change his career. The Hindu saint is supposed never to beg for himself. The gods he worships are expected to take care of him, and if they do not send him food he goes without it.

When the Hindu family is at breakfast, the chela goes from house to house with the brass bowl until it is filled with food, then he returns to wherever his master is in waiting for him, and they go shares in the contents. At noon and again at night the chela tends to the commissariat department, not always with success as the ill-favored condition of the fakir indicates.

Some of these men are without doubt earnest and sincere. They believe that they are promoting the welfare and happiness of their fellow men by depriving themselves of everything that is necessary to bodily comfort, purging their souls by privation and hardship, and obtaining spiritual inspiration by continuous meditation and prayer. Not a few of them, as is evidenced by the wild look in their eyes, are suffering from serious mental disorder.

They undergo self-torture of a most horrible kind, and endeavour to show their sincerity by assuming unnatural attitudes; burying their heads in the ground until one would think they would be suffocated; or by lifting their arms to heaven until the muscles and sinews are benumbed and paralysed. The more painful the posture, the greater the veneration they secure and the more firmly the devotee is persuaded of attaining a higher degree of holiness and substantial reward in the other world.

By the Hindu speculative theologians such asceticism is regarded as a means to the purification of the imprisoned spirit, severe discipline of the body being an essential condition for rendering the spirit fit for ultimate reunion with Brahma, the "Absolute Being."

It will surprise some to know that some of the gods of India are credited with these ascetic practices. Professor Sir Monier Williams says: "According to the Hindu theory the performance of penances is like making deposits in the bank of heaven. By degrees an enormous credit is accumu-

lated which enables the depositor to draw to the amount of his savings without fear of his drafts being refused payment. The power gained in this way by weak mortals is so enormous that gods as well as men are equally at the mercy of these all but omnipotent ascetics, and it is remarkable that even the gods themselves are described as engaging in penances and austerities in order, it may be presumed, not to be outdone by human beings."

A recent Hindu paper deplores the false piety and sense of religious merit which feeds these millions of lazy, worthless men. This paper calculates that fourteen millions sterling a year is spent in the maintenance of this great army of "holy men," and it is a satisfaction to find that the Hindus themselves are being aroused to antagonise this stupendous folly.—"Woman's Missionary Magazine."

HEROIC AFRICAN WOMAN.

In Uganda, Central Africa, a Christian woman teacher, hearing that the sleeping sickness had broken out in the islands of Lake Victoria Nyanza, offered to go there.

She was told that if she went it would be at the risk of her own life. She replied, "I know it; but they know not the Lord Jesus. And I know Him; I will go and tell them about Him."

She went, and her work was blessed to many, and then she was sent back to her own people to die. The true inspiration of the missionary is, *I know Him*.

This terrible disease was noticed about a hundred years ago at Sierra Leone. It was not till nearing the end of last century that attention was again called to it. In the year 1900 the malady appeared in the country bordering the northern shore at Lake Victoria Nyanza and the islands in the lake. One of the larger islands in the north of the lake has lost almost all its inhabitants, and wherever it appeared it carried off large numbers.

Its first symptom is a dislike to work, and this is followed by pains in the head and upper part of the body. As the disease progresses the patient has a dull, stupid look, mumbles in his speech, and shuffles in his walk. Finally the sufferer loses feeling, sleeps on, and dies. The cause of sleeping sickness is a minute animal in the blood, but as yet no certain remedy has been discovered for it.

To go to the infected island, to minister to the sick and dying, and to tell them of the love of Jesus was to face death. The Lord said, "I have given you an example that ye also should do as I have done to you." The negro woman teacher of Uganda has heard her Saviour's welcome, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." May we have grace to follow her as she followed the Lord!—Ex.

THE OPIUM REFORM IN SHANGHAI.

The following, which is most hopeful, is dated Shanghai, 22 June, but its interest and importance are as great as if written to-day:—

Interest is centering in Shanghai to-day in the order for the closing of the opium dens in the Shanghai native city. This order was issued by the local taotai some little time ago. A medal and a pecuniary reward were offered to all who would go out of business ahead of the day for closing. Up to last night one hundred and forty-eight had claimed that reward.

Trouble was feared, but Chinese troops were brought from Woosung, the local Chinese volunteers, called the Physical Culture Society, were ordered to be in readiness and the police force was greatly increased. There has been no disorder and the decree seems to be obeyed. The thoroughness with which the order was enforced in Peking, Tientsin, and Foochow makes success seem likely.

This anti-opium movement is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Only a few shops in the cities in the interior have been closed, so few places that it is the exception rather than the rule; but the sentiment is growing in favor of the enforcement of the imperial decree. Imperial decrees are more in the order of advice from parents to children than absolute laws.

But the press is taking up the opposition, anti-opium societies are gaining strength, and while the government has a big task before it in stamping out the opium traffic, it looks as if it might be accomplished.—Ex.

ONE OF JAPAN'S PROBLEMS.

Japan is beset by a problem concerning which little or nothing is heard on this side of the Pacific. This problem is the immorality of her young people.

With the sudden influx of western civilization, Japan gave herself whole-heartedly to the work of popular education. She has a greater percentage of her population of school age in attendance upon educational institutions than has any other nation.

But she has learned that education is not enough; the worst immorality she has ever known exists to-day among her students. The very foundations of national character are threatened.

So grave is the situation that the statesmen are taking it up, and publicly declaring that the ethical teaching which is a part of the public school curriculum is inadequate without a religious basis.

The case of the most modern and ambitious of the great world powers illustrates the old Scriptural saying, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

ROME IN GERMANY.

I read lately in the German newspaper a characteristic story about the Franciscan monks of the northern provinces of Prussia. The provincial heads of the Order are in active correspondence with the Prussian minister for Railways, with the object of enabling the monks when travelling to secure railway tickets without handling money.

The rule of the Order is that no monk is to pay money for anything he may receive; and as the cast iron Prussian official declines to give away his railway tickets without a monetary equivalent, there have been difficulties.

For a time the monks got over the difficulty by paying cheques or postage stamps, but the booking clerks decline to take these any longer and insist on having the coin of the realm. The Minister is now asked to make an exception in favor of the Franciscans, and to debit the cost of the tickets to the monasteries.

What foolishness, my readers will exclaim. The absurdity of it all! They would gladly pay with stamps or a cheque, but not with metal coin! Why do they travel at all by the railway? When the rule was made, they travelled on seedy ponies or walked; why not continue this antiquated method of locomotion?

I tell the story as characteristic of the entire attitude of the Roman Church in Germany. That Church will rigidly adhere to the letter of its rules. Outwardly, it will make no concessions to the modern spirit. The modern spirit is moving powerfully across the face of the waters in German Catholic centres. The Church declines to acknowledge this.

In every German university where there are chairs of Catholic theology, the new leaven is at work, leavening the whole mass. The process is a slow one, but it is sure. In Wurzburg, in Munster, in Munich, in Breslau, there are now Catholic theologians who are working scientifically and in private fearlessly.

The case of the late Professor Schell of Wurzburg is worth recalling. This man was a scholar of fine temper whose work was of enormous value. His investigations led him to question the infallibility of certain authoritative churchmen; and in his books he repeatedly lifted science and the results of science above the squabbles of the Roman schoolmen. His teachings were in no sense revolutionary. All he claimed was, that if the undisputed facts of science ran counter to the dogmas of the Church, it might be well if the latter showed a wider latitude in its treatment of men, who could not subscribe all the decisions of the Council of Trent. It was a modest enough standpoint.

And how was he answered? In effect as follows: We will not argue with you. You are wrong. Your books are dangerous, and therefore we will place them on the Index. We expect that you will instantly submit. For a while Schell maintained a stout stand against this attitude of Rome, but he finally submitted himself, unreservedly recanted his errors, and died with a broken heart.

And now in place of one Schell, there are a dozen of them. But they have learned wisdom. They decline to put their real opinions in their books. They take another course hardly so courageous as the course pursued by Schell, but that is not to be expected. In their lectures they put as little stress as they dare on the "unscientific" dogmas of the Church, and leave no doubt in their hearers' minds that they are modernists.

There is no doubt in the minds of German Catholics that the recent Papal Encyclical, "*De Modernistarum doctrinis*," was directed in the first instance against German theologians of the Schell school. In university circles here it is generally understood, that Pius X. has a particular antipathy against the German poison; and that the wording of the remarkable encyclical would have been still stronger and more uncompromising, if the Pope had had his way.

But as the document now stands, there can be no doubt that it is deeply resented by the best elements in German Catholicism. The inquisitorial provisions are utterly at variance with the German spirit. The command to further the study of Catholic theology in the seminaries and universities, and the recommendation that this study be carried on in a Catholic spirit, is wholly obnoxious, for instance, to enlightened Catholics like Baron von Hertling. The recommendation that Modernists wherever found are to be squeezed out of their chairs, is repulsive to German universities where the greatest freedom has always been permitted.

But no proposal is so hated as that which provides for the establishment of a censor's department in every Catholic diocese, which will watch over the theology of the See, and crush all appearances of the Modernist poison plant.

"Modernism," says the Encyclical, "is the most dangerous of all heresies and the stepping stone to atheism."

The more one wades through this lengthy document, the more can one understand the indignation it has caused even within the fold. Its language is not the language of the enlightened champion of truth; it is the language of the bigoted Capuchin monk. The books of the Modernists, says the writer of the papal encyclical, "*bilem commovent*"—they stir up the bile!

I was speaking to one of the leading scholars of Catholic Germany shortly after the publication of the Encyclical and he expressed his regret at its appearance in these words: "I am sorry that the Pope has thought it well to issue it. He may be pleasing the many at the cost of the few, but I remember that these few are the salt of our Church. They are our earnest seekers after truth, who are seeking also, if I might use a well-known metaphor, to pour into the old bottles the generous wine of truth. I daresay the old bottles would break in the process, but better that. Our time wants the truth. I believe the majority of the Modernists are not wreckers at all, but earnest Catholics. His Holiness by the step he has taken has pushed under earth forces which would have been much less dangerous had they remained on the surface."

It is difficult to reconcile the political attitude of the Catholic Church in Germany with the attitude of its theological chiefs in Rome. From Rome come fulminations against the Modernists while the political leaders are making the most extensive bids for the support of the German democracy—probably the most modern democracy in the world, and the least disposed to accept religious dogma merely because it is based on authority.

At the recent Catholic Congress at Wurzburg, where all the political chiefs of the clerical party were assembled, no scheme was too democratic for them. Speaker after speaker made the most demagogic bids for the support of the working classes; in many respects approaching the Socialists, in their advocacy of far-reaching popular legislation. This they find consistent with advocacy of the most rigid clerical control of the schools.

Observers are numerous in Germany who believe that a time of great events is approaching for German Catholicism. The tide cannot be kept back much longer. In all sections of the people, there are signs of unrest. And we who have the good of the German people at heart, can only hope and pray that when those stirring days do come, they may find the people eager to accept the Gospel which will make them wise unto salvation.—M. A. M. in *The Quarterly Register*.

ANTI-CLERICALISM IN ITALY.

Rev. Dr. Robertson of Venice has brought to a close a most successful series of Protestant meetings in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Those addressed at the various gatherings were representative of all classes in society. By these lectures very deep interest has been aroused in the great anti-clerical movement that is now sweeping over Italy, and stirring the hearts of the people.

As was to be expected, the priests of the Roman Catholic Church in Britain deny the charges of immorality brought against priests and sisters in the infant schools and in the higher class educational establishments connected with the church in Italy. They say that these charges are got up by Anarchists, Socialists, and Freemasons, who are financed by France—got up, as the Pope said, "by a wicked few."

Dr. Robertson's answer to that is to point to the action of the Italian Government and of the people. The Home Secretary instructed the authorities to "permit all anti-clerical demonstrations carried on orderly and seriously," and further said that "the Government rejoices at this wave of indignation passing over the land against immorality, and in favour of purity and freedom."

The people, too, are demanding the closing of every educational establishment in connection with the Romish Church, and they are voluntarily subscribing to replace these institutions by lay infant and other schools.

It is idle, therefore, for pope and priest to say as they are doing that it is the work of a wicked few; and it is positively blasphemous to do what Monsignorini in London are doing—that is, to liken Christ to these priests and sisters by saying that, as Christ was persecuted, so they must expect to be, for it is the natural conflict of evil and good. It is the natural conflict of evil and good, only they put the cap on the wrong head. They call evil good and good evil.

The movement is national, expressing the righteous indignation of a wholesome State against an unwholesome church. In Italy ever since 1870 the State has been actually purifying the church, but the people are beginning to see that the only purification that will be effective will be to purify it off the face of Italy. It is a pretty hopeless task to purify corruption.—The Christian.

A besetting sin cannot ruin us, though it camp before our door day and night—unless we prepare a lodging for it and let it in. "Do not keep company with any sin," was Archbishop Leighton's wise advice. Sin, treated as an enemy, may daily harass us. But it destroys us only when treated as a friend.—J. R. Miller.

As we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.

THE REAL UNITY OF CHRISTIANS.

At a large party in a London drawing-room, a Christian gentleman was approached by a man who did not sympathize with Christianity, who, with sarcastic smile, said:

"I've been wondering how you Christians can expect us rational men to accept your doctrines, when you so ludicrously disagree among yourselves. I see here to-night English churchmen, high, broad and low; a Roman Catholic, a member of the Greek church, a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, a Congregationalist, an Irvingite, and a Quaker. Where and what is truth?"

"If I can obtain our host's permission to make an experiment which has come into my thought," replied the gentleman, "you shall hear what I have to say to Pilate's question."

The permission was granted, and the gentleman, requesting silence, said to the guests:

"I appeal to you in the cause of our common Christianity, and I solemnly call upon those who believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the Son of Mary, that he came into the world, was made flesh, was crucified to save sinners, that he arose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, ever liveth to make intercession for us, and will judge the quick and the dead. I ask you to kneel and repeat with me the prayer which He has taught us."

All knelt but one, and thus gave evidence of a real unity of faith and hope and charity among Christians, however they may be divided and scattered by human creeds and controversies.—Ex.

WORK THAT COUNTS.

Those who have studied the matter carefully tell us that eighty-five per cent. of those coming into our church at the present time, come from the Sunday school. We are inclined to believe, after rather extensive observation that this claim is not extravagant.

At a certain conference session which we attended, a few months since, the presiding bishop frequently asked the pastors, as they were making their reports, what proportion of their converts during the year came from the Sunday school. The answers showed that the per cent. seldom fell below eighty, and frequently reached one hundred.

Probably, a careful study of the facts would show that practically all of our really active and efficient workers are drawn from the Sunday school. This is certainly the case in every congregation of which we have direct personal knowledge.

And this being interpreted, means that the religious work that really tells, is work with and for the young. The "good ground" of our Lord's parable is generally the heart of a boy or a girl.

No wise pastor will ignore a fact so profoundly significant as this. Believing in the gospel as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," he will proclaim it with all earnestness and diligence even to those whose hearts are hardened by sin or wasted by neglect or preoccupied with "the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things;" but he will take the pains to put the chief emphasis where it belongs. He will regard that part of his work as most important which is most effective in building up the kingdom of God.—The Sunday School Magazine (Southern Methodist.)

OBITUARIES.

REV. MATTHEW WITHERSPOON McLEAN, died at Arlington Beach, Sask., 12 November, 1907. He was born in Glasgow, 11 June, 1842, and took his University course in that city. Coming to Canada in 1862, he took two years in the Divinity Classes in Queen's University, and the third year in Princeton, New Jersey, graduating in 1866. Returning to Canada in the same year he was settled in St. Andrew's Church, Paisley, a congregation forty miles in extent, where Sabbath meant three preaching services, and twenty to forty miles of travel. After five years he accepted a call to Mill St. Church, Port Hope, and two years later, 1873, to St. Andrews Church, Belleville. There he remained for twenty-three years resigning in 1904, owing to failing health, and going with his sons to Arlington Beach, Sask. There by a fall, 30th October, he fractured his hip, and a few days later, 12-November, he passed to his rest.

REV. ROBERT CAMPBELL, D.D., died at his home in Perth, Ont., on the 25th Dec., ult., in his sixty-second year of his age. He was born in Brockville, Ont., in 1846; was educated in Arts and Theology, in Queen's University, and on his graduation in 1871 he was called to St. Andrews Church, Renfrew, his first and only charge. There he labored for more than eight years, until 1900, when he was appointed by the Assembly as Agent for the Century Fund. His work in connection with this Fund took about two years, and shortly after its completion he was taken with severe illness, which permanently impaired his health. For the last few years he has been clerk of the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew. He was moderator of the General Assembly in 1899. On Christmas morn, he entered into rest.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Genesis of Churches in the U.S.A., Newfoundland and Canada, By James Croil, Montreal.

Price \$1.00, post paid \$1.25. Montreal News Co. Agents. Sold by all booksellers.

320 pp., Royal 8vo., handsomely bound; with sixty illustrations, including full page views of some of the finest specimens of Church Architecture in America.

The first part, nearly half, of the book is devoted to the U.S.A. Churches, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, German Reformed, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Methodist, Quaker, Hebrew, Mennonite, Unitarian, Universalist, Mormon, Christian Scientists, Salvation Army with accounts of their founding, their oldest centres, their growth to the present time, and cuts of some of their leading edifices. There is also an outline of S. S. and the C. E. work.

Then, after the story of the churches in Newfoundland, the last half of the book is devoted to the beginnings of those in Canada, the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran and Salvation Army. There is also an account of the various unions in different churches, a brief summary of their history, their present standing, and cuts of some of their leading church buildings.

A closing chapter passes from history to prophecy as follows:—

"From Pisgah Heights the various branches of the Protestant Church in America seem to see by faith a vision, distinct though still far distant, revealing a union of all their scattered forces.

In the meantime the **Federation** of all the Evangelical Churches in the United States, has become a live question, and has been favorably entertained by at least thirty different denominations. The aim of the movement is "To express the fellowship and Catholic unity of the Christian Church; to bring the Christians of America into united service for Christ, and the world; and to secure a larger combined influence for the Churches of Christ in all matters affecting the moral and social condition of the people."

The unions that have recently taken place of various cognate branches of Churches in Australasia and India, in China and Japan, in the U.S.A. and Canada, indicate a widespread and growing desire for closer Christian fellowship.

"But the pending negotiations for the union of Churches in Canada, differing from each other in creeds and administration, marks a distant advance in the trend of public opinion, and seems to warrant the larger hope of a more comprehensive union than has yet been consummated.

"By this forward movement, Canada is giving the Churches of Christendom an Object Lesson more important, far-reaching and note worthy than anything of a like kind recorded in history since the days of the Reformation. It indicates that members of all Protestant denominations are coming to see eye to eye, and tacitly to admit that the verities they hold in common are far more important than the questions on which they differ; thus foreshadowing the good time coming when the Master's prayer for His disciples shall be fully answered—"That they all may be one".... "That the world may know that thou hast sent me."

The Virgin Birth of Christ,—Being lectures delivered under the auspices of the Bible Teacher's Training School, New York, April, 1907, By Prof. Orr, M.A., D.D., of the U. F. College, Glasgow, Scotland, with an appendix giving the "opinions of living scholars." This book has been generally recognized by competent judges to be one of the best contributions ever made to the literature of this subject. It is clear in thought and expression, simple in language, free from technical terminology and can be comprehended and appreciated by all. Its argument is cumulative. The reader is led on step by step, with clear light thrown on every step, to a strong and logical conclusion. The book will be specially helpful and satisfying to the great body of Christian people, who are not troubled with doubts on the subject, but whose belief is that of assent without study, rather than intelligent conviction. A careful reading of it will give them a reason for the faith that is in them. It is a book that can be commended, without reserve, and which all Christians who can do so should get and read. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50 net.

The Maid of Honor,—By Richard S. Holmes. Dr. Holmes was a Presbyterian pastor in Pittsburgh, and is now editor of the *Westminster* in Philadelphia, where "he has earned the golden opinions of the religious press by his good sense, keen wit and good English. The story is strongly drawn, as stories must be, but it is well written, wholesome, and the interest deepens to the end. Perhaps the dominant thought apart from the plot of the love story, is the power of love and patience to win even the lowest back to manhood. It has quiet humor, deep pathos and always leaves a clean taste in the mouth. In its lessons and their presentation it is one of the best recent stories that we have seen. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, London, Edinburgh. Pp. 370. Price \$1.50.

REGULAR PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery Clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

The Maritime Synod.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Whycocomagh, 3 Mar. 10
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, 2 Jan., 7.30.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro.
7. Halifax St. Matt., Hx. 4 Feb.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Mahone, 2 Jan., 7 p.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Richmond, 3 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 10 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa.
15. Lan. & Renfrew Smith's Falls 17 Feb. 3.30

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 10 Dec. 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro.
19. Lindsay, Beaverton, 17 Dec., 11 a.m.
20. Whitby, Brooklin, 15 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, Monthly 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sd., 3 Mar. 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen Mt. Forest 3 Mar. 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, Knox, 21 Jan., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Ham., 7 Jan., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, 14 Jan. 10.30.
31. London, London, 3 Dec. 10.20.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 3 Mar. 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia.
34. Stratford, Palmerston, 10 Dec. 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 21 Jan.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 17 Dec. 11 a.m.
37. Bruce Paisley, 3 Mar. 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-P.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minnedosa.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Frobisher, Feb.
49. Regina.
50. Qu'Appelle.

51. Prince Albert, February.
52. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

53. Calgary, Calgary, 9 Mar., 8 p.m.
54. Edmonton, Strathcona, 3 Mar. 9.30.
55. Vermillion Mannville, 5 Mar., 9.30.
56. Red Deer, 25 Feb.
57. Lacombe, Wetaskiwin, 26 Feb. 3 p.m.
58. Macleod, Macleod, 18 Feb. 10 a.m.
59. High River, Stavely, 20 Feb. 9 a.m.

Synod of British Columbia.

60. Kamloops, Kamloops, Feb. '08.
61. Kootenay.
62. Westminster.
63. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls from**

- Kilsyth and North Derby to J. H. Laverie of Taylorville.
- St. Andrews, New Glasgow, N.S., to Jas A. Ramsay of Middleton. Accepted. Induction, 2 Jan.
- St. Colomba, Hopewell, to C. Munro of Noel. Accepted.
- Maitland, N. S., to Jas. A. McKenzie, of Thorburn.
- St. John's Church, Stellarton, N.S., to Mr. Cunningham, of Clifton, N.S.
- Mahone, N.S., to J. A. McLean, of Harvey, N.S. Accepted. Induction 2nd January.
- Knox Church, Brandon, Man., to J. B. McLaren.

Inductions into

- Estevan, 26 Nov., B. Glover.
- Knox, Owen Sound, 12 Nov., T. A. Rodger.
- North Bruce, etc., 28 Nov., James Foote.
- Pembroke, Ont., 28 Nov. W. I. Knox.
- Pickering and Brougham, Ont., 26 Nov., Wm. Moore.
- Middleville and Darling, 19 Dec., W. I. Hewitt.
- Ponoka, Alta., 4 Nov., A. D. Archibald.
- Bowden, Alta., M. A. McKenzie.

Resignations

- Alameda, Sask., D. McK. Reid.
- Knox, Pictou, N.S., J.S. Carson.
- Scotsburn and Saltsprings, N.S., Dr. Thomas Cummings.
- Harriston, Ont., M. C. Cameron.
- Port Stanley, Ont., N. T. C. Mackay.

Vacancies

- Shallow Lake, etc., Mod. Rev. A. Wilson, Allenford, Ont.
- Braeside, Augmented charge, Mod. Rev. W. W. Peck, Arnprior, Ont.
- Carnduff, Sask., Mod. Rev. T. R. Scott, Ox-bow.
- Grafton and Vernonville, Mod. Rev. Wm. Beattie, Cobourg.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Nov.	Rec' Mar. 1st to Nov. 30
Home Missions.....	\$5,477.07	\$36,086.63
Augmentation.....	885.43	3,680.53
Foreign Missions..	3,007.81	18,048.90
Widows' & Orphans'	230.32	1,856.32
A. and I. Ministers	233.55	1,803.39
Assembly.....	101.69	2,282.57
French Evangeliztn	637.26	3,690.20
Pt-aux-Trembles..	613.09	2,776.31
Knox College.....	135.64	642.55
Queen's College...	60.65	278.39
Montreal College...	17.90	168.44
Manitoba College..	89.50	370.34

Received during November

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Rev. J. L. Simpson...	8	Rev. J. Leishman.....	8
Forest, Ont.	30	Rev. S. McLennan.....	16 25
Rev. Jacob Steele...	8	Rev. K. Drinnan.....	10
Catch Bay, Ont., ss.	3 30	Rosses, St. And. ss.	50
Rev. A. A. Graham...	8	Pertli, Knox, ss.	11 36
Rev. J. R. Craigie...	8	Broomhill, Man.	5
Rev. John Mackay...	57	Lochend, Alta.	6 60
Dungannon, Ersk.	3	West Bay, ss.	1 56
Kirkwall, ss.	13 45	Wolsley, Sask.	44
West Bentinck.....	16	Rev. R. E. Hunter...	2
Dunblane.....	16	Newdale, yps.	10
Rev. W. J. Booth...	8	Caducis, ss.	4 50
Rev. C. M. Duncan...	8	Moline, ss.	4 20
Rev. W. D. Ballantyne	8	Centerville.....	50
Rev. Robert Knowles.	8	Rev. Dr. Ballantyne.	14 35
Rev. Dr. Gregg.....	20	Preston, Ont.	45 10
Rev. Thos Bennett...	10	Rev. Dr. McNair.....	8
Rev. T. W. Thom...	8	Rev. Dr. Patterson.	8
Rev. T. A. Ball.....	12	Rev. Hugh Crozier	5
Rev. Geo. W. Mingle.	19	"Country Friend"	37 20
Rev. J. Mackie.....	16 90	Battleford.....	9 46
Rev. H. H. Eastman...	9 80	Nia, on Lake, St. And.	23 36
Rev. H. J. McDiarmid.	86	Clinton, Willis, ss.	83
High B. uff, Man.	75	Mr. Forest, Wmster.	31
Rockville.....	1 75	Morrisburgh, Kx.	50
Kendal, ss.	3	Westm't St. And. ss.	8 60
Lyn, Christ's Ch., ss.	3 50	Claremont, Ersk. ss.	22 09
Green Bush, ss.	16 50	Cranbrook, Knox.	16 50
MacLennan, ss.	2 64	Centre Bruce.....	2 95
New Wmster, West, ss	2 95	Beamsville, ss.	133 94
Carberry, ss.	2 50	Plum Creek, ss.	164 64
Argyle, Man.	5 70	Bolton, Caven.	8
Culross Man.	4 36	Per Agent, Hx.	8
Wallace, Un. ss.	5 67	Rev. Dr. McTavish...	12
Alameda, ss.	3 15	Rev. Robert Gray...	8
Meadow Lea.....	4	Rev. Robert Harkness	8
Craighurst, ss.	3 15	Rev. F. J. Maxwell...	8
Russell, ss.	4	Rev. R.C.H. Sinclair	8
Fulton, ss.	17 80	Rev. Prof. McKenzie.	8
Wakefield, ss.	1 50	Rev. John Matheson.	10
Masham, ss.	1 50	Rev. J. A. Anderson.	8
Eganville, Mel.	1 50	Rev. J. Buchanan...	12
Miss N. McIntosh	3 28	Rev. Thos Davidson.	13 60
Arnprior, ss (Miss McI.	79	Rev. D. Johnston...	15 45
class)	6 63	Rev. Robert Laird...	12
Guelph, St. And. ss.	7 26	Rev. A. U. Campbell.	14
Belgrave, Knox.	2	Rev. A. H. Denoon...	8
St. John's, ss.	10 05	Rev. Dr. Torrance.	8
Sand Hill, ss.	1 75	Rev. J. W. Cameron.	8 25
Dufferin, ss.	5	Mattawa.....	8 85
Ross Creek, Alta.	5	Malta.....	5
Dalhousie, St. Jas, ss.	12	Birkendale.....	18
Rev. Dr. G. H. Smith.	8	Rev. Dr. Findlay...	215
Rev. Peter Scott...	8	Montreal Stanley..	10 65
Rev. R. W. Leitch...	12	Tweed, St. And.	2 45
Rev. W. W. Craw...	12	Maymont, Sask, ss.	2 45
Rev. N. Macphie...			

Ottawa, St. And.	93 91	Aloro No. I., ss.	2 71
Tor. Old St. And.	62 15	Townline, ss.	2
Rev. E. F. Seylaz...	8	Fenelon Falls, St And	6
Tor., Chinese...	63	Rev. K. MacLennan.	8
per Wmster Pub. Co.	17 50	Rev. W. G. Hanna...	15 15
Weston.....	47 95	Dr. W. G. Wallace...	8
Thamesford, St. And.	15 75	Priddis, ss.	3 45
Warsaw, ss.	9	Scotstown, Sask.	2 70
Avonmore.....	10 88	Dewars, Ont. ss.	4 06
Erin, Burns'	34 50	Orms-corn	337 95
Springville, ss.	8	Orms-town Village, ss.	37 07
Minto, Man.	9 25	Upper Orms-town, ss.	3 50
Friend.....	5	Allan's Cors., ss.	4 16
Almonte, St. John, ss.	5	Campbellville, St. Dav.	5 98
Avondale, Sask, ss.	70	A friend.....	1
Milton Kx, ss.	2 05	Thedford, ss.	5 68
Arrowhead, ss.	2 10	Curry Hill, ss.	10 20
Fairmount, Alan.	23 40	Caledon, Mel. Ch.	12
Caducis, Man.	12	Cowley, Alta. mb.	18
Pincher Creek.....	10 50	Rev. J. Murray...	14
Toledo, ss.	3 65	Rev. Dr. McMullen.	8
Rev. I. N. Beckstedt.	8	Rev. Alex. Shepherd	29 40
Rev. R. M. Dickey...	8	Sutton.....	12
Rev. J. E. Duclos...	8	Egypt.....	26 56
Rev. G. Edmonson...	8	Pefferlaw.....	7
Rev. J. H. Edmonson.	8	Mont. St. Giles, ss.	10
Rev. C. A. Ferguson.	8	Rev. Hugh McLean.	10
Rev. Jas Gourley...	8	Rev. E. G. Walker...	5
Rev. Bev. Keichen...	8	Sunbury.....	41
Dr. Wm. Malcolm...	20	English River, Ont.	3 68
Rev. Dr. Morrison...	35 80	Campbellford, St. An.	51 53
Rev. A. M. McClelland	8	Rev. J. A. Anderson.	8
Rev. D. A. McLean...	8	Rev. J. A. Cranston.	8
Rev. Peter Nicol...	12	Rev. T. T. Reikie...	12 30
Rev. Dr. Parsons...	8	Edwell, Alta.	4 17
Rev. C. B. Ross...	10 60	Norval, Ont.	8
Murillo, Slate Riv.	36 25	Rev. F. A. McLennan.	5 25
Richmond, B.C.	8 50	Selkirk, Knox, ss.	35 83
McIntosh.....	1	Brussels, Mel.	250
Janet Gunn.....	2	Henry Birks & Sons.	13
Mrs. P. H. Thom...	32	Grand Mere, Beth.	5 25
Que. St. And.	8	Vestnor, ss.	67 50
Rev. Prof. Mackenzie.	2	Stayner.....	72 67
Rev. Dr. McQueen...	9 50	Vankleek Hill, ss.	14 25
Rev. D. B. Macdonald	9	West Huntingdon...	1 47
Binscarth, ss.	12 15	Argyle, ss.	38 67
Reid's Mills, ss.	4 75	Kingsbury, St. And.	5
Victoria 1st, ss.	1 60	Rev. Dr. Fraser...	3 45
Maple Crk, Rob. Mem.	8	Renaud Line.....	8 41
Belfry, ss.	8	Puce.....	8
Rev. Henry Sinclair.	12	Rev. A. R. Linton...	9
Rev. N. D. Keith...	8	Rev. J. Carswell...	8
Rev. R. Pettigrew...	12	Little Britain.....	9
Rev. Thos Paton...	10	Rev. A. W. Craw...	8
Tor. St. John's, ss.	6	Rev. J. L.indsay...	8
Bancroft, Kx, ss.	5	Rev. C. A. Meyers...	8
Kingston, Cooke's ss.	1	Rev. Thos A. Mitchell.	8
Drummond Hill, ss.	4	Rev. M. McLeod...	13 40
St. George, ss.	20	Rev. L. J. John Neil.	8
Dr. A. E. Malloch...	200	Rev. Neil Shaw...	8
Brockville, St. John's.	8	Rev. J. M. Miller...	8
Rev. P. W. Anderson.	8	Rev. J. R. McLeod...	8
Rev. D. L. Campbell.	8	Friend, Sarnia...	400
Rev. G. G. Greig...	8	Bishops Mills...	19 50
Rev. Archibald Lee.	8	Mont., Crescent...	150 75
Rev. John Ross...	8	Grand Bend, ss.	6 65
Rev. A. A. Scott...	8	Henry McElroy...	25
Rev. Alex. Stewart...	8	Penetanguishene, ss.	2
Rev. S. Young...	8	Norwood.....	2
per Wmster Co.	5	M. J. Ainslie...	6 80
Mrs. McLean.....	10 85	Sunniedale Cor. Zion ss	6
Lancaster, St. And.	252	Mansfield, ss.	125
per Rev. A. D. Menzies	10	Brandon, St. Pauls, ss	500
Que. St. And.	4 25	Per Rev. A. D. Menzies	31 30
St. Elmo, Sandrgm.	4 75	Golden Plain, etc. Sask	9 45
Stone's Corners, ss.	8	Drinkwater, Sask, ss.	2 20
Primrose, ss.	10	Fort Langley, ss.	75
Rev. S. W. Fisher...	8	Skea, B. C., ss.	8
Rev. H. S. Graham...	8	Rev. Logie Macdonell.	4 25
Woodbridge.....	6 70	Grassmere, Man.	8
Beechwood, ss.	4 75	Rev. J. M. Crombie.	35
Tor. St. Mark's, ss.	10	Dr. John Ross...	66 10
Corunna.....	8	E. Wawanosh, Calvin	6 25
Rev. Robert Hadlow.	8	Alma, Ont.	1
Rev. A. B. Winchester.	8	Desboro.....	3 45
N. Pelham, ss.	6 18	Mrs. J. Murdoch...	1
Louth, ss.	3 45	Stratford, St. And, ss	37
Unionville, etc.	3	Thamesford, St. And.	7 70
Brown's Cors.	20	Belmont, Knox, ss.	7
Thomas Kinnear...	1 45	Whitby, St And. ss.	4 86
Joliette, ss.	5 45	W. Adelaide, Ont.	
St. Columbia, ss.			

Wingham, St. And.	117	70	Cornwall, Knox.	500	Stockton, Man.	17	Latchford, ss.	6	07	
Beachburg, St. And. ss	10	70	Camden Vill. Kx.	12	Rev. R. Leask.	8	Calgary, Knox.	135		
Valcartier.	2	50	Per Rev. J. A. Dow	8	Harrington, ss.	6	50	Ch. of Scot., Col. Com	484	23
Rev. J. B. McLeod	8		Fernbank, Un., ss.	23	Docktown, ss.	4	93	Wpg., St. And.	400	
Rev. Donald St. wart.	10		Merville.	12	Rev. C. C. Macintosh.	10	15	Milliken, St. John's.	3	75
Varna	3		Ethel	5	Hyde Park.	5	50	Tavistock Kx, ss.	3	45
Scotia, Man.	61	50	Rev. W. P. Adam.	8	Elgin, ss.	5		John McGeachy.	5	
White Lake	33	50	Rev. Peter Strang	12	Mt. Pleasant	20		Southampton, St. And.	104	
Knox, ss, Sixteen.	7	48	Miss Lowry.	7	Ottawa, Gleebe.	40		Blake	4	0
Bellevue	3		Rev. Westminster.	24	Peveril, ss.	7	20	Arcola, ss.	10	90
Sarnia, St. And.	2	5	Hulcar, B.C., ss.	79	Glen Norman, ss.	6	10	Scotland, Ont., ss.	5	00
Rev. J. E. Menancon.	8		Lynden, Ont.	9	Cote St. George, ss.	2	40	North Portal, Un., ss.	4	05
Rev. A. Dawson.	10		Clinton, B.C., ss.	2	Glen Robertson, ss.	1	10	Delhi, Chal., ss.	1	50
Claude, Ont.	20		Rev. T. O. Miller	8	Normanby, Kx ss.	6	75	Stratford, St. And.	181	
Dunbarton, Ont.	12	50	Friend Blyth	7	Berlin	50		Maple Valley, St. And.	14	
Eden Mills Ont.	26		Rev. D. J. Fraser	5	Westwood, ss.	2		Brookdale, St. And.	37	55
Galt, Union Mtg.	15	1	Longlaketon, ss.	6	Roebuck, ss.	3		E. Zoria, Burns.	25	
Bothay, ss.	2		Wyoming, ss.	5	Per Rev. J. E. Manan-	5	77	Victoria Hrb., M. B.	10	
Sonya	50		Friend Dundas	5	con	150		Kingston, Cooke's	19	
Summerfield	4		Glensandfield, ss.	9	Lamont, ss.	6	20	Sunnidale Cors., Zion.	19	
Logan, St. Paul's, ss.	6	69	Chippawa.	6	McCrimmon, ss.	5	85	Tor., St. And.	1,000	
Guelph, Kx Br. ss.	8		Tor. Wmster.	1	Wakaw, ss.	5	85	Grand Bend.	1	40
Per Rev. J. E. Menan-	150		Leeds Village, ss.	7	Sunny Brae, etc. ss.	4	62	Montreal, Crescent	1,000	
con.	150		St. Sylvester, ss.	6	Winchester, St. Paul's	160	23	Sturgeon Falls.	7	
Atheiston, ss.	6	13	Collins Bay, ss.	4	Nelson, St. Pauls	26	43	Rev. Thomas Oswald	8	
Lon. Chelsea Miss. ss.	16	13	Albert Plains.	22	Rev. A. A. Smith.	8		Mary Miller	10	
Ennville, Sel.	16	13	Cadurcis, Man.	15	Rev. John Molnais.	8		Blenheim, 10th, ss.	10	
Mr. E. A. Smith.	12	53	Rev. Arch. Thompson.	11	Webbwood, ss.	3	75	James Wilson.	5	
Weyburn, St. And., ss.	1	50	Eau Claire, ss.	1	Eldon, St., ss.	3	91	Per Rev. W. H. Grant.	11	85
Calgary.	12		Per Rev. E. H. Brandt	63	Lower Ohio, ss.	4	20	Acton, Knox.	155	
Nelson, St. Paul's.	9	75	Truro, St. Paul's, ss.	25	Grenfell, ss.	40		Blackheath.	25	
Rev. Robt MacMillan.	15		Inwood	1	Welland, ss.	4		Guelph, Chal.	40	
Rev. Wm. Gauld	15	15	Agass z, ss.	2	Annie MacLean.	15		Elen Mills, ss.	3	
Dr. J. Y. Ferguson.	3	50	Landay, St. And.	100	Port Hope, St. Pa.	67		Nassagaweya.	30	
Collingwood.	3	50	Rev. J. R. McDougall.	250	Dunvegan, ss.	11	55	Millbrook, ss.	5	
Rev. James Anderson.	16	80	Appin	3	Stewart's Glen, ss.	2	40	Elgin.	12	85
Rev. T. L. Turnbull.	1		Appin, wms.	3	Baltie's Cor., ss.	3	55	Norton Creek, ss.	6	
Dundas, Knox.	7	7	Rev. D. P. Oswald.	12	Fraser's, ss.	7	10	Ottawa, Stewarton	25	
Hartney, St. Paul's, ss.	8	75	Blenheim.	3	Skye ss.	9	25	Guthrie, las	20	
Murray Hrb. S., ss.	4	25	Mr. Alex. Neilson.	61	Demorestvil.	14	65	Rev. G. C. Heine	8	00
Cut Arm, Sask, ss.	4	25	J. W. Neilson.	35	Crofton	5	45	Principal Patrick.	10	
Shannonville, ss.	4	94	London, 1st Ch.	575	Tolmie's Cors., ss.	25		Rev. Dr. Shearer	10	
India Missionaries rates	226	35	Rev. G. S. Scott.	16	Stanley No. 1, ss.	21		Chateauguay, St. And.	115	05
High River, Chal., ss.	4	07	Rev. Hugh Cameron.	8	S. Nissouri, ss.	4		Kenton, Man.	26	75
Alcorn Ind, Home, ss.	9		N. D. McKinnon.	35	Garafaxra, St. Jns.	55		Cornwall, Kx, ss.	75	61
Warren.	4	06	E. Templeton.	35	Dunrea, Man.	7	20	Ladner, B. C., St. And.	7	30
Tait's Cor., ss.	5	75	S. Mountain, ss.	3	"R. G. K."	3		East Delta, St. Ste.	6	
Riverbank, Man., ss.	3		Peterboro St. And.	2	Wmstown, St. And. mb.	1	35	Westham Isl. nd, B. C.	2	
Mt. Lehman, B.C.	3	70	Woodville.	3	Basswood, Man.	24	35	Rev. A. E. Mitchell.	11	70
Mt. Lehman.	3	90	Prospect, Man.	15	Suthwyn, Man.	4	60	Rev. J. W. C. Bennett.	16	40
Mission, B.C.	5	70	Sault Ste. Marie, St. P. ss	9	Springfield	8	7	Condie, Sask.	20	
Mission, ss.	3	25	St. David's, Man. ce.	25	Suthwyn, Man., ss.	3	50	Rosendel, ss.	2	05
Dunwich, Duff's.	22		W. F. M. S.	4000	Springfield, ss.	3	70	Rev. D. A. Thomson.	8	
Castleford	20	55	Tor. Queen; E. S.	1	Mrs. L. J. O'Brien	12		Ayr, Knox, ss.	92	40
Marsboro.	75		Rev. Alex. MacMillan.	8	St. David's, Man., ss.	14	30	Clinton, Willis	23	10
Central Park, B.C.	2	20	Rev. R. Martin.	8	Ascroft, B. C.	75		"Presbyterian Friend"	50	
J. & I. McCurdy.	2		Strathroy, St. And., ss.	7	Wg., Knox, ss.	18		Oxbow, Sask.	35	
Normanby Kx.	22	75	Meaford, Erskine	50	Zephyr	43		Sarnia, St. And., ss.	10	
Beauharnois, St. Fd.	7	79	Fleming, Sask, ss.	8	Westminster, 1st.	180		Apple Hill, Zion.	26	25
Rev. J. D. Anderson	8		Tor. St. Enoch's.	75	Rev. H. McKellar.	20	15	Holland, Man.	91	
Rev. John E. die	8		Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick.	5	Rev. A. A. Laing	8		St. John, St. And., ss.	8	37
Rev. W. G. Brown.	8		Crowland, ss.	1	Owen Sd. Div.	425		Scarboro, Zion, ss.	9	
Mr. George Hay.	250		Tor. Bloor St.	938	Lenore, Man., ss.	6	20	Beverly	37	
Stornoway, Sask, ss	1	50	Rev. R. J. Cockburn	53	Lethbridge, Kx, ss.	7	35	Streetsville, ss.	7	75
Catalone, ss.	3		Rev. Dr. Sutherland.	8	Abbotsford, B. C., ss.	2		Berlin, b.c.	10	
Strathclair, Man.	24	20	Erin, Burns.	8	Heckston, ss.	6	81	Beaver, Man., ss.	8	
Reaburn, Man.	2		Miss Frances Matches.	2	Hampden, Ont.	23		Seyvern Bridge.	26	90
Leduc, Alt.	20		Kildonan E., ss.	4	W. H. M. S.	800		Teeswater, Knox.	283	
Clearwater, Alt.	5		Dunville, Kx ss.	2	W. C. Avery.	15	65	Depot Harbor, ss.	12	15
Rev. Wm. Ross.	8		Blythfield, Man.	38	Allansville	19	80	Depot Harbor, ss.	8	76
Miners Set., ss.	1		Oak Bluff	60	Aspdin.	7	58	Almonte, St. John's.	186	
Sir Wm. A. Clark.	10		Leeds Village, wms.	25	Yearley	7	58	Sydenham, Kx.	40	05
Underwood	9	25	Woodstock, Chal.	57	Mt Forest, Wmster.	14	50	Sydenham, Kx, ss.	1	65
Riverview, ss.	2	30	Anon.	2	Esquesing, Bos., ss.	6	5	Woodford	2	
Ham. Erskine	208	10	"Jim."	10	Richmond Hill, ss.	3	07	Woodford, ss.	4	05
per Rev. A. D. Menzies	195		N. Gower.	29	Tor., Old St. And.	103		Tor. June, Vic. b. c. &	37	
Omamec	14	56	Wellington	16	Glenarm, Islay, ss.	3	59	gld.	37	
Manaudamin, ypg	25		Osgoode Sta.	15	Zephyr, ss.	5	50	Vancouver, St. And.	1,202	90
Squaw Val'y Sta. Sak.	2	35	Ottawa, Knox.	550	Ayr, Knox.	10	87	Roland, Myrtle, Man.	229	
Metette, Man.	3		Melbourne, Guth. ss.	1	Ottawa, St. Paul's.	150		Per Rev. J. E. Menan-	145	50
Cyner, Ont.	2	30	N. Mornington, ss.	8	Albany, Taylorton.	8		con	145	50
Crystal City, etc	25		Edenvale, ss.	8	Sprattville, Sask.	3	65	Carstairs, Alta.	15	40
Hagersvil St. And., ss.	5	05	Woodstock, Kx.	325	Morrisburg, Kx.	30		Pt. Douglas, Man.	12	50
Bolsover, ss.	5		Gibraltar, Kx, ss.	240	Rev. Hugh Cameron	10		Pt. Douglas, Man., ss.	5	
Cote de Liesse, ss.	2	65	Kildonan, Man.	33	Rev. J. G. Forster.	8	00	Albani, St. And.	8	50
Port Dalhousie	1		Darling, St. P., ss.	5	"H. F. F."	5	00	Fort Wm.	151	
Rosedale, ss.	1		Rev. H. Currie	8	Tamworth, St. And.	5	79	Dresden, ss.	20	
Guelph, St. And.	290		Elgin	14	Kamlachie, Kx, ss.	5		Rev. John Hogg.	21	60
Caledon Knox	12	32	Beresford, ss.	4	Lille, Alt., ss.	4	50	Rev. J. B. McLaren.	8	
Brucefield, Ch.	27	07	W. H. M. S.	1370	Coleman, Alta., ss.	1	15	Rev. W. M. Fleming.	8	
Annan, ss.	27	07	Durham	76	Rev. T. M. Murray.	7	45	Bradwardine.	7	60
			Atwood	7	Rev. A. W. K. Herdman	6	65	Pettapiece	13	

Mr. J. M. Steel.....	1	W. Wilson	10	Rev. J. R. S. Burnet..	8	Alexander, Man	21 80
Mont., Cal., ss	14 05	Carlisle, ss	4	Barton	14	Alexander, ss	10 84
Wpg., Home St. ss	7 67	Rev. Aud. Henddrson..	8	Barton ss	8 20	Kenmay, Man. ss	1 25
Mr. John W. Scott.....	50	New Glasgow, Ont	22 59	Gravenhurst	82 83	Spence, Ont.	16 43
Rev. J. F. Polley.....	8 60	Crosshill, Boyd	9 50	Stratford, Knox.....	200	Croft, Ont.	10 65
N. Easthope	34 52	Rev. J. G. Thomson.....	8	Flooden	52	Dunwich, Duff's..	23
N. Easthope, ss	4 00	Rev. Dr. Moore.....	5	Miss A. E. Crawford..	18	Rev. Wm Millar	10
Wpg. Knox, Ia., & ms..	600	Ross, ss	5 50	N. Easthope, St. And..	24 48	Walkerton Kx	200 09
Roslin ss	5	N. Luenburg	5	Finch, St. Luke's.....	115 23	st. Mrs. Heswon.....	125
Thurlow, ss.....	6 34	Camden, ss	6 03	Dunwich, Chal.....	50	Rev. John Anderson..	9 15
Armstrong, B. C. Zi. ss ..	8 50	Camden Fifth, ss	1 80	Magnetawan.....	26 01	Rev. Jas. Douglas.....	10
Per "Westminster"	7	Mt. Pleasant, ss.....	5 50	Clyde Riv., P. E. I ..	9	Galt, Ont., Kx Church.	500
Rev. W. D. Hall.....	8	McGillivray, ss.....	5 55	Hunter Riv., P. E. I ..	5 76	Dickie Setmt, Ont., ss.	30
Principal McLaren.....	8	Holstein.....	57	Brookfield, P. E. I ..	4	London St. And, Chin.	12 42
Rev. W. K. Shearer.....	8	Douglas, Zion	55	Rev. Prof. Baird	13 03	Shawville, ss	2 60
Prince ton	160	Scotce Bush	53	Medecine Hat, E. End..	4 47	Mooretown St. And..	10 88
Utica, Brdibane.....	25 50	Rev. A. B. McLeod ..	8	Rev. Peter Nicol.....	5	Eden Mills	8
Chesterfield.....	64 04	Round Lake	3 25	Glenvale.....	12 39	Lowry, ss	3 33
Caledon, St. And	13 8	Est. Rev. Dr. Warden..	000	Wilson.....	12 14	Rev. James Barber ..	8
Seymour, St. And.....	6 51	Allandale	69	Harrowsmith	11 00	Humboldt, Sask.....	28
Embro	57	Lancaster	63 20	Aruprior ss., Miss Mc-		Yearley	3
St. Cath., Knox.....	150	Grand Orange Lodge,		Intosh's cl.....	1 50	Sintaluta, wh & fu.....	250
Cartwright, Knox.....	15	Ont. W.....	100	We t Arran.....	54 45	Broadview, Sask. ss..	20 15
Friend	110 47	Rounthwaite, ss.....	13 55	Woodlands	3	English River, Que ..	50
Moore, Burns	57	Milton, ss	5	Louth.....	8 50	Sydenham, St. Paul's..	24 50
Sharbot Lake	5	Robert Kerr ss, Alta..	2	N. Pelham	31 50	Rev. A. F. Thomson..	10
Tor., Southside ss.....	12	Chatham, St. And. ss ..	5	Elphin, ss.....	3 50	Genoa, Que. ss.....	70

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Nov.	Rec'd Mar. to Nov. 30
Foreign Missions..	971.72	27,099.24
Home Missions....	728.20	5,476.48
Augmentation.....	528.62	2,625.29
College.....	196.81	4,396.77
A. and I. Ministers	63.50	1,683.20
French Evangeliztn	81.08	1,045.33
Pt-aux-Trembles...	129.00	330.01
For North West...	145.12	1,343.3
Children's Day Col.	287.25	1,318.29
Assembly Fund	25.00	123.60
Bursary Fund.....	218.60	871.40
Library Fund.....	28.08	373.25
Manitoba College..	10.05
Widows' & Orphans	4.00	418.23
Unallocated.....	50.00	1,356.83
Temp. Moral Reform	18.90	89.05
Total	3,475.88	49,060.42

Received during November.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Reported	\$45,584 54	Marsh, "	1 40
Tatamagouche per D.		Smithfield	2 05
MacLure	50	Kenzieville, "	1 85
ss	19 10	Deane	6 25
New Truro Rd	3 10	Mid. Stewiacke, ss ..	6
Tatamagouche Mt., ss.	5 50	Up. Newcastle, " ..	2
Burnside.....	2	Maidland, "	2 05
Little Narrows.....	6 30	Fox Harbor, "	1
Cape John	2	St. John, St. Matt., ss.	15 55
Sherbrooke, ss	10 32	Kirkland, ss	7 06
Churchville, ss	6	Hx. St. Johns.....	10 00
Georgetown.....	5	Grand Falls	21 64
College opening.....	28 08	Glenbard, ss	2
Valleyfield, ss	6 00	Forks Baddeck, ss...	10 43

West Folly Mt., ss.....	1 90	Glenelg	8
Miltown	5 65	Little Harbor	8 40
Head of Hillsboro, ss.	1	Little Harbor	28 60
Stake Road	2	Mid. Musqt. Riv'side..	110
Flat River, "	5	Hx., St. And., guid.....	100
Lynnfield, "	80	Sherwin E. Douglas.....	1
Antigonish, "	15	Clifton, P. E. I.....	48
Kintore, "	3 25	North River	9 40
Carleton & Chebogue..	11 75	Country, Isaac's Hr.....	7 95
Three Brooks	1	Canoe Lake, ss.....	1 50
Cape North, ss.....	6	Springside	85 61
Hx. Park St., ss.....	50	Millerton, etc.....	50
Fred'cn, Miss Marks,		Kempton, ss	1 75
cl	15 28	Tatamagouche	33 06
Fairville	1	"One Interested" ..	8
Md. Musqdb'h.....	76	Sale of Map.....	1
Blue Rocks	10 6	Refund	10
New Dublin, etc.....	25	Sackville	15
Antigonish	8 25	Salina & Norton.....	10 18
Scotsburn, Bethel.....	31 5	Wallace	28 85
Millville	15 50	New Glasgow, New St.	
Salt Springs, Eben, ss.	2 50	And.....	117 46
Up. Londonderry	45	Andover, etc.....	16
W'ch St. rpe. Mr. Foote	4 85	Marble Mtain.....	37
Wentworth	6 47	Hx., St. Johns, guid..	50
Milford	2 29	Up. Stewiacke.....	150
Lawrencet'n, wfms.,		Merigonish	10 80
per Mr. Foote	5 05	French River	16 61
Harmony, "	3 19	Churchville. lad. soc.	12
Newport, ss, "	3 63	Newtown, ss	3
Ingonish, Neil's Hr ..	31	Pugwash, "	7 25
New Mills	25	"A Friend," ss	2
Mira	40	Pembroke, "	8 64
Boulardale	25	Broughton	71
Baddeck	10	Newcastle.....	20 76
Cove Head, ss.....	8 10	Amherst, St. Stephens.	92 46
Harrington	3	Boulardale, W., ss.....	2
Stanhope, "	2	Mill Creek.....	5
Cove Head & B. Point.	25 13	Nyanza ss.....	2 46
New Glasgow, New St.		North West Am., ss..	1 01
And.....	150	Nashwaak, Stanley ..	50
Lower Economy, ss.....	1 60	Maitland	21 97
New Glasgow, United.	215 72	Harmony, cc	12
Interests	9 78	True, St. Pauls, ss ..	10
Truro, Berachah, cir ..	95	Bloomfield	3 50
St. John, St. Davids..	230	Sheet Harbor, "	1
Anon	1 78	Woodstock	44
Milford, Clays Riv.....	21	Mrs. Dodge, Kentville.	20
"M. A. E."	7 30	New Glasgow, New St.	
Cariboo, Moose Riv ..	5	And.....	20
Refund	15	Mill Creek, ss.....	4 75
Interest.....	116 82	Refund	2 30
Lawrencet'n, Cow Bay	79 01	opewell, Union	27 18
Chipman	6 70	Millerton, ss.....	1 30
Miltown Cross, ss.....	1 60	Richmond	62 15
Amherst, St. Sie. guid	40	Truro, St. And., ss ..	110
Abercrombie	3	Refunds.....	45
Rosa Valley, ss	1		
Portuquique	5		
E. Riv., St. Marys.....	12		

Total ... \$49,060 42



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No one lets sin into our lives but ourselves.

My liberty leaves off where the rights of another begin.—Victor Hugo

The weight of a man's word is just in proportion to the weight of his character.

Inconsistency is sometimes an evidence that reason has forgotten the better of instinct.

Salvation is never selfishness. It is not man getting into heaven, but heaven getting into man.

Nothing permanently benefits the race which does not elevate the moral character of the people.

The bearing of men towards the sins of others is always a touch-stone of character—Marcus Dods.

Mission are the truest exponent of the Spirit of Christ, the best proof that the church is truly Christian.

"The Christian should be courteous. It is not enough simply to be good. Religion ought to be attractive."

A duty well done and systematically carried out becomes easy, while only occasional response is a struggle every time.

These words were found written on the fly-leaf of a Bible: "This book will keep you from sin; or sin will keep you from this book."

"Four things come not back again," says an Oriental proverb: "The spoken word, the spent arrow, the past life and the lost opportunity."

"Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much evermore the strength of the human race has gained.—Ruskin.

You may pray, attend church, read the Bible, do many humane and philanthropic things, but unless you get right with God by the surrender of your will to Him, you are out of harmony.—Torrey.

He who plants a tree does well; he who fells and saws it into planks does well; he who makes a bench of the planks does well; he who, sitting on the bench, teaches a child, does better than the rest.—Farrar.

Inconsistency is sometimes an evidence that reason has forgotten the better of instinct.

If Christians like their Lord will be,
All men will lose their doubts and see
How real is Christianity.

What do they see in you and me?

Marianne Farningham.

It is while you are patiently toiling at and shape of the great whole of life the little tasks of life that the meandawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Phillips Brooks.

Work is the true friend and consoler of man, raises him above all his weakness, purifies and ennobles him, saves him from vulgar temptation, and helps him to bear his burden through days of sadness, and before which even the deepest griefs give way for a time.

The majority of men who are lost, are lost not because they are criminals, but fools; not because they have sought wickedness, but drifted into it; not because they purposed folly, but simply because they never had a wise and enduring purpose.—W. J. Dawson.

There is a deal of railing against Christians for inconsistency and hypocrisy. But a man whose temper is sweet and whose life is helpful to others is seldom one of the cawing chorus. He knows that the vast majority of Christian people are worthy of confidence.

God can give a man peace, when apart from God the man can have no peace. The consciousness of being in right relations with God is in itself strength to a man; and even those who observe him can feel that he has more than mere human strength to support him.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense, and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man in a hundred. As a general rule, in proportion as a man gets well off in this world, he gets poorly off in the next. He loses his share of dependence on God.

Weakness fought against may become strength for the fighter. If one is a coward, he may gain thereby the finest courage; if quick-tempered, a deeper self-control; if dictatorial and dogmatic, a rare gentleness of spirit. "To him that overcometh" is the promise given,—not to him of great endowments.

No one can do a man harm but himself. The injuries that others would do him may be turned to blessings. The injuries that he does himself may destroy his very soul. Malice, hate, evil-speaking, and covetousness eat into the character until a skeleton remain, the semblance of a man,—dead to himself and to the world,—whom only the grace of God can make to live again.

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PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

FEBRUARY 1908.

No. 1

February is the most important month of the year for our Church. It is the closing month of our financial year. As a rule, half or more of the income of our church funds is received during this month. The work for the year has been done and upon these few weeks depends whether that work is to have its balance on the right or the wrong side. It is therefore a time of grave anxiety to those who are charged by the church with that work and its maintenance.

This February is more important than usual because the work laid to our hand by Providence has been larger than ever before, and the requirements will be greater to meet that work. On other pages of this issue are brief notes by Dr. E. D. McLaren and Dr. R. P. Mackay, re the Home and Foreign Funds, West. The other funds through which, as a church, we seek to do the Lord's work, are given with the "Receipts" on the last pages of each RECORD.

If, after close and careful conference alone with the Master, who "loved me and gave HIMSELF for me" I conclude that I have done my share of His work for the year,—well. If, after such consultation, I conclude that I might and should have done something more, this year, it is not yet too late. It can be sent, in any way that seems best, to the Agents in Halifax and Toronto, before the end of February.

February should not be thus important. It is not right that half the year's income should be kept back until the whole year's work is nearly done. It need not be so. In many congregations, collections are made for the Funds of the church, by envelope or otherwise, all through the year, and yet it does not reach the Agents, where it can be used, till the end of the year. The collections taken up during the year are sometimes allowed to lie in the congregational treasury till after the An-

nual Meeting in January, and then forwarded. The result is that the Funds have to borrow to carry on their work, involving expenditure for interest, while the money that has been given to do that work lies idle in the treasury of the congregation.

If it were forwarded monthly, it would save interest, and would save much uncertainty and anxiety. The allotments could still be made at the end of the year, and forwarded to the Agents before the closing of their accounts. Some of the churches that give the largest amounts to the Funds, remit monthly or bi-monthly to the Agents, and then at the end of the year forward their apportionment of the contributions for the year.

Rev. Dr. McCurdy calls the special attention of the congregations in the Maritime Provinces to the Aged Ministers' Fund. The fact that the Fund is now one for the whole church should lead the smaller section, in honor, to see that she does not fall short of the \$3,500 which is her share. The union of the Funds, East and West, into one Fund, does not lessen the responsibility of either section but rather increases it. The people of the East only need to realize the facts to loyally do their part, and if the ministers simply set the facts before them they will realize them.

It all depends upon the point of view. To set apart the Plains of Abraham to commemorate a victory, would hinder rather than help the national unity that every true Canadian seeks. To set it apart,—adorned "with a statue of the Angel of Peace."—to commemorate the last battle ground of the two peoples that founded Canada, and as a pledge that henceforth they will strive, not against each other for mastery of the country, but together for her welfare, is a grand and worthy object, to which all patriots will heartily and thankfully and devoutly say "Amen."

There have been sent to all Clerks of Presbyteries the following Schedule Forms:—

- (1) Form for Congregational, Statistical and Financial Returns.
- (2) Form for Presbytery's Statistics and Finances.
- (3) Form for Presbytery's Roll.
- (4) Form for Presbytery's Changes.
- (5) Form for Presbytery's Conveners of Standing Committees.

Should any Clerk fail to receive them within a reasonable time he is asked to notify the Convener of Committee on Statistics, Reverend Dr. Somerville, Presbyterian Church Offices, Toronto.

At no previous New Year have so many congregations of our church decided to adopt the weekly envelope system of congregational support. Those who adopted it last year for the first time find their income increased. It is the almost universal experience. The same result is shewn in even a more marked degree, where the envelope is used in missionary contributions as well. For the latter some use a monthly envelope, others a weekly, in the shape of a duplex envelope, with two pockets, one for one's own church, the other for missions. This is no doubt the ideal method.

Envelopes of all kinds can be had from Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, D.D., Presbyterian Offices, Toronto. Samples will be sent on application. The envelope system has proved itself by far the best and easiest system of church finance.

There is no place where it is so easy to drop out of sight as in the city; and no place where people are so likely to lapse, and with churches all around them. The Christians of Winnipeg have arranged for an annual census, each October, in order that all the denominations may be able to keep in touch with their own and to look after the unattached. From the partial census recently made it is estimated that on a basis of 100,000 population, there are: Presbyterian 18,000, Anglican 17,000, Roman Catholic 15,000, Methodist 13,500, Evangelical Lutheran 7,000, Baptist 5,000, Hebrew 5,000, Congregational 3,200, various

other denominations 8,300, no preference 8,000. Dr. Bryce estimates that with the annual census "the people of Winnipeg will be reached more effectively than in any similar city on the continent."

Cordial good wishes to "The West Land," a weekly newspaper just started in Edmonton, Alberta. To quote its own prospectus, it is "A Family Paper that is Western Canadian in Outlook, Religious in Spirit, Broad in Sympathy, and in its particular church interest, Presbyterian."

We have long held that the Presbyterian Church in Canada can, in the near future, afford a constituency for six weekly newspapers, and should have them, and that three of the six should be west of the Lakes; one issued from Winnipeg, one from Edmonton and one from Vancouver.

There are two points to bear in mind with regard to a weekly newspaper. The first is that to be successful it must have a local coloring and atmosphere, which it can only receive in the constituency which it serves. The second is that it must be near enough to its base of supply, to get church news and print it, and have it in the hands of its readers within a very few days of its happening. If news has to be sent several days' journey, by the time it is printed and returned it is already stale.

There have already been two attempts in Winnipeg and one in Vancouver to start a Presbyterian paper, but the time did not seem to be ripe. We trust that "the West Land" will meet with hearty support, and that other two western papers may soon follow. The above remarks as to news and coloring do not apply to the RECORD for it is not a newspaper, and does not pretend to give local news. This would be impossible in a small monthly.

A new congregation, and an energetic one has been added to the St. John Presbytery. Sackville and Dorchester, N. B., have been organized as a congregation, and on the 29th Oct., ult., Rev. A. B. Dickie, Moderator of the Maritime Synod, was inducted as pastor.

The Reports of the annual Meetings of congregations which have been appearing in the daily and weekly newspapers, shew some cheering facts. (1) As a rule the year has been a prosperous one financially; with reduced debts, mortgage burnings, increased self support and more for missions. (2) A large number have decided for the first time to use the weekly envelope for self support. This method almost invariably proves satisfactory. (3) Several have changed from the monthly to the weekly envelope for missionary purposes. All these are tokens for good.

It is sometimes said that financial prosperity in a congregation may accompany spiritual poverty. It may, but seldom does. Man cannot see the spirit except by what it prompts its agent, the body, to do. "By their fruits" was the test Christ gave. If a congregation is spiritually prosperous, it will, whether small or large, poor or rich, according to its means, do what it can for itself and for the world's betterment. If these things be neglected, the spirituality, however patent, or rather blatant, is of a poor type. The degree of our giving (not the amount) measures our likeness in spirit to Him who gave HIMSELF, and that is about as near an approach to measuring spirituality as man can reach. Electricity in the physical world can only be known to men by its light, heat, and power. So with spirituality in the spiritual world.

One of the most powerful temperance movements the world has ever seen has been going quietly on for the past year or two in the U.S.A. Other great temperance movements, such as that of Father Matthews in Ireland and Father Chiniquy in French Canada have been owing chiefly to some strongman who by his intensity and personality has swayed the multitudes and led them to sign the pledge. In this movement there is no great leader, and no spectacular propaganda. It is like the quiet rise of a tide, district after district, county after county, state after state, going "dry." It is an atmosphere, a "movement" and has spread far and wide, and to all appearance will result ere long in the expulsion of the drink traffic from a large part of the Union.

DANGER OF A DEFICIT.

BY REV. E. D. McLAREN, DD., H. M.
SECRETARY, WEST.

The close of the Church year, which is always a period of intense anxiety for those in charge of the various departments of Church work, is a time of special anxiety to the Home Mission Committee this year, because of a very unusual combination of circumstances.

Every one knows that for many years past the development of the country has necessitated a constantly increasing outlay for Home Mission work. The obligations the Committee was asked to assume last Spring amounted to about \$180,000, an increase over last year's revenue of nearly \$40,000.

Unfortunately the year which called for this greatly enlarged expenditure has turned out to be a year marked by a severe financial stringency, which has affected the contributing power of some of our people, as well as by a crop failure in the Northwest, which, though not universal, is sufficiently serious in many localities to add very materially to the burden of the Home Mission Committee.

Of the \$180,000 required, only \$64,338 had been received by the Church Treasurer last Saturday (18th January). If the revenue of the Committee is to be sufficient to meet the liabilities that have been incurred, \$115,000 must be received within the next six weeks.

Unless very vigorous efforts are put forth to secure liberal contributions from all the congregations of the church and special gifts from those who may be in a position to supplement what they have already given, the Church will have to face a serious Home Mission deficit.

No one who realizes all that a deficit would involve—the disheartening of the missionaries, the Committee's inability to respond to the appeals of the newer districts for the public means of grace—can contemplate the possibility of such an occurrence without a sinking of heart and a humiliation of spirit.

The threatened calamity will be averted if the Church will only recognize the gravity of the situation.

THE BOYS AND THE CHURCH.

Four classes make up the church; the boys and girls who will be the working church of a generation hence, and the men and women who are doing the work now and training the workers that are to be.

All four of these classes are necessary to the continuance of the church. And hence, it cannot be said that any one of them is more important than any other. Yet it is a more important time of life with some of them, than with others. The men and women have their habits and characters formed. Their continuance as they now are, can be fairly relied upon.

But the boys and the girls are shaping morally and spiritually as well as physically for their future, and care, or the lack of it, will tell for good or evil, on the future of the church.

Specially needful is such care for the boys, as they are usually more exposed to adverse influences. Hence the anxiety of all who are interested in the future of the church and of humanity, as to how the boys can best be won and held.

Many plans have been tried. Their name is legion. Boys' classes, boys' clubs, boys' bands, boys' brigades, etc., etc., something special for boys, in almost endless variety.

There is one means, which would probably be more effective than almost any other, that is scarcely known in our church, and that is

The Boy Choir.

Getting the boys of the congregation together in some convenient place in the front of the church, to lead, under the direction of the organist or choir-master or precentor, in the service or praise.

Some points may be briefly noted;—

Boys would be attracted to it more than to almost any other thing that has the same end in view. As a rule they love to sing, especially where numbers sing together. It affords an outlet to their strong young life, and would give them an interest that is entirely wanting, when they have to sit quiet and receptive, without any definite part in the service.

It would bring them to church. How often there is a lack of boys in most of our churches. Many of them are content with the Sabbath School, who if they had a choir of their own, would be in church.

It would give them a sense of importance and responsibility. Boys early think towards manhood, they love that which seems to confer manhood. The majority of boys who smoke or swear begin from a mistaken idea of manliness. Why not utilize this principle in a right direction. To be part of the church choir would appeal to a boy's incipient manhood and he would not only enjoy it, but would seek to live up to it.

It would have a pure and helpful influence upon his character. The boy who loves and practices music, whether it be in the country singing school or in the family circle, or whether he plays some instrument, from a Jew's harp up, in the long winter evenings by the fireside at the farm, or in the opportunities of larger centres, is not likely to be led away by bad companionship, for he is kept out of its way.

It would be a means of grace to many a boy. We have the testimony of a minister as to one boy whom he described as a "tough case," but who had a good voice and had been induced to join the choir of another church, and it "kept him straight." He felt the responsibility of the position and lived up to it.

It would interest them in the church as nothing else would do. In all else that is done for them they are simply recipients. Here they have a part for which they are responsible, something that makes them feel the church is theirs, and that feeling naturally grows and embraces other lines of work.

It has the special advantage in larger measure than all other plans, that it is definitely associated with the church service. All other attractions for boys, such as the boys' brigade, boys' clubs, etc., etc., may be under church patronage, and good so far as they go, but a boy may attend these for a time without being attracted to the church, and when he ceases attending there is no special tie formed to the church but the boy choir is a part of the church service; it links the boys' interest to the very centre of the worship of the church.

The boy would not tire of it, as is too often the case with other things. As he grew older, and the boy voice passed into the deeper tones of manhood, he could pass into another section of the choir and "sing bass." This would appeal to his manhood's

instincts, and lead him to take a still greater pride in his position.

It would do good in many a home. Most families, if they had a boy in the choir would be pretty regularly in church themselves. There is many a man who seldom attends church, and whose boy, it may be, follows his example, who would be regularly there, if his boy were in the choir.

It would greatly improve the singing in most congregations. No instruments or choiristers, however excellent, can give the inspiration and uplift to preacher and people that is given by a choir of sweet young voices leading in the service of praise.

Other churches e. g., the Anglican, realize the value of the boy choir and act upon it. Our own church would take a long step forward in making her service of public worship attractive, and winning and holding her boys, and strengthening herself for better work in the future, if in all of her congregations these boys were given a leading part in the service of praise.

THE LAYMAN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

This has been called "the latest and greatest religious movement of modern times."

It is yet young, about a year old. It was organized in New York in November, 1906. At the Annual Meeting of the representatives of the Missionary Boards of Canada and the U. S. A., in January, 1907, it was cordially commended to the churches. On page eighty-six of this issue is part of an address that was then given, which describes what the movement is and the reasons for it.

Action was at once taken to enlist the men of the Christian world, especially the English speaking world, in the movement. During the past year, some fifty gatherings of men have been held at leading centres on this continent, five or six of them in cities of Canada.

The usual method is to invite a number of leading business men to meet for luncheon or dinner, and the claims of the world upon them are set forth on their merits as a business proposition, and the almost invariable result has been the

pledging of much larger support by those present, to the mission funds of their respective churches.

On the invitation of a number of British Missionary Societies a commission of six laymen from the Laymen's Missionary Movement visited Britain in May and June of the past Summer, and in London and Edinburgh and a number of other cities met a large number of the leading citizens, frequently at breakfasts or luncheons, attended by two or three hundred, and often presided over by the Mayor or other civic dignity, and aroused great enthusiasm.

On November 9th, the Canadian members of the General Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement called a meeting in Toronto, of one hundred laymen, twenty-five each from the Presbyterian, Anglican and Methodist churches, fifteen Baptist and ten Congregationalist, with about a dozen ministers; and these representatives voted unanimously to attempt to raise the total offerings of their churches in the city from \$141,000 last year to \$500,000 a year in the future, and a large committee was appointed to take charge of the canvass. Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, the General Secretary of the movement, writes;—

"All these meetings of men have been charged with spiritual energy. Many men have declared that the meetings opened to them a new view of the real significance of life. The spirit of the meetings and the policies determined upon, cannot be explained apart from the mighty working of the Spirit of God. Prayer has been answered in so signal a manner as to be almost startling. God has done more than we asked or thought. To Him belongs the glory for the mighty work accomplished." Mr. White adds further:—

"Special prayer is asked by the Committees of laymen in all these cities that they may be wisely guided and empowered in their work. The Toronto Committee especially, if any distinction can be made, needs constant buttressing by prayer, as they have undertaken the greatest forward movement of unselfish helpfulness ever projected by the representative men of such a city."

Other Canadian cities, Brantford, Hamilton, London, Halifax, have had meetings

and have pledged almost double of last year's giving to missions; and Montreal and others are soon to follow.

Besides this work at home, the movement aims to send men, business men, at their own charges, to visit the mission fields, see the work and bring home reports of it, showing its need and progress; and during the past year quite a number of leading business men have thus visited the mission fields in India and China and elsewhere at their own charges. Mr. James Rodger, of Montreal, a Presbyterian elder, visited our Chinese Mission and was deeply impressed with the work there.

From a circular received we quote the following:—

This movement is interdenominational in its character, and is world-wide in its scope. It has received the most cordial endorsement of the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It is not a new missionary society; it does not administer mission funds; it does not send out missionaries; but it seeks to co-operate with all established Christian enterprises.

It aims to advance Christian work, more especially that of Foreign Missions; to assist and encourage Christian workers, and whenever and wherever practicable to publish the work. It is a vital stirring amongst the laymen to forward all forms of Christian activity. It strives to unify the race into one common brotherhood, through the revivifying influence of Jesus of Nazareth, who alone has furnished those universal ideals which make life worth the living.

In May, 1907, the United Mission Board of Great Britain invited the Mission Boards of North America to send representatives to Great Britain to participate in a conference. This committee was duly appointed and went to London and other cities; the results of this conference have been very satisfactory and most encouraging. As a direct result of this conference there has been organized a Laymen's Missionary Movement in Great Britain, based upon the principles of the one in this country, to work along similar lines.

This movement is under the direction of a competent committee of one hundred representative laymen; its Executive Committee comprises men whose fidelity has been proved by faithful services in the past; and its officers are men of extensive experience and good business judgment. A fair proportion of this committee is from Canada, and a local Chairman has been appointed for the Canadian section.

A Laymen's Centennial Commission has been appointed, with the approval of the several Mission Boards in the United States and Canada; they will travel about the world at their own expense, visit mission stations, weigh the conflicting criticisms which are made, and prepare reports upon these investigations, which will be published, probably early in 1908, under the auspices of this movement.

The keynote of the movement is in the following pledge:—

"Believing it to be the duty of the Church of Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature, it is my purpose to pray, to give, to study and to work, as God may give me opportunity, that the Church of this generation may obey this command."

Anyone who wishes to be identified with the movement can sign the above pledge, giving name, denomination and address in full, and send to the headquarters, Madison Ave., New York. No financial obligation is involved. It is simply a promise that each one through their own church channels, or in any way they wish, will do what they can towards the great end aimed at.

Two features of the movement should here be emphasized;—

(1) None of the money that this movement attempts to raise is for itself, or for expenses in connection with it. All necessary expenses of the movement are paid, out of their own pockets, by men who are specially interested in it, and

(2) All of the contributions thus sought are paid by the givers into the mission funds of their own churches. The movement simply seeks to stir up men to a sense of their responsibility to do more through their respective churches for the heathen world.

A word of special application to the men of our own church. The time for action is now, this month of February. Our Home and Foreign work has increased during the last year, not from choice but of necessity. Providence has given it to us to do, and if we would be true to Him who set it before us it had to be done. Our church year closes with the end of February and both Home and Foreign Funds need considerably more than was ever received in any former February to meet the claims of the year's work. May it not be that "The Laymen's Missionary Movement" has come to its Kingdom" for such a time as this."

Our Foreign Missions

FEBRUARY'S MISSION CALL.

MOVING THE MACAO MISSION.

REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D., F. M. SECRETARY.

Toronto, January 20, 1908.

LETTER FROM DR. J. A. McDONALD TO THE
YOUNG MEN OF THE AM. PRES. CH.,
MONTREAL.

Kongmun, China, Oct. 21, 1907.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

I feel as if I had come back to a new church. The interest in Missions, in churches, and especially amongst laymen, is a delightful surprise. I had heard of it, but did not appreciate it fully. I do not know that I appreciate it fully yet.

My first meeting, the very night I returned to Toronto, was to a Laymen's Meeting. They were organizing their forces. The air of confidence, the practical business-like way of going about it, convinced me that it is not a mere spasm of enthusiasm. They have already touched some of the churches at their annual meetings, which resulted in the adoption of the weekly envelopes, and a definite purpose to greatly increase their contributions in the coming year.

That is very encouraging. But what about this year? The receipts to date are about one thousand dollars less than the receipts at the same date last year, and yet for the year we require ten thousand more than the amount received last year. Of course there are several weeks yet before the end of the year and it may be all right.

"We've always been provided for,—sae will we yet." God's hand is in this thing and it must come out right. He has opened the East and at the same time is stirring up the West.

His purpose is manifest. China doing as Japan did would be a menace to the world. Her evangelization is a vast problem, but it is worth trying. When Israel marched up to the Red Sea, the impossible was done. The Sea divided. Let the church measure up to her best, do what is possible, and we can look for the seeming-possible, and we can look to Him for the seemingly impossible.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the crops, but the kind of man which the country turns out.—Emerson.

Dear Friends:—

The past, though a busy month, has been a very interesting one. It afforded the novel experience of moving in China, moving our headquarters to the city of Kongmoon.

First, the question of boat presented itself. Would we put all on a junk and wait for a favorable wind or would we divide into two lots and send by the small steamer plying between Macao and here? The later plan was adopted.

Our next proposition was how to get our things to the boat. A boss coolie solved this for us. Being anxious for the work he came in and made an offer, which to all seemed reasonable and which was accepted.

We packed things as carefully as possible and then came, what as yet I have not got used to, namely, men and women taking the place of beasts of burden. The furniture was packed on two-wheeled trucks which were drawn by several men and women, one man remaining behind to steer and keep the trucks balanced.

In this way our things were dragged through the streets up hill and down for over a mile. They were stored on the wharf until the boat came in and unloaded and then disappeared into the hold. I had the doubtful pleasure of sleeping on board to watch.

At this end we had to face the coolie problem again. Our landlord simplified matters by calling, as I thought, a few boat women, but later I found they numbered eleven. These women, more like men so far as physical strength is concerned, soon had all on the wharf where they were left until such time as I could get them through the customs. The officials were very kind, passing all as soon as possible and it was not long before all had been carried to our houses, and two hours later I had my first meal in my new home.

I had not been here two weeks when one of the Customs officials called for me to go to see a little Chinese boy. I gathered up what things I could readily lay my hands on. On the way I got the following history. The little boy had been sick several days. His parents had called in a native doctor but in spite of treatment he had become gradually worse. They had given him up as gone, when my guide, hearing their wailing and knowing the cause, sent in asking if he might come for me. Having obtained their consent he came.

As we reached the bottom of the stairs I could hear loud wailing, which stopped, however, when we entered the room. The little chap was deliriously tossing about in his mother's arms. He was breathing very rapidly and when I reached to take his pulse I could hardly get it. His little body was fairly burning up. A brief examination led me to make what I must say was a rather hasty diagnosis of pneumonia. What was more I felt that something ought to be done quickly and even then I might be too late. I gave a little medicine and left him for a few minutes to get some that I did not have in my case.

As I went out I told them I would be right back. Just at the door I heard one of the neighbors say "now you will trust him." The answer came "we will trust him wholly."

I was soon in the house again and having given him a second dose of medicine I took his temperature. The thermometer quickly went up to 104 degrees under his arm. His pulse was so that I could count it. It was 180.

My next step was in the eyes of the most of them a foolish one, but I took it, namely, gave him a sponge bath. When I had finished he seemed much calmer and somewhat inclined to sleep. I waited a while and learned a little more of the history of the case from the father, who further volunteered that this was his only child, five others being dead.

Before leaving I told the father to come for me if he was worse. He was unwilling to do so at first, fearing I might be asleep. When I assured him that that would make no difference he promised he would. He did not need to come, however.

About six thirty in the morning he rap-

ped at the door to say the little lad was much better. I called a little later and found out that such was the case. I had evidently seen him at the time of the crisis, for he made a good recovery. The father could not thank me enough and said he would publish my name abroad. I thought no more about it until I received a letter, a copy of which I am giving below. It was written for him by another Chinaman. It is as follows:

Customs House

Kongmun, 18th October, 1907.

Dear Sir.—

It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that I address you to return my thanks for the kind, devoted and wonderful effect of your treatment and medicines by which my child was saved from his terrible danger on the 5th inst.

In repaying this great kindness I am going to advertise my thanks on the Canton Sye Man newspaper, so as to let the public know the skilfulness of your medical attainments.

Should you be good enough to write me your name and nationality (in Chinese), I would feel much obliged. Please let me know at the same time the purpose of your presence in this district.

Awaiting the favor of your reply,

I remain, yours gratefully,
CHUNG YEO.

To DR. McDONALD.

He did not have to wait long for an answer for I was not desirous of such notoriety and at the same time I wanted to let him know my purpose. I wrote to him asking him not to publish anything and set forth quite clearly that I was here to preach Christianity as well as to heal, as best I could, men's bodily ills.

This I think will men much to our work, from the fact that the father of the little chap holds a very influential position in the Customs service. He will not hesitate to tell his friends and thus make an entrance into the hearts of those who as yet are opposed to Christianity. Will you not join in our prayers that it may open this large city and the villages around to the gospel.

We are still looking for a chapel but hope ere long that it may be forthcoming.

With prayers for the work at home, I am,

Yours sincerely,

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE AT WEIHWEI.

By MISS ISABEL MCINTOSH.

Wei Hwei, N. Honan.

Nov. 30, 1907.

Dear Dr. Scott:

I should like to send a word to the RECORD about our first Chinese conference held in Honan, Nov. 13-17.

We had been looking forward to this conference for some months with expectancy and prayer for God's blessing upon us. We were not disappointed.

Three hundred and thirty men and women were accommodated on the mission compound, besides our school children and hospital patients which would bring the number up to over four hundred.

As there is no building in the compound large enough to hold such a gathering as this conference brought a large straw mat tent was put up for the occasion. There was no difficulty about the ventilation of this tent as daylight could be seen from all sides and it was so cold the speakers had to keep on their overcoats, even when at the highest point of enthusiasm and eloquence.

There were plenty of bright Chinese scrolls with inspiring scripture texts hung in conspicuous places about the tent, and just behind the platform hung a great red banner with the words "Jesus our Saviour" in large gold letters. Across the center of the tent hung another banner with "To God be the Glory."

The new organ presented by Dr. Scott of Montreal, was placed at one end of the platform which was banked with palms and flowers, while at the other end was a large black board which was used not only by the missionaries but also by Chinese speakers.

A large number of the Christians walked long distances to be present at this conference. Ten school boys who could not afford to pay railway fare walked from Chang-te, a distance of sixty miles. These bright boys were a real help with the singing. They have had instruction in sight-singing and are familiar with the conference hymns.

At the consecration meeting they sang by special request: "Where He leads me I will follow." We look upon these boys, who are sons of Christian parents, as pillars of the future church of China.

We began each day with a Prayer Meeting at seven a.m., led by Dr. McKay. These meetings were much enjoyed by those who had the privilege of attending.

One of the Chinese preachers in reporting the conference to the church in Chang Te, said, in speaking of the large gathering, the singing and bright lights, he could hardly realize where he was. It made him think of the brightness of heaven and the gathering there.

This was the largest Christian gathering these dear people ever attended and it was like Heaven to some.

The first convert of the mission, who is now an old man of seventy spoke at the reception and carried us back to the early days of our Canadian Mission in Honan when the doctor and minister came with the Gospel to a hostile and prejudiced people who would have driven them from the country if possible. But the Omnipotent God had opened the door and no man or company of men could shut it.

This white haired old saint told the simple story of his conversion, how, through the wonderful ministry of healing, love of Christ came into his heart and transformed his life more than eighteen years ago.

Now, he said, see how many hearts have been won to Christ. We were obliged to put up this tent to take the people in, but we believe in ten years more, a tent ten times the size of this will not hold the people who shall be brought to Christ.

Those who sat on the platform and looked into the faces of that brown-eyed company will not soon forget the rich glow of expression as they listened to the addresses and sang hymns of praise.

What gratitude must have filled the hearts of those who were the pioneer missionaries in this field. Truly they have honors before which earth's proudest laurels pale.

It is to my mother that I owe everything. If I am Thy child, O my God, it is because Thou gavest me such a mother. If I prefer the truth to all things, it is the fruit of my mother's teachings. If I did not perish long ago in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful years which she pleaded for me. What comparison is there between the honor I paid her and her slavery for me?—Augustine.

LETTER FROM KOREA.

Rev. A. R. Ross, our missionary in Song Chin (Joshin), Korea, writes to Rev. G. C. Heine, Montreal, under date 12 Nov., as follows:—

I attended the Annual Meeting of the missionaries of the Pres. Church, U.S.A., (North) and then accompanied my brother who labors in that mission to Eyen Chun, to see the work there.

When Mr. Whittemore came there ten years ago there was just one Christian; to-day the church enrolment is over fifteen hundred, and the congregation averages about one thousand. "The upper half of the town is largely Christian, and on Sunday the shops are closed, the streets are filled by the streams of people passing to and fro from the church and the sight or sound of any daily work in progress gives a start of surprise."

I visited the Academy of which my brother is principal and saw some seventy bright young men and boys who are under Christian instruction and who will doubtless be a power for Christ wherever they go on the completion of their education.

I also attended with my brother the morning Bible class for women. Their enrolment is seven hundred, while six hundred is the usual attendance. It was conducted by the married and single women (missionaries) of the station, helped by Korean Christian women teachers.

The head bands of the women in the great gathering, (a big piece of cloth they wrap around their heads), were newly washed and very white, and made a nice appearance with their other white clothes.

In the front sat ninety little girls of the day school in clothes of different colors. On the heads of some you see a little round spot the size of a coin half way down the top of the head where the hair is parted. This is a spot that has been burned there in accordance with some heathen rite, the Christian girls do not have it.

After the singing the women divided into a good many classes, shut off from one another by sheets of cotton drawn along wire in different directions.

I learn from our lady missionaries that teaching the women is difficult. They are far behind the men in education, but the Gospel is reaching the hearts of many.

After a few days with my brother, study-

ing the work there, I had to return to Wonsan to our own Annual Meeting. I returned to Pyeng Yang by train and hiring a Korean mapoo (a coolie who with his pony conducts travellers across the country) started by road for Wonsan..

The little pony carried my bedding, clothes and food, and I rode on top of the load when tired walking. The first day we covered thirty miles and at the Korean inn where we put up for the night I was visited by a number of Christians, this place being in the territory of itineration of one of the Pyeng Yang missionaries.

The distance from Pyeng Yang is over one hundred and seventy miles which we covered in five days. We had to climb some very high hills. In one pass we paid a small toll to men who are placed there to protect travellers as there are robbers about.

In the Korean inns you are never lonesome; there are other boarders on both ceiling and floor. One morning I dumped half a dozen cockroaches out of my wooden box in which I carried food; fortunately most of the food was in tin boxes.

The mapoo and I reached Wonsan, Oct. 12th, and our Annual Meeting began next day. We had busy sessions for nearly two weeks, after which the Griersons and I returned to our field of labor.

A week ago, Sunday, my teacher and I went out seven miles to a little group of houses where there are some Christians. One man among them had been the only Christian for years and had attended service seven miles distant at Song Chin. Now this little group has its own service and will soon build a small church.

I presided at the service giving out the hymns, asking for prayer, etc., while the teacher did the preaching. I tried a solo and was corrected on the second line because I pronounced some syllables wrongly, so began the second line again. I have a careful teacher, have I not? The Koreans think nothing of such an incident but to me it was very funny. The language keeps one very busy. Pray for us and our work.

Little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves. —Farrar.

LETTER FROM REV. J. T. TAYLOR.

Mhow, Central India,
December 2, 1907.

Dear Mr. Yuile:

We are back in India once more and into the very midst of the work I delight in, preaching the Gospel among those who have not yet heard. The Presbytery has put me in charge of the district work about Mhow.

Imagine then a field of between twenty-five hundred and three thousand villages, averaging from one hundred to two hundred people in each. The native congregation in Mhow itself has five evangelists working in that centre and the villages near by. I go farther afield, and we, Mrs. Taylor and the bairns, with Miss Weir, are spending the cold season under canvass.

Our plan is to pitch our tents near a large village of say one or two thousand people, and preach and teach in all the villages around. This is done for a fortnight or longer and then another centre is chosen.

The centre we are now located in, has not been visited by any male missionary or native evangelist since the late Norman Russell was here. No believers as yet.

Our visit has awakened considerable interest. For some days, the people have been coming to us, in the tent, and often our meals have to wait until we find time to eat. Curiosity prompts many to come. But the opportunity is given us and we need not worry about the motives which bring them.

The nature of this village work is such that a great deal of our time is spent in talking to little groups of people. It has its advantage in this, that one can the more fully explain the Way of Life.

The second day after we pitched camp, I got an invitation, about 9.30 p.m., from the village to go and "tell my story" as they put it, to a "jalsa" or meeting which had been convened for me in the bazar. Most of the merchants, the goldsmiths, grain sellers, and such as are characteristic of these small towns, were gathered together, and I had a most respectful and attentive audience, while I told the story of Jesus and pressed His claims on them.

These two weeks have not revealed any who are prepared to come out openly and confess Christ. Several have come again and again to hear and learn. Our hearts yearn over them.

This morning two sons of a well-to-do farmer came to talk with me; then two Mohammedans; then a young Rajput, one of that proud race that dominated this part of India before the Mohammedan conquest. Then came a barber; then a servant; and thus the hours pass by. The seed is being sown. Prayer is going up for the blessing. May it soon come.

We find the singing of hymns a most effective way of attracting the people. Indeed when visiting a new place, the hymn is the first thing to get attentive ears. Mrs. Taylor and I have decided that the most effective way to invest the thirty dollars you gave me will be to get a small organ for our evangelistic work. Your part in our work will be to get the hearing, ours to tell the story. No, no, far rather, yours to bring down the blessing through prayer, while we are but the earthen vessels carrying the seed for these wide, waiting fields. It gives one a very keen sense of responsibility to think of the thousands about us, and our little encampment the only ones to witness for Christ.

It is striking at times to see the way our "story" is received. The death of Christ on Calvary for them seems to some ridiculous. They need no such sacrifice. It would have been far more fitting had He come in mighty power to destroy His enemies. But that He should come in weakness to die for poor sinners! Some laugh and scorn such an idea. But we believe that just this fact is the thing to waken sinners, so we tell it, again and again. It is the power of God unto Salvation."

P.S. Since writing the above this morning, I have had a deputation of all the Bhalai caste of a village near by—they are one of the lower castes—asking that I should explain the Christian religion to them. You may be sure I did so and never had a more attentive audience. Does not your heart burn to tell these people the good news, especially when they thus come to hear. I consider it one of the greatest privileges in life to do so.

INDORE COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

By REV. R. A. KING, PRINCIPAL.

Dear "Record":

If October 1st is to be reckoned the beginning of our report year, it did not begin very auspiciously. Referring to my diary for that date in 1906, I find such entries as these:—

October 1, "131 deaths in the city. College still closed. Case on the compound next to the Wilsons.

October 2, bicycled to Mhow. Found a plague refugee by the roadside dead.

October 22, re-opened School and College after two and a half months of enforced holiday. Attendance fifty and ten respectively.

November 5, boys returning slowly. None as yet in the eighth class.

Since then there have been no holidays. With lost time to make up and the fear of another outbreak in August hanging over us, we taught through the hot season. Classes began at 6.30 a.m. At half past ten we hurried home with Old Sol beating down unmercifully: We were spared the plague this season; we may also be delivered from another Summer season.

The College.

The University insists on us making a sharp division between the College and the School. We must do so also in our reports.

The Staff.

Consisted of three Europeans and four Indians. Mr. Wilson had again been asked by the Council to give us some assistance which he did ungrudgingly, though the burden of the Evangelistic work of the station fell on him. He took Ethics and Theism with the Philosophy class, and most important of all continued his Bible class with the students as a body.

During his absence on furlough Mr. W. G. Russell took his place at the morning hour. To both, the College owes a great debt. Mrs. King has again rendered honorary service in English. Mr. Johory has continued his work in English and History, and Mr. Cornelius in Science and Mathematics.

Our Persian professor, whom we had the great joy of baptizing in the College Hall,

has left us for the United Free Church College in Nagpur where he was offered a salary twice what we were able to give him. Nor could we blame him, for \$13.33, monthly, to a professor is not excessive.

And our respected Shastri now fills the chair of Sanskrit in the American Presbyterian Mission College in Lahore. With our limited resources the best we can do is to pick up promising young men, but so soon as they make a reputation for themselves we lose them.

Progress.

Our record at the examinations this year was exceptionally good. Very few of the colleges in the University made a higher percentage of passes, and none of the Mission institutions. Nine took their second year, five of them with honors, while I had the pleasure of presenting six for their degrees of B. A., and two of them with honors.

Such a record was bound to affect our attendance. Our numbers were limited this session only by our accommodation. There are forty in the First Year class. On the register there are about ninety in all, which might easily have been twenty more had there been rooms in the hostel. A pleasing feature is the increase of Christians among the students. This is to be expected as our community gets older. This is a matter for special thankfulness in that it will furnish so much the earlier a native ministry.

Accommodation.

Our hostel has been full to overflowing. It is not desirable that boys should live where they please in the bazaars. Indeed, the University will not allow it. With great difficulty we rented a suitable house in the Camp and this also we filled. We are also very short of class rooms. This will always be the case while the school is in the main building. However, within a few months that difficulty will be solved when the new school building is ready for some classes.

The School.

Instead of giving his own report of the High School at Indore, Mr. King, quotes that of the Government Inspector of Schools. Coming, as it does from an independent source, and from one whose

work it is to criticise, it must be very gratifying to the staff and to all friends of the school.

The average attendance is 165, out of an enrolment of 213.

The Inspector closes his lengthy and detailed report with these words. "I congratulate Mr. King and the Head Master on the excellent tone and discipline."

The Prospects are bright. It was feared in many quarters that the new national spirit so evident in India would affect the attendance at Mission Colleges. We have not found it so. On the contrary I am inclined to think that the young men of India find with us a more sympathetic appreciation of their ambitions than with purely Government institutions.

There is much in the "Swadeshi" movement that is commendable. But it needs to be guided. Here is our opportunity of tendering the State a true service and at the same time establishing ourselves in the affections of the better classes.

I rejoice in the appointment of Mr. Sharard and in the likelihood of Mr. Dunn being with us too, not simply because of the assistance in the class room, but because I see some chance of improving those opportunities in the hostels of coming into closest touch with the men who are to be the makers of new India. Both Mr. Wilson and myself have had requests for private reading of the Bible with individual men and have had to refuse, at least regular work, through pressure of other duties.

We little know what fruit such work may bear. Recently I read an address by a missionary in North India before a home audience. In it he told of a young man coming to him asking for baptism. He seemed well versed in Christian truth and on being asked where he had been taught replied at the "Mission School in Indore." I do not know who the young man was, but it is something to know that our sowing has not been in vain.

This season again, the missionaries in the district write that they have met among the officials old students of the College and have received hearty welcomes.

I have a letter from a native ruled in

a neighboring State. He writes regarding his son: "I have committed him entirely to your care and now I find my heart easy, being free from the anxiety of proper management of his education upon which his whole future depends. I am very much obliged to you for the care and interest you so kindly take in him." There are also in the school the sons of other officials. These are opportunities which make one very serious.

The Scholarship Fund and the Christian Hostel.

Concerning this I hope to make to the donors a detailed report. Many of the boys supported by the Fund are already in Mission employment as teachers and workers of different kinds. The need for a well equipped Christian Hostel is growing yearly. The fact that almost all the children of our better class Christians, both boys and girls, are being sent outside the Mission for their education is a fact which calls for serious attention. The equipment of the older schools in North India especially in the Hostel and boarding arrangements is superior to anything which we with our limited means can offer.

But the policy of allowing such migrations is, to say the least, very unwise. We stand likely to lose our best young people through attachments made elsewhere. Two things seem evident. We must now meet the demands of these parents with a school distinct from the orphanages, and we must make it such as will, in equipment and supervision, commend itself to them. They are ready to pay for the education of their children; we should be ready to provide it.

In conclusion, I would thank all the friends at home who by prayer and generous giving have made it possible to accomplish what little we have done.

In reporting a missionary address, the November RECORD, page 494, says of our Honan mission,—"We have congregations electing their own elders and deacons."

It should have been that the Honan Presbytery has decided upon this course and expects very shortly to begin carrying it out, though actual organization has not yet taken place.

NATIVE PREACHERS IN INDIA.

ANAND RAO AND ZAKHI DHARC.

Village Tirla.

We preached the Gospel in two places. In the first place we preached to four or five men on the food that perisheth. In the second place we preached to some fishermen.

We saw them sitting and asked them what was up. They said they were intending to go for some liquor to drink. I asked what benefit they derived from drinking. One said many kinds of benefit; another said we would go ten miles to get liquor; and if we could not get it within ten would go twenty. A third said that when a man is tired if he drinks a little he does not feel tired. A fourth said that by drinking a little a man could eat twice as much.

Then I asked them what evils resulted from the use of liquor. But they would give me no answer. So I told them that man lost his honor through drink money is wasted, wife and children starve, and the house is even broken up, the body is injured, and the soul is injured still more through its use.

They admitted it all. So I recited to them a Hindi piece of poetry in which it is shown that the world believes in false but does not accept the true. Just as people flock to a grog shop to get maddening drink, and will hardly buy wholesome milk even brought to their doors. About twenty people heard at this place.

Village Sonarkheri.

We had a little chat with about five men over fixing their hearts and faith on God. As the people were very busy they would not wait to listen so we went on to the next village which was about a mile away.

Village Nipali.

Here we first began to speak with a few laborers but soon their master began to shout for them to go to work. We told them we did not wish to hinder them, and one of them said "we may go to work or not as we wish, but we must take the name of God.

I said that it was not enough to take the name, but that we must also obey Him if we wish to be accepted by Him. Our chief or king is Udaji Maharaja. We may sing his praise and repeat his name the whole

day. But if we steal, murder and fight will he be pleased with us? They all said he would not, but would punish them for breaking the laws.

So I briefly related to them the ten commandments of the King of Kings and explained that breaking them certainly meant punishment.

Then we sang

"I keep the thought of Jesus in my mind."

And Zakhi related some of the sermon on the mount and the feeding of the five thousand.

A Mohammedan from Dhar whom we knew came along and heard some of this and asked that he might hear the feeding of the five thousand from the beginning. So Zakhi again related it and the Mohammedan seemed pleased. He asked if he could get a book in which such things were written. So I told him he could get a Gospel very cheap. I told him he could get one from the missionary. He said his name was Illahi Buksh. He promised to go to the missionary for sure (but has not come yet). The laborers remained to the end and listened attentively. About thirty people heard.

Village Utawad.

We found a few people sitting at a blacksmith's and one of them said "Well you have come," and he mentioned a hymn which we very often sing. I asked him if he liked the hymn or remembered it all, or why he spoke of it. He said he did not remember it all, but that he liked it. So I explained the hymn and showed that salvation is only through Jesus. Then we sang "See oh man your body is very weak" and Zakhi spoke on this hymn, and related the story of Job. We then finished by singing "Jesus, the Saviour of my soul." About twenty-five people heard.

THE HAPPIEST DAY.

Plenty of work; never all play,
Makes for a fellow the happiest day;
Keeps him from mischief; gives him real
joy,
Makes a man out of him—try it, my boy!

Play only? "No sir," to you let me say,
Play never gives one the happiest day,
Never a man will he be—but a shirk—
Who doesn't "season" his hours with work!

KNOX COLLEGE STUDENTS MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Sixty-Three Years Of Work.

The Students' Missionary Societies in all our Colleges, are a feature of college life that is less known in the church than it ought to be. They are a twofold good; they do much to give the Gospel to scattered frontier fields and also to foster an active missionary spirit in the colleges. Along both these lines our church owes a debt to these Societies which she can never fully know.

The sixty-third Annual Report of Knox College Students' Missionary Society is before us. In sending the Report to the RECORD the Secretary writes:—

"In our sixty-three years of service our men have laid the foundations of hundreds of congregations in Ontario and the West. What we accomplished for Ontario in its early days we are doing for the West to-day.

"In 1907 we occupied thirty-five fields, twenty-one of which were situated west of Winnipeg. On these there were one hundred and forty-five preaching stations.

"In the last five years our men occupied six hundred and seventy-nine preaching stations, conducted two hundred and ninety-four Sabbath Schools, and through their instrumentality seven hundred and fifty-eight members were added to the Church. From this it is manifest that we have some part in assisting the Home Mission Committee in solving the great missionary problem.

"This year we are doing our utmost to raise sufficient funds to support at least forty-five men. To do this we will need the assistance of many new friends, individuals and congregations. We are experiencing one of the best years in the history of our Society, and feel confident of the continued support of the church in this pioneer work.

"Mission work affords thorough training for men going into the ministry. Our Society attracts many recruits from the University of Toronto, and is able to do much in aiding the H. M. Committee in its work.

"All contributions given by friends and congregations go directly to the men in the fields; and students and professors pay all the working expenses of the Society."

A COLPORTEUR'S EXPERIENCES IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT, QUEBEC.

BY EUGENE ETIQUÉ.

Scattered over this wide district, or the portion of it that the missionary was able to visit during the six months of the past Summer, there are some sixty French Protestants.

When one remembers that this, like many more of our French fields, had no missionary during six long Winter months, because the laborers are few, one can understand the warm welcome the missionary receives on his arrival, even should he be but a Pointe-aux-Trembles student like myself.

On my arrival at Dequen, in April, I went to the home of Mr. P. Cote, which the noble Christian spirit and missionary zeal of Mme.Cote has made a centre of evangelical light and influence. This was my headquarters for the Summer, and from here I visited Chicoutimi and other surrounding places. Our meetings in different places were attended by as many as twenty persons and there were always a number of Roman Catholics present.

The work amongst these latter is slow and difficult; because in this outlying district education is greatly neglected and fanaticism and superstition keep pace with ignorance. If you speak of education the old people reply, "What's the use, in our time one hardly ever spoke of going to school." And unfortunately one does not hear them speak much about it even to-day.

On the other hand one hears much of the supernatural powers of the priest, who is able to extinguish fires, turn the wind, heal the sick, and even raise the dead to hear their confessions and send them back again.

One good old woman told me one day, that M. G.—a priest of my acquaintance, had made a dying man speak who had not spoken for two days, and who had lost all consciousness.

"And what did he say Madam," I very naturally asked.

"He made him say that Mlle. B., to whom he had lent money in the presence of the priest as witness, should not pay

back the money to his heirs, but to the priest himself."

"Did you hear that yourself, Madam?"

"Oh, no, the priest put us all out of the room and was alone with the dying man; but it is just as the priest said."

So much for miracles.

Towards the end of June, Mr. J. Monsey, an old school friend, and I set out to make a colportage trip to the East side of Lake St. John. At the outset we decided to pay a visit to all the priests through whose parishes we might pass. I wish to refer to these visits because they give some idea of the attitude and ignorance of these priests with regard to the Bible.

The first we called upon was the curé of St. B.—After examining our books very carefully, he bought a Bible and New Testament, both of the Abbe Crampon version, for a little parish library that he had just established. As we were leaving he said, "I think this book of Abbe Crampon is very good, and I hope you may sell many of them. As to that of De Saci, I think it is not approved and you will probably have difficulty in selling it. In any case I wish you success.

We sold a number of copies in his parish. I went on to the next parish, St. J-d'A.—where the cure is lord and master. He was very busy as he was having a splendid church and parsonage built at a cost of about \$50,000, in a parish where the rocks and stumps are much more numerous than the sheep. As a result, families are selling their farms and leaving for other places in order to escape paying the assessments for these buildings. The curé received us on this wise;—"Ah, the Bible! the Bible! You are selling the Bible! But don't you know that is forbidden to read the Bible; and I am, sure it is Protestant Bibles you are selling."

"What do you mean, Monsieur Curé, by Protestant Bibles?"

"I mean" said he, "Bibles made by Protestants which are falsified."

"Have you ever compared a Protestant version with a Roman Catholic one?"

"No," said he, "and I have not time for it."

"Exactly, and therefore you speak of things which you don't know. But Monsieur Curé, leave the Protestant transla-

tion to one side, and if you wish we will sell you a Catholic Bible translated by Abbé Crampon."

"Crampon! Crampon! What is that?"

"Sir, Abbé Crampon worked several years to make a translation of the Bible which is especially intended for priests, and is sold in some Canadian bookstores since two years, and you a priest, know nothing of it. Surely you do not trouble yourself much about the Holy Scriptures."

"Gentlemen, I am preparing for the Bishop's visit, and am therefore very busy. I can't spare you more time at present. I will get information respecting the Bible of Abbé Crampon and if it is really good I will send for one."

We visited three other parishes and found that their priests had neither more or less knowledge than the last. Our trip was on the whole blessed, for we sold an average of twelve copies of the Scriptures in each parish visited, which, in such a region as this, is not bad.

During the Summer I met many more priests who were no more satisfactory than the above. They accused the Protestants of having falsified the Bible without being able to offer any proof of it.

One of them, the Curé of St. C-B.—told me that to give the Bible to his people would be enough to damn them all. My reply was that he should tremble to utter such a blasphemy concerning the Word of Him who says "I am the Light of the world." He at once went away.

One can certainly conclude that these priests of Lake St. John cannot say as the Psalmist king: "Thy word is a light unto my feet and a lamp unto my path" for they know it not. They have surely great need of it.

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

Blindness is pathetic. To walk amid the beautiful things of this world and see none of them is sad. But there is a still sadder blindness. There is a world of spiritual beauty. In it are all heavenly blessings and good things. Yet there are many people who never see any of these things. They are spiritually blind. They live as if there were no God, no heaven, no goodness, no comforts of Divine love, no blessings save earthly blessings. Are you one of these?—Selected.

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackenzie of Korea.
May—MacKay of Formosa.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Cong'tn. a Miss'y Organization.

OUR PIONEER MISSIONARY. REV. JOHN. GEDDIE, D. D.

By REV. A. FALCONER, D.D., PICTOU, N.S.

"Few men are more worthy of the title 'A Christian hero' than the subject for the study of the young people this month. Perhaps modern history contains no more heroic act than that of Dr. and Mrs. Geddie, considering the time and circumstances in which it was done, abandoning their quiet, pleasant, country home, in the midst of an attached congregation and voluntarily going forth and isolating themselves on an island peopled by cannibal savages, with no European nearer than fifteen hundred miles.

Dr. Geddie was physically not strong, and one of the most retiring, unassuming, simple-hearted of men, and yet one of the bravest and noblest missionaries that the Christian Church has seen. There are few chapters in the whole history of modern missions more interesting than the life story of this humble missionary.

It is well, too, that Dr. Geddie's memory should ever be kept green in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, not merely because he was the founder of the New Hebrides Mission, and laid there the foundation of a work, that made his name a household word in Canadian Missionary circles, but because it was very largely, as the result of his self-denying zeal, strong faith, enthusiasm and perseverance that

the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia rising to a fuller appreciation of its functions, was induced to embark on the great enterprise of Foreign Missions.

Dr. Geddie's life, therefore, at least in the earlier years of his mission work, is the history and early development of Foreign Mission work in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the Church may well look back with gratitude to the God of Missions, on that enterprise begun under interesting and remarkable circumstances, and which has been carried forward with some considerable degree of enthusiasm ever since.

Birth and Education for the Ministry.

John Geddie was born in Banff, Scotland, 1815. While yet a child his parents emigrated to Pictou, Nova Scotia, where he received his common school and collegiate education. He studied Theology under Dr. Thomas McCulloch. In 1837 he was licensed as a preacher when only twenty-two years of age.

At this time a dark cloud of depression settled down upon his soul, and he was overwhelmed with the thought that he had entered upon an office, the duties of which he was not qualified to discharge. He went so far as to consult his pastor about relinquishing his work. Gradually his spirits revived, and he began preaching as a probationer among the vacancies of the Church.

Dedication to Mission Work.

Even as a student, the question of Foreign Missions anxiously engaged Dr. Geddie's attention. At one time when seriously ill, and fearing that he should not be able to prosecute his purpose of entering the ministry, he solemnly dedicated himself to the Lord, and vowed that if his health should be restored, and the way should be opened up, he would give his life to preaching the gospel among the hea-

then. This vow was ever before his mind. His hope was that his own church would ere long undertake Foreign Mission work, and that he might be chosen as its representative. If this failed he would feel himself free to offer his services to some other church.

Settlement and Work in Home Field.

These were Dr. Geddie's views when a call came to him from the congregation of Cavendish and New London, in Prince Edward Island. Believing that the door was not yet open for him to go abroad, he accepted the call, and was ordained in 1838. Here Dr. Geddie labored between seven and eight years, successfully and happily, among an attached and loving people.

In 1839 he was married to a daughter of Dr. McDonald of Antigonish. His biographer says that this "important relation was formed under a solemn engagement that if the Lord should open the way they would unitedly go forth to make known Christ's name among the Gentiles." Nobly did Mrs. Geddie play her part amid the toils and struggles and dangers of the mission field. She still lives and maintains a keen interest in all matters pertaining to the New Hebrides.

Dr. Geddie was not long settled in his charge, when he began to urge upon his brethren the claims of the heathen, and the duty of the church to do something for their evangelization. Through his instrumentality missionary organizations were formed in all the congregations of the Presbytery. The first united contribution of these societies, which amounted to about \$85, was sent to the London Missionary Society. A beginning was thus made in supporting missions to the heathen.

Church Induced to begin Foreign Mission Work.

But Dr. Geddie's idea was that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, poor and small as it was, ought to engage in mission work on its own account. When he first pressed this view, it is said that probably there was not a man in the church who thought it practicable.

However, "his zeal provoked many," and in due time his brethren of the Pres-

bytery, to test the whole church, agreed to present an overture on the subject to the Synod. This was in 1843. The overture was favorably considered and sent down to Presbyteries to be reported on at next meeting. The Synod of 1844, which considered the reports from Presbyteries, was attended by twenty-four ministers and fifteen elders. The membership of the whole church was only a little over five thousand. Several of the congregations were struggling to maintain ordinances among themselves, and the demands of the home field were clamant. Need we wonder that there were "great searchings of heart," at that meeting of Synod, and that some members felt it unwise to proceed.

Board of Foreign Missions Appointed.

Still, after calm and deliberate discussion, it was resolved by a vote of twenty to fourteen to proceed, and a Board was appointed. This was the first occasion on which a Colonial Church undertook the responsibility of a mission of its own; and with the exception of the Moravians, it was the smallest church that ventured to send a missionary to the heathen on its own account.

The Board entered with energy and zeal upon the work entrusted to them. They organized an agency to correspond with every section of the Church, to awaken its liberality and ascertain what each congregation was prepared to do. They held extensive correspondence with missionary societies and individuals of experience, as to the probable expense of support in the respective fields.

The Board came to the Synod of 1845 with a most encouraging report. The treasury contained \$1000, and this they considered sufficient to warrant the appointment of one missionary. The report evoked a warm discussion. Some strongly urged that the Board were "driving things too fast."

But in opposition to an amendment, implying delay for a year, a motion was carried by a majority of one, that the Board be "instructed to select a field and negotiate for occupying that field as soon as possible." In due time and after long and prayerful deliberation, it was resolv-

ed that New Caledonia should be the station selected. The question of expense had somewhat to do in this selection.

Accepted as Missionary.

Now came the question, "Whom shall we send?" Though from the first, Dr. Geddie was pre-eminent in this missionary movement, he was anxious that his name should not be associated with the measure. But now that the church had entered upon the work, he most heartily came forward, saying "here am I send me." And so our first missionary is appointed.

An interesting incident may here be related. Dr. Geddie was an only son, and his mother a widow, and now aged and infirm. One day not long after his appointment, in conversing with an intimate friend, he expressed his surprise at the calm resignation with which his mother received the tidings that he was going abroad. From his friend he learend for the first time of his early parental dedication to the service of God in the foreign field. On enquiring of his mother about the matter, she confirmed the statement, and added, that trying as it was to part, she had no wish to retract, that she cheerfully acquiesced in the arrangements of Providence, and she knew that had his father been alive their united language would be, "We would have it so."

On The Way.

In Oct., 1846, Dr. Geddie issued a farewell letter to the Church, and on the 3rd November he was designated to his great work; and shortly after they started on their long and weary voyage. Those were not the days of railway and steamship speed and comfort. Eight stormy days were taken from Halifax to Boston. After wearily waiting for about seven weeks they took passage at Newburyport, Mass., in a small whaling vessel for the only place in the Pacific, with which there was then any communication from America, and reached the Sandwich Islands on July 17th, having sailed 19,000 miles.

Remaining there a few months with the American missionaries, and gathering all the information they could about missionary work, they sailed thence for Samoa,

where they knew there was a station of the London Missionary Society. The Samoan missionaries directed their attention to the New Hebrides, one of the largest groups of islands in the South Seas. They were peopled by a race, "the darkest and wildest in all Polynesia." Some missionary work had already been attempted, but without success. Williams and Harris had been murdered on Erromanga. Turner and Nesbit had been driven from Tanna, and no one was caring for these degraded heathen.

Choice of Field.

So by the advice of the London Society missionaries the New Hebrides was chosen as the field, rather than New Caledonia. Dr. Geddie's own wish was to occupy the island on which Williams fell. But after visiting the group in company with Mr. Powell, one of the London Missionary Society's agents on Samoa, in their vessel the "John Williams" it was decided to settle on Aneiteum, the most southerly of the islands.

Here they landed 29th July, 1848. A writer in the Australian press at the time of Dr. Geddie's death says; "a more desolate situation cannot well be imagined, than that in which the mission party found themselves, after the 'John Williams' sailed away. With the ocean between them and all earthly help, surrounded by cannibals, whose jargon they could not understand, nothing but great faith could sustain them in their circumstances."

Mr. Powell continued with the Geddies for nearly a year, when failing health compelled him to retire. It was nearly three years after they left home before letters were received.

Difficulties and Dangers.

The first years were years of great trial and hardship. A house had to be built, with which the natives would give no assistance and a new and difficult language had to be acquired. The natives were suspicious and thievish. Soon their superstitious fears were aroused. The missionaries were the cause of much sickness. Fever and ague attacked the strangers. Several hurricanes swept over the island.

Sandal-wood traders hated the missionaries, because their presence interfered with their wrong-doing, and they stirred up the heathen, urging them to burn the mission premises and drive them out.

The mission family were sometimes reduced to dire distress, for lack of the necessities of life. "At one time, Dr. Geddie lay almost in a dying state from fever. All the food he could get was given by a poor shipwrecked sailor out of his own scanty allowance." There was abundance of food at the sandal wood station, but so intense was the hatred of the manager to the missionary, that he refused to sell him any supplies, although he knew that the family was in danger of perishing from hunger.

Dr. Geddie frequently risked his life to prevent the strangling of widows on the death of their husbands. Eight such cases came to his knowledge during his first year on the island. The nearest relative of the widow was expected to do the horrible deed. Even the widow herself was often the determined accomplice.

Results Becoming Apparent.

These were lonely years of strenuous toil, amid great difficulties and discouragements, but their faith never failed. By kind and considerate treatment, they gradually won the confidence and respect of the people. Slowly but surely, the Gospel began to work its way. In the second year the missionary records that his "Sabbath services were attended by ten individuals." The attendance on public worship increased. Converts multiplied. A Christian party began to be formed among the natives. Some of the heathen were growing ashamed of their more odious practices.

In 1851 Dr. Geddie writes, "The tide seems turning"—"there is a movement in favor of Christianity over the whole island." In 1852 fifteen persons were baptized, and a native Church was organized, the first in the New Hebrides.

Timely assistance now came in the persons of the Rev. John Inglis and wife, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Both missionaries now toiled on together. The darkness of heathenism

was steadily dispelled before the light of the Gospel, so that when after fifteen years of severe toil, Dr. and Mrs. Geddie, at the urgent request of the Foreign Mission Board, returned on furlough to Nova Scotia, he said in describing his departure from Aneiteum, that "he had sought for some of the old gods to bring home, but he could find no god on the whole Island but the God who made the heavens and the earth."

Their visit home, being that of the first returned missionaries, created great and widespread enthusiasm throughout the Church, and did very much to deepen the interest in the work of foreign missions.

Return to Field and Death.

In 1866 Dr. Geddie finally left Nova Scotia to return to the work he loved so well. On the eve of his departure, Queen's College, Kingston, conferred upon him the degree of D.D.; and seldom has the honor been more worthily bestowed. He continued his labors, but with less physical vigor than formerly, occasionally visiting Australia for rest. In June 1872, he was stricken with paralysis, while the Mission Synod was meeting in Aneiteum. He was taken to Geelong, Australia, but his strength never rallied, and after lingering for a time he entered into his rest on the 14th December, 1872.

So ended this noble, heroic life. May its memory long remain to strengthen the faith, awaken the zeal, and stimulate the life of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in her great work of helping to give the Gospel to the world!

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes further toward making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile, and word and deed, is the shortest, surest road to power over other lives. It is better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is within the reach of everybody. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain.

Pulpit and Pew

A VISION OF SERVICE.

"I have seen the vision of Thee, O Christ!
Now what wilt Thou have me do?
For the hardest work in all the world
I offer Thee service true.

"Lord Christ, I am ready for martyrdom,
For banishment death, or pain."
"Patiently still thine heartache hide,
Sing at thy task again."

"I am strong and eager and loving, Lord,
I have courage rare to endure!"
"Are thine ears averse to slander, child?
Is thine heart devout and pure?"

"Go back, my child, to thy little cares;
Thou hast known them very long.
Bear for Me yet a little while
Thy feeling of bitter wrong.

"Glad art thou in thy neighbor's joy?
Sufferest thou in his need?
Ah, then, I know that thou hast seen
The vision of Me, indeed!"

Selected.

PREACHING ONE'S EARLY FAULTS.

By B. C. O.

Dear Record:—

The following quotation from a Philadelphia paper appeared in your November issue:—

"We question if much good is ever accomplished by preaching one's early faults. There are times when it may be effective, but the gospel appeals to the present rather than the past. Peter was a forceful preacher, and yet so far as we know, he was silent on the great mistake of his life. To have related it would no doubt have been entertaining to a certain class of hearers, but his conception of his calling was above that of personal reminiscence.—Westminster."

I think there is another side to this question. First in regard to Peter. The story of Peter's "great mistake" is on record in all four gospels, the Holy Spirit thus signifying that He did not want it forgotten. Who had told it to the writers of the gospels if not Peter? That Peter himself often remembered it we may gather from 2 Peter 1. 9, where he calls those "blind" who have forgotten the cleansing from their old sins. We have very little record of Peter's speeches, but

Paul, about whom most is written in Acts, tells three times the story of his former life and his conversion. In other places he calls himself a "blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious" and says he is not meet to be called an apostle because he persecuted the Church of God. The Holy Spirit caused David to write a Psalm which is used in the service of song till to-day, recording his grief over the sin related in the book of Samuel. Perhaps not many to-day would like God to write their biography.

The very strength of the speaking of such men as John B. Gough, S. H. Hadley of Water St., Jerry McAuley, and of some also who are living to-day was and is in their telling of their former life, and of how they have been saved from it. I have been in the Water St. Mission and have been moved much as men have stood up and told the story of their early lives. Many a poor drunkard hearing the story has taken heart and hope and come to Jesus. In his book "Down in Water St." Hadley tells of a drunkard converted at Water St., who began to prosper in business and joined an uptown church. One night he went to prayer-meeting and, as he had been accustomed to do in Water St., rose and told what he had formerly been, and how God had saved him. Afterwards he was told by some one in the church that what he had said was scarcely suitable for such a respectable community. The end of it was the man became a backslider in the uptown church, and by and by sank to the lowest depths again.

If by telling of my early faults and of how Christ saved me from them I can encourage some poor lost soul to take Jesus for his Saviour, then let me tell. The very depth of the sin reveals the exceeding greatness of the mercy of God who sent His Son to call "not the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The more terrible the disease the greater honor to the Physician who has cured it, and the more encouragement to other sufferers to come and be healed.

THE SABBATH TRAINING. OF THE CHILD FOR ETERNITY.

Prize Essay Written for the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, New York.

The child? Yes. for eternity? Yes. For as a cannon-ball takes its entire range from the first four feet of its course, so I am convinced, the happiest eternity is for the one who was trained for that, even from his earliest years.

The Sabbath Training of the child for eternity cannot all be wrought in God's house. The home ought to be made to seem as much God's house to the child as the Church edifice is and so:

First. On the Sabbath the home should be a gladsome place. The Sabbath should be looked forward to as a Joy-Day. From the family rising to the retiring hour joy should be written on everything.

Hence, early should the child be taught the clear distinction between the legal Sabbath of Israel and the Lord's Day of the Christian Church. Distinctly should he be taught that all the Gospel privileges of the written word, the holy song and the meaning of every true Christian prayer, and all our hopes of Heaven and eternal peace, start at the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Put into the Sabbath training not only the lesson of the crucifixion, but that of the resurrection, the meaning of the atonement, and the surety of victory.

Angels, Joy, Victory, Bliss, Service and Praise are watch words belonging essentially to the Christian Sabbath. No child should hear from parental lips carelessly-dropped words of regret concerning the Resurrection Day, such as, "We can't do this, for to-morrow will be the Sabbath," or "We would like to go there, but we can't because it is Sunday."

Make the Lord's Day a desirable time to the children, by the joy in the faces of the older members of the home-circle, as it draws near. Let praiseful music from mother's or father's lips awake the child on that day, and every chamber call to the others a challenge of joy in the morning.

Secondly. Let the Christian parent-hood, as surely as did that of Israel, enforce by precept and example the sacredness and meaning of God's house. To go there regularly from infant years, to be reverent, and patient and attentive, can be taught to a 20th century little one, if all family matters bend that way, as surely as it could be put into the training of an Israelitish child, or a first century child of a disciple of Christ.

To this end let no irreverent attitude in the church be seen on the part of the parents. Let no criticism of the pastor, the

choir, the Sunday School teacher, be allowed in the presence of a child. No ordinary rain, or cloudy sky, or bodily weariness must be allowed to interfere with the regular Sabbath program of church-worship. If such things must prevent occasionally, let them be named as causes for deep regret, suggestive of loss of privilege and of helpfulness.

Third. The special Sabbath teaching should be an important feature of the above training.

The Sabbath afternoon hour should be a question starter, not a question husher. When we cease to ask questions we die. Deep questions and Spiritual themes belong to the first day of the week.

Then of all times teach the child that he is a soul dwelling in a body as in a house, not that he is a body and has a soul. Teach much on that "day of all days" concerning God as Spirit, and that we are made in His Image and must live to the Spirit, not to the Body. Illustrations for such lessons will come to you during the week.

Fourth. Let not the Sabbath training be selfish in its lessons or its tendencies. A parishioner of mine had a large boys' meeting at her home every Sabbath afternoon. It started in the desire of her own little lads to bring street waifs in to "hear mother talk and explain the Bible as she does to us boys Sundays."

Promiscuous Sabbath visiting would counteract much of the Holy influence of the Sabbath. Yet it is a helpful thing, more ways than one, to invite some dear little friend of the children to a Sabbath meal or the "afternoon hour" or "question time" or "story reading" at a Christian home.

To make the day more desirable, the Saturday's planning of some easily prepared dish, especially dear to the children, is suggested. Also the rehearsing of some especially fine poem, or narrative reserved for the Sabbath.

The younger children may have certain books, pictures or Bible charts on that day, not used on any other. A good many parents now keep "a Sunday drawer," for the little folks, in the book-case, to be opened on Sundays only.

Also, it is a good plan for the entire family to rehearse the salient points of the morning sermon from the father down to the wee listener who will often astonish you that he has listened so well. It will help your pastor to have "more takeable points" if he knows his sermon is to be reviewed in Christian families in the afternoon.

Let music at home be an essential feature of the Holy Day. We live in a rest-

less age. The child will be away before you know it, but a line of the hymns once sung at home in sacred hours will be a link to bind him to his love for mother and possibly to the Cross of our Redeemer long after the rest of the family await him on the other shore.

If there is any riding out on the Lord's Day, let it be as unselfish as Mary's errand when she went forth bidden by her Risen Lord to "go tell."

An errand to shut-ins in almshouse, prison, hospital or sick-chamber will satisfy the "to be doing something" desire of the child of to-day, and if the eternity we seek is to be one of service, let the duty of serving others be made paramount, here, and the child will not always be whining "What you goin' to do next to 'muse me, mamma?"

The terms "worship" and "service" are suggestive of the eternity for which child training is desired, and their spirit can be developed on the Sabbath by simple but persistent means, a few of which are hardly more than suggested in this paper, and before long the customs of childhood will have crystalized into habit and habit is, ere long, character, and character is well defined as "the present tense for destiny."

Speaking of "child conversion" a Colorado Christian writer says "The stream is as truly converted from its course when you change its channel with your foot far away up yonder near its parent spring, (even if it did not remember the fact when it got down in the valley) as if you had dammed its turbulent current and thrown it into a new channel farther down. The little stream was hardly conscious of its conversion but it was converted, had to be converted to reach the desired destination."

Do not seek Pauline conversions for little children, but seek gently and continuously to turn their young hearts to Christ, and as week after week goes by you will behold the increasing evidence of it, which will multiply through eternity.

Over the three doors of the Cathedral of Milan are three inscriptions. The first amid a wreath of sculptured roses reads, "All which pleases us is but for a moment."

Over another door around a sculptured cross we read, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment."

On the central door we read, "That only is important which is eternal."

Let us only be patient; and let God our Father teach his own lesson in his own way. Let us try to learn it well and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that he will ring the school-bell and send us to play before our lesson is learned.—Kingsley.

MISSION STUDY.

Why Organize a Mission Study Class?

1. Because of the importance of the study of missions as a matter of general intelligence and culture. "No person can claim to be well informed who is ignorant of what that great army of conquest and occupation is doing out on the foreign field."

2. Because of the value of the study of missions for the monthly missionary meeting. A missionary society, a half dozen or more of whose members are each week bringing their lives in touch with the heroic spirit of Christian missions, will not lack for live missionary meetings. Enthusiasm will prove contagious. The choicest discoveries and richest inspirations of the study class will overflow into the regular devotional meeting, leaving all the activities of the church.

3. Because the study of missions will furnish one of the truest and strongest incentives to prayer for missions. No Christian man or woman can allow himself or herself to become well informed concerning the condition of the non-Christian world without involuntarily breathing forth more or less unceasingly the prayer to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the harvest.

4. Because the study of missions is one of the most effective methods of securing larger, more intelligent, and more prayerful giving of money. One mission study class reported before it was half through with its course of study that one member of the class, a laboring man, who previously had never given more than one dollar to missions, had at that time given forty-six dollars and was expecting to support his own representative on the field.

5. Because the study of world field is essential if one would make the wisest investment of his own life. No man will go into mission work so long as his eyes are closed to the needs beyond the walls of his own church. The study of mission fields and heroes brings the world vision, Christ vision and Christ's vision transforms life. Breadth of vision is essential if we are to make the highest use of the time which God has entrusted to us in stewardship.

6. The study of missions is important as a training and preparation of an intensely missionary church. If the church of the future is to be missionary in spirit, the missionary impress must be placed upon that church while it is still enrolled in the training schools of the missionary societies and Sunday Schools. There is no better way to impart the missionary spirit than by the enlistment of people in the study of missionary achievements.—Ex.

CALLING ON MY S. S. SCHOLARS.

(One kind of successful S. S. work is open to all teachers. All have not great knowledge. All have not the teaching gift, skill in imparting what knowledge they have. But all can do that which is more important than any other part of the teachers work, bear on their hearts and in their lives, the pupils of their class. The following stories carry their own lesson.—Ed.)

When the Teacher Called.

A discouraged teacher was paying a visit to the mother of his hardest boy, the boy who had spoiled every lesson by his activity before the lesson was well under way. He had come to tell the mother that he felt that he should have to give up the class. The mother pointed in despair to the figures of animals drawn around her kitchen wall, and explained them as the acts of the same boy, whom she could not control.

The teacher got an inspiration from those drawings. The next Sunday he was provided with pad and pencil, and said to the boy, "I understand you can draw some." The boy straightened up, admitted the truth of the remark, and at the teacher's request proceeded to draw an outline map of Palestine for him. The battle was won. He had secured the key boy of his class by a home visit. Thereafter he had that boy as a helper.

I know that many teachers are busy, and find it hard to get time for visitation, but planning and persistence will accomplish much.

In our school one year between October 1 and Thanksgiving, 2,000 visits were made by the teachers upon their scholars' homes, and most of our teachers are wage-earners, too. In this visitation several of our primary teachers made over 100 calls each, and the welcome was hearty everywhere. Parents frequently say, "My child was a member of——School for years, and no one called."

How appreciative these mothers are of the visit of a true teacher, and how mighty is the weapon of the teacher's silent personal influence. There is a Hindu motto which says: "Let the lotus of your life bloom, the bees will come of themselves." Said a mother of one of our teachers: "I am always so glad to see her for she has such a bright, sweet smile and a kind word." Such a life will attract and win.

A few weeks ago one of our boys, sick with appendicitis said to his father on Sunday: "Are you going out, father? Will you tell teacher I am sick? He will miss me from the class, and he might think I did not want to come. And that teacher promptly responded, and sat with the boy the whole evening.

A teacher told me of one of her old boys whom she had not seen for ten years, who in his sickness and delirium was continually calling for his old teacher.

I shall never forget the visit to me in my sickness when a boy, of my teacher, a great-hearted, large-bodied man. He came with some of the members of the class, with a word of cheer and some gift to brighten the long hours. And before he left he prayed for me. That prayer, big with voice and love, found an answer in my soul, which is echoing down through the years, and is an influence in my life to-day.

In many cases the teacher has to "mother" the child into the Kingdom of God. When the little girl was asked how she came to be a Christian she explained that she first loved the teacher, then the teacher's Bible, then the teacher's Saviour.—From "The Sunday School and the Home," by Superintendent Frank L. Brown (Published by The Sunday School Times Co.; 25 cents).

When the Teacher Didn't Call.

I had occasion the other day to investigate a case where the teacher had marked opposite the pupil's name, "left." The circumstances looked suspicious to me. I called upon the mothers. They said the girls did not want to leave the school, but they had arrived at the sensitive age when they felt they were too large for the class, and they hesitated about speaking to the superintendent, as they did not want to hurt the teacher's feelings. The pupils were brought back, and are now happily located. The teacher had failed to visit the home of the absentee.

In a case of which I heard in another school, the superintendent, who knew something of the circumstances, went to the home and found the boy had met with an accident, and was suffering with contusion of the skull. The boy had been waiting for his teacher; the teacher had never come near him. The superintendent found the boy eager to see him, and went back to the Sunday School and marked against the boy's name, "left—by a neglectful teacher, to die with a hole in his skull," a rebuke which I did not think underserved.—From "The City Sunday School," by Superintendent Frank L. Brown. (Published by The Sunday School Times; 25 cents).

BUILDING OUR MANSION.

I know we are building our heaven

As we journey along by the way;

Each thought is a nail that is driven

In structures that cannot decay.

And the mansion at last shall be given

To us as we build it to-day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

"What a shame it would be to put that lovely puff on Elbert's bed! He wouldn't half appreciate it, and it would look so out of place in his room. Let me have it for my room, mother! Elbert need never know that Aunt Jane sent it to him."

The mother and older sister were unpacking a box of gifts that had come from loving Aunt Jane. For her twelve-year-old nephew she had inclosed a baseball mitt, a pair of skates, two or three books, and the beautiful bed-puff, on which sister Josephine had set her eyes and her heart.

There was no doubt that the dainty puff would look more in keeping with the furnishings and adornments of Josephine's pleasant front room than with the adjuncts of Elbert's chamber on the third floor.

But that was not the boy's fault; it was no valid reason why his aunt's pretty gift should be taken away from him. His room was what his mother and sister had made it. It contained what they had allowed him to have out of the general stock of furnishings which the house afforded. It was "just a boy's room," a small, out-of-the-way chamber, plainly and by no means tastefully furnished with the odds and ends that were not wanted in the other rooms.

It is not unfair to say that Elbert's room was what it was because Elbert's mother was not loyal to her boy. Thousands of mothers are disloyal to their boys in the same, perhaps unthinking way. So the pretty adornment, that ought to have been as suitable for one child's room as for another's, was taken, without hesitation and without compunction, from Elbert's parcel of gifts and added to the surplus of pretty things that alone made Josephine seem the more fitting recipient.

The disloyal mother allowed the favored child to appropriate Aunt Jane's gift to her brother; and to this day Elbert does not know that the dainty bed-puff in his sister's room belongs to him.

The incident I have related is from real life. No doubt, it is one among thousands of a similar character. The partial mother, the mother who is more loyal to one child than to another, is not uncommon.

And this partiality is the strangest and saddest blemish in a relationship which is generally accepted as the type of everything that is purest and holiest and most loyal in human affection. In thousands of homes, especially where there are older sisters, the boy is the neglected member of the family. The mother's partiality to the older sisters is evident, even to an outsider.

The boy lives in the perpetual shadow of

an imputed inferiority. - Anything is good enough for him. The disloyal mother seems to consider it no part of her duty to make home attractive for him. It is his lot to utilize the cast-offs, and be content with toleration instead of appreciation. The pretty things, and the little attentions, for which many a boy's heart hungers in silence, are for "the girls." He is often more like a poor ward or waif in the household than a member of the inner family circle.

How can one expect the neglected and merely tolerated boy to be a lover of his home? How can one expect him to be happy in an atmosphere of fault-finding, indifference and neglect? If he finds no welcome, no consideration, no congeniality in his home, who can blame him for seeking these things elsewhere?

When a mother "goes back on a fellow," where can he find the love and sympathy that will keep him from going to the bad? If a boy's mother has so little appreciation for him or loyalty to him that she will allow another and a favored child to do him wrong, not only without her protest, but with her willing co-operation, where will the neglected boy find the stanch friendship and loving sympathy that are needed to keep him also from doing wrong to others?

Reader, are you one of the mothers who are disloyal to their boys? If so, I beseech you, put yourself in his place, and consider what it means to your child that you in dishonor prefer another, and that you show it in your daily attitude and conduct. Think of the bitterness of being held aloof from the parental heart, simply because God has made you a boy and not a girl!

Take your boy's part, mother—stand up for him—be loyal to him! One day you will ask a man's loyalty from him. Do right by him now, be fair with him now, that in the distant future he may have no bitter memories of a time when what is best and sweetest in the life of the home was denied him.—Selected.

THE ONLY "RELIGION."

What differentiates Christianity from all other religions is that it alone is a religion with power to regenerate the life. The claim of Jesus to be the one only Saviour of sinners and of his followers that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" rests upon the communication of power to live a life acceptable to God. On this and not on the superiority of its morality or the excellence of its teachings is based the claim for our religion for universal acceptance.—Christian Intelligencer.

ABOUT GOING TO CHURCH.

"I don't see any sense in going to church just to hear some man talk to me about things that he doesn't know any more about than I do," said John, who had just reached very young manhood, and fancied himself an advanced thinker. "It is a waste of time."

The person addressed looked at him calmly, and agreed with him—considerably to his surprise. "I think so, too," she said. "I never would go for that purpose."

The motive makes all the difference between worship and the lack of it; our church going gives back to us what we put into it. The curious and critical spirit gets its food for criticism, but seldom anything more.—Selected.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Mark Guy Pearse says that many years ago he sat with Spurgeon on the platform at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and in an interval during the meeting he whispered to Mr. Spurgeon.

"When I was a young fellow in London I used to sit right over there and hear you preach, and you will never know how much good you did me."

"I cannot forget," says Mr. Pearse, "the bright light which came into his face as he turned to me and said, 'You did'?"

"Yes," replied Pearse; "and I am so glad to have the chance of telling you of it. You used to wind me up like an eight-day clock; I was bound to go right for a week after hearing you."

He put out his hand and took that of Mr. Pearse, and the tears brimmed to his eyes as he said, "God bless you! I never knew that."—Ex.

INFLUENCE.

A mother once said to a popular teacher who had been admired by her pupils for a score of years. "What a wide and beneficent influence you have exerted, while I have been cooped up at home, managing servants, dosing the mumps and the measles, and patching and darning! How narrow my life looks beside yours."

"Narrow!" cried her friend. "Think how you have sent forth into the world every morning your husband and your flock of boys and girls, full of health and cheer! What a model home you have created for all your friends to see! It is I who have lived a narrow life rather than you. What is the slight touch which I may have given to a thousand or more lives compared with the deep, determining in-

fluence which you have wielded over the half dozen in your home?"

"Is it possible that you think so!" exclaimed the tired mother, incredulously.

"I know so. I have watched your children in school. They radiate everywhere an atmosphere of love and light, and it was you who gave it to them."—Herald and Presbyterian.

PUBLIC READING OF THE BIBLE.

The London "Era" gives a portion of an address to a Church Congress by Sir Squire Bancroft, as follows:—

"Although I make no claim to be a student of the Bible, I sometimes hear it read—now and then very beautifully, often very vilely.

"I have listened to such extracts as tell of the death of Absalom, of the death of Jezebel, of Daniel in the den, of the Prodigal's return, as though the moving stories were little more dramatic than so many stale problems in Euclid.

"I have heard the death chapter from the Corinthians so droned and mouthed, even in the warning presence of the King of Terrors, as to make the hallowed bones of the Apostle who bequeathed it to humanity turn in their resting-place.

"On the other hand, I have heard the same words read so truthfully—in great cities and in little towns—by men who are living and men who are dead, as to be a lasting memory.

"I recall in the long ago the funeral service of a comrade's child, when one of Queen Victoria's chaplains read the solemn chapter with profound pathos, and afterwards recited the hymn—'Abide with me'—in a way that left no listener free from tears. How was this achieved? By simplicity, by 'natural graces that extinguish art.'

"Why are so many of the clergy seemingly ignorant of the power of naturalness; why are they simple and unaffected—delightful companions, indeed—for six days of the week, and clothe themselves with artificiality on the seventh, inviting, it may be, their congregations to attend some meeting or harmless amusement, in a sing-song voice, with mournful intonation, well calculated to keep everyone away?

"I remember a distinguished physician, noted for his natural, cheerful manner, saying that he owed it all to being taken in early days to a difficult case by a leader in his noble profession, who, as they reached the door of the patient's room, fortunately turned round and saw that his young friend had assumed what he thought to be a grave and proper aspect. The great man said at once, 'For mercy's sake, be natural; don't look like that, or the poor soul will think you are the undertaker.'"—Ex.

A GARRET SAINT.

There is not a city minister in Scotland who does not complain of his parishioners living invariably in the top flats of our huge Scottish closes. The ranks of the "lapsed masses" must presumably be swelled by the inhabitants of the lower strata!

And so, upon a dull December day, in a dull street of the dullest of provincial towns, behold a dutiful "minister's lady" scaling the accustomed heights, bent ostensibly on an errand of charity, but feeling, if the truth must be told, depressed by her surroundings and far from charitably disposed.

Matters were not improved when, after repeated knockings at the destined door, there peered out the ugliest visage I think I ever beheld. The flat nose, the pock-marked features and closed-up eyes, the complete absence of what in apostolic language is described as a woman's "crown of glory," resulted in what seemed to me an almost revolting spectacle.

Before however, I had time to recover the breath of which stairs and shock had deprived me, the gargoyle-like head was withdrawn, the door was slammed in my face, and I was free to retrace my steps.

But now pride and curiosity had been piqued, dulness and depression had departed, and in their stead arose the fixed determination that into that house at all costs I should make an entrance.

After repeated efforts and solicitations, the head again appeared, the door was opened wider, and, to my surprise, behold me clasped in my "gargoyle's" warm embrace! With tears and protestations it was explained that I had been mistaken for an importunate canvasser. "And to think it was *his* leddy (the pronoun was spoken with bated breath) all the time!"

So we were to be friends, it seemed, this old lady and I. And indeed that was not hard of accomplishment after all. For now, the clean frilled cap donned, the eye brightened with interest and affection, the plain features wreathed in smiles, and the beautiful rhythmic Scotch phrases delighting the ear—December and drudgery were forgotten, and I knew instinctively that I should learn where I had come to teach; that here was one of life's hidden heroines; one who all humbly and unconsciously "bore a banner in the strife."

It was not until after repeated visits had been paid that the sad, simple story of her life was unfolded to me. These were its features in the main. A homely country manse, where a brother's house had been kept; a brief love-episode—the loved one nursed for smallpox until he died; the contraction of the fell disease, bringing almost total blindness in its train; the death of the minister brother; the loss, in an unfortunate concern, of the hardly earned

savings, and the casting adrift, friendless, poverty-stricken, and incapacitated, on a thoughtless world.

The tale was told to me as she sat in her low-roofed garret, straining her poor, tired, almost sightless eyes, and ponderously moving her twisted rheumatic fingers in the knitting of work paid for at sweating prices. Its last note was one of thankfulness for mercies received—"And so, you see, God has been very good to me!"

When first I met my heroine she must have been about seventy-three years of age. She was always "Miss Knox" to the neighbours, and was treated by them with tremulous respect, for they recognized the "lady-born." But her enthronement left her lonely. Often when rheumatism ragged, she lay for days in bed, cowering under the bed-clothes in a room devoid of fire, unregarded by her too-respectful house-mates.

On one such day I came to see her. Still the tale was all of gratitude. The blankets from a Church Society had arrived in the nick of time, there had been a loaf of bread and some tea in the house, and she had only just taken her knitting back to the depot before overcome by the rheumatic attack. What an array of mercies, to be sure!

The one-roomed home told its own tale. The brass-handled chest of drawers, the oval-shaped mirror, the fiddlebacked chairs, the round spindle-legged table, the musty *History of the Disruption*, and the bound volumes of superannuated missionary magazines, took one far from the smoke of the work-ridden town to the rural Perthshire village and the peacefully monotonous life of duties quietly done.

But what seemed to me the surpassing charm of that unexpected haven of refinement, was the transformation of the commonplace kitchen window-space into a veritable bower of flowers and greenery, of bright hued chrysanthemums and long-enduring hart's tongues. The sun—or so it seemed to the dear old lady—shone with special radiance on that small back-window, and for the sake of these cherished flowers.

The one flaw I could discover in my old friend was a pride leading almost to ungraciousness in her reception of gifts. In answer to delicate inquiries as to her necessities, "I want for nothing," was the invariable response, uttered in such a tone as left one apologetic and ashamed of having suggested deficiency. It was only when the time came when gifts could no longer avail, that one realized how often the poor rheumatism-racked frame must almost have perished for lack of the things needful.

Once again—this time upon a bright June day—I mount the steps which seemed to me so irksome on that first occasion,

now eighteen months ago. This time my pace quickens as I near my destination, for I know a welcome is awaiting me, and that in that little calm retreat—in a double sense so near to Heaven—my petty cares and worries will take flight. The door is ajar, and I go in without knocking. God had indeed "been good to her" at last, for He had taken her to Himself.

Two neighbours, silent and respectful to the end, watched by all that remained of that "child of God" and "inheritor of the kingdom." "A puir, God-forsaken body," said the one. "No that," said the other. "Only yesterday she says to me, as she lookit oot o' her wee bit window, 'Dae ye no wunner, wumman, hoo God can be sae guid's to send us skies o' blue like yon; it makes me fair ashamed.'"

Ay, dear heart, "the blue sky bendeth over all"; and some day the drifting clouds will doubtless be explained.—"Life and Work, the Church of Scotland Magazine."

HOW A DORCAS SOCIETY REVIVED.

The scene was the vestry, and the occasion the monthly Dorcas meeting. Three o'clock had just struck when Mrs. Everett, who acted in the double capacity of secretary and treasurer, hastened in, for the afternoon had turned out wet.

To look at her was to know her at once as both capable and conscientious. Her walk was firm, her movements quick and business-like as she unlocked the cupboard containing the work, where it lay in neatly-folded piles; the finished garments stowed on the top shelves, alas! at present only few in number, and the day of distribution drawing near.

In five minutes everything was laid out in readiness for the workers, but another ten passed before the first appeared; then, while Mrs. Pinfold put off her wet cloak, more footsteps were heard, this time Mrs. Jessop and Miss Benson, full of apologies for being late, the weather, as usual, being the culprit. The minutes passed, and it seemed as if these four were the only ones willing to brave a little personal discomfort for the sake of others.

The church with which this society was connected, though not a large one, had yet a goodly number of lady members, to whom such a work as clothing the poor should essentially have appealed; but for no apparent reason there was scarcely any response to the oft-repeated invitations to join.

After the usual comments and queries, and discussion of the past Sunday's sermon, there fell a silence on the little band, broken at length by Mrs. Everett in these ominous words, "I am seriously thinking of resigning my post at the end of the year; it is so very disheartening that so few will attend; and I've really tried every

plan that could be thought of, nothing comes of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Pinfold, "if you resign, the Dorcas society will become defunct, for there is no one else likely to take it up."

"There is one other plan we have never yet tried," said little Mrs. Jessop rather timidly.

If you can suggest anything else, even at the eleventh hour, I am sure we are willing to discuss it," said Mrs. Everett, "though all plans hitherto have proved to be but forlorn hopes."

My plan is that we pray about it," she quietly answered.

"Oh," said Miss Benson, "if we are to turn it into a prayer-meeting we might as well put up the shutters at once; the very mention of it would frighten people away."

Just at this moment a gentle knock at the door was heard, and as Mrs. Everett opened it there stood before her a sweet-faced, snowy-haired old lady in widow's dress.

"May I come and help you this afternoon," she said. "I saw on the notice-board one day when passing that a Dorcas meeting was held here, and it seemed like an invitation to me."

"We shall be only too pleased," said one and another, as they rose to greet the stranger, whom we will introduce as Mrs. Sunnymede.

"I quite meant to be here at your opening hour, but the heavy rain prevented me, as I am not very strong; and I am so sorry to have missed the consecration prayer," she said as she laid aside her cloak, and after taking the seat offered she bent her head for a few moments in silence.

The four friends exchanged glances, and it was curious to see the different expressions on their faces, as each one felt the sting of that sweetly offered apology.

"What kind of work do you prefer?" said Mrs. Everett; "we have quite an assortment here."

"Oh, if you have any baby clothes, I should like that best," said Mrs. Sunnymede, "These tiny garments always take me back to the time when I was a young mother, and I just live through those happy days over and over again, and realize now how graciously God has answered the prayers I wove into them; and so the encouragement comes to go on praying as we work for the little unknown ones who are to wear these garments."

As Mrs. Sunnymede talked in this happy unlifting way it soon unsealed the lips of the others; and they presently told her how they were just discussing the subject of prayer for the Dorcas meeting when her tap came at the door.

"Well, friends, if you will permit me to join in the discussion, there is no subject upon which I can speak with greater as-

surance and freedom, for I have abundantly proved the truth of the promise. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' May I ask, without offence, what is the reason there are so few workers present?"

"That is just our difficulty," said Mrs. Everett; "but since you joined us, and led us on to the subject of prayer, the light has broken upon me, and I begin to see, that while trying every other device to increase our numbers, we have entirely neglected the only plan that could succeed. I must admit we have been very cowardly; we actually thought it would keep people away, even without giving it a fair trial."

And so this little company talked on and opened their hearts to each other, and were amazed when the two working hours had sped. So different were the feelings of the original four, they felt they could not separate this time without committing their work and desires to God. At their request Mrs. Sunnymede gladly consented to lead them, and the work ever after became to them a consecration, dedication, and benediction.

"Do you feel like giving it up now?" said Mrs. Pinfold as she walked home with Mrs. Everett.

"No, indeed; we will try the new plan first. No wonder we have failed in our endeavours, for we have been trying all along to do this work in our own strength; but from this time let us begin and end our Dorcas meetings with prayer, and I feel sure we shall succeed. Mrs. Sunnymede's experiences have put new heart into me already."

During the following weeks one and another heard of the stranger's visit that eventful afternoon, and what an uplifting her presence had been to the little company! One remembered having met her years before in another part of the country, and wished very much to renew the acquaintance. Others, again, thought they had been missing something good, and when Dorcas day came round again, the secretary joyfully counted fourteen workers instead of four. These all quite naturally and gladly accepted the new rule, and while they waited a little for Mrs. Sunnymede to join them, a message arrived with the unexpected news she had passed away in her sleep the previous night.

Little had they thought it was to be her first and last visit to their Dorcas meeting, but so it was. They had entertained an angel unawares, and that flourishing society to-day is a witness to the value and power of work that is consecrated by prayer.—The Scottish Review.

"There are more Italians in New York than in Rome," and three times as many Irish as in Dublin.

FOG CONCEALED THE RED LIGHT.

Not long since, an excursion train was approaching the suburbs of Washington City just after nightfall. It halted at a nearby station to take on other passengers. Just at that moment an engine dashed up to the station at a rate of forty miles an hour, and plowed clean through the coaches of the passenger train, leaving more than sixty dead and as many more mangled. It was an awful catastrophe.

The engineer on the crashing engine said, "The fog concealed the red lights, and as there was no signal to run slowly, I did not slow down the engine."

But this ignorance did not protect the lives of the men, women and children on the fated train. Those who did not perish were nearly all injured.

Sometimes you hear people say, "O, it does not matter what a man believes, just so he's honest." There never was a greater fallacy. That engineer was honest in his belief that there was no train just ahead of him. But the train was there, loaded with human freight, and the fatality was appalling!

The same principle is equally true in matters of morals and religion. As a man thinketh, so is he. If he thinks mistakenly or falsely, the result is fatal. It matters not how honest he may be, the effect is just as certain and just as terrible. We need to thoroughly examine the ground of our belief.

The red lights of God's truth are hung out all along the way of life. They are there to admonish, to caution, to remind us of danger. If we allow the fogs of ignorance, of prejudice, of indifference, of vice or wickedness, to obscure our vision, and under the mad rush of life's pressure we dash into the dangerous places that confront us, we have to suffer the consequences.

We cannot plead ignorance as an excuse. God has given to us the capabilities of intelligence and of rectitude. We have the power of discrimination. We know right from wrong, good from evil, truth from falsehood. God's bright signals are waving on either side and in front of us. All we have to do is to consider these, and danger will be averted.

When the time comes for us to slow down, we had better turn on the air-brakes. It won't do to presume. Health, morals, spiritual well are all involved, and the throttle of the engine is in our own hand. But we often run at too great a speed, and a premature breakdown, a moral lapse, a spiritual wreck is the result. We had better look out for the signals!—Texas Advocate.

The Children's Pages.

BE COURTEOUS! (1 Peter iii. 8.)

A Sermon For Little And Big.

BY THE REV. C. A. SALMOND, D.D., EDINBURGH.

Religion has to do with the little things of life as well as with the great. Inteaching us to provide for the interests of eternity, the Bible is not forgetful of the happiness of the present life, or of the small details of duty which tend to promote it.

The Book which charges us to "flee from the wrath to come," and to "lay hold on eternal life," also addresses to us this admonition,—*"Be courteous."* We are hereby reminded that the delicacies of the Christian character are of much importance in the sight of God.

The Christian should seek to grow as the lily, while at the same time he sends forth his roots like Lebanon. There should be in him a mingling of the tender beauty and fragrance of the lily with the massive strength of the cedar. He should be courageous, but also courteous; a man, and a gentleman in Christ.

"Courtesy," from its derivation, makes us think of court life and the manners of the court. But courtliness and courteousness are not by any means the same. The difference is manifest, and cuts deep. One may be *courtly*, while the heart is all the time unkind and insinere; but one cannot be truly *courteous* unless he is giving expression by look and act to a good will that is really within his heart.

Courtliness may be merely an affair of outward deportment; courtesy is an affair, at the same time, of the spirit within. A person who merely puts on "company manners" now and then is not a truly courteous person, but only a poor imitator for the time of a virtue he does not possess.

Courtesy has been described as "benevolence in trifles." It is not easy to define it; and this is perhaps as good a description as any. It consists in carrying kindness and the desire to please within the breast, and giving natural and suitable expression to it habitually, *especially in little things.*

There are people who would do a big, kind thing for a neighbor when he was hard pushed, because their hearts are really kind; but at ordinary times they are rude and careless in their behaviour to others, and so, through not being courteous, they fail to sweeten society as they might, and sometimes, in thoughtlessness, cause pain where they could just as easily have given pleasure instead.

The want of courtesy has been sometimes very aptly rebuked. "Do you permit a negro to be more of a gentleman than yourself?" said President Jefferson to his grandson, who did not return a negro's bow.

"No, gentlemen," said General Robert Lee to some soldiers in a tramcar; "if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." They had left the old woman standing, but had sprung to their feet to give the general a place. His words made them very uncomfortable, especially the officers among them, and soon there was plenty of room in that tramcar.

Courtesy, on the other hand, has often been strikingly rewarded when it was not looking for any recompense. Two boys, a rich and a poor, were going to a merchant's office to apply for a situation. A ragged little girl happened to fall on the icy pavement and lost her pennies.

The first boy only laughed; he was the gentleman's son, too! The other went to the girl's help, found one of her pennies, replaced the other from his own scanty store, and so dried her tears.

The merchant had seen it all from his window; and it was the poor boy who secured the situation, though his only testimonial was his courtesy.

An old lady friend of mine, who lived to the age of ninety-four, and was buried not long ago in Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, had a very pleasant reward for her courtesy when she was quite young.

One day, while she was a young girl at a boarding-school in Edinburgh, she was taken, along with the other pupils, to a concert, and happened to be sitting at the end of a row next the passage.

The hall was full, and just before the concert began an old gentleman with a limp came forward and took up a position just where she was sitting. The young girl, not liking to see him without a seat, rose and offered him her own. Patting her on the shoulder, he said, "never mind, my dear; keep your place"

She did so for a little; but feeling uncomfortable and selfish in retaining it, she pressed him to take her chair. With some reluctance he complied, and at the close of the entertainment cordially thanked her for her courtesy.

The girl was quite unaware to whom she had extended the kindness that had earned such gratitude; but a lady came forward to her and said, "Do you know who that is in your place. That is Sir Walter Scott!"—

LITTLE "BUGGY."

I know a Hindu girl who is a widow already, but who has become a Christian. She sometimes talks about the days of her early childhood. Her little sister (whose name sounds like the English word "Buggy") was what we should call "a pickle."

"Oh, you cannot *think* how naughty she was," said her big sister. "She would have to change her clothes four or five times a day!"

This sounds very dreadful, doesn't it? "Well, why was that?"

"Why, she would wash herself in the morning, and very soon afterwards she would come in looking very guilty."

"What have you been up to *now*?" asked mother.

"I've touched a dog in the street," she would say."

After this awful confession there came a storm of abuse, and a clean suit of clothes to put on after another washing.

"Was the dog so very dirty?" you ask.

Oh no! He was quite a nice clean little dog; but then he is an *unclean* animal, and it is a *sin* to touch him!

Is it not very foolish to think that by stroking and patting your little dog you are sinning against God?

But Buggy's wickedness didn't stop there. Very shortly after putting on her clean clothes, she came back looking still more miserable.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded her mother.

"Oh dear! I wasn't looking where I was going, and I stepped upon a piece of bone which some one had thrown out of a window."

"You naughty, *naughty* child, go and wash and change your clothes!" cried the angry mother.

Poor little Buggy! Away she went, wondering why it was so wicked to touch a bone.

But she soon forgot her grief, and into the street she ran once again to romp about.

But, alas! into the house she returns, looking so very downcast. Meeting her mother's look of rage, she said, "*I couldn't help it, mother, really I couldn't; but I was buying a 'pie' worth (one-twelfth of a penny) of sweets, and I touched a low-caste woman standing by.*"

In the eyes of a Brahmin this is really such a wicked thing to do—she had touched a *low-caste* woman, and so had become defiled and unclean. Already she had washed three times and had changed her clothes twice in the last hour. She had no more "clean" clothes to put on, so she sat down and began to cry.

"Well, don't sit crying there!" cried her mother. "Go and *touch the cow* and become clean; and mind you are not so naughty again."

Have you ever heard of a child being told to do such a funny thing?

"Touch the cow!" What does it mean? you ask. And well you might ask.

This is what it means. The Hindus think the cow is sacred. They worship cattle and call them gods, and would never dream of *killing* one. It is an awful thing to kill a bull, they say.

In Bombay even you may see passers-by take hold of the tail of a sacred bull standing outside a temple, and dust the end of it over their faces. This purifies them from all uncleanness.

So poor little Buggy was in disgrace all day because in her wickedness she had patted a dog, stepped on a small bone, and had accidentally touched a poor woman in the street. She might have done many, many very wicked things which you and I would be quite ashamed of, and her parents would have said nothing at all.

Why is this? Simply because these Hindu people do not know of Jesus Christ and His love. They do not *know* what sin is; and even if they did, they do not know how to get forgiveness. They think that touching a cow or bathing in some filthy pool will wash away all their sin.—Rev. A. E. Richardson.

A HEATHEN CUSTOM.

An incident occurred in February which shows a custom we had never heard of before. A boy, on returning from the trader's shop, got drowned in the river. He did not reach home, and his body-cloth was found on the bank.

The people then all gathered their cattle on the river bank, and no one with European clothes on was allowed to go near the place. They said their prayers to the spirit of the river, so that the boy might come out alive. But after the body floated, and it was seen that the boy was dead, they went home quite contented, for the spirit of the river had called him.

On making inquiries, I learned that this is an old custom, though it has fallen somewhat into disuse. In former days, when cattle were plentiful, an ox was always sacrificed to propitiate the river spirit.

Another form of superstition was witnessed during the year. One day, while itinerating among the kraals, Ncanisa, one of our most energetic workers, found a hut full of women where a doctress was going through some incantations.

The moment he appeared at the door they shouted to him to go away. They did not want a Christian in the hut, for "the Christian's God could not associate with their gods, and he himself (Ncanisa) was just like *impundulu* to them."

He tried hard, but in vain, to be allowed to preach to them.—Report of the Mission at Main, South Africa.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day and night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix his gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The needs and cares of others see;
Must seek the slave of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts.

—Sel.

THE WORK OF TWO NEGRO BOYS.

No missionary had preached the Gospel to the natives of the Warri district in West Tropical Africa. A boy from there was brought to the Training Institution of the United Free Church of Scotland at Calabar.

In the course of his education he was taught the Gospel, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He confessed his faith in Christ and was baptised.

After his return to Usele Town, Warri, he became engaged in Government service. A missionary of the Church of England, who was exploring the region, found at Usele a little Christian company, whom this boy had gathered from his own people for Christian worship and instruction. It was an unexpected and cheering sight.

One of the boy's most eager converts and learners was his own brother. He went also to the Institution at Calabar, and became a very earnest and gifted pupil. His heart was set on leading his own people into the light of Christ.

He spent his holidays in writing the sounds of his native language by using the Roman alphabet, and in preparing a reading book. The manuscript was given to the missionaries, who were greatly pleased with it. They sent it to Edinburgh, where it was set up in type. The proofs were sent to Calabar, and, after revision, the work was published at the United Free Church office.

It was a well-printed pamphlet of forty pages, with a paper cover, and is called "Primer I., in Itsekiri language, written by

Aghogin Omatsola, of Usele Town, Warri." Besides the alphabet and first reading lessons, the Primer contains several passages from the Gospels, the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, twenty hymns, etc., all translated or composed by Aghogin.

It is no small matter to see the Gospel carried into a heathen tribe by a young lad and his brother, led by him to Christ, beginning the Christian and, indeed, the only literature of the tribe by the publication of its first primer.—Messenger for the Children.

A MISTAKEN JUDGMENT.

My train was speeding southward. Tiring of the landscape, I turned my eyes to my fellow-passengers, mentally labelling them for my amusement, according to the ideas shown in their faces, behavior and dress.

Not far from me sat a white-haired, stern-looking gentleman whom some one presently addressed as "Judge Blank." He talked politics with the passenger in the seat behind him, using such gruff, dogmatic tones that I had nearly pasted on his back (in my mind) "selfish and tyrannical," when two children—a boy and girl—got on at a small station. There were poorly dressed, and looked thoroughly uncomfortable as they timidly seated themselves on the very edge of the plush cushion. Evidently this was their first experience of the "world on wheels."

Soon the train boy came through the car with a tray of chinquapins. Two pairs of country eyes rested delightedly on these familiar objects. Glances were exchanged, which said plainly, "They give nuts to people in cars." When the boy passed them without notice they looked disappointed enough.

At this moment I heard the judge say to his colleague. "Excuse me, sir," and beckoning to the train boy, he bought a quart of chinquapins, went forward to the children, and said pleasantly, "Here, my young friends, you need something to do; see how long it will take you to empty this bag." In a very few moments they were sitting at their ease munching the nuts, while their pleased faces reflected a changed view of life.

As for me, I tore my label to atoms and prepared a kinder and truer one, while these words from a very old book kept sounding in my ears: "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."—Exchange.

"Religion, when deepest and most vital, will have little impulse or need to 'tell its experience.'" Its experiences—all that are meant for the public—are as manifest as ripened fruit which hangs to your sight and reach on the tree that has borne it."

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day;
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings,
It carried the message by Jesus sent;
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day!

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down;
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown!
—Selected.

TWO HUNDRED MILES FOR A BIBLE.

Rev. George Lowe, now a Bible Society agent at Johannesburg, South Africa, was for twenty years a missionary in that country. At a meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, he told the following story of two men making a journey of two hundred miles to get a Bible:

"Two men came to me from a people living two hundred miles still farther north. They had come to ask whether I could give them a complete Bible in the Suto language.

"I said: 'How came you to have the Bible there?' The elder of them explained that they had gone to work twenty-five years before in one of the coast towns of South Africa, where he had been converted to God. The missionary had taught him to read, and when he went back to his people the missionary gave him a Bible.

That was twenty years before, and for twenty years he had been reading this Bible to his own people, and a number of them had already renounced the evils of heathenism and had accepted the truths of the Gospel.

I shall never forget that interview, as the old man, gray in the service of the Master, took his worn Bible out of the

sheepskin case which he had made with his own hand. How tenderly he stroked its worn covers, and how the memory of the close companionship of twenty years rang out in his voice as he said: 'This, missionary, is the Bible that old missionary gave me. He is long since dead, but this book lives. It is getting old now;' and then he tried to correct himself: 'No,' he said, 'it is getting worn; but the Bible never gets old.' Thank God that the Bible never grows old."—Soul Winner.

PETER.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old, the first railway train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A boy on the train threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed with delight. "Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighborhood. And he has a young orchard coming on, which will some day bring more money than all his father's crop.—Youth's Companion.

"OUR BOYS." "FREE TO SERVE!"

These words were uttered by a thoughtful woman as she saw a great vessel glide from the stocks and plough its way into the ocean. The ship was made for the ocean. In the water only could it find its native element. It was in bondage until it was launched. It found its freedom in its preparedness for service.

A man is like that ship. He is not free when he is his own, withheld from God. His truest freedom comes by submission, his emancipation by surrender; he has a man's will only when he submits his will to God's will. God's will is the ocean to him, his native element. Once in that element, once fully yielded to God, he, like the ship in the ocean, is indeed free. He is "free to serve" and in serving finds his highest liberty.—Dr. G. B. F. Hallock.

HOW IS THE SAIL SET?

One ship drives east—one ship drives west,
By the self same winds that blow;
But the set of the sails and not the gales
Determines the way they go.

And winds of fate, like winds at sea
Blow over our path in life;
But the set of the soul decides the goal,
And not the calm or strife.

THE RETURN OF THE OUTCAST.

BY THE REV. DAVID WATSON.

It was Christmas Eve. The morning had opened clear and cold. By noon it was hard frost. All afternoon the snow had been softly falling, and now the mean streets were clad in purest white. They seemed transfigured, all their sordid foulness hid under that white covering. Suddenly the moon broke from a cloud and poured her silvery light over all. The slums looked like fairy land to-night.

At the corner of Radnor Street a boisterous group of lads and girls pelted each other with snowballs. Down the street came three blind waifs with fiddle, 'cello and clarionet, playing the "Adeste Fideles." In Salem Court, off Radnor street a musician, with powerful baritone voice, sang "Nazareth" to a hushed and reverent crowd.

Though poor be the chamber
Come here and adore.

The expression on many faces was soft and tender, touched with expectancy at the approach of the sacred anniversary which is held by all the world.

The windows of the poor little shops were gay with evergreens, holly, and mistletoe. The children hurrying by looked eager and happy, for it was the children's festival. To-night Santa Claus and his reindeer would be abroad, carrying gifts to the bedsides of restless, happy little sleepers.

But there was one at least who seemed to have no part or lot in the joy of Christmas. A poorly clad youth, pale and pinched and hollow-eyed, moved slowly along in the shadow of the houses, as if anxious to escape observation. He had the unmistakable look of the homeless outcast—misery incarnate; yet his features betokened intelligence and spoke of better, happier days. If he were a transgressor, then the way of transgressors was manifestly hard.

He paused for a moment outside a mission hall which was ablaze with light. Hungrily he eyed the slices of plum-pudding, the bags of pastry, and the piles of

oranges. The fresh young voices of children were lustily singing—

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

The singing ceased, the lights were lowered, and glorious pictures flashed upon a screen—shepherd watching their flocks, choirs of angels, the Magi and the guiding star, the manger at Bethlehem, the Holy Child and His mother—all the wondrous story of the Nativity which everlastingly charms the heart of man.

With a sigh the outcast slouched off down the street. Everybody seemed happy but him. The shops were full of housewives buying their provisions for tomorrow's festivities. The shopkeepers, in high good-humour, joked with their customers, and entertained them while they served them. The frequent peals of laughter bore witness that they succeeded.

Unheeded, the forlorn youth moved slowly onward until he reached a house that looked distinctly better than its neighbors. It had a main door, a name-plate, and a bell. Here he stopped, raised his hand irresolutely to the bell, but let it drop again. Then he sank, moaning, on the doorstep and burst into tears.

Inside that house, in a comfortably furnished parlor a family of five were gathered. A fire burned brightly, and a shaded lamp threw a soft glow over the room. Two little boys sat on the hearthrug playing with a box of bricks. The mother, a refined-looking woman, bustled about setting supper. The father, a handsome man of forty-five or so, lay back dejectedly in an armchair by the fire, and gazed at the ruddy flames as they leaped in the grate. A girl of fourteen seated herself at the piano, opened a hymn-book at the hymn, "Where is my wandering boy to-night, and struck the opening chords.

"Don't sing that hymn to-night, dearie," whispered the mother, glancing towards the arm-chair.

Ten o'clock struck. The man stirred and looked at the clock.

"Noel is late, Mary."

"She is at the Children's Treat. How that girl works for the Mission! Her heart is in it. How she loves these children!"

"Yes, she was a good Christmas gift from God to us, wife."

"Her birthday's to-morrow. I have her cake in the cupboard. See, isn't it a

beauty? Marzipan and icing fit for a princess!"

"None too good for her, my dear. Do you remember how I laughed when the minister said we should call her Noel? None of our folk ever had that name. But he said it meant Christmas, so that settled it."

He laughed, but there was a curious tremor in his voice. Silence followed, a silence so deep that the ticking of the clock was plainly heard in the room. He sank back in his chair wearily. A shadow of pain passed over his face, and his eyes had a far-away look. His wife came and stood beside his chair. In her eyes there was the glimmer of tears.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said in a low voice. "You are thinking of Tom. You are wondering where he is spending his Christmas Eve."

He made no answer, but his face twitched.

"Almost a year," she continued, "since he went off, and no——"

"And I drove him to it," he interrupted in anguished tones. "Drove out my boy, and sent him to the devil!"

You were not to blame," she answered gently. "Blame those who led him astray. You were sore tried, and you were always just."

"Just? Aye, but I should have been merciful. What do we mortals know about justice? I was harsh. God forgive me. He was only eighteen. I should have remembered that. Don't excuse me, Mary. O God pity me," he wailed, "and give me back my child."

"He may come back soon, dear. Something tells me he will. Let us hope."

"Thank God for you, wife; you were ever my guardian angel. Without you what might I not have been to-night. Oh, why could I not have borne a little longer with Tom!"

Silence again fell, and the clock on the mantel-piece ticked louder than before.

Outside on the cold stone step, his face hidden in his hands, crouched the wanderer, like a being out of whom the very soul of manhood had been crushed. A quick step on the pavement caused him to raise his head. A girl stood before him with bright eyes and golden hair. He started to his feet.

"Noel!" he cried.

"Tom, is it you—come back?"

In a moment her arms were round the shivering outcast. "Father will be glad! Come in quick."

Before he could answer, she had thrown open the door and shouted, "Father, mother, here's Tom!"

Next moment the son was sobbing on his father's breast, and the children were dancing around them for joy. His mother kissed him fondly.

"Our Christmas will be a happy one tomorrow," she said, as she glanced proudly at the radiant face of her husband.—*Life and Work, the Church of Scotland Magazine.*

VAIN REGRET.

A man died some time since who was employed as a sheep-station hand. All along he had shown a disinclination for the company of his mates, and would get away by himself. Often he would be overheard saying earnestly, "I wish I had entered."

The manager at last won from him his story. As a lad he had been brought up in a Christian home in England, but became the companion of vicious youths who led him astray.

One evening when they had planned a robbery he slipped away from them to the door of his home, not liking the enterprise. He was about to enter its security, but when he observed his father about to begin family worship he decided to avoid joining in that exercise and remained waiting outside until it was over.

Meanwhile some of his companions came up and beckoned him away. He went with them. The robbery was committed; he was arrested and transported to Australia. As time went on, he became gloomy under the strain of shame and regret, and often he would exclaim, as the memory revived of that fatal waiting outside his father's door, "Oh, I wish I had entered."

And will it not be the regret of many a soul in eternity, as memory recalls times when the foot was on the threshold of the kingdom of salvation, "I wish I had entered"?—*Ex.*

No man is at his best when he has lost control of himself, and the time of all times when a man needs to be at his best is when he is being attacked. Yet how many men deceive themselves into thinking that they actually gain in force and effectiveness by letting go of themselves—"getting mad" and showing it—under provocation! To do so is both to weaken one's self and to uncover that weakness to others. The man who can continue to smile, inside and out, no matter what the provocation to do otherwise, has a weapon that makes him hopelessly invincible to his enemies. The man who "gets mad" hands over his best weapon to the opposition.—*Mazzini.*

SCOTTY'S JOKE.

"Scotty Jenks" was alive to his finger tips that bright morning, and, as usual, bubbling over with fun and mischief. "The worst young scamp of the gang," he was called by the much-tormented grocer who was so unfortunate as to have the rear door of his store open on the vacant lot where the boys were in the habit of congregating.

On this morning a game of marbles was in progress, but Scotty, whose keen eyes missed nothing that was to be seen, noticed the elderly gentleman and young lady coming down the street and pausing for a minute to look at the boys.

"Preachin' guy tellin' how wicked we is, an' gal lookin' fer goody softies fer her mission school," he promptly labeled them for the enlightenment of his companions; then, as quickly forgot them to take his turn in the game.

Two days later, however, when there was nothing particularly interesting on hand, and the "gang" was wondering what to do next, the same young lady walked down the street alone, with eyes unquestioningly wistful turned toward the group, and Scotty recognized her.

"Say, boys, watch me turn softy," he chuckled with a sudden delightful thought. In the pocket of his shabby clothes he clutched a precious coin—earned in running an errand for some one who did not know him too well to trust him—and drawing it out he ran to intercept the passer-by.

"Leddy! Leddy!" he called, and as she turned toward him he questioned in seemingly breathless earnestness: "Wasn't you 'long here two or three days ago? an' didn't you lose somethin'?"

"Yes, I passed here. I lost nothing though, at least nothing that I have missed? What is it?"

"I didn't know but mebbe you'd lost some money—somewheres. I've got a dime what I want the owner to have," pursued Scotty.

"It isn't mine," the young lady smiled, and impulsively patted his grimy hand between her gloved ones. "But you are a good, honest boy to try to find where it belongs."

Yes'm, answered Scotty solemnly. "I tries to be honest; we all does down here, but we don't have nobody to learn us nothin'."

The "gang" had drawn near, and they applauded this sentiment so enthusiastically that it seemed a trifle overdone for a neighborhood where honesty was so very common. Scotty felt the danger, and gave a warning, backward kick at the leg near-

est him, though he could not restrain a sly wink of appreciation at the same time. Miss Helen saw both movements, and was suddenly enlightened, but she gave no sign.

"Yes'm, we often wishes—leastways I do—that we had chances for to learn some good someways," confided Scotty with a beguiling touch of sadness.

"I've no doubt you do need it," agreed Miss Helen with earnest candor. "There is the mission school round on Elm Street, only a few blocks from here. I have a class there every Sunday, and if any of you are really willing to come—"

She paused with a disheartened feeling that it was useless to give any invitation under such circumstances, but Scotty interposed as if he had been offered his life's desire.

"I do! Yes'm, I'm just wantin' to come if I knowed how or what to do."

The girl turned, and a pair of very steady grey eyes looked into the veiled mischief of the black ones.

"Well then you come and see me at my home to-morrow. Here's the address," she said, handing him a card. "Ask for 'Miss Helen'."

She had scarcely turned the corner before the boys were rolling on the ground, or executing wild dances of glee, while Scotty triumphantly waved his bit of pasteboard.

"Won't she have a good time waitin' fer ye to-morrer, Scotty?" shrieked one admirer.

"Not much she won't; I'm goin' to be there" declared Scotty. "Turnin' softy is the most fun I've had for a long while. Oh, I'll go, an' tell you youngsters all about it afterwards."

Thus it happened that Scotty Jenks—abnormally clean, as to face and hands, and escorted by the "gang" as far as it was considered safe—appeared the next afternoon at a handsome house on an uptown street, and was admitted. The library into which he was shown was a cozy room with its soft rugs, its easy chairs, and the open fire in the grate flashing a cheerful light over the shelves of books.

Scotty glanced about him approvingly. He liked books as far as his limited knowledge of them went—he decided that these were probably not of his kind—and the magazines on the table looked tempting. There was a soft rustle of garments, and Miss Helen entered, looking prettier and more girlish still in her home dress.

Oh, it's you, Scotty—wasn't that what I heard the boys call you?" she said pleasantly by way of greeting, offering her hand, and then dropping into a chair on the opposite side of the fire from his, where

she could watch his face. She chatted of the weather, found out that he liked ball games, and that he had seen the runaway on Elm Street.

"I came to see you about that school," he began trying to drop into his yesterday's tone. But she shook her head.

"Don't you think you have carried that joke far enough, Scotty?"

"Joke?" Scotty stared, hesitated, and then tried to take up his "goody" manner. "Why, I wanted"—

"Oh, no, you didn't," she interposed "You didn't want anything but some fun, and you were trying to have it with me while the other boys watched. You know you hadn't found any money. You didn't mean a word of the whole thing. That was why I didn't tell you more about things yesterday—you and the others. I knew you were not in earnest. I didn't expect you today."

She was not scolding in the least, she was even faintly smiling as if a joke were, of course, nothing to be cross over, and for one time in his impish, happy-go-lucky life, Scotty stood abashed. It was not that he was in the slightest degree ashamed of his performance, but he had a sense of having been overreached, and—what should he tell the fellows?

"Of course we have a mission school, and there are boys who come to it," pursued Miss Helen, after a minute's silence, "but then, you see, they are the kind who want to grow up to be somebody, and do things worth while. My father was a poor boy once—so poor that his only chance to begin learning things was at a night school. So were many of the men whose names you see on the great stores up town; some of our great men, some of our best men, began that way.

The boys in our school know that; they mean to climb up and amount to something. But it wouldn't be of any use to ask you, Scotty, you and those other boys. You are satisfied with just the kind of life you have, and you mean to grow up like the men I see in the Row.' Well, good-bye, Scotty."

The boy passed out into the hall, and from the hall out of doors. The street looked gray and cheerless after the beautiful, firelit room. Scotty glanced back at the stately house whose owner had once been just a poor boy like himself, and suddenly the strong young soul rose in revolt against his surroundings.

"Be that kind always? No, sir!" Scotty muttered emphatically. He had never before thought of his future, but now he settled some points in it very swiftly. Whirling about he mounted the steps again, and asked if he might see Miss Helen once more.

She had not left the library, and the black eyes looked into hers with every trace of mockery gone.

"Say, I mean to come—if you'll let me—dead earnest!" he said.

Miss Helen's class had gained a new member, one of the brightest and most loyal ones it ever held. Two or three of the "gang" Scotty eventually took with him, but all the gibes of all the others were powerless to turn him from his course. If his motive was not high to begin with, it grew with the rest of his growth, and Mr. Scott Jenks has a very tender heart and helpful hand for the little street urchins of to-day.—S. S. Visitor.

BETTERING A BAD THING.

I can't bear this place. I just feel sometimes as if I couldn't stay here another day."

The petulant look on her face did not suggest that she had done much toward making the place brighter or more bearable. It is a natural law that we should grow to love those for whom we labor. That is, if it be labor in the right sense of the word and not mere money service.

When we have taken an interest in a place, and given some measure of ourselves and our time to make the people in that place better and happier, it is natural we should have a tenderer regard for that place. We never can get to like any place or position till we have given to it something of ourselves, even though it be but the overflow of healthy, happy spirits.

It is the girl who does least to brighten her home, who is most often discontented with that home and anxious to try her wings in the world outside. It is the young man who is a dissatisfaction to his employer who is most likely to be dissatisfied with his position and feel that he deserves something better.—The Classmate.

KINDNESS AMONG ANTS.

Sir John Lubbock, in a lecture treating of the subject of ants, told the following touching story: Amongst a colony of ants which he had observed, one ant was born a cripple.

It was most pathetic to watch the tender care which was shown toward the unfortunate ant.

This is like the well-known story of the blind rat which was led about by two of his comrades, each of which held in its mouth the end of a stick which the sightless one held firmly between his teeth.

It is interesting to look upon such instances of sympathy among animals, when human beings so often act differently to each other, and drive the weakest to the wall.—Children's Missionary Magazine.

World Wide Work.

THE LAYMAN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

By MR. SAMUEL B. CAPEN, BOSTON.

The following is from an address given at the Annual Conference of the Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada in January, 1907, and explains the nature of "The Layman's Missionary Movement."—Ed.

On November 13th and 14th, 1906, there was held in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York, an interdenominational meeting in commemoration of the centennial of the Haystack Prayer Meeting. On the afternoon and evening following, November 15th, there met in the chapel of the same church a company of laymen. The invitation to this meeting was in the form of "A Call to Prayer," and was issued by a committee of laymen.

In this "Call" it was stated that the need of the hour was for the consecration of laymen to the work of missions and those invited were asked to join with other laymen of various denominations in this great work. Those present will never forget the spiritual uplift they received from these two sessions. The time in the afternoon was spent almost wholly in prayer, as was also a part of the evening. As a result, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted and a committee appointed:

Whereas, in the marvelous Providence of God the One Hundredth Anniversary of the beginnings of the American Foreign Missionary movement finds the doors of every nation open to the gospel message, and

Whereas, the machinery of the missionary boards, women's boards, student and young people's missionary movements is highly and efficiently organized, and

Whereas, the greatly increased participation of the present generation of responsible Christian business and professional men is essential to the widest and most productive use of the existing missionary agencies, and is equally vital to the growth of the spiritual life at home, and

Whereas, in the management of large business and political responsibilities, such men have been greatly used and honored, and

Whereas, in but few of the denominations have aggressive movements to interest men in missions been undertaken;

Therefore be it resolved, that this gathering of laymen, called together for prayer and conference on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting, designate a committee of twenty-

five or more representative laymen to consult with the secretaries of the missionary boards of all the denominations in the United States and Canada, if possible at their annual gathering in January, with reference to the following vitally important propositions.

1. To project a campaign of education among laymen to be conducted under the direction of the various boards.

2. To devise a comprehensive plan (in conjunction with said board secretaries) looking toward the evangelization of the world in this generation.

3. To endeavor to form, through the various boards, a Centennial Commission of Laymen, fifty or more in number, to visit as early as possible the mission-fields and report their findings to the church at home.

WHY.

In considering this new movement, the first inquiry is why it should be organized. With the present multiplicity of societies and organizations, there ought to be a great necessity to warrant the establishment of another. Any man to-day has a right to challenge any new organization which presents itself. My first answer therefore, to the why is:

First because of the inadequacy of the present plans and methods of missionary work. In making this statement I am not failing to recognize the great work that has already been accomplished. The success of modern missions has been one of the great triumphs of the centuries. We have planted Christian churches and schools and colleges and hospitals and printing plants and have transformed nations. The success of this work challenges the admiration of all familiar with it.

Nevertheless it must be acknowledged that this represents the work of only a small minority of our church members. It is believed that not more than one-fourth of the Christians in this country make an offering to foreign missions worthy of the name.

I am not claiming that a larger proportion than this do not give a nickel or a dime or some insignificant trifle, but I believe that no larger proportion than I have stated give for foreign missions at all in proportion to their ability.

There is a perfect mine of wealth in the possession of the rich and of those of moderate means alike, which is as yet untouched. It is not a question of can or cannot, it is a question of will or will not.

Second. We need something radically different from our present plans and me-

thods because many people do not consider proper proportion in their various gifts. We rejoice in the great benefactions for secular education and philanthropy here at home, but the foreign missionary appeal is too often forgotten. There are resources enough for all. In our new movement we want to make it clear to all that missions are the supreme work of the church, and that money given for work abroad inevitably tends to help and not hinder generous gifts at home.

Third. We should recognize as never before the world-wide opportunity. The doors are open all over the world and the commercial traveler is entering everywhere. Is it to be an open door for all kinds of business and a closed door for the Gospel of Christ? And that too, merely for lack of means to enter in. The element of time in all this work is vital. In non-Christian countries which have come into touch with the western world and its civilization, the people are giving up their old forms of religion. Unless we give them something better they will drift inevitably, as hundreds of thousands of them are doing, into agnosticism.

Again we have in Africa the Mohammedan peril. Many of the tribes are giving up their old heathen customs and are being captured by the Moslem faith. If they adopt this, it will be harder for us then to reach them with Christianity than when they were in heathen darkness.

One object of the commission is so to present the opportunity to the churches that no more time shall be lost. The rapid changes in the Far East the last few years present not only many opportunities but also wonderful possibilities. Our business men must have that broader vision that takes in the whole world.

Fourth—Our own spiritual safety requires a more vigorous missionary campaign. It must be most displeasing to Christ, when he has done so much for us, to see us so selfish and unwilling to give as freely as we have received. In our great material prosperity the only thing that will save our nation from the sins of luxury and vice, which always accompany such conditions, is to use our wealth and opportunities for the saving of others.

Fifth. A proper recognition and appreciation of the brave men who represent us at the front demand that we do far more than we are doing now to support them. We are practically starving them out and crippling them for the want of supplies and proper reinforcements. Only in missions is there failure to press with energy and enterprise every advantage.

WHAT IT IS NOT

(1) It is not a new Missionary Board to collect funds or to administer them; it is not to raise up or to send out missionaries; it is not to seek to use its influence among

young people, students or women; but its work is to be chiefly among the mature men of the church.

(2) It is not an interdenominational movement which proposes to do its work outside of regular denominational lines or to make a new Missionary Brotherhood independent of those already established.

WHAT IT IS

In the spirit of the declaration of principles already given, it is

First a "movement."

I have always liked the word. It expresses life, energy, progress. It represents something not necessarily bound to old traditions and certainly something that does not run in ruts. It is a dynamo giving added force and power to existing machinery. It is a promoting agency to facilitate work already under way. We want to create, if possible, a tremendous energy which shall be felt through all our churches.

Second. It is a "missionary movement."

It has a great ideal, namely, to reach the whole world in this generation. It recognizes the fact that the church has been in the "retail business" long enough. It is a challenge for something larger and more far-reaching. Its broad statesmanship will appeal to men. Its purpose is to do the largest thing of which anyone has any conception,—“to devise a comprehensive plan (in conjunction with said Board secretaries) looking toward the evangelization of the world in this generation.” It is to ask the men of this generation not to pass their own work on to future generations, but to do it themselves, now.

Third. It is a "laymen's missionary movement."

It is intended for the mature men of this generation who are in the thick of the fight. It is not an appeal to students or to women and young people; the special work for these classes belongs to other organizations; it is an appeal to the mature men of to-day who now have in hand the money which they can give if they will, and who can moreover give their time and thought and prayer to the work.

Fourth. It is an effort to get the denominations at home to work more closely together than ever before.

It is well understood that there is a closer harmony of work on the field than here in the home land. This plan will appeal to the business men of to-day. It is in harmony with modern methods in the business world. We want to utilize the principles of legitimate promoting. Together is the twentieth century watchword.

HOW.

First. As already seen, we have a large central committee in which we expect to have all the large denominations represented and in which we have in-

cluded representatives of kindred movements. It is, in a sense, an interdenominational federation, through this committee, of foreign missionary work. We hope in time to have a body of at least a hundred men who shall meet perhaps once or twice a year for consultation and action. It is proposed to select these men with great care, every one, to quote Mr. Mott, being a "live wire."

Second. It is our purpose to devise some plan for bringing men, through pledges or otherwise, under such positive and definite obligations for missionary support as shall match the present day opportunities and be worthy of themselves and worthy of Christ.

Third. It is our thought to work wherever possible through existing organizations. In some of the churches one Board has charge of the work of both Home and Foreign Missions. Such Boards may consider it expedient to have the movement embrace the whole work carried on by the Board. This is a matter the committee leaves to the judgment of each Board so constituted trusting the Board to keep in view the central object of the movement—the evangelization of the world.

Fourth. We believe it is possible to reach the mature men of our churches through parlor conferences and dining-room conferences where we can get into close touch with them. We believe that such a policy will be far more successful than the old formal public meeting where it is most difficult to get a grip on individuals.

Fifth. We hope it will be possible to come to some agreement among our laymen whereby a certain hour in the day, say 12 o'clock, may be used for a few moments of silent prayer for missions. This is already the plan of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Episcopal Church. It would be the recognition anew of prayer as to-day the mightiest force in the world.

Sixth. Recognizing the need of more intelligence upon missionary subjects among our laymen, we hope there may be prepared by the Boards leaflets which shall give in a pithy way the facts relative to the foreign missionary work. The need of more such literature in attractive form must be apparent to any one who has given it thought or who has tried to find material to use for the business man who does not believe in foreign missions.

The shrinkage of the world through the discovery of steam and the cable has in many ways changed the age of the heroic in missions. Young men and women do not sail out now into the unknown. We must substitute for this an appeal that rests upon a principle founded in turn upon knowledge and education.

Seventh. We believe that great good can be accomplished through a commission of laymen, which, in conference with the

Missionary Boards, we hope to be able to send abroad at an early date. We all know how much scepticism and unbelief there is with regard to our whole missionary work. If a commission of men well known in the business world should make a critical examination of our missions, and report what they see, we believe the result would be of inestimable value in putting the truth before the men at home. It is the method now being used in educational circles and its value would be as great in this department.

Furthermore, such a commission would be of the greatest possible value to the Orient. The merchants of the East have seen the business of our country represented by men who are too often utterly unworthy and who bring shame and reproach upon our Christian civilization. Let them see the Christian men of America at their best and we shall do much to remove this reproach. We hope, therefore, that the Board Secretaries will recommend the adoption of these resolutions from the executive committee of the laymen's missionary movement:

Eighth. By following the above plans we believe that ultimately the men of the churches of all denominations working together can be formed into what may be called a great missionary party with leaders from all the denominations.

Finally, let it be said that it seems to us that in the Providence of God this movement is just what is needed to furnish the money and thus hasten the final triumph. We must recognize the evolution and progress in missionary plans which have been going on during the past twenty-five years. The idea of evangelizing the world in this generation was criticised, not to say ridiculed, when it was first spoken of a few years ago. Now it is unanimously adopted at a meeting of lay men composed of some of the most alert and practical men in business life to-day.

For many years I have sat upon the Prudential Committee of the American Board and listened to the pleas of the men at the front who are breaking under the loads they are carrying. They see the awful need all about them, they hear the cry of the people for help, they know there is money enough at home to do all that is needed, they are pouring out their own life blood day by day, and we have been too often refusing their calls.

I cannot bear it any longer, unless I join with you in this new movement to arouse the men of our churches to the glorious opportunities and to the realization of the fact that we are in honor bound to do more than we are now doing. I do not want to make my report in the great assize beyond without doing what I may in this new effort. In Christ's name I believe we shall win the day. Brother-men, we can do it and we will.

THE WANING OF THE "LILY FEET."

By EMMA INVEEN, HANGCHOW, CHINA.

During the Cheo Dynasty, 1122-255 B.C., a ruler of the kingdom of Wei married a girl named Chwang-chiang, of the kingdom of Chi. She was famous for her beauty, and a poet of Wei wrote a poem in praise of her, but made no mention of her feet. This is an evidence that, in those ancient times, the evil practise of compressing the feet into a shapeless mass was not yet in vogue. When, then, did the practice begin?

In the time of the Southern Tang Dynasty (289 A.D.), an emperor named Li Hestu, who loved pleasure, had a concubine named Yaonaing, who was a beautiful dancer. As the emperor watched her through the mazes of the dance, he conceived the idea that it would enhance her charms if her feet were wound in silk. He therefore presented her with some, which she wound about her feet, tighter and tighter, until they looked like bows—hence the name "kunghai" (bow shoes). What was a moment's thought in pleasure soon became a custom, for the example of the palace was followed by the people, and the custom has become fixed among those who care a whit for their social standing.

Another story is that Tong-kwenheo, an emperor of the Chi Dynasty, had a concubine whom he loved very much. Her name was Yu-r (Jade), after the precious stone so much valued by the Chinese. She was also very beautiful, and for her the emperor built a magnificent palace and set lotus flowers of gold in the tile floors for the lady to walk on. When she walked it was as though her feet dropped lotus flowers, or her footprints were lilies, hence the name "Chin-lien" (Golden Lily), for very small feet.

Whatever the origin of the practice, the fact remains that nearly all the women of the Chinese race have become victims of this cruel and pernicious fashion. The higher the family in the social scale, the smaller the feet of the women, so that often the feet have been cramped to three inches in length, so that the women are helpless and need the support of servants to enable them to move about the house.

The Hakkas in South China, the Canton boat population, the aborigines, the women of some districts in West China, and the Manchus, are the only exceptions to those who observe the otherwise universal custom.

Hundreds of millions of Chinese women and girls are thus in abject bondage to a custom as cruel as it is hideous, entailing unspeakable suffering on the mothers and certain degeneration of the race. This custom has held sway over them for more than 1,600 years, and "for each pair of

small feet there has been shed a kang (barrel) of tears."

The shape of the "lily shoe" has varied in different parts of China from one very short and stump to those longer and more pointed.

The process of binding has usually begun about the age of six or seven years, first binding the toes together and gradually drawing the smaller toes under, tightening the bandages around the heel and instep until the instep bulges up and the toes and heel nearly meet under the sole. This causes the weight of the body to rest upon the heel, and results in a gait similar to walking on stilts.

These bandages and an inner pair of soft shoes are never removed day or night, except for bathing and dressing. From lack of proper care, the feet sometimes become a mass of corruption, as every hospital in China could testify. Many a woman has been sacrificed on the altar of this senseless practice, and many more have been rendered cripples for life.

But notwithstanding this, and all the other evident evils, Chinese have not been wanting who are ready to argue in favor of the fashion.

"Bound feet are so beautiful."

Compare the masculine swagger of a large-footed woman with the graceful swaying golden lilies!"

"Bound feet assist women to do their duty, which is to stay at home and not to gad about in their neighbors' houses."

"Bound feet produce virtue and good conduct. Out-of-doors are countless temptations to eye and ear. The women who stay at home never know about these, and so retain their innocence."

"Bound feet are distinctly conducive to health and longevity. See how many more old women than men there are in China! This is because women with small feet do not work hard."

"Moreover, the shut-ins do not see and grieve over the unobtainable, so they are not envious, but have hearts at rest, a condition which is very healthful indeed for women."

"Confucius says that women should be weak and men strong. This is the proper order."

These and other similar arguments have emanated from the masculine mind, but the favorite plea from the women has been that "a small-footed girl has better chances for a favorable marriage."

From time to time the Chinese have themselves made attempts to break up the evil practice. When the Manchus came into power, about three hundred years ago, they issued an edict ordering the men to shave their heads and wear queues and the

women to unbind their feet, and both men and women to adopt the Manchu dress.

The common saying—

Men submitted, women not,
Age submitted, children not,
The living submitted, the dead not—

bears testimony to the fact that the edicts were not entirely obeyed. Men submitted to the queue, but the women held on to their little feet. Men adopted the dress, but little children and the dead still wear the ancient Chinese dress, with alterations.

Two other emperors have issued similar edicts, with no better results. Here and there a Chinese scholar has also written a tract exhorting the people to abolish the custom.

Such were the conditions when missionaries appeared on the scene, about one hundred years ago. Needless to say, the Protestant missionary ladies used all possible effort to create a sentiment against foot-binding, and so far as lay in their power required the abolition of the practice among girls who were committed to their care for support and training.

But the work was very difficult—so much so, that sometimes the battle was given over and hope waited a more propitious time.

The troubles were not all on the side of the missionary, for oftentimes girls whose feet had been allowed a natural growth felt that the disgrace of having "big feet" was more than could be borne, and under the fire of persecution many a girl "opened a wood shop." This is a contemptuous expression for simulating bound feet by inserting a wooden block under the heel of the foot, thus raising it and allowing only the toes to rest on the ground, which were encased in as small a shoe as possible.

But many brave girls in those days of persecution stood out against jeers and slander, and with God's help did much to start the reform and make it popular. Mission schools, through such girls, laid the foundation of the movement which is now making such rapid progress.

Anti-Foot-Binding Society.

The first attempt at organized effort against foot-binding is the Anti-Foot-binding Society, started at Amoy in 1874, among the native Christians in the district. Since then similar societies have been organized in nearly every center where missionary effort has created a sentiment in favor of such work.

In the early days some mission schools permitted foot-binding, because any attempt to interfere with the hoary custom would result in dispersing the girls and sending them back into heathen darkness.

Now every boarding-school, heathen as

well as Christian, has only natural-footed girls the whole land over!

The year 1895 saw the birth of the "Tien Tsu Hwei" (Natural-foot Society), an organization born, not made, in the mind of one who evidently came "to the kingdom for such a time as this", Mrs. Archibald Little, whose husband was a pioneer of Western civilization in far Western China.

In the Spring of that year Mr. and Mrs. Little were traveling from Chungking down the Yangtse to Shanghai. The only other passenger on board the little steamer from Schang was an American missionary lady, invalided home. In the course of conversation, the subject one day turned upon foot-binding and anti-foot-binding tracts.

Following a sudden inspiration, Mrs. Little said: "Now there is something I can do for Chinese women. I can secure quantities of these tracts and put them into the hands of women in families with whom we come in contact, and whom missionaries rarely meet."

Ere Hankow, the next port, was sighted, Mrs. Little had formulated a plan by which to call in the co-operation of all foreign ladies resident in China whose husbands were engaged in commercial or civil life. Very few of these ladies could speak Chinese and had no direct intercourse with the Chinese, but they could work through their English-speaking Chinese servants. The society was organized with headquarters in Shanghai, and had for its object:—

"To print and distribute pamphlets, leaflets, and pictures among the Chinese on the subject of the prevailing practice of foot-binding, to encourage the formation of leagues, and in other ways to influence native opinion. It also proposes to offer from time to time prizes for the best Chinese essays on the subject.

As rapidly as possible, secretaries were appointed in all the open ports and in as many interior cities as could be reached. In the latter, missionaries were the only foreign residents, and, as the work grew, they naturally became more and more the active workers. In less than three months after the birth of the idea the Tien Tsu Hwei was fully launched, amidst some opposition and ridicule.

The first report, covering a period of eighteen months, tells of 18,000 tracts circulated and other things accomplished. The reading of these tracts, prepared in the first instance by missionaries and native Christians, inspired non-Christian Chinese scholars to write tracts also.

A notable case was the so-called Suifu appeal, which "gave the first real impetus to the work among the Chinese." Mr. Chao, a literary man, returning from Peking to his home in Suifu, "found his little girl crying over her binding, and, having al-

ready come across some of our tracts, felt himself moved to write a better one." This appeal, signed by himself and five of his literary friends, was found posted on the city gate.

A copy was taken by a missionary and sent to the Chungking committee. Its value was immediately recognized, being the production of a Chinese scholar in no way connected with the ofttime despised foreigner. Tens of thousands of copies were printed and distributed all over the west and sent to Shanghai, whence it found its way to Canton, where it resulted in the formation of a native society which soon had 10,000 members.

Another influential tract, "The Human Poem," with a preface by the great viceroy, Chang Chi-tung, has also been largely used.

A "memorial to the emperor of China was drawn up by Dr. Fryer, and signed by a thousand foreign ladies residing in the East, and on behalf of 15,000 women of the International Union of Europe and America." This, however, bore no immediate result, except that the emperor was said to have approved of it. The time was not ripe for an imperial edict.

In all, during the nine years of the society's existence, over 400,000 tracts have been sent out from headquarters in Shanghai, and have penetrated to nearly every corner of China. Additional tracts have been printed in other centers, such as Chen-tu, Chungking, and Si-ngan-fu. The society now prints twenty-five leaflets, including the now famous edict issued by the empress dowager, and the anti-foot-binding pledge, and Dr. Timothy Richard's Roentgen Rays Tract."

The imperial edict reads as follows:

"Decree of empress dowager, abolishing the old law prohibiting intermarriage between Chinese and Manchus. Also as the custom of foot-binding among Chinese women is injurious to the health, the gentry and notables of Chinese descent are commended earnestly to exhort their families and all who come under their influence to abstain henceforth from that evil practise, and by these means gradually abolish the custom forever."

Not a very strong edict; a recommendation rather than a prohibition, which, coming from a Manchu source, the usurpers of the Chinese throne, has not had very much effect upon the purely Chinese custom.

The society's pledge is printed on red paper, and reads thus:

Natural-Foot Society.

"A firm and natural walk. My body, hair, and skin were received from my parents. As my body came to me complete, so it shall return complete. I dare not injure or destroy it.

Pledge:—Gladly I enter the Tien Tsu Hwei (Natural-foot Society). I wish to be free from the pain of a lifetime.

I also promise to do my best to persuade my relations and neighbors, all of them, as virtuous women, to preserve the entire body from mutilation."

In some places shoe competitions were held, and prizes offered for the most practical and beautiful shoe. The most popular shoe now is a plain black satin or cotton slipper with leather soles.

The Present Outlook.

A sentiment in favor of natural feet is beginning to pervade all classes of society. The old stereotyped phrase, "It is our custom," is passing into oblivion; instead the ear is becoming familiar with a new one: "Chan chieh puh hsin" (Bound feet are not the fashion).

All freely acknowledge that Chinese women suffer from three evils; illiteracy, foot-binding, and too close confinement at home. Foot-binding is slowly but surely passing away. The ancient custom is doomed.

It is perhaps, not too optimistic to say that in a large majority of the better-class homes the younger daughters and granddaughters are growing up with natural feet, and many of the older girls whose feet were already bound before the wave of reform struck them are doing what they can in loosening bandages and encouraging their feet to grow.

The common people, as in all reforms, follow more slowly, but if "as the wind blows, so the grass bends," it is not perhaps too much to hope that in another ten years even the common people will have discarded the old custom and fallen into line with the leaders of reform.

The crusade against foot-binding has lately received great momentum through the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of the higher officials, among whom may be mentioned the Governor of Shantung, the viceroys of Chih-li and Szechuan, Hupeh, and Hunan. Literary leaders have taken it up, and Mohammedans have fallen into line.

Everywhere, "east and south, west and north," the reform meets with response, and ere many years more we shall speak of the "lily foot" as a thing of the past, and relegate it to the realm of ancient Chinese curios! God speed the day!

A Christian Chinese, who was sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis, has returned to his native city of Hang-chow, and is now giving the people his impressions of the fair, and especially of the Chinese exhibit. He deprecated the fact that so prominent a part of the exhibit consisted of things

which are a disgrace to China, foot-binding among them.

It is not many years since foot-binding was considered a disgrace; in fact it was reckoned as the crowning glory of Chinese womanly beauty! When a girl was offered in marriage her value was enhanced by the smallness of her feet; now the young man who has received an education on Western lines no longer desires a girl with "lily feet."

The progress of the reform movement in some places has been nothing short of marvelous; eight hundred women in one city unbound their feet in one month, and, as an inducement to lead others to follow their example, their names were posted up on the Yamen gate!

A rather peculiar development of the natural foot reform is the opening of schools directly under the management of local societies. One such was opened in Chungking, with the daughter of an official at the head who herself wrote a tract against the evil custom. Within a few months another school has been opened by the Shanghai society.

Truly, we are living in a time of marvelous opportunity. The very atmosphere is pregnant with reform. The crusade against foot-binding is but one expression of the fermentation that is at work in the hitherto inert Chinese race. Educational reform is another—a slow but sure breaking away from the old standards and methods and customs, and a reaching out after the things of modern times.

A Chinese lady said yesterday: "If we could only go out and walk, and not always have to be carried in a closed sedan!" One can safely prophesy that the time is not far distant when such as she will surely have all the freedom now enjoyed by her more favored sister from the West.—"Missionary Review of the World."

ONE OF CHINA'S DANGERS.

One of the most serious dangers which threatens China at the present time is found in the fact that the education of the Chinese is falling, largely, into the hands of the Japanese. We fully recognize that the Japanese, from a natural standpoint, have many noble characteristics; but it is not to be forgotten that that people remain heathen, or, when they are not heathen that they are, mostly, agnostics.

To have such teachers invade China, as they are doing, become the instructors of the Chinese youth in the newly established schools throughout the empire, as is the case, is a deeply serious matter. This is a situation which shows the continued and increased need of Christian and missionary schools and colleges in China, and which calls for much prayer on the part of all God's people.—China's Millions.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

Fourteen years ago I was given a class of fourteen young ladies, averaging sixteen years of age. I decided that the class must be built up. On the first Sunday in August, 1907, the attendance was 126. Our enrolment is over 300. This has been done with the co-operation of the entire class.

One of the important ways that a class may grow and be successful is through visitation. This is necessary for the teacher's sake, as well as for the good of the class. It is so easy to study the lesson, and so hard to call, but it is a blessed work, and is the greatest means of keeping in personal touch with the class. Then if you cannot call, you can for one cent send a postal with a message of cheer to the absentee; for two cents you can send a personal letter with its message of love and sympathy.

But this will not take the place of the call upon the members. There are seasons of joy, and seasons of sadness, that come into their lives, in all of which the teacher's sympathetic touch should be felt.

I used to consider my greatest work to be to study and then make a fine speech. I know better now; there is something that counts for far more—keeping in the closest possible touch with each member of the class.

Don't speak of the sacrifices necessary, Bible class teachers. If you win the hearts of your members, it will never seem like a sacrifice. The personal touch of the Master must be our ideal as Bible class teachers.—J. Ritchie Patterson.

A SILENCER.

When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning about, soon fell asleep.—Ex.

REGULAR PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery Clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

The Maritime Synod.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness Whyco. 8 Mar. 10 a.m.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, 2 Jan., 7.30.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro.
7. Halifax, Hx., St. Matt., 17 Mar.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Mahone, 2 Jan., 7 p.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi. Campbellton, 26 Mar.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 10 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa.
15. Lan., Inverew, Smith's Falls, 17 Feb. 3.30.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

16. Kingston, Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 10 Mar., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie.
24. North Bay, North Bay, 11 Mar., 10 a.m.
25. Algoma, Webbwood, 25 Feb.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sd., 3 Mar., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 3 Mar. 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, Knox, 21 Jan., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Ham., 3 March, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, 14 Jan., 10.30.
31. London.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 3 Mar., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 Mar.
34. Stratford.
35. Huron, Clinton, 21 Jan.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 3 Mar., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-P.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minnedosa.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Frobisher, Feb.
49. Regina.
50. Qu'Appelle, Broadview.
51. Prince Albert, February.
52. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

53. Calgary, Calgary, 9 Mar., 8 p.m.
54. Edmonton, Strathcona, 3 Mar., 9.30.
55. Vermillion, Mannville, 5 Mar., 9.30.
56. Red Deer, 25 Feb.
57. Lacombe, Wetaskiwin, 26 Feb. 3 p.m.
58. Macleod, Macleod, 18 Feb., 10 a.m.
59. High River, Stavely, 20 Feb., 9 a.m.

Synod of British Columbia.

60. Kamloops, Kamloops, Feb. '08.
61. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb. 18, 19, 20.
62. Westminster.
63. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls from**

Colborne and Lakeport to P. B. Thornton.
 Alton and North Erin, Ont., to G. W. Rose,
 Accepted.
 St. Andrew's, Blind River, Ont., to Dr. Roy-
 son, Gore Bay.
 Wyoming, Ont., to Wm. Fee.
 Fairville, N.B., to W. M. Townsend of Bass
 River.
 Port Elgin, Ont., to W. C. McLeod.

Inductions into

St. Paul's, Peterboro, Ont., 5 Dec., Robert
 Pogue.
 Bethel and East Normanby, D. Currie.
 Kilsyth, etc., Ont., J. H. Laverie.
 Knox Ch., Brandon, 3 Jan., J. B. McLaren.
 Humesville, Man., Jan. A. Hood.
 Mahone Bay, Jan. J. A. McLean.
 Hopewell, N.S., 7 Jan. C. Munro.

Resignations of

Colborne, Ont., P. M. Duncan.
 Cooke's Church, Toronto, Alexander Esler.
 South Side, Toronto, Wm. McKinley.
 Red Deer, Alta., W. G. W. Fortune.

Vacancies.

Keady and Peabody, Owen Sound. Pres.
 Mod. Rev. F. Matheson, Chatsworth, Ont.
 Camilla and Mono Centre, Ont. Mod., Rev.
 J. R. Bell, Laurel, Ont.
 Shallow Lake, etc., Ont. Mod., Rev. W.
 Wilson, Allenford, Ont.
 Richards Landing, Ont.
 East Gloucester, Ont. Mod., Rev. P. W. An-
 derson, Ottawa.
 Delaware and Caradoc, Ont. Mod., Rev. J.
 Argo, Ivan, Ont.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Dec.	Rec' Mar 1st to Dec. 31
Home Missions....	\$10,128.69	\$46,215.32
Augmentation.....	880.75	4,561.28
Foreign Missions.	3,877.53	21,926.43
Widows' & Orphans'	210.56	2,066.88
A. and I. Ministers	344.43	2,147.82
Assembly.....	198.01	2,480.58
French Evangeliztn	1,319.84	5,010.04
Pt-aux-Trembles..	585.48	3,361.79
Knox College.....	180.75	823.30
Queen's College...	60.10	338.49
Montreal College..	27.46	195.90
Manitoba College..	320.52	690.86

Received during December
at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Rev. W. Paterson	8	Dresden.....	37.34	Warkworth	33.05	W. T. Noble.....	34
Rev. A. J. MacGillivray		Albarni, St And., ss.....	4	E. Zorra, Burns' ss.....	5.81	Tal. Turkey-In-Asia	22
Rev. J. A. Macfarlane..	16.40	Sydenham, St Paul's ss.	5	E. Zorra, 8 Line ss.....	335	Muir's Setmtt.....	375
Atwood	23.38	Blake	4.25	Teeswater, Kx.....	123	Rev. Colin Fletcher.....	8
Atkelstan	74	Queensville, ss.....	5.90	Primrose	12.30	Innerrick	2105
Innerkip, ss.....	9	Kinmount.....	45.25	Brantford, Zion.....	205.50	St Mary's, 1st ss.....	25
Bethel	3.60	Cobocouk	7.55	Grimsby, St John's.....	5	M. J. F.....	2
Oak Lake, Man, y.p.g.	10	Rosedale	12.45	Dr M. P. Talling.....	8	Manadamin	33.75
Foresters Falls, ss.....	5	Rev. Arch. Blair	7.15	N. Vanc'vr, St And ss.	11.10	Carleton Pl. Zion ss.....	15
Finch, St Luke's ss.....	4	Per Agent Hx	693.83	Mosa, Burn's	69.08	Hollin	13
Glenaldan	7.42	Ottawa, Stewarton	85	Ottawa, Bank St.....	100	Lindsay, St And.....	10
David Stenson	5	Edmondville	75	H. Ft. Massey y.p.s	153.97	Metropolitan, ss.....	9.60
E. Zorra, Burns' ss.....	28.30	Ottawa, Gleebe.....	60	Renfrew, St And., ss.....	67.01	MacLeod Alta, St And.	37.25
Pleas Valley, ss.....	4	Wallacebg, s.s.....	5	Renfrew, N. Ward ss.....	7	Gordon Head, B. C.....	5.15
Camden 8 Kx	2.92	Nashville	33	Renfrew, St And	35.64	St Aidan's, B. C.....	1435
Gravel Hill	6.76	W. Bentinek, s.s.....	4	Lindsay, St And., ss.....	100	Sault Ste Marie, St A.	117.50
Turin, ss.....	4.11	Garafraxa, St.J. s.s.....	6	Annan	4.75	Nelson, B. C., St Pa.....	9.45
Scarboro' Mel ss.....	2	Rev. John Smith	8	Levis, St And., ss.....	4	Grandview, Man.....	6.05
Port Albert, St And's ..	1	Carroll, Man.....	30	Birds Hill, Man.....	5	Mr. Mrs. W. S. Lowe ..	20
Glen Morris, ss.....	4.36	Brooklin, ss.....	16.67	Valcarier	950	Rathwell, Man, ss.....	5.40
Moore Line, C.E.S.....	15	Creeham, Sask.....	8	Rev. W. Martin	14.10	Windham Centre, St And	
Maple Valley, St And.....	16	Elora, Chal, ss.....	6	Rev. John Turnbull.....	8	Hanover, St And. ss.....	5
Beverly	10	Rev. Rob McIntyre.....	11	Ridgetown, M. Zion, ss.	5	New Denver, St Pa.....	8.35
Middle River, N.S. ss.....	1.25	Sirling, St. And.....	31.10	Belleville, St And.....	100	West Adelaide.....	5.85
Rev. J. Johnston	17	Smith's Falls St I a ss.	10	James Fraser	10	Berlin, St And.....	50
Montreal West.....	53	Wetaskiwin, Alta.....	79	Grand Bend	5	Rev. James Cumberland	7.70
Cannington, Kx.....	53	Rylstone	16	Niag.-on-Lake, y.p.s.....	29.71	Cedar Hill, Zion.....	7
Rev. A. McTavish.....	10	Johnstone's Cors, s.s.....	2	per Rev. A. D. Menzies.	128	Scottia, Man. ss.....	16.35
Summertown, Salem ..	60	Scarboro', Zion	19.50	Scotia, Man. ss.....	16.35	Crafton, ss.....	5
Oliver's Ferry	21.10	Elgin, Man, K.ss.&M.B.	18	Treherne, Man. ss.....	11	Ingersoll, St Pa.....	151.69
Port Elmsley	7.45	W. Wilson	35	Olive, Man, ss.....	5	Brantford, Brangdn.....	211
Pionic Grove, ss.....	4.50	Howick, ss.....	5.70	A. J. Murray.....	4	Hullit, Burns.....	189
Per Rev W. D. Menzies..	50	Kendal	10	Montreal, Chal.....	12	Brantford, St And.....	20
Est. Mary Carlyle.....	400	Bristol Cors. ss.....	6.52	St Louis de Gouz.....	7.66	Walpole ss.....	2.30
Rodney, Ont.....	39	Fairbairn	17.10	Rev. J. E. Manancon.....	100	Stella, St Paul's ss.....	450
Rev. Ng Mon Hing.....	1.75	Armstrong, St Paul's ..	364.51	Preston, w.f.m.s.....	6.80	Noah Johnson.....	1500
King, St And	1.30	Mrs. Agnes Lithgow.....	400	Paris	100	2nd Elna, ss.....	3.04
Riversdale	21	Truro 1st fr'ds	4.50	John Kilpatrick.....	40	Wpg., St John's.....	6.50
Rev. J. Murray	56	Mont. Chinese	20	Rev. S. C. Gunn.....	10	Vancor, St John's.....	150
Rev. F.O. Nichol	6.50	Martin, Sask.....	5	Fleming, Sask	26	Vernon, B. C., St And.	143
Pinkerton	42.05	Nichol, Zion	4	Dunbarton	21.50	Normanby, Kx.....	13
Atwood	125	Berriedale	2.10	Frobisher, Sask.....	17.50	Rev. Robert Foville.....	18.80
Morewood	5	Ely	18	Flos, Kx.....	24.85	Three Rivers, St And ..	56.56
Barton ss.....	8.20	Ceebe	55	Belmore	81	Elgin, Que.....	49.50
Ididsbury, Alta.....	20	Fraserburg	6.25	W. A. Wallace	20	Esson.....	21.25
Tieborne	5	Dwight	5	Rev. W. T. Prittie.....	8	Scarboro', Mel. M. B.,	4
Meaford, Erskine.....	55	Gordon Lake	1.11	Rev. T. Fotheringham..	8	Beaumaris	100
McIntyre	18.40	Leeburn	1.95	Wakefield, Masham ..	26.50	Oro, Central.....	10
Rev. W. J. Dey	18.30	Plummer	1.19	Mallorytown.....	34.75	Oro, St And.....	5
Rev. E. H. Savers.....	18	W. H. M. S.....	90	English Setmt	71	Rev. N. Campbell.....	5
Rev. H. J. Pritchard ..	8	Will Rathford.....	10	Woodstock, Chal.....	27	Braeside, 1 h. m. s.....	30
Rev. Geo. Gilmour.....	17.60	per Rev. J. E. Manancon.	100	Belleville, John.....	70.55	S. Granville, ss.....	2
Portsmouth	10	Rev. Geo Gilmour.....	40	Laggan West, ss.....	3	Katawatchesan	15
Windsor Mills, ss.....	5.30	Goodlands, Man.....	41	J. Dingwall	25	Maple Valley, St And ..	2
Lower Windsor, ss.....	2.20	Iderton	1.75	Cypress Riv. Man. ss.....	2.30	Harmon Estate	288
Rev. W. J. Kidd.....	8.40	Metcalfe	35	Criman, Argyle, ss.....	10	Rev. Robert Thyne	8.90
Rev. Norman Lindsay..	8	Gore, Que	3	Rev. P. Fleming.....	860	Winterbourne	72.10

Bessie Lobb.....	25	Bradford.....	23 70	Ottawa, St And.....	63 15	Buffalo Lake.....	121 21
Fairbairn.....	24 75	Brantford, Farnghn.....	200	Humesville.....	200	Hawkesville, St And,ss.....	72
Chatsworth, c. e. s.....	10	Rev. John Macintosh.....	10 40	James G. Begg.....	2	Oakville, Mill C.....	25
Jarvis.....	25	Embro, Kx.....	45	Archd McDougall.....	3	Treherne.....	103 60
per Rev. J. E. Menancon.....	100	Almoute St. And.....	57 50	Hamilton, McNab.....	196	Rutherglen.....	41 75
Molesworth.....	116 06	Kaslo, B. C.....	50	Rapid City, St Pa.....	23	Cargill.....	17 40
Hyde Park.....	24	Ch. of Scotland Col.....	1212 50	Macdonald, Man.....	100	Tor. S'side ss.....	10
Fingal, Kx, ss.....	230	Com.....	151	Wpg., Kx.....	5	Rev. Dr. Talling.....	5
Lachute, Que.....	36	Brandon Hills.....	71 60	Rev. A. McD. Haig.....	10	Tor. Central ss.....	13 46
Delaware, Alta.....	1950	Port Dalhousie.....	4350	Belmore, ss.....	6 25	Hurricane Hills.....	21
Beddington, Alta.....	7 50	Rountwaite.....	36 25	Rothsay, Cotswold.....	50	McIntosh.....	185 50
"M. M. A,".....	5	Brandon Hills.....	19	S. Wmster, St And.....	100	McIntosh ss.....	5 13
Campbellford, St And.....	3650	Greensville.....	32 50	Newburgh, Camden.....	30	Listowel, w. f. m. s.....	18
Winchester.....	74 70	Moffat, St And.....	106	McGillivray.....	30 19	Tiverton, Kx.....	43 63
Madoc, St Peter's.....	25	S. Kinloss.....	8 75	Melrose.....	64	Lake Charles.....	4 82
Mayfield.....	14 12	Rev. J. K. Coffin.....	14 25	Berlin b. c.....	5	Hamilton Kx, ss.....	10
St Vincent, Kx, ss.....	539	Blake, Ont.....	8 27	Mary Lang.....	8	Cumberland.....	5
E. Normanly.....	7 15	Scott Bush, St And.....	278	Rev. D. D. McDonald.....	9 15	Burlington, Kx.....	45
Attwood, ss.....	2	Douglas, Zion.....	527	Rev. Robt Cumming.....	6 60	Kippen, St And.....	121 58
Holstein, c. e. s.....	56	Teeswater, Kx.....	70 97	Rev. J. K. S. Burnett.....	3	Thamesford, St And.....	22 80
Norman.....	4 22	Teeswater, ss.....	50	Miss N. McIntosh.....	3	Arthur, St And.....	5
Garafraxa St. John's.....	49 78	Greenbank.....	10	Arnprior (Miss McLcl.).....	150	Brookholm, St Pa.....	22
Belleville, John St, ss.....	25	Cromarty.....	133 09	Maisonneuve, Que.....	18 43	Harriston, Guth.....	40
Ladner, B. C., St And.....	13	Hamilton, MacNab.....	5	Tarbolton, Man.....	9 65	N. Bruce, & St And.....	6
Arden, Man, ss.....	9 65	Ottawa, Stewarton.....	31 50	Burlington, Kx, ss.....	17 85	Columbus, ss.....	33 34
Wawanesa, ss.....	650	Drayton.....	33 54	Mrs. Agnew.....	3 37	Lake Road.....	17 50
Rev. Alex. MacFarlane.....	10	Hensall, Carmel.....	29	Woodland, ss.....	10	Whitechurch.....	10 25
Cromarty, ss.....	10 74	Bristol, Que.....	88 95	Walton, Duff s.....	17 70	Ham. St. John's ss.....	8 85
Nottawa, West.....	10	Glencoe.....	180	Langside.....	63	Dutton, Kx.....	35
"Kavenswood".....	47	Ashtburn.....	53 75	Ailsa Craig.....	61 62	Depot Harbor, ss.....	3 61
Pembroke, Calvinss.....	30	Hills Green, Ont.....	303 07	Otta., Stewarton.....	50	Oro Tp., Guth.....	5 30
Innisfail, Alta.....	3	Annand.....	15 15	Duntroon.....	9	fordwich.....	47 28
Innisfail, Alta.....	83	Perth, Kx.....	25 25	St David's.....	26 28	Centre Bruce.....	4
Bying Inlet, Ont.....	80	Annand.....	15 15	Avontons ss.....	4	Mont., Erskine.....	2 00
Rev. John McNeill.....	15 15	Dr. J. B. Fraser.....	11 65	Mr. and Mrs. H. Young.....	62 50	Woodville.....	32 60
Rev. A. C. Stewart.....	470	Rev. H. C. Sutherland.....	2	McIntyre.....	245	Rev. D. J. Ellison.....	16 50
Kennebec, St Geo.....	15	Tor. Wmster, ss.....	6 35	Maxwell.....	16 50	Bolton.....	33 10
Kennebec, Rd., Marlow.....	5	Metalfe, ss.....	50	Mont., Crescent.....	1000	Perth, Central ss.....	2
Newdale, Man.....	100	Rev. N. R. D. Sinclair.....	12	Beauharnois, St Ed.....	91 80	Perth Kx.....	11
E. Chilliwack, B. C.....	5	Richard Winfield.....	13 50	Port Perry, St J. s.....	4 50	Montreal St Gabriel's.....	196
Beverly, Ont.....	65	Canora, Man. w. h. m. s.,.....	81	Hagersville, St And.....	71 39	Montreal MacVicar.....	20
E. Clover Bar, B. C.....	3 15	Enfers, Chinese.....	1 55	Warman, Sask., St Pa.....	9	Rev. Wm. McDonald.....	15
Wallace, Man, Kx.....	350	Eramosa Ist.....	5	Uptergrove, Kx.....	9 75	Scarboro', St And.....	107 50
Strathcona, Alta.....	30	Echo Bay.....	8	Bishop's Mills, ss.....	2 55	Smith's Falls, St Pa.....	58 65
Friends of Miss.....	10	Swansea, Morings.....	50	Pictou, St And, ss.....	20	Beckwith, Kx.....	33 31
Clarluke, St Paul's.....	55 75	Brampton, ss.....	80	Rev. S. A. Carriere.....	14 35	Lancaster, St And.....	8
Salisbury.....	8 75	Calton, St And.....	4	Rev. W. M. Kay.....	15 45	Tor. St Enoch's.....	1 15
Hamilton, St John's.....	215	Vittoria, ss.....	3	Charles O. Halis.....	7 45	Est. Mrs Chs. Cameron.....	1000
Knox, Sixteen.....	35	Alberton, ss.....	200	Rylstone.....	27 25	James Patterson.....	1
Carderville, Morisn.....	4	Friend, W. Flamboro'.....	196	Rev. Dr Falconer.....	9 60	John L. Patterson.....	2
Stratford Kx.....	300	Miami, Man.....	163 30	Rev. A. M. Hamilton.....	16 30	Adam Bell.....	10
Shannonville.....	16 25	Martintown St And.....		Tor. Ont., Old St And.....	100	Tor. St James sq.....	60

HE WOULDN'T GIVE UP.

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise, spectator.

"Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she sa "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."

The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet, and answered half-indignantly, "I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

The whole philosophy of earthly discipline was in the reply. Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with"; they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.—Forward.

It is a dangerous thing to be prosperous. The crucible of adversity is a less severe trial to the Christian than the refining pot of prosperity.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE INFECTION OF CHEERFULNESS.

It is so easy to share the sunshine of life! Gladness is infectious. Have you ever noticed how a smile in a public place will run from face to face like a beam of sunshine? You may sigh or weep, and no one will join you; but if a smile brightens your face, one after another will catch it, till all your little corner of God's world is illumined.

This affinity for bright things, glad things, hopeful things, is natural to humanity. God has so made us, and he loves to see us taking life cheerfully and bravely, with smiles instead of sighs. Is there not infinitely more in life to be glad for than to be sorry for,

It is a Christian grace to be cheerful and to share one's cheerfulness with others. The smiling Christian is the true Christian. Be cheerful. Spread the infection of your gladness among all around you. God loves an innocently happy heart, and he loves to bless those who share life's sunshine by giving them more and more sunshine to share.—"Wellspring."

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Dec.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Dec. 31.
Foreign Missions..	1,455.54	28,554.78
Home Missions....	1,021.92	6,498.40
Augmentation.....	571.30	3,196.59
College.....	441.78	5,338.75
A. and I. Ministers	203.57	1,886.77
French Evangeliztn	142.30	1,187.63
Pt-aux-Trembles..	265.00	595.01
For North West..	1,193.89	2,537.24
Children's Day Col.	474.03	1,792.32
Assembly Fund...	61.02	184.62
Bursary Fund.....	7.00	878.10
Library Fund.....		373.25
Manitoba College..		10.05
Widos' & Orphans	38.02	456.30
Unallocated.....	25.00	1,381.83
Temp. Moral Reform	13.50	102.55

Total 5,913.87 54,974.29

Received during December.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Reported .. \$49,060	42	Pleasant Valley, ss....	2 30
Black River, Napan, &c.	37	Interest,	12 32
Durham	6 05	Refund	10
Chance Harbor, ss....	2	Bay of Islands	1 74
Little Sands, ".....	4 1	Cape John	5 50
Mrs. John Grahame....	3	Westville, St. Philips..	172 16
John Stirling	50	Dorchester, ss	50
Refunds	35	Rev. Jas McLean, D.D.	25
Mahone, ss	8 67	New Glasgow, & Jas	85
Antigo, ish	45 06	Bass River	47 95
R. M. Hattie	5	New Jersey, ss....	56
Interest	60 63	Blk Riv. Bridge, C. E.	10
Campbellton	233	W. I. v. Station	27 30
J. J. McLean	100	River Dennis, ss	1 30
Hartsville, ss	5 30	N. Mt. Baxters Hrbr..	11
Springfield	19 32	Rev. J. D. McGillivray	50
Mrs. A. L. McGregor..	5	Glen William, ss....	3
Clam Harbor, ss....	2	Clyde, Barton,	13
Glenelg E R, St Marys	137 20	W. Riv., Green Hill..	60
Newtown, C. E.....	15	Cross Roads, R. Hill, ss.	11 05
Hx, Chalmers	40	Interest	1 42
Up. Musqdbt	44	Greenfield	25
Harmony, ss	4 50	New Annan	60
Belle River, ss	8	Mid Stewiacke	31 50
New Glasgow United ..	525	Richmond Bay E....	43
Fredericton	102	Westvil, Carml	10
Riv. John, St. Geo.	58	"T.B."	5
North River, N. Shore	10	North River, C. B....	1
W. River, St. Marys....	62 50	Newport, ss	3 50
Marshfield, ss	6	Rexton	327
Interest	65 63	Boulardarie	50
Elmsdale, 9 mile River	53	Wentworth, Wchstr..	3
Salt Springs, St. Lu.	52	Springhill	101
Per Agent, Toronto....	449 61	Maitland	8 12
Amherst, St. Stephens	151 85	Nashawaak, ss	5
Boulardarie	69	Pictou, St. And	41
W. River, St. Marys....	9 21	River John, Salem..	104
French River, P.E.I.	1	Denmark, ss	6
New Richmond	12	Fugwash	88
Buctouche, Mill C.	13 71	Forks, Baddeck	2
Charlottetown, St. Jas.		Carleton	8 22
per "friend"	100	Bathurst	5
Interest	73 97	Truro, St. And	6
Hx, Park St	185 59	Lower Musqdbt	88
Brookfield, N. S.	123	Bedford	21 32
Escuminac	10	Sydney, St. And	16 20
Refunds	40	New Glasgow, United	65 0
Pte La Nim, ss....	2 30	" "	ss.236 0
Blue Rocks	6		
E. River, St. Marys....	115 05		
Alberton	269 34		
		Total	\$54,974 20

Total \$54,974.29

The Presbyterian Record

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Editor and Manager, E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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Inquiries are sometimes made as to why
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INDEPENDENTLY POOR.

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jessie—said it half enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house, where the furnishing and the style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretense or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintily made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasures came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

"You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich," said a discontented acquaintance one day. "I don't see how you can."

"Well, if I am not independently rich I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing," laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without shamming or pretense, lifts a burden of fret and anxiety, and leaves the spirit free.—"Wellspring."

Go, take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before, and shirking, and walking around, and on this very day lift it up and do it.—Phillips Brooks.

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A heart of greed is an evil far more to be dreaded than poverty.

A cheerful spirit is better for the health than a cut-rate drug-store.

Sarcasm is like a wasp, the principal thing about it is the sting.

No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man who offers it.

Ability never amounts to much until it acquires two more letters, making stability.

There is a time when silence is golden. Happy is he who knows just when that time has come.

Every time we do a deed of love in the name of Jesus, we take a step towards Him.

The call to religion is not to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.—Beecher.

Never depend upon your genius; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.—Ruskin.

A good capital to levy upon for success in life if found in a happy heart, a smiling face and a courteous manner.

"In this world," said Henry Ward Beecher, "it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich."

If you woo the company of angels in your waking hours, they will be sure to come to you in your sleep.—G. D. Prentice.

There is not a heart but has its moments of longing—yearning for something better, nobler, holier, than it knows now.—Beecher.

It is not what stays in our memories, but what has passed into our character that is the possession of our lives.—Phillips Brooks.

"The great difficulty with thousands in the present day is not that Christianity has been found wanting but that it has never been seriously tried."

"True He've a gift for mistakin' other folk's happiness for his'n. An a very great gift it is. It makes you independent o' your own experiences."

Many a man has been kept from a disgraceful criminal act by the very thought that somebody loved him, that somebody believed in him, that somebody trusted him.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities; it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

He who knows he is in the world for a little while, who knows and feels it, strikes for the center of living. He does the little daily things of life, but he does them for a purpose.—Phillips Brooks.

God is not merciful to one person and just to another, or merciful to the same person at one moment and just at another; but in every act of the Divine Being mercy and justice go together.

There is a great difference between the man who is sure of what he knows and the one who thinks he knows it all. The one has the beginning of knowledge. The other will never truly know anything.

Every man has his atmosphere; if light is in man he shines; if darkness he shades; if his heart glows with love he warms; if frozen with selfishness he chills; if corrupt, he poisons; if pure-hearted he cleanses.

Self-denial is the first lesson to be learned in Christ's school and poverty of spirit is entitled to the first beatitude. The foundation of all other graces is laid in humility. Those who would build high must begin low.

To-night, before you retire, when the fire is burning low, you are to sit down and count all the people who have helped you, just as a miser opens his chest and takes out his gold and lets it clink, clink, piece by piece.—Ian Maclaren.

Our daily opportunities present themselves with open door, and when we pass along looking the other way, the door is shut, and that door never opens again. Other doors of opportunity may open, but that door never.—George Hodges.

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

The place to resist temptation is at the beginning. The longer it is dallied with the stronger it becomes. It is just like the bird which stays in the vicinity of the charming serpent. To stay is to fall into its open mouth. And so longer in the neighborhood of temptation will end in falling into sin. There is safety alone in immediate flight.—Christian Observer.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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—LO-I-AM-WITH-YOU-ALWY—

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 3.

A Call of the Hour.

At this writing it is impossible to tell even approximately, what will be the state of the Funds, East or West, when accounts close for the year at the end of February. But it is certain, judging from the receipts in other years during the same period, that there will be a serious deficit in some of the leading Funds. The Foreign Mission Fund, East, and the Home and Foreign and Augmentation Funds, West, will be far behind.

One cause is that in His work for the salvation of men, the Lord has entrusted to our hands a larger part than ever before. In loyalty to Him it had to be taken up. Another cause is that during the past few weeks, when much of the work of collecting is done, the snow storms, especially in Ontario, have interfered with church work. The partial crop failure in the Northwest had also its effect.

But the one thing now is to realize that this is the Lord's work; that He gave Himself for it; that all we have and are to-day we owe to it; that He gave Himself for others as well as for us; that He has charged us as His stewards, with doing His work of bearing the message of salvation to all the world; and that here is a place where we have fallen a little behind, for work that is already done, and that it should at once be made up. In deciding the matter, it is for each one to consider, not his neighbor, not the church, but to decide alone with God his own duty, and responsibility. "Lord what wilt THOU have ME to do?" If this be done, all will be well.

The B. C. Presbyterian College.

The new Presbyterian College on the Pacific Coast, the farthest west link in the chain of fortresses reaching from Halifax to Vancouver, has emerged from the ideal to the real, from plan to definite shape, in the appointment of Rev. John

Mackay of Crescent St. Church, Montreal, as Principal. Mr. Mackay has, at no small personal sacrifice, accepted the position and begins his work early in April. It is a Summer session, in order that the students may be free for Home Mission work in the Winter when men are so hard to get.

When the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was started about forty years ago, this same congregation was called upon to give up its talented young pastor, Rev. Donald Harvey MacVicar, to undertake the task. He began his classes in the basement of the old Erskine Church. See the results to-day.

Again the congregation is called to a similar duty under similar conditions, and regretfully, as before, bids its pastor God-speed in the great work of building up, on the Pacific coast, an Institution worthy of the Church and the Cause which it is intended to serve.

Principal McKay will have the assistance during the Summer, of some of the professors from the older colleges and from Scotland.

Dr. R. P. Mackay's visit.

The visit of Dr. R. P. Mackay to the mission fields in India, China, Formosa and Korea, has been good for the mission fields and for the home church, and we trust that the good is only in its beginning.

All letters from the field tell of new life and interest in the work. Some such letters are in this issue. Who can measure the results of a new impetus, a closer grasp of Almighty power, a new faith and earnestness, over so wide a field, and projecting its influence down through the years to come. In the home field too, the influence of his message, combined with the new "laymen's movement" should be far-reaching.

At this writing, Dr. Mackay is giving the missionary lectureship in the Presbyterian college, Montreal, extending over several days.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton have completed their forty years of service in Trinidad. They led our church to that field and were the pioneers. They stand at the head of the list, for length of service, in all the missionary history of our church. Next in years afield come their co-workers, Dr. and Mrs. Grant, who have now retired after thirty-seven years of most devoted labor. Then a list, around thirty-five years, viz., our New Hebrides veterans, the Annands, Mackenzies and Robertsons, and Dr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Campbell of India.

What satisfaction in looking back over such a life, from life's evening and from the hereafter, compared with the review of a life that has been lived, no matter how successfully, for self. All cannot go to uplift the ignorant and degraded, but all can live the unselfish, Christlike life and help others upward.

Crescent St. Church, Montreal, has undertaken the support of a new station in India. Sirdarpore is an important centre lying between Dhar and the Bhil country. There is a good hospital, built by government for troops, but now unused, which will probably be turned over to the mission without cost; also a good bungalow, built for officers, to be at a nominal price. For the opportunity of reaching a large territory within our field, hitherto practically untouched, and for the generous offer that makes it practicable to overtake it, all interested are deeply thankful.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, missionary elect to Demerara, is visiting the congregations of P. E. Island. This presbytery is undertaking his support, in excess of their ordinary giving. His visits are resulting in a deepening interest. In this Presbytery was Geddies first and only charge in the home church. Here he began his work of interesting the church in foreign missions. Here were reared the Gordons of Erromanga. The Presbytery is true to its best history when it devises liberal things for the evangelization of the world.

The "Missionary Prayer Calendar" for 1908, the few that are left of them, will be sent at half price, twenty-five cents. It is nicely gotten up, with the name of one of our missionaries, as a subject for prayer, each day of the year. It is a guide to

prayer; it gives a knowledge of our work; and how encouraging to the missionaries to know they are being prayed for regularly. Address Miss E. McCully, Truro, N.S.

The sermon in this month's RECORD is by Rev. Prof. Gordon, of Scotland, who was appointed by last Assembly to the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Our readers will be glad to make his acquaintance, and especially to do so in such a pleasant, helpful way as through this sermon.

In the East there is now the Presbyterian Church of India, The Presbyterian Church of China, The Presbyterian Church of Korea; all the various Presbyterian missions from different lands, which have been working in these countries, united into one, taking name and color from its environment, making the native church feel its strength and unity and giving it fresh courage to go forward and win its own great land for Christ.

Not only so, but these churches are already negotiating with the Methodists and Congregationalists of their own countries for a still wider union of the evangelical churches, the better to accomplish their task and fulfil their destiny.

A negro, slightly undersized, turning grey, calling himself Rev. Edward Stephen, has been operating during the past Summer and Autumn in Britain and more recently in Montreal. He represented himself as a Presbyterian missionary with a large and flourishing educational and evangelistic work among the negroes in British Guiana. In Britain he got money and letters in plenty, and came armed with the latter to Montreal, where he also had some success.

It turns out that he is a thorough fraud. There never was such a worker or minister in British Guiana. His home is in Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A., where he runs a private negro school and a laundry.

It is one of the many lessons we get to do our mission work through channels that we know, and not through irresponsible collectors.

We regret to soil our pages with mention of him, but it is necessary to warn a generous public. This Ethiop cannot "change his skin" but he may change his name and "try again."

SCIENCE, EVOLUTION, RELIGION.

It is said that a man's weight in lead is required to kill him in battle, which is but another way of saying that much of the shooting is wild and wide of the mark.

Just as true is it of the discussion which goes on perennially around the above words. Much of it is wide of the mark, each side fighting its own imaginings.

By "religion" we mean the Christian religion, and the one object of mentioning the matter here, is to say "pax vobiscum" to those who are frightened by the noise. Science and true religion cannot come into conflict. Science is simply knowledge, commonly applied to knowledge of God's works. Religion is, in its highest sense, knowledge of God Himself. How can there be conflict?

The trouble is that some scientists, who perhaps know much about science and not so much about religion, dogmatize about both, and denounce the latter, because their view of it does not agree with their view of the former. On the other hand, some who perhaps know a good deal about religion and not so much with regard to science, also dogmatize on both, and denounce science, because their view of it does not agree with their view of Christianity. The old fable of the two knights fighting as to whether the shield was brass or iron until they found, when both were spent, that one side was brass, the other iron, oft finds fulfilment still.

There has been recently a fresh flurry, not a hundred miles from here, over the question of evolution, with the usual complimentary references to family genealogies.

To put the matter simply and baldly, here are two men, an advanced evolutionist and a conservative theologian, both extreme types of their respective classes. Both of them believe that at one end, at the beginning, is elementary matter; call it what you will, dust, earth, primordial germ, anything. Both of them also believe that at the other end is man, themselves. They are agreed as to the two ends.

As to how the space between the two ends was bridged, they differ. One holds that the transition was sudden; the Creator, from elementary matter, calling into

existence, with a word, this body, so wonderful in all its parts and functions, and endowing it with physical, mental and moral life. The other maintains that the road travelled from elementary matter to man was a long one; that through almost infinite ages and changes the work went on; up, up, up, from stage to stage; that through varied forms of animal life, the human animal was gradually developed, until, after countless ages, he stands forth complete, the lord of creation.

Now, if these two men are agreed as to the beginning and the end, the material and the finished work, why should they quarrel about the process? What matters it whether "an hour, a day, a thousand years," or infinite ages, separate the beginning and the completion of it, provided God be retained as the first great cause, and the author of the changes.

The scientist or theologian who believes that God, through unknown ages and countless steps, carried forward His work until it attained completion in man, in His own image, after His Own likeness, honors God just as much as the scientist or theologian who thinks that the steps from beginning to end were few and short.

So long as God is enthroned as Creator, it matters little how He did His work or how long He took to it, or what means or agencies He employed to accomplish it. These are subjects of interest to those who can study them, but they do not affect life, or duty, or worship, save as they may give us more or less exalted views of the wisdom and power and goodness of the Creator.

Even Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan when speaking recently in Montreal, weakened one or two of his excellent addresses by referring to the scientist in a manner better fitted to "catch the gallery" than to convince thinking men.

True, there are so called scientists who do not recognize God's hand in evolution, and try to shut Him out of His universe, but they are very few. All the great leaders of scientific thought acknowledge an intelligent and beneficent great first cause, and many of them recognize in this great first cause the One to whom they, in common with others of His children, love to say, "Our Father."

The Woman's Home Missionary Society will hold its fifth Annual Meeting in St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, on Wednesday and Thursday the 18th and 19th of March. This Society, besides supporting eight mission fields, sends out supplies of clothing, literature and hospital necessities to the centres in the four Western provinces, where its special responsibilities lie. With the growing work and rapidly increasing appeals for help, interest and sympathy are also growing, as is proved by the practical help rendered, by friends outside and within the circle of Home Mission Auxiliaries. The latter are steadily increasing in numbers and efficiency.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF ALBERTA.

BY REV. DR. HERDMAN, H. M.
SUPERINTENDENT.

In the early days there were not many Presbyterian ministers or missionaries in Alberta. The province went back for some years. Now, towns and cities are increasing, and there are 255,000 square miles in this country, and the population easily up to the number of square miles.

Alberta is seven hundred miles in length, but north of Edmonton there is a great dearth of people.

In 1881 Mr. Baird came to Edmonton, and Angus Robertson arrived at Calgary in 1883, and Mr. Anderson was in Medicine Hat in 1884, and myself in Calgary in 1885, and Mr. McKillop in Lethbridge in 1886. We had a student in Fort Saskatchewan and another in Macleod.

Now we have one hundred and two churches and thirty-seven manses, and about one hundred and seventy-five Sunday Schools.

Some of the schools are union schools, and there are five union churches in Alberta.

We expect to have twenty-three or twenty-four self-supporting congregations in April, and about thirty-three on the Augmentation basis. We are adding twenty or twenty-five mission fields this Spring, which means about one hundred and eighty congregations and charges in the province of Alberta.

Many of our students come forty to sixty miles from the railways, and there

are many scattered settlements, and ranches, and sod-houses.

South of Lloydminster and Vermilion, there are many districts which have good homesteads, and east of Stettler there are very many families. Around Edmonton we have extended our fields, and we hope to build many churches this Summer. In Calgary we have four ministers and a student, Mr. Clark, Mr. MacWilliams, Mr. Mahaffy, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. McKenzie.

There are so many wishes and opportunities and occasions in Alberta, but this Winter we have not done much for H. M. work.

We have seven Presbyteries, but we expect to divide Calgary Presbytery this Spring, and our H. M. Conveners and Augmentation Conveners are doing splendid work.

We hope to raise up our fields to a good status, and some of our ministers will canvass, and we expect to get \$1,000 for salary on the Augmentation basis in a year or two.

Mr. Aubrey Fullerton is a good journalist in Edmonton, and is sending to our Presbyteries a "West Land", which means a family paper and a Presbyterian church account. He is giving gifts, and the three Synods of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, have all asked him to send the paper to the three Provinces, which is almost a "British Review" and a Presbyterian Witness."

Rev. C. D. Campbell is working up a Ruthenian Training School in Edmonton, and he has many pupils, and we have some Galician missionaries East of Edmonton, and nine churches, and a manse, and twenty-six national schools, and a hospital in Vegreville.

The Galicians have good houses and barns, sometimes a room in a stable, with poles and willows and plastering and cement, with large roofs and eaves from bushes and trees. Many of them have a large oven and sometimes they sleep on it. The Galician colony has fine stock and horses, and many of the boys go to the shops and stores. One third of the Ruthenians have left the churches of their early days, and are now in co-operation with Protestantism.

OBITUARIES.

REV. ROBERT TORRANCE, D.D., died in Guelph, 31st January, ult., in the 86th year of his age. He was born in County Armagh, Ireland, in 1822. He received his education in Belfast, Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1845 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Dufermline as a missionary of the United Secession Church, to Canada. He came to Toronto in 1845 and for twelve months preached in Toronto and as pioneer missionary in Western Ontario. Accepting a call to the U. P. Church, Guelph, he was ordained and inducted, 12 November, 1846, and continued in the same pastorate for thirty-six years, until his retirement in 1882. He was clerk of the Guelph Presbytery for nearly forty years, from 1869 until his death. He was Convener of the Assembly's Committee on the distribution of probationers for nearly the same length of time, and Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Statistics for thirty-three years, from 1873 until 1906. In 1898 he was Moderator of the General Assembly.

REV. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of Merigonish, N.S., died suddenly at Noel, on Sabbath, 16 February, ult., aged fifty-three years. He was born in 1855 at McLellan's Brook, Pictou Co., N.S. He studied in Dalhousie University and in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. During his student years he taught for over a year, 1880-81, in Trinidad, in connection with our mission. On graduating he was called to Noel, N.S., where he was inducted, 31 May, 1887. After five years he was called in 1892 to Merigomish, where he has since labored. On the week preceding his death, he went to Noel, to attend the funeral of an aged lady, and remained to preach on Sabbath. At the evening service, he stopped in the midst of his sermon, asked to be excused as he was not feeling well, and sat down. Friends hurried to him. He said he had never felt as he did then. He became unconscious and soon passed away, in the pulpit, where he had begun his ministry more than twenty years before.

As a youth he was a member of the writer's congregation, and were it not that

these notices are restricted to a simple statement of facts, we would like to pay tribute to his lovable character and devoted work.

REV. JAMES STUART, D.D., died at Prescott on the 30th of January, ult., aged sixty-six years. He was born at Kirkwall, Ont., in 1842. He was educated in the public school of his native place, in the Galt Grammar School, and in Knox College, Toronto, graduating in 1871. On his licensure he was called to Pakenham, where he labored eight years, and from thence to Prescott in 1880, where he was pastor for twenty-eight years until his death. He was honored by his Alma Mater, with the degree D.D. in 1898.

REV. RODERICK McLEAN, minister at Hampden, Que. died there on the 27th day of January, ult., aged fifty-six years. He was born in Scotland, and studied in Edinburgh. He came out to P. E. Island as a probationer, in 1885, and was called to Valleyfield, P.E.I., where he was ordained and inducted, and labored for twenty-one years. In May, 1906, he accepted a call to Hampden, Que., but in little more than a year later his work was done, and he entered into rest.

MY KINGDOM.

BY LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

The world is but a vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.

ARRIVAL IN FORMOSA.

LETTER FROM REV. DUNCAN MCLEOD.

Tamsui, Formosa.
27 December, 1907.

Dear Mr. Armstrong,—

A few words from "Far Formosa." We are here a month to-day, and have been real well in health since our arrival. A very warm welcome awaited us from our missionaries. We are quite at home with them. We are glad that God turned our faces eastward to Formosa.

It is hard to bear the long silence, before being able to speak to the people, especially when one has two good languages (Gaelic and English) for mother tongues. Nevertheless, the joy of expectancy bears us buoyantly along as we think of the days when our tongues will be once more at liberty. I believe it is a great matter to put one's soul and life into the thorough study of the language.

We are getting very much attached to the Chinese. In fact everywhere they draw unconsciously on one's sympathies.

I met a Japanese soldier in our prayer meeting this evening. He wanted a Chinese New Testament. He had an English New Testament in his hand, and inquired about the services very sympathetically indeed. How one craves for words in Chinese or Japanese to express one's thoughts.

We are glad and profoundly thankful that St. Paul's, Brandon, has, according to the Presbyterian, undertaken our support. A new relation has been already begotten between us and the people we left behind us in Brandon. A real connection exists.

Dr. Ferguson, has his hands full. There were over sixty patients at the Dispensary yesterday.

We have had lovely weather since our arrival, a few rainy days, but not half so bad as the heavy mists of old Scotia, and considerably warmer. Everything green and healthful except the poor souls that move about in (many of them) rotten bodies. Such sights at the Dispensary.

The scenery of Formosa is well described by others. The town of Tamsui, filthy though it be, is situated in a most beautiful spot. But beauty is nothing to the multitudes who live a mere existence in narrow streets and lanes, outwardly not a

great deal above the creatures that are their life companions.

What a goal to work for, the winning of Formosa to a life of pure morals and a hope for the world to come. The Cross can do it; so we will preach the message of the Cross as the years roll on.

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.

BY DR. J. F. FERGUSON.

A regrettable yet amusing incident let me mention:—

One of the native Christians went into the heathen temple at the market place to see a friend who was inspecting children that had been vaccinated there.

While his friend was busy, he wandered around the building. Going up to the large idol he placed his hand on its nose and was surprised to find the nose drop off in his hand. He hurriedly stuck it on again with saliva.

A few of the bystanders, principally children, were angered by this insult offered to their God, and immediately reported it to the loafers of the market place who were anxious for some excitement. A mob of some forty or fifty were gathered and led to his house to seize him and beat him. Fortunately for the native Christian, when the mob reached his house he was in my dispensary. A messenger was sent to tell him to hide on the mission property until the matter should be settled.

A meeting of the head men and two or three of the Christians was called. Some of the bitter opponents of Christianity demanded that he should be compelled to bow down and worship the idol for four hours. The chief man of the temple, however, is friendly to the Christians. I have been in his house on several occasions to treat his child—and he influenced them to accept a fine of three dollars to buy a new flag for heathen processions.

There is a superstition that if an idol's nose falls off there will be an increased number of deaths in the town, hence the great excitement.

We have taken two or three good families from the temple this year, which has caused considerable indignation among the heathen. Plague too was raging in the town and people were very careful not to offend their gods of wood and stone lest they be smitten.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. W. A. WILSON.

Dear Record,—

The fourth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India met in Calcutta in the interval between Christmas and New Year's. It was an imposing sight to see assembled there the representatives from nearly every Presbyterian Mission in India, foreigners from Great Britain, America and Canada, and Indians from all the great Provinces of their land, gathered from all castes and of divers mother-tongues, all united in one body, representing the Presbyterian Church in India, cherishing a common faith in the one Redeemer.

At the hour appointed, the moderator, a native pastor from Bombay, robed in gown and bands, conducted Divine service, giving an excellent sermon, in the course of which he took occasion to voice the aspirations of the Indian Christians for a united, self-governing church.

The new moderator chosen was Sir Alexander Fraser, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, the honored son of a missionary. He is an elder of the native church, and a good moderator he made. His legal training, his knowledge of affairs, his skill in guiding counsels, his power of clear, concise speech, his great sympathy with the native Church, and his earnest piety and devotion to Christ's work, all made for efficiency and dispatch in conducting the business of the Assembly.

The opinion was unanimous that in this case the elder Moderator was a great success.

At the close of the service, after a few preliminary matters preparing for the business of the Assembly were disposed of, the Lord's Supper was observed, at which Dr. Wherry of Ludhiana presided. It was good to be there and to join in a gathering of so many tribes and tongues and peoples and nations, to commemorate the shedding of that Blood by which they were purchased unto God.

Next day the regular work of the Assembly was entered upon. Reports from its various Committees were read and discussed, overtures were considered and such business done as falls to General Assem-

blies the world over. One could have wished to see more of the Indian members take part, but the majority had never been in a General Assembly before and were naturally diffident. Some however, showed that with experience the Indians will be able to grapple earnestly with the problems of a self-governing church.

Among the matters of more general interest dealt with was the question of union amongst the Evangelical Churches in India. At the previous Assembly, a committee of twenty Indians and two Europeans had been appointed to correspond with other churches and missions on the question of a wider union.

The report of the committee showed that the action of the Assembly in proposing efforts for the consolidation of the Christian forces in India met with much approval in several of the larger branches of the church, notably, the Methodist, the Baptist and the Congregational.

During the year the question has been discussed in magazines, newspapers, and in Church Conferences and Councils, with a due appreciation of the difficulties and of the possibilities of the situation, and in a tone that gives much encouragement to those who are longing and labouring for union.

The poverty of the Indian Church and the vast area of the country, presented such difficulties to a meeting of a large representative joint-committee of the various churches willing to negotiate, that in the meantime this has not been found practicable.

The Assembly in continuing its committee to pursue the object, authorized it to appoint a small sub-committee, as a more feasible plan, through which the Assembly might get into touch with other churches. The following are the conclusions of the committee, based on the information and opinions elicited from various churches and societies.

(1) There is among Indian Christians generally a very strong desire for the formation of a united Indian Church.

(2) With this desire there is wide and warm sympathy among many representatives of the Home Churches.

(3) Difficulties relating to Creed, Administration, Polity and General Organiza-

tion may in time be solved by the various branches of the church seizing every opportunity for fellowship in worship and co-operation in work, and further, making efforts to create such opportunities.

(4) In the meantime owing to geographical and linguistic obstacles to an all-India United Church, it is desirable that where local unions are feasible, these be formed on such lines as will permit their standing in a federal relation to each other, thus facilitating their merging into a more widely embracing union.

The Assembly's Committee was empowered to meet with similar committees of other churches, for the purpose of drawing up a statement of fundamental doctrines, and basal principles of polity, to be submitted to the Assembly and to other churches willing to negotiate towards union, as a basis of a federal union, or of such a union as will permit the missions, with their foreign members, to retain their connection where desired, with their home churches, and to carry on their work and to follow the modes of worship to which they are attached, and at the same time permit the Indian Christians to join in an organization that would tend to give expression to a common spiritual life, to afford opportunities for mutual counsel and fellowship, and to develop a spirit of self-government and independence through its being in harmony with the genius, character and social conditions of the Indian people.

In the meantime, it will greatly facilitate the cause of union if churches of different denominations, in cities and districts where it is possible, that recognize the evangelical character of each other's creed and the validity of each other's ministry, would give expression to the spiritual unity that now exists, by their ministers frequently exchanging pulpits, their members meeting for the joint observance of the Lord's Supper in each other's churches from time to time, and by local conferences for the promotion of a richer spiritual life.

As we cannot move faster than the general sentiment will allow, it may be that federal union will have to be the first step. This will be a disappointment to many of the Indian Christians, but we have to take things as we find them and work to better things.

The union in South India between the churches of the South India Synod and the Congregationalist churches, will no doubt, help to prepare the way for similar unions in different parts of the country, which will be determined by linguistic and geographical considerations.

The South India Synod, at the time of the union of the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in one General Assembly, four years ago, asked permission to continue negotiations with the Congregationalists, as the negotiations for union with them were in progress and even far advanced.

The Assembly expressed its approval of these efforts, and so when at this Assembly that Synod intimated that these were now completed, and requested permission to consummate the union there was only one course open.

It was a regret to many that it seemed necessary, owing to technical difficulties, perhaps, that the South India Synod should separate from the Assembly, even though it should be only for a time, and in the interests of a wider union eventually. However it was resolved to grant the desired request to transfer the Synod when the union is consummated, to bid the brethren God-speed, and to assure them that the Assembly is ready to enter into federal union with the United Church, and will welcome its delegates at its next meeting.

Messrs. Wilson and Steele were appointed a deputation to visit the United Church at its first meeting in General Assembly which it is expected will be early in July.

Negotiations for a similar union between the Synod of the Central Provinces and Bombay, with the Congregational bodies within its bounds are in progress.

It thus looks as if it will be by means of local unions first that the ideal of a united Church for all India will be realized.

The next Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will meet in Ludhiana in December 1909, in the church whence first issued more than forty years ago, the appeal to Christendom for a week of prayer at the beginning of each new year.

His Highness, the Raja of Dhar, India, in reply to addresses from various bodies and dignitaries in the State, presented to him on the occasion of his accession to power as successor to his late honored father, the Maharajah, Sir Anand Rao Powar, among other things said:—"I take this opportunity to thank you Miss O'Hara, and the Canadian Mission for the good works of charity you are all doing in my State, and I shall always be glad to help you as my illustrious father has done." Dr. R. P. Mackay, when in India, met the new ruler and formed a very high estimate of him. Our F. M. Committee, W. D., has sent him a message of congratulation and good wishes.

**LETTER FROM REV. MURDOCK
MACKENZIE, D.D.**

Chang te fu, Honan,
28 November, 1907.

Dear Mr. Bruce,—

"You will have heard long ago the series of trying experiences from illness in the mission families, through which not a few of our number have been passing this year. Not since 1894 have we, as a mission, passed through similar scenes to those of this year. May we be wise to profit by God's teaching in the school of affliction.

Dr. R. P. Mackay came in September. I had him for eleven days in my section. In that time we visited seven districts. He spoke twenty-three times. His addresses were wonderfully helpful. The Chinese were simply charmed with him. They listened with the greatest interest, took in most of what he said and at once gave him a place in their hearts. We were all sorry when the tour was over, and he had to go and spend the same length of time with Mr. Goforth. His visit will be long cherished as one of God's great gifts to us.

When through with Mr. Goforth he went south, and Mr. Mitchell took him over a good part of some sections of his field. Then he went on to Huai Ching and was guided by the brethren there over their wide domain, coming back to Wei Hui for Conference.

The Chinese desired that the Conference should be held late in the Autumn, on account of the unusually late season and poor harvest.

The Wei Hui brethren erected a large

mat tent, capable of seating between four and five hundred. There were between three and four hundred in attendance. All sections of the field were represented.

We had, each day, a Canadian and a Chinese chairman. Mr. Slimmon led the singing, and acted as official interpreter for Dr. Mackay. The latter spoke on "The Holy Spirit;" "Lessons from our Mission fields," and preached on Sabbath morning. We had a number of excellent addresses, both from Canadians and Chinese. We were greatly delighted with our Chinese brethren and the part they took in the meetings.

Following the Chinese meetings we had a three days' conference with Dr. Mackay. Monday afternoon was given to business and prayer, Monday evening to prayer and praise, the whole day Tuesday to prayer, confession, humiliation, testimony and resolution.

It was one of the most memorable days I have spent in Honan. If God was ever in our midst, searching all hearts, it was then. We found it good to be there. The memory of that day will remain through life with some of us. It should make us all the better for life's duties. We cannot express in words what we owe to Dr. Mackay, and he left us all with a place in our hearts from which it would be hard to remove him.

We are meeting every evening this week at Changte, prior to the communion next Lord's Day. If a fuller blessing does not come soon we will wait until it does. God wills to bless us and we require to wait in penitence, confession, faith and surrender at His throne. I leave for a tour of the eastern part of the field next week.

The crops have been almost an entire failure, and that is affecting work in all lines. The roads are infested with robbers and men and women hesitate about moving away from their villages, unless imperatively called on to do so. Some are suffering from lack of life's necessities this year.

Mrs. Chang, the Bible woman, died just on the eve of the Conference, and is greatly missed. One after another of our Chinese workers is called away this year. Others will soon take their places, and the work of the Lord is bound to go forward for He ever lives.

Our Korean Mission



In studying this map, note,—

1. The outline of Korea.
2. The surrounding water—Sea of Japan, Korea Strait, Yellow sea.
3. Outline of part of Japan on S. E. corner.
4. Our three main stations—Song Chin, Ham Heung, Wonsan.

5. Some other mission centres, not our own, but of interest to us, Sorai, Pyeng Yang, Seoul, (the Capital).

6. Some historic places of the Japo-Russian war—Port Arthur, Wei Hai Wei, Chefoo, Liao-yang, Mukden, Yalu River, Chemulpo, Fusan, Vladivostok.

COUNCIL MEETINGS IN KOREA.

BY REV. A. F. ROBB.

The General Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea.

Held its third Annual Meeting this last year in Seoul, and was largely attended.

The Committee on Harmonization of Doctrine reported that they had found no difficulty in harmonizing the doctrines of the churches represented in the council, as the work had been already done for them by the Union Committee of the Canadian Churches, and they presented to the council, as a report of progress, the statement of doctrine prepared by the Canadian Committee.

The Committee on Harmonization of Polity reported encouraging progress.

Several missions have already entered into agreement as to division of territory and the Council hopes to soon complete the division in such a way as to work the whole field to the best advantage and hasten the full evangelization of Korea.

The Council of Presbyterian Missions.

Met in Pyeng Yang and was marked by a spirit of earnest prayer and humble dependence on God as we faced the consummation of years of planning and working in the organization of one Presbyterian Church of Korea.

Presbytery of Korea

Was duly organized on September fifteenth, with forty-nine ministers and fifty-four elders. The feature of the Presbytery was the ordination to the ministry of seven Korean brethren who have completed the five years' course of study in the Theological Classes in Pyeng Yang. These are the first Korean Presbyterian pastors.

In the ordination I laid my hand on the head of the man whose Macedonian cry to our Canadian Church brought me to Korea. This was So Kung Jo, the elder at Soria, in whose home our pioneer, McKenzie, lived and died.

Another is one who was converted in Wonsan and labored as a helper in the early days of the church there.

FACING A CRISIS IN KOREA.

BY ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Now is the time to evangelize Korea. The country has been shaken to the roots by the political changes. The people have been aroused out of the lethargy of ages, and now is the time to reach them with the Gospel. With Japan in power the prospects are that the people will soon be materialized if they are not Christianized. When this takes place there will be deaf ears and hardened hearts instead of the present willingness to listen and respond.

The Presbyterian Church in Korea reports this year an increase in members and adherents of nearly thirteen thousand. The Methodist Churches report similar increases.

Other Foreign Mission Boards are recognizing the need and opportunity and making an effort to meet it. The U. S. Southern Presbyterian Church sent out this year twelve new workers; the Southern Methodist Church sent eleven. A prominent elder from the U. S. After inspecting conditions here, urged the Northern Presbyterian Mission in its Annual Meeting, to ask for forty new workers to be sent out in the next two years.

The missions in Korea are recognizing the crisis and in order to prevent waste of energy from overlapping work and to most speedily evangelize the whole country, are, through the General Evangelical Council, blocking out the territory for the various missions.

The other missions call to our church to quickly and fully man the territory assigned to us and speedily evangelize the needy north.

The evangelization of Korea is in sight. If our church and the other churches do their part Korea may become the first fully evangelized country in Asia and aid in the evangelization of the Orient.

We need at once two ordained men, two lady workers and a doctor. We repeat Dr. R. P. McKay's recent appeal on behalf of Korea: "Can the Eastern Church not send several live men. Be sure they are live men. The Eastern Church never had such an opening."

"Can you not measure up to this—the opportunity of your history as a mission Church."

GENERAL NOTES ON KOREA.

In this issue is given a review of the work in Korea for the past year.

An outline map is also given showing our three main stations, Wonsan, Ham Heung and Song Chin.

Our field, speaking generally, lies up and down the east coast of Korea, between the dotted line on the map and the sea. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has the Western part of Korea.

There are many outstations in our field besides those marked.

A study of the map shows, Port Arthur, taken by Japan from Russia; Seoul, the Capital of Korea; Chempo, the port of Seoul; Pyeng Yang, where the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has a college for training a native ministry; Sorai, where our own Mackenzie lived and died; the Yalu river, famous in the history of the late war; Mukden, the Capital of Manchuria; the railway from Fusan to Mukden, built by the Japanese for war purposes; Vladivostock, a Russian stronghold; the Straits of Korea, where Russia's fleet was destroyed.

"Foremost among all the signs of the times we deem the present situation in Korea," are the opening words of the February issue of "The Missionary Review of the World." In that situation our church has a very practical interest. A study of the sketch map, and of the review of the work in our three main stations, will give an intelligent idea of our state in that country.

The "Missionary Review" continues—Here is a nation that up to 1882 was one of the Hermit peoples. It was death to a foreigner to land there, or to a native to harbor one. Twenty year ago seven converts secretly gathered around the Lord's table. This year there are 15,700, in 139 churches of the Presbyterian denomination alone, representing nearly 60,000 adherents.

"And taking all Protestant denominations together, there are about 120,000 Christians among these thirteen millions, and, if there were enough missionaries to guide this infant church, Korea might be evangelized with incredible rapidity, for all things are now ready—except the Church at home."

SONG CHIN STATION FOR 1907.

Missionaries	Appointed.
Rev. Robert Grierson, M.D.,	1898
Mrs. Robert Grierson	1898
Miss Catherine Mair, B.A.	1905
Rev. A. R. Ross, B.A., B.D.	1907

In presenting the seventh Annual Report of the Song Chin Station after six and a half years of labor, we desire first of all to praise God for glorifying His name by His own power in this pioneer field. In spite of many hindrances, the war and other causes operating in 1904, and the very small force of workers, God has raised up to Himself a church in the Northeast of Korea numbering seventy-four adult communicants, with ninety-three catechumen probationers, a total Christian community of over five hundred, who have already erected six church buildings, and last year contributed for all purposes the sum of \$420.00.

The Song Chin field is territorially by far the largest in our mission. Of the thirty counties comprising the whole mission territory, Song Chin is responsible for sixteen besides the ever-increasing population in the new Korean territory across the Tuman, and the emigrants to Russian soil.

In past times when there were only a few scattered Christians here and there, it was quite proper for the Song Chin staff to nominally supervise this vast territory; but now that there are established churches in nine counties and urgent calls from many of the others for evangelization, the situation is changed, and either a strong reinforcement of Song Chin, or a redistribution of the fields, is imperative. At present the field comprizes all the Northwest of Korea, north of and including Puk Chung, Kapsan and Sam Su.

The return of Dr. Grierson and family from furlough in November 1906, permitted the reopening of the station closed during their absence. That they might not be entirely alone, the Mission sent Miss Mair to work with them for several months, and appointed the new missionary, Rev. A. R. Ross, to join the station on his arrival.

His coming in May to raise Song Chin from a one man station was a welcome

event, even though it meant the lamented withdrawal of Miss Mair and the reversal to a "one woman" station. Up to the present time Mrs. Grierson has faced the women's work alone, and striven as best she could to teach the women believers; but now the task has grown beyond her power, and the Song Chin station, in view of the large groups of women needing instruction, issues its call for more lady workers.

Miss Mair helped in our station for five and a half months, teaching a weekly class of women, a class of boys in Sunday School, helped in the day school, and took one itinerating trip with Mrs. Grierson. Mr. Ross, while mainly engaged in language study has been of great service in presiding over the church in the pastor's absence, and by addresses through his interpreter.

General Evangelistic Work.

The growth of the work in the mountain interior, and the inception of work in the farther north are the outstanding features of last year's work. The growth in Sam Su county with the building of two new churches in adjoining towns there, led Dr. and Mrs. Grierson with their family to undertake the journey through the mountains to open the buildings and hold a week's study class with the Christians.

The attendance at the closing Sunday morning service was over two hundred, and God's blessing was manifested in abundant measure. The people here are nearly all from Pyeng An Province, having moved up in troublous war times, and they have the energy, open mindedness and generosity that so distinguishes Pyeng An people. This group is one hundred and twenty miles from Song Chin, and on the round trip the missionary party had to travel three hundred miles of very mountainous country.

It was here that one of the Christians, preaching in the market square, reminded his hearers that all the cows in the market nowadays are brought over from Pyeng An Province, where Christians are very numerous—because by ceasing to sacrifice cows to the evil spirits, the Pyeng An people had plenty to export. He also warned them of the terrible danger to Ham

Kyung province from the rise of Christianity in other parts, and the colder reception given it here. "Why", he said, raising his voice to make it carry to the outer edge of the assembled crowd, "the devils driven by Christianity out of the other twelve provinces are all collecting up here in this wicked district, and a nice time they will give you if you don't look out."

The inception of work in the farther north, including the northern capital Kyung Sung, is very gratifying. The missionaries have been unable to visit it and the work so far has been developed only by colporteurs and helpers; but latest reports make it imperative for a missionary to follow the opening at an early date. "Who will go for us?"

Indeed, from all sides come calls to the missionary that he cannot at all heed. Twice have messengers come from north of the Tuman, in Manchurian territory, from Korean communities that desire instruction in the Gospel. North of Song Chin there are now a score of places where Christians are reported whom the missionary has not yet seen, and all this the growth of the present year. Thus the truth spreads in advance of the missionary.

Scarcely second to these encouraging features in the extremities of the field is the increasing interest of the Song Chin local population in the church. This year, for the first time, numbers of the local gentry of Song Chin who have held off very far from us began to attend church.

The rapid growth of Song Chin, both as a Japanese port and as a Korean county seat, has been very gratifying. Including the suburbs there are now over six hundred Korean houses within easy distance of our church, a local constituency of four thousand people, and rapidly growing. In a suburb five miles distant, from which a single believer faithfully trudged to the central church for years, a little group has now arisen which meets locally for worship.

Near at hand to Song Chin, i.e., thirty miles away to the south, across a mountain range two thousand feet high, we have an encouraging work in the city of Tan Chun. Here are about a hundred believers who are zealously serving the Lord.

Imperfect but Zealous Christians.

They are imperfect Christians in many ways, in motive and in knowledge. For example, one man who first heard the Gospel from our Bible woman Dorcas, said that he would not really decide to believe until he had met the missionary, because he did not want it said that he had been converted by a woman. He wanted, he said, to be a convert of the missionary himself.

Another new believer, with a fierce, mistaken zeal, turned out of doors his mother and wife, because they would not believe with him. When they returned repentant, saying, "Yes, of course, we will have to believe;" he said, "well, do you know what that includes? It means that you have got to learn to read the Bible; now sit right down here with me and begin to learn the alphabet." It is said that the education thus rudely begun has borne fruit, and that they are now earnest believers.

This young man, himself a humble shop keeper, contributed two hundred nyang (the highest subscription) toward the new church they are building, and he originally made it five hundred, which the other members forced him to reduce because he could not afford it.

We went over there to see the building operations, and going about noon to view the grading of the site, found this young man alone, with a pick-axe in hand, digging at the rock-bank which was being levelled for the church. He was oblivious to all his surroundings, and every time he raised his pick he jumped a foot in the air, and brought down his whole weight upon the tool. His home, money, time, and strength are all for Jesus.

Colportage.

The rough, hard pioneer work in our field has been done by the four colporteurs of the Bible Society who have been carrying the Scriptures to the hamlets, towns and cities of our province. We have had sales exceeding anything ever seen before, and as these will not return void we look for increasing prosperity in evangelistic work. There are also two very earnest Bible women, one of whom (Monica, we call her) is supported by a single Christian in Wonsan.

Educational and Medical Work.

Alas, at this time when Korea is calling aloud for education and building school houses in every community, our only educational institution is one primary school of some twenty boys in the central station. This school is of too low a grade to educate the big boys and young men who have grown up in our church, and we have had the pain of seeing these leave our low grade church school to study in heathen schools that have instructors more or less versed in "the new learning."

Worst of all, we have not in our whole mission an institution equipped for the training of the numerous school teachers that are now needed, and our young men are compelled to go to Seoul or Pyeng Yang to get training. Four splendid young men from Song Chin field are now studying in these centres, but our mission must at an early date inaugurate educational work nearer home if we are to have an educated ministry and an intelligent Christian community.

Dr. Grierson, while attending to the evangelistic work of the whole field, itinerated in it and in other mission appointments one hundred and five days out of the eleven months of mission year; he has also treated some three hundred patients from his own home, and has now fitted up a new dispensary in the Korean town, where with a Korean assistant, he hopes to do in addition to full ministerial work a wide medical and surgical work.

Prospects and Immediate Needs.

There are signs of abundance of rain in Northern Ham Kyung Do. As never before the people are opening their hearts to the Gospel. We need, therefore, a greatly increased staff, especially as the only senior missionary being in medical work, cannot do full justice to the evangelistic work, and we request an immediate reinforcement of a married missionary and a single lady worker. In view of the fact that our station has been reinforced by Mr. Ross, and in view of these other anticipated additions, we make request for a new missionary residence.

HAM HEUNG STATION FOR 1907.**City Work.**

Missionaries	Arrived in Korea.
Rev. D. M. McRae	1898
Mrs. D. M. McRae	1900
Miss Louise H. McCully	1900
Miss Catherine F. Mair	1905
Rev. L. L. Young	1906

Statistics of Ham Heung Station.**Ham Heung City Church:**

Communicants on roll.. . . .	126
Catechumens on roll	94
Catechumens rec'd. during year... .	27
Baptized during the year.. . . .	14
Contributions(gold)	\$451.86

Outstations.

Communicants on roll.. . . .	253
Catechumens on roll.. . . .	284
Catechumens rec'd. during year .. .	145
Baptized during the year.. . . .	108
Contributions.. . . .(gold)	\$583.12

Another year in this the land of our adoption. As we look back our hearts are filled with gratitude to Him who has thus far led us so gently.

A privilege appreciated in proportion to the isolation of our station, where a foreigner is almost never seen, was the visit of Rev. R. P. McKay, D.D., of Canada, and Rev. J. Goforth, of Honan, China. Their stay among us, while all too short, will long remain in the memory of both missionaries and Koreans.

Among the latter a new interest has been awakened in Canadian and Chinese churches and the fact of world-wide Christian brotherhood realized as never before. It was a rare privilege, indeed, to have even a few days of fellowship with one who, like Dr. McKay, has a wide knowledge of missions, and is, therefore, able not only to give intelligent advice on the field, but to throw a flood of light on all missionary problems, when he shall have returned to the homeland.

We have missed the companionship of Mr. W. W. Taylor, late of the Manchu Syndicate, who left Ham Heung early in the Spring for Pyeng An. During his stay in Ham Heung he gave many and substantial proofs of his interest and sympathy in our work, and our thanks are due him for kindnesses innumerable.

The city work has seen its ups and downs this year, the billeting of Japanese soldiers on the native houses caused many to leave the city, and among those were a number who had attended our church.

There have been other troubles. One day the boys' school teacher came to the moksa (pastor) with the confession that he had fallen into sin and wanted advice on the matter. The unfortunate man had to give up the school and along with another have his name removed from the church roll. This was a severe trial in our work.

We have too, our encouragements. Out from the city church there goes a number of workers on Sabbath morning to the villages on the great Ham Heung plain. In five of them a foothold has been gained, and a nucleus of work begun.

While we are attending our Annual Meeting some of our leaders have taken the advanced school boys out to teach in the schools in the outstations while they hold Bible classes for the adults in these churches. The men engage in various branches of active church work, and so every one is taking a part, everyone is made to feel his and her share of the responsibility.

Although we have not been allowed to visit the jail, we have still been able to keep somewhat in touch with them. Letters of cheer from the prisoners, accompanied by little offerings made from straw shoes which they sell on the street when out at work in the chain gang, have come to us with the request that we remember them in prayer.

Ham Heung City Class.

This year the city class was well attended by the country groups, one group of over thirty coming in a body with their pots and little sacks of rice. A house on the mission compound was provided for them and faithful was the study done by the Cheng Pyeng men and boys.

Dr. Grierson and Mr. Robb assisted at this class.

At its close about four hundred days of preaching was volunteered by both men and women, some a week, others two weeks, and others for longer periods. Not content with their sending out an evan-

gelist, they must go out themselves to do personal work in villages and towns.

Election of Elders.

This year steps were taken for the election of two elders, Cha Eul Kyung and Kim Chang Bo were chosen by the city church, but on the eve of their ordination Cha Eul Kyung "crossed the bar." The other, a man fifty-six years of age has had considerable experience in Christian work; he is an earnest student of the Word of God, and has the respect of the church.

Choir.

A new and interesting improvement in our church services has been the choir of boys from the advanced school trained to lead the singing each Sabbath.

City Sunday School.

The Sunday morning gathering of men and boys is first of all converted into a Sunday School. The men are divided into three or four groups in the church building while the boys, big and small, adjourn to the day school room on the same compound. Mr. McRae is assisted by the native deacons, and some of the more advanced Christians, as he teaches the men, while Miss McCully has as her staff for the boys our personal teachers, Sok and Cho, with three of the more advanced school boys.

These latter vie with each other in trying to get the little fellows to recite perfectly the title and golden text of the lesson and succeed to a praiseworthy extent. The lessons in the monthly periodical have been followed with much profit. The women have been taught in the afternoon, the Bible women, Mary and Hannah, being the missionaries' assistants. We have not as yet a very well organized school, but the women who can read have been following the prescribed lessons.

The teachers' meeting held each Saturday afternoon has enabled us all to prepare for the work of teaching.

Women's Work.

The Sunday afternoon gathering, Tuesday evening and Thursday afternoon classes, are the regular services for women only, held during the year. The Sunday

meetings have been somewhat varied both as to plan of work and numbers, but a very late enrolling gives us at present ninety-five women in attendance with thirty-five girls and our plan is first teaching and then an address.

Tuesday evening the more advanced women gather with Miss McCully for study in the life of Christ, and on Thursday afternoon women and girls meet together in the church to recite Catechism and Bible verses learned at home and to study a Bible lesson together. When the missionaries were not able to attend, Mary and Hannah carried on both of these week day classes.

We have lately appointed among our women "leaders of tens" whose duty is to help in the oversight of the women, especially in regard to the attendance which, during the year, has been rather fitful.

The zeal with which these nine "sip u chong" have entered upon their work has been both amusing and inspiring. The first Sunday that they were to perform their task of calling the roll we were entertained to find them all lined up when we went into the church and under the energetic direction of Mary having a recital of their work. It was suggested that a more orderly way would be to open our service and secure quiet, to which they at once acquiesced and then they got their first lesson.

The fact that they had already become acquainted with their lists and could account for absent ones was certainly an evidence that they had begun well. This makes us hopeful that among our women we may soon have other helpers beside the Bible women who are already valuable assistants.

The class for Bible women held in Wonsan in May was attended by our women Mary, Hannah and Martha, and by the wife of Teacher Kim. The spiritual blessing the women received at this class has, we feel, made a difference in the work they have since done, and we rejoice in these humble instruments God can use for His glory. The need of teaching them presses upon us as a very important part of our work, for we believe that through them the heathen women of Korea must be reached.

Book Room.

In a little room on a main street of the city, a street thronged with thousands of people on market day, there can be seen a tall, slender Korean busily hammering away at his silver trade, while round him gather his countrymen listening intently to some wonderful story.

With his long arm the silversmith reaches for some books from the shelves and urges his hearers to buy and read for themselves this Gospel of God's love. He has hammered and talked all day and as night comes on, round the same room may be seen policemen listening to every word that falls from the lips of the silversmith on the open ears of a group of young men enquiring the way of salvation.

The police are cautious, yet eager to seize the preacher and imprison him on some false charge as they did last year. But night after night 'tis the message of God, night after night 'tis the study of the Divine Word.

On Sabbath mornings these same young men may be seen wending their way to the church. In the Sabbath School they show that the Ten Commandments, the Shorter Catechism and the Word have been studied in the crowded little bookroom.

This room has been established during the past year by the silversmith, Yi Chu Han, and one of the missionaries.

Church Building.

As mentioned in our last year's report, our church building is too small. Efforts to procure a larger one are proceeding slowly but surely. In December we were able to secure some two hundred and fifty large logs which had been cut in the city park and were offered for sale.

To have had these removed by coolies would have added very considerably to the cost, so the church people decided to do the work themselves. For eight days, in a body, yangban (aristocrat) and coolie, old and young, with their moksas (pastors) and our friend, Mr. Taylor, vied with each other, as in long rows they tugged away merrily at the huge logs.

One end of these was put upon a cart, the only available conveyance to be had, while the other trailed upon the ground, some fifty men and boys being necessary to handle one log.

Though the work was hard and many of the men unused to labor of so severe a kind, none murmured, for the "people had a mind to work." When the last log was rolled to its place all joined heartily in the Doxology and then with bowed heads offered up a fervent prayer that the work so well begun might ever be attended by the Father's blessing.

At present the logs remain carefully piled up awaiting the procuring of a suitable site and the collecting of a sufficiently large sum of money to warrant the completion of the building.

Country Work.

The country work this year has made fair progress, with the exception of Chin Heung where the church has been seriously retarded on account of some of the men falling into sin.

In Moonchun the little church became too small, a larger building has been bought and a neat place of worship is in course of construction.

The Massan group has just provided itself with a small church. Namchikyung has done likewise, Orichun has followed in their steps. Not only have the groups developed along this line, but their support of an evangelist and a Biblewoman shows a movement in a forward direction.

Country Classes.

Class work is one of our very important branches of work and up to the present we have never been able to meet the demand made upon us.

This year eight classes for Bible study were held in the outstations. The people gather in from mountains, glens, and plains to attend. Keen is the interest manifested by all from the grown up men to the big boys and little lads.

These classes are graded, one for leaders, one for baptized and one for catechumens and new believers where we have them up to fifty years of age learning to read "ah, yah," the alphabet. In the evening evangelistic meetings are held where all are given an opportunity to speak.

The eagerness with which they study, the marked progress in things spiritual, the grasp of essential truths, gives a joy and stimulus to the worker.

The intense craving for Bible study, the

earnest pleading to stay just a little while longer to feed their hungering souls, their eager offers to entertain us and our Koreans if we will but tarry with them, is enough to make the coldest heart yearn to help them.

The stress of work makes the worker pass on to others who are in like condition. More time, more laborers should be provided for this line of educational work. "I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat, thirsty and ye gave Me no drink, naked and ye clothed Me not."

One good result of these classes has been the uniting of several of the groups to support Chen Kay Un as an evangelist and his wife as a Biblewoman.

Sunday School Work in Country.

As we visited one group and another we have been pleased to find that the introduction of the monthly study periodical has been productive of good. As in the city school the recitation of the Ten Commandments and a question in the Shorter Catechism precedes the study of the lesson. Here too the morning congregation is first convened as a Sunday School and in several places we find they have divided into classes separately with four or five teachers.

In less advanced places the whole congregation study with the leader of the group. We feel that these need the special prayer of our friends that the Great Teacher may lead them into "all truth" and "teach them all things" as like "new born babes" they feed upon the "milk of the Word."

Women's Work in Country.

All the groups but two have been visited this year by either Mrs. McRae or Miss McCully, but as we look back we feel that we have accomplished but little of all that was to be done. In the spring Mrs. McRae accompanied her husband on a trip from Wonsan to Ham Heung, Mr. Yung taking his first itinerating trip with them. They stopped at eight different groups on the way, and at Tok Chi stayed long enough for Mrs. McRae to hold a class which was attended by about thirty Christian women and a number of heathen.

Miss McCully visited the northern work and reports an increased interest among the women in these churches. The fact

that many have learned to read has gladdened our hearts, and we long to do more for these who as yet have had so little teaching. Martha has spent a great deal of time in the country preaching and selling books, while Hannah and Mary have both done faithful work as they travelled with the missionaries or alone.

A new woman who was employed for about four months travelled in the southern part of our field. We must not forget too to speak of our good woman, Rebecca, who, paid by the native church, has travelled in the country between Moonchen and Ham Heung with her husband Chen, and has been, we believe, a witness for our Lord.

Educational Work.

This important part of mission work is pressing more upon us as not only in our city church, but in the smaller towns, we find the desire constantly on the increase to have the boys and girls given an education.

In the outstations five boys' schools, and two for girls have been carried on by native effort encouraged by the rare visit of the missionary or the more frequent one of the native preacher. The prescribed course is followed and in Cheng Pyeng and Hong Won several boys and girls have won diplomas for grading successfully.

The Yong Chen school had to be suspended for the summer, while the small boys rode around on the cows' backs seeing that they got good grazing, but in the winter they did some studying.

In the country work the one that we consider most worthy of mention is the girls' school at Hong Won, where our energetic little teacher keeps ahead of her scholars by private lessons from her husband while she teaches Chinese as well as native script. Several of her girls finished the third years' course of work and were awarded diplomas.

In Hong Won as in Cheng Pyeng, the schools are taught by husband and wife, divided of course according to sex, and the plan seems to work well. At the former place they told us how happy they were in doing this work for the Lord, and although the pay was small, they were well pleased to deny themselves such luxuries as meat or fish or other dainties.

In the city church the Primary school for boys, the Advanced school started last year, and the girls' school comprise this department of work. The Primary boys' school has had both discouraging and cheering experiences during the year. After Pak's dismissal, by special pledges which enabled us to offer a better salary, we secured the services of a teacher who had for a little time been personal teacher to Dr. McMillan, and who had gathered during his time with her, ideas that have proved very helpful.

We are sorry that we are able to give so little time to personal teaching of these boys but the teachers' work is under constant supervision and the fact that they have passed successful examinations speaks for itself. Two boys graded into the fourth year, seven into the third, and seven into the second and were publicly presented with diplomas.

Girls' School.

The girls school with Mary Choi as teacher, has been moved into a larger, more comfortable room. The "Great Mother" through ill-health and other reasons resigned her position as school mistress, and consequently the school was closed for some months. She resumed her position, however, and, although physically unfit to make a real success of the work, the girls did fairly well as was shown at the grading examination at which marks were given and prizes distributed. The enrollment is thirty-five girls.

Advanced Boys' School.

A public examination held early in July gave the members of the station as well as the native Christians an opportunity to judge a little of the work done in the "Chung hak tang" or advanced school for boys during the year.

As Mr. Young gave a demonstration of the knowledge acquired in Arithmetic we realized that our boys were learning to use their brains a little in that line, although he found some rather dull pupils at first.

The lessons in hygiene taught by Mrs. McRae gave us cause for thankfulness that some of this useful information had been instilled into these young heads.

We were perhaps more amused than edified by the drill in English which made us think of our own efforts to speak in a strange tongue. But we believe the study will prove useful to some of the boys who show ability in it.

The singing lessons over which our good brother Mr. Young's musical ear must have suffered somewhat, were demonstrated to have been a success and proud were we to hear them singing a hymn through not only correctly, but most pleasingly.

Old Testament geography, Chinese and Korean History were taught by three native teachers as we could spare them from other services and in each branch the demonstration showed some progress, while far from being what we could have desired.

The review of the Bible lessons which were taught by Miss McCully showed that they knew something of the wonderful Book to the study of which a considerable portion of their time was devoted each day.

We have now in all eight boys, five as reported last year, who were taken from the city primary school, and three who come from outstations.

We have seen some development in their knowledge of spiritual things which has gladdened our hearts, while, on the other hand, the enemy has made attempts which have hindered some. We feel that these youths are our future hope, if our Lord tarry, and we covet for them a heart knowledge of God that will make them instruments of which He needeth not to be ashamed. Pray for them.

We need a missionary who can devote himself to this work, to say nothing of a building and a native teacher.

Four colporteurs, three helpers, four Bible women are our native workers.

The Story of Kim.

Who comes there with a crying baby on his back, another child in his arms, and one toddling at his heels? 'Tis Kim Chang Bo. "Well Kim what is the matter?" "Oh" said he, "there has been a terrible time in our house. My wife you know is a sorceress and, as I have decided to be a Christian, she has turned us all out in a rage."

Hunger seizes the baby, there is nothing

to feed it. One suggests opening some of the "Moksa's" tinned milk. A mixture is made, the hungry child is fed, and Kim with bowed head is seriously pondering over the situation. 'Tis now the second time this has happened; can he be a Christian and live with this demon? The brethren gather together, prayer is offered and Kim is taken home with the little ones.

There is silence in the women's meeting, Mrs. Kim, the sorceress is testifying for Christ. To-day her devil drum is no longer heard; but round the family altar in Kim Chang Bo's house there gathers his wife and little ones to sing God's praise and offer to Him their morning and evening sacrifice. This is Kim, our first elder ordained this summer.

The Story of Cha.

Our leading evangelist and helper, Cha Eul-Kyong, who had completed his second year in the theological school died September 11th, 1907. A number of the groups this year asked if they might be allowed to have Cha as their evangelist. They said they would pay his way through college and requested that when he completed his course he might be their pastor.

Nine years ago he entered Mr. McRae's employ as a servant. It was not long before he became his helper, he pushed ahead until he became our most spiritual and competent native worker. He experienced all sorts of temptations and hardships and through every trying stage of the development of the work he always stood faithful and loyal to his Master and to his pastor.

He was deeply revered and loved by all churches. One has called him the Apostle of the North. From Wonsan in the south to Kapsan in the north, and Ham Heung in the east to Pyeng Yang in the west many have been the souls who heard for the first time the message of God from him. Many are they, who, to-day, rejoice in Jesus their Saviour, because of his faithful witnessing, and numbers who have joined the innumerable company beyond will shine as stars in his crown.

With his great heart of love, his rare intellectual gifts, his deep spiritual experience, his intense yearning for the salvation of his countrymen, he gave promise of becoming one of Korea's foremost native pastors. But God had better things in

store for him. We do not understand his leaving us now at such a critical period of our work, but when the veil is drawn we shall know that which to-day is so mysterious to us.

The three colporteurs and two women of the Bible Society have done good work throughout the field. The Bible Societies provide us not only with the Scriptures, but with the men and women to distribute the same. Our work could not be carried on as it is to-day were it not for this help. The station here desires to put on record their thanks and appreciation to the Bible Societies for this most valuable assistance.

Those who are interested in David, "the lad who wants to be a minister," will be glad to hear that \$30 sent from home for the purpose, with \$20 which he had saved from his own small wages have given him a year in Pyeng Yang. He has passed the Academy entrance examination with high marks in all subjects and has returned to take up the regular work of that Institution.

If you could see his straight little figure, with serious earnest face, stand before our large Ham Heung congregation on a Sabbath morning and tell with simple self-unconsciousness what the Lord had been teaching him, your hearts would with ours, go up in thanksgiving. As we hear his freedom of speech and realize that God is giving him power, we pray that he may be kept humble "a vessel meet for the Master's use."

Property.

Up to the present the only house accommodation for missionaries on this station has been the one containing three rooms and a kitchen now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McRae and Mr. Young and the Korean house to which a small wing was last year attached. The latter so far has been a temporary residence for the single women.

During last summer, lumber was purchased and partially made ready for a new house, but owing to the site upon which the building was to be erected having been disputed by some Japanese officials, the work was delayed pending a settlement. At the beginning of this summer as an agreement seemed no nearer than previously, the station decided that it was necessary to build elsewhere. Having procured another suitable site early in April, work was begun and with the exception of a month during the rainy season has been steadily carried on, and the building is now ready for occupation.

WONSAN STATION FOR 1907.

Names of Missionaries	Date of arrival.
Rev. W. R. Foote, M.A.B.D.	1898
Mrs. W. R. Foote	1898
Rev. A. F. Robb, B.A.	1901
Mrs. A. F. Robb, B.A.	1901
Miss Kate McMillan, M.D.	1901
Miss Jennie B. Robb	1903

Statistics of Wonsan Station.

Native workers.. . . .	25
Native workers supported by Native Ch	10
Regular meeting places.. . . .	34
Churches entirely self-supporting .. .	34
Church buildings.. . . .	20
Added during year.. . . .	10
Communicants.. . . .	361
“ Added during year.. . . .	46
Meeting places added during year.. . .	9
Catechumens.. . . .	332
Catechumens added during year.. . . .	160
Total members and adherents.. . . .	2,200
Contributions.. . . .	\$1,117.60

Comparing the rate of wages and manner of living this would be equal to a contribution in Canada of about thirty-one dollars per communicant.

The absence of Mr. Foote on furlough, impressed upon us the disadvantages under which the Mission labors, owing to the smallness of our staff. But in spite of this we are glad to be able to report a steady growth over the entire field. More catechumens have been enrolled than in any previous year, and though the number of baptisms is less, this is not due to the fact that there are fewer people to be baptized, but to the fact that Mr. Robb was only able to hold examinations once throughout the field. Many more would have heard the Gospel, many more would have been enrolled as catechumens, and many more would have been baptized if there had been sufficient workers to instruct and examine.

Oh, that the people in Canada would realize that now is the day of opportunity in Korea; the field is white to the harvest and the number of sheaves is limited by the number of workers. The Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on his recent visit to Korea, said that the two most hopeful mission fields in the world today are Uganda and Korea. Soon the op-

portunity may be gone. Japanese materialism may soon so affect the Korean people that their minds and hearts will no longer be open to the Gospel as at present. God will surely hold our church responsible for the lost opportunity up to the measure of the ability that He gave us to meet it.

We had the great pleasure of welcoming among us this year, Dr. McKay and Mr. Goforth, our first visitors sent by the Canadian Church or a sister mission. We trust that we may have many more such visits, and that Dr. McKay may be used in arousing the home church to meet the present needs and opportunity.

Bible Training Classes.

Men's Classes: Dr. Grierson and Mr. McRae assisted Mr. Robb in the Wonsan Men's General Class in the Spring. This class was a very helpful one, and the attendance good, although very bad roads prevented as many as usual coming from the country groups. The boys were taught by Dr. McMillan, and Mrs. Robb.

Mr. Robb also conducted a Helpers Training Class in Wonsan and a general class in Anpyon. The Korean helpers conducted eight other classes in country groups.

The most remarkable feature of the year has been

The Revival.

After the observance of the universal week of prayer in January, the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Wonsan, continued union prayer-meetings each evening for a fortnight, praying especially for the deepening of the spiritual life of the congregation. But we saw no special answer to our prayers. Some earnest souls continued to wait upon God and look for an answer and the answer came at our Helpers Training Class in June.

The Lord richly blessed to us the visit of Dr. McKay and Mr. Goforth, who arrived just at the beginning of the class. They preached at the Sunday services and addressed the class on Monday morning, Mr. Robb interpreting. The spirit of prayer was poured out upon the Koreans gathered in the church on Monday evening, while the missionaries were holding an English prayer-meeting in one of their homes.

Mr. Robb writes:—"About two o'clock next morning we were awakened by a knocking at the door, and found one of the helpers, with Kim Syong Un, a poor hat merchant, who became a Christian last year, and had not even been enrolled as a catechumen. The Spirit of God had so come upon him that every few minutes he broke forth into fervent prayer. The burden of his prayer was that God would purge us and make us vessels fit for His grace, and that He would give power to lead many to Christ. He prayed for the missionaries, for the helpers, for the scholars in the boys and girls' school, and before the class closed we saw answer to all these petitions.

From two to five o'clock that night—or morning—we waited on God, and in the midst of it the helper broke down, and with sobs and groans, poured out a confession of sin unto God. This helper had been praying earnestly for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon himself and on the church, for some time, going daily to the hills to pray. Now the Lord met him and searched his heart.

Some wonderful days followed, and we saw such things as we had read about in the revivals in Wales and in India, and such as we had heard of in some parts of Korea at the beginning of the year.

The morning prayer-meetings were marked by deep earnestness and heart-searching. This was followed by two or three hours of quiet study, except on two or three days when it seemed advisable to let the prayer meetings continue. In the afternoon, a number met for prayer, and in the evenings a large general evangelistic service was held.

For three nights in succession we saw the Spirit of God so come upon the people that almost the whole congregation broke forth into prayer. Men and women poured out to God confessions of sin with tears and sobs. Strong men groaned in agony. Boys and girls wept over their sins. I remember one young man in agony on account of his sins until the burden seemed more than he could bear alone, crying out "Pastor, pastor, help me or I die." Then as the pastor prayed and a young brother pointed him to Jesus, he found peace.

We saw several remarkable answers to prayer, as the Lord taught the people to pray in the Spirit, and to pray in faith. Among these I might mention the case of one young man who had back-slidden. He had ceased attending church and had been drinking and gambling. He came to church one day, though up to that morning he had refused his father's request to join in family worship. His father prayed for him in church, and the congregation joined him in praying for the spirit to convict of sin. They continued till in a few minutes the young man was on his face before the Lord sobbing out his confession. Then the people praised the Lord and asked that He give assurance of pardon. In a little while he was able to lead the congregation in singing "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." He has been a changed man since.

There were a number of such cases when the congregation joined in prayer for some individual, and the answer came. In a couple of instances the answer has not yet been seen, but the people, strong in faith, were enabled to praise the Lord in advance for the answers He will yet give.

The meetings continued a fortnight, and then the helpers returned to their homes praising God for what they had seen and heard. I have heard from them since of similar revivals in three country districts.

Kim Syong Un's prayer for vessels meet for the Master's use is thus being answered, and after the cleansing of the church by the all-searching Spirit, we look for the answer to the rest of his prayer—"greater power to lead many to Christ."

Women's Classes.

Immediately after the last mission meeting the General Women's Class was held. Cold weather prevented many country women from coming in. The average attendance at the morning classes for Bible study was sixty-six, with a larger attendance at the evening meetings. Miss McCully gave valuable aid in the teaching, in which Dr. McMillan, Mrs. and Miss Robb shared. A very earnest spirit was evident among the people. One bright young woman said at the closing meeting that she realized that it was largely her fault that her husband was not a Christian, though he had been

reading the Bible for some time, but now she had faith that he would soon become a believer. The next Sunday her husband was in church and has been attending regularly since.

Bible Women's Training Class.

In May our first Training Class for Bible women was held for a fortnight. Eleven paid workers, including all the Bible women in our mission, except Dorcas of the Song Chin field, were present, with a number of our other women. Mrs. Ross, of the Methodist Mission, shared in the teaching and some of their women studied with us.

A course in Genesis was given by Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Robb, and one in Acts by Dr. McMillan and Miss McCully. The latter also gave helpful lessons on sin, repentance and confession. Miss Robb supervised the recitation work, and the women took turns in leading the devotional meetings.

The Holy Spirit was manifestly present and many of the women were deeply convicted of sin, and filled with desire for fuller consecration and greater fitness for their work of soul winning.

Anpyon Class.

Dr. McMillan and Miss Robb spent New Year's week in Anpyon, holding a class for the Christian women of that town and near by villages. The average attendance was over thirty, and the interest shown was good.

The Local Church.

City Work: A considerable proportion of the population of the post is a shifting one so that the congregation is continually losing members and adherents by removal to other places. But constant additions of new converts maintain the congregation. Almost every Sunday throughout the year men and women have come forward expressing their purpose to become Christians. It has been necessary to enlarge the section of the church assigned to the women.

A number of the men and women spent the first fortnight of the Korean New Year in an evangelistic campaign. They met each morning for prayer, then districts were assigned and they went out two by two, visiting the houses, telling the Way of Salvation to those who would listen, and

offering for sale Gospels and tracts. Each evening another prayer meeting was held and reports given of the day's work. They visited every house in the city and sold some hundreds of Gospels, tracts and calendars with Scripture texts.

The congregation is divided into districts, each including ten or more of those attending church. Each district is under the care of a leader whose duty it is to note attendance at church, visit the sick or careless, encourage new believers and exhort backsliders.

The Sunday School comprises the whole congregation and is divided into fourteen classes, which are taught by the missionaries, six Korean men and four women. One of our most earnest and enthusiastic teachers and workers was called to her rest and reward during the year, and we feel her loss deeply.

Weekly Classes: In Wonsan two weekly classes for women were held; a Thursday class, especially for more advanced women, studied Genesis under Dr. McMillan, while Mrs. Robb taught a night class for young women and girls. Miss Robb held a class in the neighboring village of Sin Pungni. At the latter two the course of Bible study prescribed by our Mission was followed, and forty-eight women and girls finished the first year's work, sixteen the second, and our Bible woman, Rachel, the third.

Giving: The liberality of some members of the Wonsan Church is well worthy of notice. This congregation of working people supports two male evangelists and a woman evangelist working in Wonsan and the southern field, while one individual member supports a Bible woman. This man is by no means wealthy, but he had one investment, a water-mill. This he intended to give to his younger son, as his older son was a grief to him, a spendthrift and fast becoming a drunkard.

The words "He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me", took hold of him and he asked himself the question, "Do I love my son more than my Lord?" After thinking it over for some time he decided to show his love to the Lord by giving Him the water-mill, and he lost no time in doing so. The income is enough to pay the salary of a Bible woman. "Them that honor me I will honor." In

less than two months the Lord gave Mr. Chun the desire of his heart in seeing the sincere repentance of his older son.

At Christmas time the local church gave an offering for the sick, the poor and imprisoned. Three strings of cash were given to a poor old Christian who makes a scanty living by peddling. The next Sunday he laid the three strings of cash on the collection plate, saying that for a long time his heart had been sore, because he could only give a few cash as a contribution on Sunday. Now, since through the unexpected kindness of his brethren this money had come to him, he was able to fulfil one of the desires of his heart, and make a fit offering to the Lord.

Itinerating.

Last fall, Mr. Robb made a hurried trip of a fortnight's duration, visiting as many groups as possible in order to get in touch with the work and be able more intelligently to direct the helpers. This was a round trip of about two hundred miles.

In the Spring, as soon as other work permitted, he left Wonsan and spent six weeks in itinerating, visiting the groups on the big road to Seoul and in the mountains. On this trip he travelled about four hundred miles, going as far as Seoul, having been appointed to represent our Mission at an important meeting of the Bible Societies.

On Mr. Robb's return he found that the fencing of the Mission property, which had been long delayed owing to the missionary's lack of time to see to it, had to be proceeded with at once if we wished to secure ourselves against the loss of a portion of the property. This delayed a trip to the coast villages, so that Mr. Robb was able to spend only a fortnight among them before hurrying back to Wonsan to hold the Helpers' Class before the rainy season began. This trip covered about one hundred and sixty miles.

Miss Robb reports:—"Towards the end of March I left on a long country trip accompanied by my Bible woman, Esther, and colporteur Ye Kun Sik. We travelled about two hundred and seventy miles, visiting eighteen towns and villages in which there are Christians.

"At five of the larger groups we spent three or four days each, meeting with the women and girls two or three times daily,

and teaching them some of the simplest Scripture truths. I believe these short visits were not without profit, and that the Holy Spirit used the Word to convict of carelessness and sin, and create a desire to live a more consecrated Christian life.

"It was not easy to refuse the urgent requests to stay just one day longer, or to visit some village where there was a new group of Christians who had not yet been visited by any missionary. So the five weeks we had planned to be in the country lengthened to six, and if my supply of food had not quite given out, we might have stayed longer.

"We were home for three days, then spent ten days visiting the groups of Christians on the shore road, returning to Wonsan in time for the Bible Women's Training Class."

Three short trips were made by Dr. McMillan to Anypon.

Schools.

Five boys' schools have been in session during the year, and a sixth has recently been organized. The Wonsan school has been in charge of Miss Robb. Fifty-two pupils were enrolled ranging in age from six to a class of young men between eighteen and twenty years. The course of study and text-books used by the American Presbyterian Mission have been followed, a weekly review instituted, and two public examinations held.

New desks were provided by the congregation, but the school room has grown too small for the increasing number of pupils, and a new school building will soon be a pressing need.

The teacher is Mr. Pak, who has completed his second year in the Theological school. As we have no Academy trained teachers as yet, the more advanced students had to be taught almost everything but Chinese by the missionaries. Dr. McMillan taught physiology and hygiene, and Miss Robb helped with arithmetic, geography, the Scriptures (Luke, Acts and the Assembly memory verses). Chinese singing and a little English were also studied. Mrs. Robb's bright young helper, Kim Ye Hyon, studied with the senior class, and assisted her by teaching geography and arithmetic to the younger boys.

The question of higher education has already been too long neglected. The work has reached such a stage that most of the direct evangelization must be done by native workers. The missionaries must give their time and strength to training the converts, and especially must more time be devoted to the instruction of those who shall hereafter be the teachers and leaders of the church. Unless this is done, the future state of the church will be sad to contemplate.

The native church supports its own primary schools, but we must supply trained teachers. Pyeng Yang will provide for the Collegiate and Theological education of our young men if we assist with the teaching there. But they cannot accommodate the students of their own field who are clamoring for admission to their Academy and we cannot expect them to take in many from our field. We must provide intermediate schools and we must develop our Helpers' Training Classes for the benefit of those workers who cannot attend the Theological school.

Two of our men, Kim Yong Chai and Pak Nai Yon, have completed the second year of the Theological course at Pyeng Yang.

Girls' School. We have as yet only one school for the girls of our station—the day school in Wonsan. The school was closed for some months as we were unable to get a teacher, but was reopened in March with Lydia, our former evangelist, in charge. While her teaching ability is not great, she is a faithful earnest woman, and her influence over the pupils is good. Miss Robb had oversight of the school, taught geography and arithmetic and had a weekly review of the other studies. While she was itinerating, Dr. McMillan took charge of the school and also teaches a class in physiology and hygiene.

As other duties permitted, Miss Robb taught singing, and during September had general oversight of the school. The older pupils were as usual, taught Chinese, by one of the native helpers. The majority of the pupils have made fair progress, and certainly worked hard over their recitation work. Four pupils who received the General Assembly's diploma last year for reciting the first year's course of two hundred Scripture verses recited the remaining four

hundred verses, and so have received both the red and gold seals. Three of these also recited perfectly the Shorter Catechism and regret that there are no more diplomas to be won. Eleven other pupils received General Assembly certificates or diplomas.

Medical Work.

For the first part of the year the medical work was as heretofore carried on at Dr. McMillan's house, the patients coming at all hours convenient and otherwise—mostly otherwise. It was impossible to get them to come at stated hours. This made it very difficult to keep complete records and was very trying to the doctor as well. If other work or study was attempted a patient appeared, and must be seen at once.

Much has been said of time being of no importance to a Korean, but it must be the other person's time, especially the doctor's, for none can be more impatient if kept a few minutes waiting than they. Then the case could not be seen diagnosed, medicine given and the patient dismissed promptly, but the same questions had to be answered and the same directions given again and again. The long distance between the Mission compound and the Korean town added much to her labors.

We were, therefore, very grateful indeed for the four hundred dollars bequeathed by Dr. McMillan's father for a dispensary, which enabled her to secure the use of two small buildings in the vicinity of the church which were used for a dispensary and rest room. The dispensary was opened on the 15th of May. During the three and a half months that work has been done there seventeen hundred and fifty treatments have been given. The record of the patients seen at the house is very incomplete, but two thousand and thirty seven treatments have been recorded. No account of calls was kept until February; since that time some five hundred have been made. Two of these visits were to Anpyon, fifty li distant; while several were to villages ten or fifteen li out of Wonsan.

In the nine months of medical work, a total of four thousand two hundred and ninety treatments have been recorded.

While the dispensary, even at two miles distant from the doctor's house, has been a great saving of strength and time, the hav-

ing no place to keep in-patients was found to be a great disadvantage, and we hope that in the near future the physician in Wonsan will have, not only an hospital, but also a house where she may live near her work. A few patients, however, had in some way to be accommodated; some were put in the waiting rooms of the dispensary, and some were kept in the servants' rooms at the house.

One of these was a young man who was brought from Anpyon one wet night. Only a week before his father and mother had died within two days of each other. Within thirty-six hours after his arrival, he also was gone, the third of the family within ten days. Strange to say, the family, instead of receiving any sympathy from the neighbors and friends in the village where they are the only Christians, were bitterly reviled and persecuted because their religion was supposed to be the cause of their misfortunes.

Two patients were taken care of in the doctor's own house. One of these was Cha Eul Kyong, Mr. McRae's valued helper, who came down from Ham Heung for treatment a few days before the doctor left to attend the Annual Meeting in Seoul. In her absence, Dr. Ross, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, kindly did all he could for the sick man until he was called to his rest.

Since opening the dispensary, Evangelistic work has been much more systematically and efficiently carried on. We believe that some have been induced to come to church, and others have been kept in touch who would have been lost sight of if it had not been for the dispensary. Elder Yu, who received a great blessing at the Helpers' Class, or some other Christian preached every day to the men patients, while the women were told the Gospel story by the Bible woman Mary, or the Elder's wife, the church women's evangelist.

The dispensary assistant, Yu Chil Sok, deserves more than a passing mention. Becoming a Christian a little more than a year and a half ago, a complete change came over his life. He gave up idling and wasting his parents' money and came to the church school, where his diligence and brightness soon attracted the attention of

the missionaries. When he had been attending church only three months he, with the older school boys, attended the Helpers' Class. Mr. Foote gave teachings on Romans with an examination at the close.

It might have been expected that a three months' old Christian would have got little out of it; but late at night, with some help from the elder, the boy labored over the lesson of the day, and in his examination made a mark of seventy-four, as high as some of the preachers.

After watching his school work for seven or eight months the station was of the opinion expressed by some of the church leaders that he would make an efficient worker for the Lord. He was appointed dispensary assistant, and we have not been disappointed in his work. At all times, whether early in the morning or late at night, he is ready and willing to do what he is asked. At night, and what spare time he has he studies to keep up with the advanced class in the school. Anxious for an education, he is saving as much as he can out of his small salary to help towards college. His parents are not yet Christians, but even if they were, they would not be able to help him much. We hope that some way will be opened to give him the education he needs for service.

One trouble of doing medical work for women is the difficulty of getting competent women assistants. The one who assisted during the most of the past year recently left her work and widowhood for wedded life.

Native Workers.

Of the twenty-five under the oversight of Wonsan Station ten are supported entirely by the native church. Wonsan congregation supports two evangelists, one Bible woman and one boys' school teacher. The groups of Christians in Hoi Yang and Kim Syong counties support one evangelist each, and the teachers of three boys' schools. Anpyon congregation supports a boys' school teacher, and is eager to have an evangelist of its own. Almost enough money has been raised for his support and we expect to appoint the evangelist very soon.

We would that our Canadian congregations might be inspired to greater zeal and

liberality by the example of these little churches, but recently gathered out of heathenism. We would not then have to mourn over the smallness of our force in the face of the opportunity before us.

We record our deep gratitude to the Bible Societies both for putting the Scriptures in the reach of all our people, and for the support of four colporteurs and two Biblewomen.

Our grateful thanks are also due the Toronto Prayer Circle, which has paid the salaries of a Bible woman and our girls' school teacher.

Incidents.

General Assembly Diplomas. Seventy people have qualified for receiving diplomas for recitation of Scripture verses or the Shorter Catechism.

One old man of eighty-one, only recently become a Christian, recited the two hundred verses of the first year senior study. The youngest recipient of a similar diploma is a seven year old pupil of the Wonsan girls' school.

A lad of eighteen, in a mountain village, recited the Shorter Catechism, questions and answers, and the six hundred Scripture memory verses. In the same village two women, new believers, completed the two hundred verses of the first year.

A blind boy in a country village memorized the verses of the course for those who cannot read. Shortly before when he was examined for the catechumenate, the missionary feared that the darkened eyes would mean a darkened mind, but was surprised at the intelligence of his answers and his knowledge of Scripture.

Church Attendance. One of those baptized last Summer was a lame man, living six miles from Wonsan, who walks in to church almost every Sunday.

Another man frequently tramped seventeen miles to the Anpyon church and home again after the morning service.

Witnessing. Kim Syong Un spent three months in the far north in the prosecution of his business. He witnessed for Christ wherever he went, and reported two remarkable recoveries from sickness in answer to prayer. In one place where he found only two Christians there were twenty-two meeting on Sundays for worship when he left that district.

Prayer. An old man in a little village was heard pleading with the Lord for all Korea and the other nations of the world. A few months ago he had practically no interests outside the narrow valley in which his farm lay, and practically no affection for anyone outside his family circle. Now, touched by the love of Christ, his heart goes out to all his countrymen and to men of other lands.

In conclusion we render praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for the unbroken health of our members, for many answers to prayer, for the manifestations of the power of the Spirit of God, for the reclamation of backsliders and the conversion of heathen, for the deepening of the spiritual life and growth in grace of many of our members, for the zeal of our people as a whole in spreading the Gospel and for growth in every department of the work.

We ask the earnest prayers of the home church for our people and ourselves in this time of great opportunity that we may be filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit that He in us and through us may more greatly glorify the Son that the Son also may glorify the Father—to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

EFFECT OF CONFIDENCE.

There is nothing which quite takes the place in a boy's life of the consciousness that somebody—his teacher, brother, sister, father, mother or friend—believes in him.

One of the most discouraging things to a youth who is apparently dull, yet is conscious of real power and ability to succeed, is to be depreciated by those around him, to feel that his parents and teachers do not understand him, that they look upon him as a probable failure.

When into the life of such a boy there comes the loving assurance that somebody has discovered him, has seen in him possibilities undreamed of by others, that moment there is born within him a new hope, a light that will never cease to be an inspiration and encouragement.

If you believe in a boy, if you see any real ability in him (and every human being is born with the ability to do some one thing well), tell him so; tell him that you believe he has the making of a man in him. Such assurance has often proven of greater advantage to a youth than cash capital.

There is inspiration in "He believes in me."—"Success Magazine."

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackay of Formosa.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congtn. a Miss'y Organization.

TOPIC FOR MARCH.

THE MARTYRED GORDONS.

By REV. W. H. SMITH, B.D., PH.D., SYDNEY.
NOVA SCOTIA.

The South Pacific Ocean is studded with islands; some appearing as a solitary dot on the surface of the vast expanse of water; some of great size irregularly arranged in scattered groups. So lavishly have these islands been thrown up that the Western Pacific is called "Polynesia"—many islands. Where the groups are thickest, about thirteen hundred miles east of Australia, the New Hebrides are found, extending about four hundred miles from north to south.

This group forms one link in the great volcanic chain of mountains in the sea which extends from the Aleutian Islands, along the East coast of Asia as far as New Zealand, including Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, Fiji and Loyalty groups. Except the small Torres group in the north all the islands are of volcanic formation.

Magellan discovered the group in 1520. The largest of the group, discovered by Quiros in 1606, was believed to be the long sought Terra Australis (Southern Land) and was named by him Australis del Espiritu Santo (The Southern Land of the Holy Spirit.) In 1774 Captain Cook re-discovered and explored the group and named it the New Hebrides, in contrast with the Scottish Hebrides of which the group reminded him. The principal islands are

Santo, Mallicolo, Ambrym, Efate, Erromanga, Tanna, Aneityum.

Nature has beautified these islands. The volcano of Lopevi is a perfect cone about five thousand feet high. The crater of the Tanna volcano is one of the finest in the Pacific. It is always active and is perhaps the chief sight in the New Hebrides. Dr. Steele describes it as "the great lighthouse of the Southern Islands which every three or four minutes bursts forth with great brilliancy like a revolving lighthouse."

The mountains are forest clad to their summits; streams enrich the fertile valleys; volcanic action has left immense precipices, deep gorges and dark caverns. A garment of living green invests the islands. Coconut, breadfruit, sago palm, banana, sugar, yam, taro, arrow-root, orange and pine apple all flourish. The seasons change from dry heat to tropical torrents, and fearful hurricanes sometimes sweep over the islands leaving desolation and death.

The dark Papuan race occupies the whole group, but there are traces of the Polynesian race especially in the northern islands. They are very low in the scale of civilization. Physically they are fairly well developed, but morally they were in their infancy. As naked savages they delighted in war and freely practised infanticide, widow-strangling and cannibalism. It was on these islands and with these people our church sought to establish the Kingdom of God. Erromanga has been well named the darkest spot in the Pacific and here our church met her first sad days and later won her most signal victories.

Erromanga, thirty-five miles by twenty-five miles, partakes of the general characteristics of the group. The highest point is Traitor's Head, about twenty-seven hundred feet. There are no harbors. Dillon's Bay with a good anchorage has been the principal port and the headquarters of our mission. The island is well watered and has many beautiful valleys.

The Erromangan in his native state was the creature of superstition, error, and the heritage of worst passions and vices. His

first real contact with the white man introduced him to the sandal wood-trader, at whose hands he was treated with such cruelty, deception and inhumanity that he very naturally regarded every white man with intense hatred. This accounts for the spirit of revenge which carried such terrible destruction to the missionary.

The first attempt to evangelize Erromanga was made in 1839, when Rev. John Williams and Mr. James Harris, seeking to effect a successful landing, were clubbed to death and eaten. This shocking tragedy did not discourage the workers, as two Samoan teachers were settled in 1840, but on account of the barbarous treatment to which they were subjected they were removed in 1841.

The next settlement of teachers was in 1852 followed by others in 1857 and 1858. During these dark days the faithful teachers labored amid much discouragement and in constant danger. When George Gordon landed the soil had been in a measure prepared, some promise of spiritual life had appeared and there was hope that the day of grace was drawing near.

In order to understand the character of Rev. George Nicol Gordon we must recall the situation as it appeared at that time. In 1846 Rev. John Geddie had sailed for the South Seas, settling on Aneityum in 1848. As opportunity afforded he sought to arouse the church at home to a sense of the need of these islands. Amid danger, crime, inhumanity, lust and treachery he remained at his post, and it was almost three years after landing before he could say the tide seemed to be turning in favor of Christianity.

The records of his labors and the horrors of heathenism might well daunt any but a hero.

The repeated persistent calls of Geddie for a helper disclosed the spiritual vision and eagerness of George Gordon, who in 1855 started as our first missionary to Erromanga. The early curiosity and novelty attending the establishment of our first mission has perhaps faded from the thought of the young people and it may be well to study the early life of the first martyr of our church.

Mr. Gordon was born at Cascumpec, P.E.I., on April 21st, 1822, the fifth of a family of nine. His father John Gordon, was a native of Nairn, Scotland, his mother was Cath-

rine McRay, of Malpeque, P.E.I. When his parents settled at Cascumpec the Presbyterian Church had a mission there visited by such pioneers as Messrs. Kier, Nicol, W. MacGregor, Patterson, P. G. Macgregor and Geddie. The ministrations of these days were very irregular and the religious education of the family rested with the parents. Whilst the visits of the ministers deeply impressed him, the godly life of his parents, their deep interest in the spiritual welfare of their children and their sympathy with the work of the Kingdom of God all played an important part in determining his thought and character.

He became a tanner, and it was not until 1848, when he was converted, that he decided to study for the ministry. He immediately began work at home, and early gave promise of the devotion and consecrated zeal which marked his career on Erromanga. He took a very active interest in Sabbath Schools and prayer meetings near and far. Without distinction of color or creed he visited the sick and dying, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Micmacs all receiving his help and sympathy. For some time he was employed by the P. E. I. Bible Society. In 1850 he entered the Free Church College, Halifax, studied at West River, Pictou, and at Halifax, graduating in 1855.

Mention should be made of his college days. A stranger, he took a deep interest in the spiritual needs of the people of Halifax and vicinity. With unwearied devotion he visited the poor and destitute, thirsting for their salvation and seeking to relieve their temporal wants. He founded the City Mission and was its first missionary. During the first six months he visited one thousand families in the most dangerous and disreputable portion of the city entering dens of iniquity, exploring the dark recesses of immorality where no minister had ever gone, reading the Scriptures and praying as he visited. He established several prayer meetings in destitute localities and founded one "ragged school."

It was no surprise therefore that in 1863 he offered himself as a missionary to the New Hebrides and having been accepted, he studied medicine, learned printing and became capable of doing almost any kind of mechanical work. In his wisdom he combined practical utility with spiritual equipment.

He was licensed by the Halifax Presbytery, May 16, 1855, ordained at Durham, Pictou Co., Sep. 12, and sailed the same year, via Britain for the South Seas. He remained some time in England, and while there met and married Ellen Catherine Powell, who proved a worthy companion, sharing with him most trying service and a martyr's crown.

On June 5, 1857, the "John Williams" with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon reached Aneityum where Messrs. Geddie and Inglis joined the party. The feelings of Mr. Geddie may be judged from this extract from his letters "We have long looked for them and they have come at last. Many are the prayers that have been offered up for help for the dark islands around us, in private, in public and at the family altars in Aneityum, and in the presence of our newly arrived brother and sister we can recognize an answer to them."

The original intention was that they should be stationed on Tanna, but the door being closed they proceeded to Erromanga, reaching Dillon's Bay about the middle of June. From the first his heart was set on Erromanga and it was with feelings of satisfaction he entered upon his work. The reception seemed favourable and they began their work in hope and faith.

To appreciate their experiences it is well to remember that they were the first foreign missionaries to settle on Erromanga. Without anyone near to whom they could go for counsel or sympathy, with only a few friendly teachers and natives, surrounded by many who regarded them as their enemies, with native passions intensified by the inhumanity of the sandal-wood trader and poisoned by his suggestion of cruelty to the missionary, with only an occasional visit from the outside world to supply even the necessities of life, this heroic man and woman, with faith in God and love for the people, faced their work where the powers of darkness seemed to be supreme. There is nothing more Christ-like in the history of the ages.

The first year was on the whole encouraging. There was no written language, but within ten weeks from landing he had formed an alphabet and had translated and printed the Ten Commandments. This was soon followed by the Book of Jonah and some hymns, all the work done by his own

hands. He had also commenced building his own house, church, school-room and store-room. He began to itinerate and established a teacher at Elizabeth's Bay, crossed the mountains to the eastern side and left a teacher at a place named Potinia Bay. At the close of the first year forty persons were receiving instruction.

In his intercourse with the people he gained some insight into their moral and social life. He found the constant danger in which the missionary lived arose from two sources. One was the desire for revenge on account of the cruelty and deception of the traders. The other the bitter hatred of the sacred men on finding that the new religion weakened their influence. Women were betrothed in youth and branded as slaves. Their lot was so hard that many committed suicide. Infanticide was threatening the very existence of the people.

He closed his first year with these words "I am now beginning to preach the Gospel and I feel confident that in those places where it shall be preached the bright star of the Erromangan resurrection morning from sin and death will soon arise. Even now I perceive indications of his approach on the dark horizon. I hear a sound, What is it? 'Behold he prayeth'; another too, and 'Behold he prays.'"

The morning star of Erromangan redemption was soon obscured by dark threatening clouds. Mrs. Gordon's health became much impaired by fever, and they were compelled to make a new home south of Williams River, on a mountain about one thousand feet high, now called Mount Gordon. The change proved beneficial. The missionary began the church building and also a house at Potinia Bay.

In the midst of his work the burden of heathenism was weighing heavily. Vice was raging everywhere. War, cannibalism and idolatry were carried on even at their very door. Several who attended instruction were beaten for it. He adds "Life is not now nearly so safe on this island as it was a year ago. The foreigners can arm two hundred men and we know not what a day may bring forth." Throughout this year he toiled with great diligence. He felt he lived on the very brink of Eternity.

During the third year there were some signs of promise. There were some cases of reformation, but no case of real conver-

sion. Ten made some progress in reading. Mrs. Gordon carried on her work amid great discouragement. She gathered two classes only to lose them by the persistent opposition of the chief and foreigners. Only five persons remained. At Potinia Bay some progress was made in the face of much opposition. He established a school, helped to feed them on supplies from Sydney and was cheered by signs of industry and the spirit of helpfulness.

The last year opened favorably. Peace was so far restored that he was able to go to Aneityum to the annual meeting leaving Mrs. Gordon alone. Soon the storm cloud appeared. The mischief was inspired by the trader, who conspired with the heathen to destroy the missionary. Persistently did these men urge the natives to kill the teachers, and in many instances they spread measles among the natives and then blamed the missionary for the scourge of death which swept away the people by hundreds.

Early in the year measles and other diseases visited the island, and so many died that numbers remained unburied. A fearful hurricane swept the island doing much damage. On April 3rd he wrote "the chiefs are nearly all dead. Of young men and children; about one hundred persons who submitted to my treatment, only two have died." Mana, the faithful teacher at Potinia Bay, joined Mr. Gordon, who was obliged to keep watch at night. Attempts had been made to shoot him. Two-thirds of the entire population had died and the natives determined to destroy foreigners.

On the morning of May 20th, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon worshipped together for the last time on earth. He with his young men went down the hill to work at a building. Though there were many suspicious circumstances he was not afraid and sent the young men to gather grass. A band of savages from Bunkel called at his house and not suspecting any trouble, Mrs. Gordon directed them where he was. On the way eight concealed themselves in a small thicket while the ninth approached Mr. Gordon and by false pretense of wanting medicine induced him to return homeward. When leading the way he was struck with a tomahawk and instantly killed.

As the yells of the savages reached Mrs. Gordon's ears she eagerly asked what it meant, when a native fresh from the slaughter of her husband informed her it

was only the boys. She was turning away when he struck her down from behind with his tomahawk, and in a moment all was over. She was the first European woman martyred in the South Seas.

Thus fell Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the victims of the treachery and inhumanity of those whose sole aim was the plunder of the natives for their own lust and greed of gold. They were faithful unto death. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but eagerly undertook work among a people where the horrors of heathenism, treachery of the natives and scourge of the trader made life a constant reminder of death. They saw their little world lying in wickedness, but were also permitted to see the morning dawn breaking over the mountain tops. The vision of God was ever near and in its inspiration they lifted up the banner and kept it floating until before they fell some of the natives had seen its glory and the first fruits had been garnered.

In the Autumn of 1861 the news reached Nova Scotia that the Gordons had fallen. This and the following year were the darkest in the history of the New Hebrides Mission. Of the eight missionaries sent from Nova Scotia only three were then living. Disease, fire and hurricane had played fearful havoc. In the hour of deepest gloom the church called for volunteers, and James Douglas Gordon, a brother of the martyr, then a student for the ministry, offered to take his brother's place.

He sailed from Halifax, November 7, 1863, and reached Dillon's Bay, July 13, 1864. Considerable improvement had taken place during the three years since George Gordon fell. The Aneityum teacher and his wife were meeting with good success. During the year four school houses had been built. On the first Sabbath the new missionary found one hundred and fifty assembled for worship. It seemed as if the brighter day had already dawned.

Mr. Gordon at once built a large house, part of which he used as a dwelling and part as a school-room. He soon acquired the language and was able to preach and superintend the work. The attendance at Dillon's Bay soon reached two hundred. Four out-stations were supplied with teachers. When Mr. and Mrs. McNair joined him they settled at Dillon's Bay and he took up his residence at Potinia Bay, where he built a church and dwelling house.

Bright and dark days were strangely intermingled. During 1867 a fearful epidemic of diphtheria visited the Island and a period of great depression followed. After a time it passed away and for some time there was good success and much encouragement.

The last year of his life was largely devoted to literary work. In addition to his own translation of portions of the Gospels he revised his brother's translations. His knowledge of the language was almost perfect and his translations almost without error. The Book of Genesis was printed in Sydney in 1867 and the Gospel of Matthew by the British and Foreign Bible Society at a later date.

The rapid spread of the truth stirred up the enmity of the heathen. The summer of 1872 had been very unhealthy and the missionary was blamed. A man who had lost two children to whom Mr. Gordon had given medicine determined to murder him. On March 7th, as he was busy revising his brother's translation of the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, having finished the chapter with the words "He fell asleep," the murderer and an accomplice appeared and Mr. Gordon went out to see them. He sat down on the verandah, facing one of the men, when the other seizing the opportunity drove his tomahawk into his victim's face. Mr. Gordon sprang to his feet and entering his study fell heavily upon the floor, his face resting upon his unfinished manuscript. In a moment he passed to his rest and reward. He was the last martyr of Erromanga, all succeeding attempts having failed.

Though he carefully preserved the record of the labors of his brother and his wife in the volume "The Last Martyrs of Erromanga" no corresponding effort has been made to give the church the story of his own life. The testimony of all who knew him bears witness to a fine intellect, consecrated zeal and deep, fervent piety. Dr. Paton says "He also was a heavenly minded, consecrated missionary, full of burning zeal for the conversion and eternal salvation of 'the savages of Erromanga.'" A fellow student says, "His offer to take his brother's place in Erromanga was not a surprise to those who knew him and of what spirit he was."

These chapters in the history of Erro-

mango faithfully reflect the spirit of the highest type of Christian service. The Gordons are loved and honored not on account of their tragic death, but on account of their faithful service. The dark days of our mission have passed away, but they have taught what men and women can do for the salvation of the world.

Our young people do well to study the life and work of the Gordons. They were great men at home. The same spirit that faced the darkness of Erromanga faced the sins of men and women at home. The men who threw their lives against heathenism were equally aggressive against the vices of civilization. They would have been marked men had they remained at home. The church needs workers who share this ideal whether at home or abroad. The planting of the Kingdom of God on Erromanga gave the Gordons an honored place in the triumphs of the Church. To plant this same Kingdom in hearts at home gives any one a place in the firmament of the glorified.

To live in the spirit of entire consecration is the great leavening influence in Society. The form of service has changed and the same assaults of darkness may not come to us. Instead has come the subtler spirit of evil, compromise, materialism and scepticism. The voice of the prophet is still needed. There is an urgent call to young men and women to unfurl the banner beneath whose folds the Gordons served and round which at last the Erromangans have rallied. Well may we exclaim: "What doth God wrought!" The sower and reaper will rejoice together, and the church should go forward with the assurance of one who has seen the glory of the Lord making the desert blossom as the rose.

SOME DAY.

"Some day there will come a whisper in the evening, and with bated breath it will be said of you: 'He is dead!' In an inner chamber you will lie cold and unresponsive. Neither the tears nor the pathetic griefs of those whom you once loved will move you. Have you any idea where your spirit will be—where you yourself will be in that hour, or what will be your destiny—when you have slipped out of that circle of sorrow?"

Pulpit and Pew.

THE MINISTRY OF TOIL.

A. SERMON BY REV. PROF. A. R. GORDON D.
LITT., PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONT-
REAL.

"I go a-fishing." John 21, 3.

It was a time of restless waiting. The risen Lord had bidden His faithful followers go before Him into Galilee. But the days passed and He came not. Meantime all around them was life and bustle. The bright blue waters of the Lake were dotted with the gleaming sails of innumerable boats, with their crews of strong-armed fishermen, their faces ruddy with health and their hearts full of the joy of honest toil. And the impetuous Peter could bear no longer the tedium of inaction.

These were the fishing-grounds that had once seen his prowess with the nets. This was the haven to which he brought so often his groaning loads of fish. Ay, and here perhaps was the very boat he was wont so deftly to handle, his companion alike on many a prosperous voyage and through many a dark and perilous night. His fingers itched for the touch of the oars again. And with the quick outburst "I go a-fishing" he made for the long-disused craft, to try once more his fortunes on the sea.

All unwittingly he had touched a chord in all their hearts. They too chafed under their inaction. They too wanted something to occupy their minds, something to turn their restless hands to. Though he was the first to express the feeling, the spell of the old life had fallen on all of them. They too heard the music of the waters wooing them to the deep. And with right good will they followed him to the boat, and soon were out on the rippling waves, casting their nets as eagerly as of yore.

It was a true instinct that sent these seven men back to their work. For weeks past they had been living on the highest pitch of religious emotion. They had gone up to Jerusalem in a fervour of enthusiasm for their Master. They had joined in the tri-

umphal procession, and looked to see Him forthwith crowned King of the Jews on the throne of His father David.

From these sublime heights they had been suddenly plunged into the deepest depths of despair when wicked men seized the Master and amid every accompaniment of shameful indignity nailed Him to the criminal's cross.

But out of the depths they had been raised once more to the seventh heavens of spiritual rapture when the Crucified One rose from the dead and returned to bless them with His love and peace. And for several days thereafter they had lived, as it seemed, on a plane midway between heaven and earth, now in happy friendship with their risen Lord, and then again apart from Him, in a world all out of sympathy with their hopes and aspirations.

And thus a sense of unreality had settled on their spirits. For the time being they hardly knew where they were, in what strange world they were moving, whether indeed it were not all a fantastic dream. And they needed just this contact with reality which their old work afforded to calm and heal their strained nerves, and to give their faith itself the tone and self-control essential to a healthy Christian manhood.

And thus we learn from the story:—

(1) The saving influence of our daily work.

It is sometimes said that labour is the penalty of sin, the curse that God denounced on sin. But this is a false interpretation both of Scripture and of life. The pains and sufferings, the weariness and infirmities that are often associated with labour are the curse of sin. But labour itself is a blessing, a good gift of God to sinful men, a healing, helpful strengthening grace.

In days of sorrow and anxiety, for example, how kindly a physician work is. You may remember the poor fisherman's words, in Scott's "Antiquary," to the lady who came to comfort him on the death

of his child. "You rich folk when ye're in trouble may sit wi' yer handkerchief tae yer een, but we puir bodies maun aff tae oor work again, e'en though oor hearts are thumpin' like a hammer." Ay, but the poor fellow at his honest work was far better off in his time of sorrow than had he been able to nurse his grief with his "handkerchief tae his een."

Work is a healing ministry from God in heaven. When the heart is crushed beneath its heavy load, unable to lift itself up, with what gracious tact our work, as it were, soothes and braces the wounded spirit, giving it new interests, fresh hopes and a widened outlook, making life once more to appear beautiful and good and full of mercies, and tenderly instilling into the fainting heart the joyous hope and strength of a new life.

But work plays as essential a part in the development of our Christian character. It has sometimes seemed to eager enthusiasts as if this world of active duty were hostile to the higher interests of the soul. If they could but lay aside life's duties, and give their whole waking thoughts to devout meditations, exercises and prayers, then they feel they might reach the mind of Christ and live worthily of His praise. In this spirit men have actually withdrawn themselves from the world, and sought to live the Christian life in the solitude of the hermit's cave or monastery, where the whole atmosphere around them breathed of devotion.

But Christian character cannot be developed in that rarified atmosphere. Character is inseparable from life. And a true life must be lived in the light of day, and in the full stream of work and duty.

The blessing of Jacob could never have been won had he remained for ever on the heights of Bethel with all its hallowed visions. He had on the morrow to step out afresh on his journey, with all its hardships and perils, to scale the ladder of Luz, not now on angels' wings of faith and prayer, but by dint of hard stern climbing, to fare forth to the unknown land that called him, and to meet its varied experiences as they came to him, with a spirit worthy of one who had seen the vision.

As little can we grow to the full stature of Christ by our Bethel visions of heavenly things. Inspired by these, we must march onwards to our plains of Syria, our camp-

ing grounds in Israel, and sometimes even our years of exile in Egypt.

It is our daily work, however commonplace and secular it may seem, that brings our Christian character to maturity and strength. Faith is the rule of life, and prayer and meditation the gentle sap and showers; but work is the activity that unfolds the germs of life, and makes the tree blossom with flower and fruit. Had we no such means of calling out our energies, we might be gentle and beautiful souls (as they are called), but our character would be sadly lacking in courage and robust strength.

Instead of repining, therefore, as we are sometimes tempted to do, in the midst of the thronging duties and responsibilities of life, let us rather thank God for our work. For that it is which makes us healthy and happy Christian men and women.

The incident brings before us

(2) **The presence of Christ amidst our work.**

As they ploughed the waves of the Lake, it seemed to the disciples that they had made a sorrowful descent from the mounts of blissful intercourse with their Master. And the longer they toiled at the oars, the further they seemed to draw from Him. But with the first bright streaks of daylight, they found, to their wondering joy, that just there, at their common task, the Lord had redeemed His promise, and returned to bless them.

And so it is, or should be, in our own lives.

A beautiful mediaeval legend, thrown into ballad form by George Macdonald, tells of a monk long hours praying in his cell, to whom was granted the vision of the Christ. As he gazed enraptured, "on his sad ear fell the convent bell," the call to rise and give the daily bread to the poor that waited at the convent-gate.

"A passion of love within him rose,
And with duty wrestled strong;
But the bell kept calling all the time,
With iron merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eyes,
Then he sprang to his feet in strength;
"If I find Him not when I come back,
I shall find Him the more at length."

He chid his heart, and he fed the poor,
All at the convent gate:
Then wearily, oh wearily,
Went back to be desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,
He stood on the door-sill;
Sad and slow he lifted the latch—
The Master stood there still!

He said, "I have waited, because my poor
Had not to wait for thee;
But the man that doeth my Father's work
Is never far from me."

In the old legend there is a deep truth. It is perhaps a healthy instinct that draws the line so sharply between sacred and secular. For God has His due claims the world dare not intrude upon. And yet the instinct may lead us far astray if it blind our eyes—like the old monk's before he found His Master—to His presence in this week-day world of duty and brotherhood.

Here, in this house that is called by His name, as we read His word, and lift up our hearts in prayer, especially at such sacred seasons as Communion, when we eat and drink at His table, we feel His nearness. But out in the world, at the counter or the market place, in the fields or the woods, or even in our charities, when we give the cup of cold water to the least of His brethren, how seldom we think of Him, and how little we expect to meet Him.

And yet He is as near to us there as in the solemn stillness of the sanctuary. The same Jesus that met the seven disciples as they toiled at the oars is with us still, as we labour at our work, eager to help and cheer and bless. As the apocryphal saying of Jesus, recently discovered, runs: "Cleave the wood, and there I am; raise the stone, there too will you find Me." That is, at your common tasks, as carpenter or mason, or whatever you be, there am I your Master, to strengthen and bless you.

If only His disciples have eyes to see the glory of His presence! As there are those who look on the beauty of earth and sky and sea unmoved, those who find no God in the heavens, and no trait of His character in the human soul, so there are those who see no Christ in human life.

Had such dull souls been present on the boat that glad Gospel morning, they would have seen no other than a passing stranger in the Figure that hailed the seven disciples from the Lake-side. It needed the eye of love to know Him. First the quick insight of the Apostle of love. Then the awakening vision of all the rest as their

duller eyes were lit up by the same bright glow of love.

And for us too love is the opener of the eyes. The heart that has never felt the life-giving touch of the love of Christ can have no sense of His presence, and no vision of the Divine glory of life. But when His love begins to warm the soul with its holy fire, then the scales fall from our eyes, and we see and know that He is all about us. With growing love the vision expands, until the whole universe appears luminous with His glory, and we realize that the promise is true that He is indeed "with us always, even to the end of the world."

(3) We see how this vision of Christ in daily life makes it real and rich and blessed.

A poor and barren thing the seven disciples found their labour at the nets, until Jesus appeared; and then they were not able to haul them in for the multitude of fishes they had caught.

Here too we have a true parable of life. Apart from Jesus Christ, our lives are empty and vain. But when His light is shed upon our path, and His gracious presence encircles us, they are filled with eternal significance and success.

This is true often in the most literal sense. A young man goes from the old home to seek his fortune. He has little capital but that of the faith in his father's God, the God of Bethel, which is the bed rock of principle. But on that sure foundation he builds up for himself prosperity he dreamt not of. For in spite of the mushroom fortunes we often see shooting up around us, with a root like that of Jonah's gourd, it still remains true that principle is the basis of all solid and lasting prosperity. The man who lays the foundations of his life on the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, as it were, casts his net on the right side as He directs, has taken the first real step towards success in life.

But after all, success is not to be measured by money value alone. You may gain the whole world, and lose your own soul, not in the eternal future alone, but even in this present work-a-day world. For what is the life whose be-all and end-all is worldly lucre; the life that is bereft of interest and enjoyment in the nobler issues, the beauty and love and goodness, the faith

whose price is more than all the gold and silver of worldly treasures? An empty, sor-did existence, hardly worthy to be called the life of man.

He is the most successful who fills his life the fullest of high thoughts, lofty achievements, and pure and exalted enjoyments, who is the best and the noblest of men.

Take it from the merely human side, and think whose influence has entered most deeply into the hearts and lives of his fellow men; who has changed most profoundly the channels of human history? No prince of worldly wealth or splendor; no king arrayed in garments like Solomon, but the lowly carpenter of Nazareth. And he who loves and learns of Him comes nearest to His success.

And thus from our meditations on the risen Christ at the lake-side of Galilee, let us carry home the great lesson of the sacredness of life, and the divine dignity of labour. There is no real breach between the sacred and the secular, the Sabbath and the week-day, the House of God, and the office or the counter. One God rules over both spheres of life. One Christ upholds and sanctifies both. One Spirit guides us in both.

And therefore let us give ourselves to our work in the same high spirit with which we worship God in His Temple, and we shall find our work to be indeed a hallowing and saving influence, redeeming us from vanity and pettiness, and helping to make us strong and brave, sympathetic and true, sincere and loyal-hearted Christian men and women. He that has truly learned this lesson of life will find it best worth living.

LIFE'S BEST SCHOOL.

Life's best school is living with people. It is there we learn our best lessons. Some one says, "It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and friction than to live in undisturbed quiet alone."

It is not ideally the easy way. It means oftentimes hurts, wrongs, injustices, many a wounding, many a heartache, many a pang. It requires self-forgetfulness, self-restraint, the giving up of one's rights many times, the overlooking of unkindness, and thoughtlessness, the quiet enduring of many things that it would seem no one should be required to endure from another. But it is best.—Forward.

ON BECOMING SUPERFLUOUS.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D.D.

There is a tree on the street where I live, which has outgrown and burst wide-open the wire cage that protected it from good horses and bad boys. Without that strong defense, the tree would have been chewed to a pulp, cut to pieces, or uprooted; and by enabling it to become capable of self-support, the frame rendered itself useless!

Upon that rusty, shattered cage, I bestowed a more than passing thought of commiseration, which, upon analysis, I found to be nothing more nor less than self-piety! For I perceived that here was the story of every one who envelops any individual with his protecting arms or upholds any doctrine or institution with his broad shoulders and strong back!

Such is the destiny of the parent! Fathers and mothers shield, support, and guide the little child at first, only to render themselves the most worthless of superfluities at the last, while the teacher and the preacher, the philosopher and the reformer, travel the same thorny road. What is the pathetic story of their sacrificial endeavors, if it is not that of sustaining the trembling footsteps of their followers and beneficiaries, only to see them at last start off and run alone, unmindful of their guides?

Is it not also the history of institutions as well as people? The little red school-house, the village academy, and even the great university have achieved their missions by rendering themselves of no further account to their pupils!

What must we think then? Is this to be testing of all institutions? Is it toward this unexpected goal that all governments are painfully wending their way?

The garret in the old homestead is full of startling intimations that such is the destiny of all utilities. Here is an old flint-lock musket which defended the log cabin from the Indians, only to find itself carried up the back stairs to the lumber room, after it had made itself unnecessary! Speak up, little cradle, and tell the story of your imaginary wrongs! Grieving, are you, because the baby forgot you when it outgrew you? Spinning-wheel, loom, rope-bedstead, handirons—all join the melancholy chorus of complaint.

But why complain? Is it not the manifest destiny of all things, institutions, people, and even of the globe itself?

Looked at as a universal law and principle, this is not so terrible! Let us but make it the corner-stone of our philosophy, that the noblest achievement of man is to render himself superfluous at the earliest possible moment, and what is otherwise a despair becomes a glory and a victory.—S. S. Times.

CHARACTER.

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows
Must our inmost self disclose,
Till in every arch and line
All our hidden faults outshine.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo! its name is Character.
Build it well, whate'er you do!
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it clean and high and broad,
Build it for the eye of God.

EVIL HEREDITY.

On the other side of the ocean, just before I left home last September, a mother suddenly came into a room, where there was a little boy six or seven years old, and found that little boy trying to kill a baby two years old with the scissors, and she said to the child: "What are you doing?" and he said, "I want to kill him."

It frightened the mother and she talked to the father about it, and the father took him to a doctor, and he took him to a specialist, and that specialist was my friend.

He examined the child thoroughly and said to him: "Why do you want to kill the baby; it does not hurt you?" And the boy replied, "I want to kill somebody all the time."

And the doctor turned to the father and said, "Are you a drinking man?" The father said, "Well, I do drink, it is true, but I don't often drink to excess." The doctor replied, "Well, you drink. That boy will kill somebody some day. It is in his blood and your drinking habit is the cause of it." You reap what you sow. Don't forget it.—Gipsy Smith.

AN EXCELLENT PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric yet eminent physician, was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise inquiries, about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down

"Do Something for Somebody."

In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washer-woman.

"It's not meself, doctor, it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see I was after going out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was full of soft flannel, from Mrs. Walker.

She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor. So if you plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present."

"It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription.

"Do Something for Somebody."—Selected.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.

There is only one catastrophe to dread. It is not money-loss, or body-maiming, or death of self or friend. Any of these so-called disasters may be richest blessing. It is the catastrophe of God's will defeated. There can be no greater tragedy in any life to-day than that God's will for that life shall be made of no effect.

Yet this greatest of all disasters is the commonest of all disasters: so common, that even Christ's own followers think little of it. Every time we depart just a little from the duty that we know is ours, or leave a duty undone, or do a distinct wrong, we precipitate a calamity than which there is none greater: we make God's will for us at that moment a failure.

It is true that Christ's redemption does not permit these daily tragedies to mark us for the eternal death that is their logical result. But it is equally true that even Christ's redemption does not restore to us the lost opportunities of doing God's will. We shall have fresh opportunities, but never again those that we trampled under foot.

How earnestly should we pray each morning that God will keep this day free from the irreparable loss of crossing his will!—S. S. Times.

LIFE NOT A HOLIDAY.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for He likes to see His children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care.

But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overwhelming and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because He loves us He comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly.

But one thing we may be sure of: the task He sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father's home.—Henry Drummond.

The Children's Pages.

A BOY'S MAP.

Once a boy about twelve or a little more asked his father if he might do something that he very particularly wanted to do. His father was a wise man. He trusted his boy; and feeling sure that William could be trusted, he gave his consent willingly, and then thought no more about it.

That night, when all the family had gone to bed, and the country manse was silent and dark, William got up, dressed himself, and slipped downstairs quietly. Lighting a candle, he went to the dining-room and shut himself in.

And then he forgot everything in the excitement of what he was doing. He might have been afraid of the weird, dancing shadows that flickered about the room had he not been so busy and interested in what he wanted to work out.

He took down the pictures from one side of the wall, and then on the dark wall-paper he began drawing a great map of Africa with thick, white chalk lines.

He worked on in silence by the light of the candle, standing upon a piece of furniture to reach the top of the wall, and then stooping down to complete his map near the wainscoting. He filled in mountains, rivers, plains, and deserts in heavy chalk lines, and then marked the places where he knew missionaries were working. At last it was finished; the big map of Africa stood out clearly on the wall.

Then William went to bed, and because he had been up at such a late hour the night before, he slept longer the next morning, and when he went down to the dining-room he found all the family gathered around his map, and each one was asking, "How did it come here, and who could have done it?" "And is not the wall-paper spoilt?"

The father turned to William when he entered the room, and asked him if he knew anything about it. William's dark eyes must have flashed with excitement as he owned up that he had worked out the map in the night, when all were asleep. His father was a very wise and kind man; he did not scold because the wall-paper was spoilt, but putting his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, he asked him to tell him why he had done it.

"I wanted to know how big Africa would look on the wall. I must know all about it, for some day I want to go to Africa to be a missionary, and I must learn every bit about it now, you know."

"Then," said the missionary: "No word was spoken of blame. My father understood, and saw it was real to me, and we all talked about Africa when we sat down to breakfast.

"Every one who came in for the next few days saw the map, and they talked about it, until lots of people got quite an enthusiasm for African missions, and the need of that great land. We were all well up in Africa. The wall was repapered, but the interest did not die out. Missionary zeal cannot burn in one heart alone: it is infectious."

In after years William became a missionary, but not to Africa after all, which was the dream of his boyhood, but to India. It reminds us of another, who hung his walls with maps, and studied them until the needs of the world were burned into his soul. He too thought of going to Africa, but God called him to India; and the name of Dr. William Carey has ever since been linked with that of India.

It will do all boys and girls good to get a like enthusiasm for missionary work in heathen countries, and to get an interest in other lands. Young people are needed who have imagination to see and feel, for these are the people who move the world.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

A SCATTERED BIBLE.

A patient in the American hospital in Turkey was given a copy of the Bible, and carried it home with him to his native Armenian village. He was proud of having it; but an Armenian priest, seeing the Bible in his hand, snatched it from him, tore it to pieces, and flung it into the street. There it lay until a grocer, coming by, picked it up to use as wrapping paper in his store. He wrapped such little purchases as candles, a bit of cheese, or a few olives, bought by the poorer villagers, in the leaves on which the Word of God was printed. In this strange way that one Bible was scattered all through the village.

Pretty soon the grocer's customers began to ask him if he had any more leaves. They had read the torn pages, and they wanted to know more of the book. The grocer did not know anything about the Bible, of course, and could not help them to find another. But the leaves were treasured, and read over and over again.

One day a missionary colporteur, on his round through the Turkish provinces, came to this obscure village. What was his amazement when one hundred persons came hastening to him for Bibles, or parts of the Bible! No gospel had been preached, no Christian teacher had been at work! The scattered Bible had proclaimed its own message of light and life, and proved again that God's word shall not return unto Him void. This true story is told by the Bible colporteur.—*Parish and Home.*

FRED'S BIG SISTER.

"I don't go much on sisters," Rodney Black was heard to remark, "but I could stand a dozen like Fred's; she's O. K. Lucky dog, that Fred Wilkins."

"Same here," Tim Welsh added. "She's better posted on fish bait and baseball than Fred is himself, and as to cookies—Oh, my!"

Fred Wilkins' house was the most popular resort for the boys of the neighborhood, but Fred said good naturedly, "I'm not chalking up any credit to myself for it: it's all Sue."

There never was a girl like her for making mouth-watering tarts and turn-overs, doughnuts and cookies, and she knew enough of a boy's appetite to make them by the gross and the bushel, instead of paltry dozens and pints. As to skill in bandaging and caring for torn and bruised fingers and toes, even the doctors, so the boys said, had to take a back seat for Sister Sue. Yet, after all, her crowning talent was the wonderful way she had of patching and darning a ragged tear in coat or trousers, so that even one's own mother couldn't discover it.

"Say, she's going to have a birthday next Wednesday," confided one of the boys to the others. "Let's do the handsome thing and get her a present. She's always loading us up with good things, and doing things for us generally."

The group of boys hilariously agreed, and it was decided to ask Fred to learn from Sister Sue what she most desired as a gift. Fred agreed, and promised to report promptly. But two days passed and Fred kept away from the other boys, or gave unsatisfactory answers when approached. Finally the boys cornered him.

"Well, you see," he said shamefacedly, "Sue ain't like other girls, always wanting things. If it was Bess, now, she'd tell a dozen things she'd like in one breath."

"Well, it isn't Bess, it's Sue," cried Will Davis. "What does Sue want?"

Fred took a long breath. "Well, you see," he began again, "she couldn't know I was quizzing her for anybody but myself, and she said—pshaw, I ain't going to tell you," he broke off impatiently, "It isn't any of your business, anyway."

The boys grew indignant. "Well," said a voice, "I guess it is our business. If you think it is going to cost too much—we're not a stingy lot. We're ready to do it up fine. Out with it, Fred!"

Fred straightened up at that, with a "do or die" expression on his face. "Maybe you'll wish I hadn't. It is something that'll cost like fun, but I said I'd report, and I'm a man of my word, so here goes. She just said, 'Frederick Jackson Wilkins, if you want to give me a birthday present that I'd like better than anything else,

you take a sheet of blank paper and write on it an iron-clad promise that you'll stop smoking cigarettes, and sign it.' And that's all I could get out of her."

Fred said afterwards, when he told Sue about it, "You could have sliced up the silence that fell over the bunch of boys with my jack-knife." Every boy of them had known that Fred's sister Sue had no use for cigarettes, and they had always been careful to keep them out of her sight. It was Fred who finally spoke again.

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd like it a bit better than I did, but you made me tell."

"Say, are you going to give Sue what she asked for?" spoke up a boy, slyly.

Fred's face flushed, but his voice had a manly ring, as he promptly answered. "You just better believe I am. She's too good a sister to disappoint."

"That's what I say," blurted out Tom Folk. "It would please her mightily to have all us boys do the same thing, too. Let's do it. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

"Aye, Aye," was the firm but quiet response from every boy.

"There's one of the boys wants to see you, Sue, out in the yard," said Fred Wilkins to his sister on the morning of her birthday. "He won't come in."

She smilingly accommodated herself to a boy's whim and hurried out into the yard, where she found Rodney Black. He handed her an envelope, bulky and broad. "From us boys, just to start off your birthday cheerful," he told her.

Fred lingered around when Sue opened the envelope and read the promise written in many boyish hands to stop smoking, and heard a fervent, girlish, "Bless their hearts. How did they ever know how much I wanted them to do this very thing!"

She wouldn't have been a girl if she hadn't been wonderfully pleased at the mammoth box of bon-bons that came later, labeled in boyish hand, "Bought with the money we didn't spend on cigs." But she always insisted that, delicious as it was, it wasn't to be mentioned in the same breath with the presents that came in the envelope.—Julia F. Deane, in *Union Signal*.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all our work and all our play,
To love Thee better every day.

THE FIRST TANGLE.

Once in an Eastern palace wide,

A little child sat weaving,
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side,
Flocked round her, almost weeping.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerfully?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl, and tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled,
Before the king has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King."
She said, abashed, and meekly;
"You know, He said, in everything"—
"Why, so do we," they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly."

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied,
At the first little tangle."

Oh, little children, weavers all!
Our broiery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call,
At the first little tangle.

A HALF FINISHED JOB.

A carpenter tendered for a job. He failed to get it, for the owner remembered his poor and hasty finish of a dormer-window done carelessly, years before.

A half-finished job never dies. The half-learned spellings at school crop up in our correspondence years later, and we are often judged by such correspondence. You may not think of tracing the business letter back to the half-learned spelling lesson. But the half-finish habit follows everywhere and will always do harm.

This wretched habit is the parent of much of the shame and lack of usefulness in the world. And he who has permitted himself to acquire it, what are his chances of success in life? Who wants his services if they can help themselves?

But to cure the habit is quite possible. If one will remember that conscience must be revered in all successful work, the days of slipshod and half-finish will, for him, pass away.

The complete remedy for the half-finish habit, then, is very old, but it is the only

one. It is simply this. "Keep a conscience 'void of offence.'"—Sel.

BACK TO THE FARM.

A young man applied for a position yesterday to a commission firm in the Live-Stock Exchange building.

"I want a job. I am a first-class stenographer and bookkeeper."

The head of the firm looked at him for a minute.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"I live in central Kansas. My father is a farmer, and owns a big ranch."

"How much do you expect a week?"

"Well, I think I ought to be worth twelve dollars a week."

"Does your father need help at home?"

The applicant admitted that his father needed hired help.

"Young man," said the live-stock man, "the farm is the place for you. At first you would scarcely make enough here to pay your board. At home your father would be willing to pay you good wages and that would be clear profit."

The boy looked at the floor. "I guess you're right," he admitted. "I'll go home to-night."

Many another farmer's son who is uneasy and ambitious for a life in the city should cut it out and paste it in his hat.

As I visit the great cities, I wonder how any one of his own free will can live in one of them.

Many of us have to, to be sure. Our work lies in the city, and we have to go to the daily treadmill; and the most we can hope for is a quiet home in the suburbs where we may spend our nights and Sundays, and perhaps a little farm where we may end our days when life's more strenuous work is over.

But the country with its innumerable charms, its growing things, its animal life, its freedom, its good air, its sunshine, its glorious, howling storms, its pattering rain in summer, its untrodden, unpolluted snow in winter—how can one ever leave it voluntarily for the city with its smoke and dust, its noise and clamor, its struggle and strife, its jealousies and intrigues, its saloons and its brothels?

I thank God for the brave souls who are willing to tackle the city's problems, and try to purify its social and political atmosphere, and am sorry for the poor souls who have to live in the city because they can't get away from it.

But for the man who has a country home, or can have one, and who voluntarily leaves it—well, I simply wonder at his mental make-up.

I know what there is to be said on the other side; but the telephone and the trolley, the magazine and the newspaper, are largely eliminating the isolation and loneliness of country life, and are promoting that wholesomest of cries, "Back to the farm!"—C. E. World.

SOMEBODY: WAS IT YOU?

There was somebody who said unkind words which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was selfish and thoughtless in her home. Was it you?

There was somebody who disobeyed mamma and made her a great deal of trouble and sorrow. Was it you?

There was somebody who spoke unkindly of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but fault with everything in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—Ex.

"NUMBER ONE."

"He is a number one boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John, "but what a pity it is that he is blind."

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John! what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb up-stairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he is so busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands," said "Number One."

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on round him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' you had

better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her arm-chair in quiet."—Messenger for the Children.

THE DOCTOR'S "ASSISTANT."

He was only a small boy, and his mother was very, very ill. What made it worse was that the kind nurse who looked after her said he had better not go into her room for fear of disturbing her, and so he had to play about in the back yard and to feel sorry and lonely, for he had no company except his big white lop-eared rabbit, with the pink eyes. He wished very much to help his dear mother, so, of course, he prayed and asked God to make her better.

Then suddenly he thought of something that might, perhaps, do her good, and would, at least, show that he felt for her. And that is what the tale is about. While the nurse was down in the kitchen attending to a saucepan, he got something out of the back yard, and very quietly he tiptoed up the stairs to his mother's room. He opened the door gently, and there was his mother looking so weak and white and ill in bed; and though she was ill, she managed to turn her head on the pillow and say, "Hello! little man."

The little man smiled back and said, "Hello! mother dear. I must whisper because of nurse. But I'm very sorry because you are ill, and I want to comfort you. And please, mother, dear, I've brought you my white rabbit, and you can have it to play with." And he pulled the white rabbit from behind him and held it up by its ears, and when it had kicked twice and screwed itself different ways, he put it on the counterpane and ran away, whilst it was trying to eat the flowers in the pattern.

Never mind what nurse said when she found the white rabbit in the bed. She said, "Bless the boy!" and then she said something else as well, but that doesn't matter.

Not long after the white rabbit was safe again in his hutch, the doctor called, and said to the little boy's mother, "Let me feel your pulse." When he had felt it, he said to nurse, "Why, your patient is better. She has been roused and pleased in some way. That was just what I wanted. She has taken the turn, and I think she'll do now. What has happened?"

Nurse told him about the rabbit, and he laughed; and when he went downstairs he called for the boy and patted him on the head harder than he liked, and said, "Well done, my boy! I wish I had you for an assistant." And he took him for a ride in his motor-car, which pleased both of them, and one day he promised to take the white rabbit as well.—London Christian World.

THE EYES OF THE BLIND OPENED.

BY DR. H. F. TAYLOR, JALALPUR HOSPITAL.

Far away amongst the hills on the north of India there lived three children. Their home was a beautiful one, in a valley where flowers grew, and streams ran, and birds were singing. In the distance could be seen the great mountain tops, on which the snow never melts.

They grew up, two boys who were twins, to be about thirteen years old, and their sister somewhat older. The sad part of it all was, that of the beautiful things of which they heard people around speak, they themselves could see nothing, for from infancy they had been blind.

No one cared much for them, and they lived rather neglected, because they could not, like other children, go and earn a little by working in the fields or shepherding the flocks of goats which roamed over the hillsides in search of food.

One day a traveller passed through the village and told of a man far away in a place called Jalalpur who could "make eyes." That is how he put it, and those poor blind children thought that if only they could get to that far-off place they too might have their eyes made.

But how were they to find their way? No one would go with them to guide them. At last they made up their minds to go by themselves. Getting together some meal and a few things for their journey, they set off hand-in-hand,—the blind leading the blind.

Day after day they stumbled and groped their way along the rough roads, up and down the hillsides, across mountains, streams, and round great rocks, till at last one day they came to a town called Bhimbar, where the hill-country ends and the great plains begin.

They asked where Jalalpur was, and were told it was still thirty miles distant across the plain. So from village to village they begged their way till, at last, after their long journey of sixty miles, first through the rough hills and then across the flat plain, they reached Jalalpur.

I shall never forget the day, as I sat in a little room in the Medical Mission at Jalalpur seeing the sick who had come for medicine, when the door opened to let in those three blind children. Their shoes were worn out, their clothes were tattered and torn, and their faces were thin. They were very weary.

We took them into Hospital, fed them, and kept them till they were stronger, and then the girl had one of her eyes operated on, or "made," as she said. At first she seemed no better; but in a few days we found, to our great joy, that she was able to see a little, and her eye gradually grew stronger and stronger. And

so, one after another, these three children, who had come helpless and blind to the Hospital in Jalalpur, had their eyes opened and were able to see.

After a time one of the boys went to school, where he sat in the infant class and began to learn his letters.

His brother became water-carrier to the Hospital. In a hot dry country like India the water has to be drawn from deep wells, and the man who gives a drink to him that is thirsty does a blessed work. And this poor boy, morning and evening, used to go to the well near the Hospital and bring water that the sick folk, who had come, like himself, to be healed of blindness or other diseases, might have water to drink. The girl too learned to do her part in the work of helping others; for she became Hospital cook, preparing the food for the patients.—*Life and Work, The Church of Scotland Magazine.*

DR. BENDEL AND THE STUDENT.

When the famous Biblical Scholar, Dr Bendel, was lying at death's door, he sent for one of his theological students and begged him to say a word of spiritual comfort.

The student came to the bedside of the dying professor, but hesitated and faltered, and at last said:—

"Sir I am only a poor pupil, only a mere learner; I don't know what I can say to a great and learned man like you."

"What!" said Bendel, "You a student of divinity, and you know not how to give comfort to a dying Christian!"

The student managed at last to whisper the text: "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin."

Bengel stretched out his hands to him with a smile of thanks:

"That is the very word I want to hear," he said. "God bless you for it."—*Bishop Welldon.*

USELESS FOREBODINGS.

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam.

Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving!

Why can not we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—*Selected.*

NORMAN'S CHRISTMAS LESSON.

BY UNCLE JACK.

There was great excitement in the Quigley home. Not only was it Christmas day, but this was an unusual Christmas, because Deacon Morrison had driven up and left a most mysterious box.

"For our Pastor," was written on it—and all the pastorettes!" he shouted, as he drove off. The children understood that message—except the one word "pastorette." Alice and Wilson were wondering what it could mean, when wise fourteen-year-old Emma explained.

"You know when father preaches a short sermon to the children it's a 'sermonette'; so I suppose 'pastorettes' are little pastors."

But words and their meanings were all forgotten when Father Quigley came home. What an exciting time it was when he was opening the box!

At last the first package was lifted out. "For our Pastor," was written on it—and inside was a beautifully bound Bible.

The next package, "For our helpful Mrs. Quigley," was a warm muff.

And then came many other bundles, all with names on them. And such nice messages with the names! Messages which seemed even better than the gift of dolls, and books, and toys, and a box of tools. Think of having Christmas packages with such words on the wrapper as these: "For little Hope, who tries to make everybody feel good;" "For Wilson, the boy who is always ready to help;" "For Elizabeth, who is never too tired to sing in the choir;" "For Robert, from one who knows about his giving his skates to a boy at the Orphan Home" (there was a new pair of skates in that bundle); "For Annie, the little girl who likes to please other people."

There were other gifts, too; some of the children had more than one. It seemed that there was at least one package, with its message, for everybody.

But there was one member of the family who had waited in vain to hear his name. Ten-year-old Norman, at first noisy as the rest, when the gifts were one by one taken from the box, had become more and more quiet as the names of others were being read.

What was the matter with his gift? Too bad it was away at the bottom!

Yet nothing was said about him! A lump came in his throat; he moved farther and farther away, until he was near the door. When his father said, "This package, 'For Stuart, the friend of everybody in town,' is the last," he was afraid he would disgrace himself by sobbing aloud; so he hurried from the room.

Father Quigley saw him go. Then he remembered that there had been nothing for Norman.

"Poor boy! I must go to him," he thought.

He found the disappointed lad in the barn. His arms were about the neck of old Bruce, the family horse, and he was brokenly telling his dumb friend the story of his grief.

"Nothing for me, Bruce; nothing for me! How could they forget? I don't believe they meant to forget, do you? But they were so busy fixing presents for the folks they could say nice things about, that they didn't get any ready for the only one of us nobody likes. It would be so nice to have some of those things said about me! Just think, Bruce; they called mamma, helpful, and they said Hope makes people happy; and they praised Elizabeth for singing so well. Something good about them all, Bruce; but not a word about me! Do you think it could be because I never help folks, and do not think about making them happy, and am always looking out for just Norman, the way papa says I do?" Then the sobs choked him, and he could say nothing more.

It was more than Father Quigley could bear. He called, "Norman, my boy, Norman, father wants you!"

In a moment Norman's arms were transferred from the horse's neck to his father's broad shoulders.

"My poor boy!" Mr. Quigley said. "I was wondering what I could say to you when I saw your disappointment. But I don't need to say anything, do I? It's a hard lesson you've had; a lesson nobody intended, I am sure; but I believe I know my boy well enough to believe he will try this year to think of other folks as well as himself. Then, when next Christmas comes, there will be pleasant messages for you too."

And Norman made up his mind that he would do his best to deserve them.—Ex.

TWELVE THINGS, WHAT ARE THEY?

Twelve things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen.

Not every girl can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach.

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and arise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make some one comfortable.

Never come to breakfast untidily dressed.—Herald and Presbyter.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Jan.	Rec' Mar 1st to Jan. 31st
Home Missions.....	\$32,957.62	\$79,172.94
Augmentation.....	9,110.76	13,672.04
Foreign Missions..	22,622.48	44,548.91
Widows' & Orphans'	3,415.86	5,482.74
A. and I. Ministers	3,197.57	5,345.39
Assembly.....	1,038.82	3,519.40
French Evangeliztn	3,593.48	8,603.52
Pt-aux-Trembles...	2,509.89	5,871.68
Knox College.....	1,937.00	2,760.30
Queen's College...	835.44	1,173.93
Montreal College...	392.92	588.82
Manitoba College...	894.43	1,585.29

Received during January.

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Allenford.....	25.00	Elsinore.....	10
Bethel.....	11.45	Blake.....	3
Thamesvil, St. Jas, ss.	7.63	Stewartville.....	12.40
Ly. edoch.....	5	Inverness, ss.....	3.42
Lindsay, St. And.....	100	Embro, Kx.....	20
Brooklin.....	20.10	Carholme, ss.....	6
Skipness, ss.....	2.11	Picadilly.....	3.25
Brussels.....	25	Rev P. K. McKae.....	9.60
Whitechurch.....	68.25	Rev A. V. Morash.....	5.60
West Brant, ss.....	2	Kenton, Man.....	15
English Set'mt.....	10.60	Carberry, Kx.....	3.50
Perry Sd, St. And.....	17.10	"J. R. C.".....	43
Guelph, St. And.....	20	Columbus.....	106.85
Nassagaweya.....	71.70	Mr John McGeachy.....	5
McKillop, Duff's.....	26.75	River John, ss.....	2
Aylmer, Kx.....	45.50	Burlington, Kx.....	12.63
Clinton, Willis.....	88.51	Tor, Junction, Vic.....	150
S. Plympton.....	45	Rev J. Rex Brown.....	8
Campbellv., St. Dav.....	30	Spruce Lake.....	3
Barrie, C. E. and ss.....	60.58	Craighurst.....	70
Cedarville.....	4.30	Ham, St. James, ss.....	5.61
Campbellford, St. And.....	47.75	Chesterfield.....	115.54
Mont., St. Gabriel's.....	12	Beeton.....	84.08
Watford.....	56.32	Harwich, St. Paul's.....	26
Thamesford, K.D. & S.....	45	Woodstock, Chas, ss.....	17.65
Cranbrook, Kx ss.....	448	Loring.....	12.60
Hintonburg, Beth. ss.....	20	Mon., Taylor.....	10
Bracefield, Un. Pa.....	69.64	Rev J. R. Harcourt.....	6.10
Preston.....	42.85	"F. R. G.".....	5
Mt. Pleasant, Ont.....	17.50	Brandon.....	250
Niag on Lake, St. And.....	7.40	Lancaster, St. And.....	108.48
Farguhar, ss.....	7.35	Rev J. Russell.....	8.50
Sydenham, St. Pa.....	124	Grenfell.....	27
Priceville.....	75	Youngs, ss.....	1
Kingsbury, St. A, wms.....	84.83	Tait's Corners.....	47.25
Orillia, ss.....	68.75	Cadairus.....	32.25
Goderich, Un. ss.....	14.35	Rev S. Lawrence.....	8
Millbank, Kx.....	99	Tor, St. Jas Sq.....	100
Agricultural, L. S. Co.....	30	Rev. Milton Jack.....	14.35
Peterboro, St. Pa.....	650	Bolton, Caven, b.c.....	26
Lion's Head, ss.....	3.79	Dr. J. I. Ferguson.....	6.65
An.erstburg, St. And.....	4.80	Rev. Dr. Du Vall.....	1
Riverside.....	41.30	N. Wiltshire, ss.....	3.20
Homewood, Alta.....	9	Gillies Hill.....	8.69
Moore Line.....	112.22	Salem.....	9.57
St. Ann's.....	9.45	Scarboro, Mel.....	20
Merrickville, etc.....	16.70	Atwood.....	37.23
Per rev. S. J. Taylor.....	101.25	Peabody, Zion.....	9
Perry Sd, St. And. ss.....	50	Ashfield.....	42
Castledale.....	43	Millbank, Kx. ss.....	15
Callander, ss.....	10	Tor, Bonar ss.....	50
Garafraxa, St. Johns.....	16.40	Tor, Chas, girls' jr bc.....	12.50
Rev. A. D. Archibald.....	7.15	Westport.....	11
Rev. E. W. Watts.....	10	Wingham, St. And.....	15.55
Nashville.....	38	Kenneth Urquhart.....	25
N. Irn, Beechwood.....	5	Howick.....	40.50
Langside.....	6	Mr. Mrs. Alexander.....	
MacDougall.....	400		
Brucefield, Un.....	5		
Stouffville, St. Jas.....	42.86		
Stouffville, ss.....	5		
Gananoque, St. A. ss.....	28		
Varna, ss.....	2.50		
Rodney, Y. P. S.....	5		
Anonymous.....	20		
Cumberland.....	7		
Rev. A. B. Dobson.....	8		
Hillsburg, St. And.....	165.90		
Cedarvil, Esplan.....	41		
Oakdale.....	37.35		
Sarawak.....	15.50		
Killarney.....	11		
Miss E. Monteith.....	1.50		
Deloraine.....	197.25		
Buckingham, St. A. ss.....	14.83		
Dundas, Knox.....	151.90		
St. Mary's 1st.....	368.70		
Quaker Hill, ss.....	6		
Rev. Dr. Torrance.....	1000		
Glenarm.....	1.10.15		
Collingwood.....	23.5		
Underwood.....	14.27		
Carlue.....	74		
Arthur, B. C.....	11.50		
High Bluff.....	21.70		
Sooke, Knox.....	20		
Glenmorris.....	121.51		
Cowal.....	9.68		
Cromarty.....	25		
Smith's Falls, lad. bc.....	50		
E. Zorro, Burns.....	17.70		
Elora, Knox.....	244.87		
Delta, B. C., St. Ste.....	38		
St. Lambert, St. Cuth.....	16.05		
Mary E. Copeland, Sask.....	50		
Robt. Sinton, Reg.....	250		
Nanaimo, St. And., ss.....	8.34		
Ham., St. J. h. m. aux.....	125		
Gambrieidge, ss.....	2.80		
Swift Current.....	20		
Mont. Chal.....	148.15		
Millburg, St. And., ss.....	15		
Minnedosa, y. p. s.....	29.30		
Moline Mau.....	17.05		
Rev. W. H. Smith.....	6.65		
Rev. Wm. Peacock.....	14.60		
Rev. Donald Fraser.....	6.35		
Edgmondville.....	164		
Srathroy, St. And.....	127.15		
Lake Megantic.....	9		
Keldon.....	4		
Thornhill.....	33		
Vanc'r, St. And.....	473.50		
Sunnyside.....	20		
Per Agent Hx.....	1903.70		
Darlingford.....	57.25		
Rev. Robert Hume.....	8		
Dunbarton, ss.....	29		
Estevan.....	29		
Bertha, Man.....	10		
Mrs Chambers.....	20		
Rev John Fletcher.....	60		
Rev. D. J. Davidson.....	5		
Lachine, ss.....	4.04		
N. Georgetown, ss.....	10		
Edwell, Un, ss.....	1.25		
Lucknow.....	281.40		
Baltimore.....	166.46		
Westmt, Wmstr ces.....	4		
Clayton.....	61		
Rockland.....	2.75		
Pl. Douglas, ss.....	12.5		
Valleyfield, Chin.....	29.13		
Cornwall, Knox.....	179.10		
Coriwall, ce. and mb.....	36		
Ailsa Craig, ss.....	14		
Harristown, Guth.....	85		
Motherwell.....	123.60		
Brucefield.....	41.04		
St. Cath., Haynes.....	48		
Hallville.....	112.75		
Nassagaweya.....	7		
Singhampton.....	9.90		
Rev A. H. Drum.....	6.10		
Rev. Jas. Buchanan.....	15.30		
Caledo. Kx.....	15.25		
H. E. H. Bronson.....	600		
Thar. Offr. fo. Special			
Blessings.....	600		
Lonsdale.....	20		
Avonbank, ce.....	15		
St Laurent.....	1.40		
Billings' Bridge.....	50.25		
Ham., Sherman Ave.....	25		
Rev E. L. Pidgeon.....	8.25		
Mrs Blackburn.....	2.0		
pr Rev A. E. Armstrong.....	197.54		
Hartney, St. Pa., ss.....	50		
Strathroy, St. A., ss.....	25		
Rev Dr. R. Hamilton.....	10		
Rev J. R. Gilchrist.....	13.30		
Scarboro, Kx. lad. aid.....	23.25		
Scarboro, Kx. ss.....	11.45		
Hawkesville.....	7.16		
Rev M. McKinnon.....	8		
Port Credit, b.c.....	5		
Exeter, Caven.....	12		
Chiselhurst.....	3.20		
Springville.....	48.92		
McDonald's Cors, Kx.....	10.63		
Flesherton.....	9.65		
Nelson, St. Paul's.....	27.25		
Fergus, St. And.....	31.23		
Goderich, Un.....	15.10		
Leeburn.....	4		
Leeburn, ss.....	4		
Ham., St. Jas.....	45.46		
Lobo, Mel.....	68.50		
W. S. Young.....	20		
Tor., Dovercourt.....	2.26.75		
Ham., St. Paul's.....	1300		
Oro, Guthrie.....	32.15		
Elora, Kx, ss.....	20		
Alma.....	59.85		
Mont, Wmster.....	47.81		
Mont, Chal, ss.....	80.71		
Rev John Radford.....	8.90		
Rev D. B. McKae.....	7.45		
Harrington, Kx.....	103		
Napier, St. And.....	49.60		
Napier, ss.....	7		
Napier, Guild.....	20		
Ham, Erskine.....	127		
Mimico, ss.....	6		
Campbellford, yps.....	15		
Warwick, Kx.....	35.25		
Braynton.....	46		
Ospington.....	12		
Oro, Central.....	30		
Kirkhill.....	288		
Smith's Falls, prim. cl.....	22.97		
Quebec, Chal. mb.....	30		
Oxford Mills.....	25		
Lingwick.....	155		
Rev E. McQueen.....	13.30		
Tor., College ces.....	10		
Rev W. N. H. Rowand.....	12.20		
Wallacetown.....	7.00		
Strabane, ss.....	12		
Tor., College.....	661.91		
Rev W. H. Geddes.....	13.95		
Mrs A. S. Morton.....	70		
Carlue, ces.....	8		
Keremeos.....	16		
Spallumcheen.....	107		
Spallumcheen, ss.....	18		
Nashville.....	50		
Teeswater, ces.....	10		
Mrs. S. Bellegrave.....	8		
per Miss Ratti.....	2		
Tor., Bloor.....	121.91		
Mrs. D. W. Houston.....	18		
Berlin, St. And.....	40		
Amherst Is., St. Pa.....	72		
Bristol.....	11.95		
Hampden.....	136		
Claude.....	61.60		
Picton, St. And, ss.....	12.20		
Amos.....	120.81		
Thorold.....	111		
Stratford, Kx.....	300		
Motherwell.....	25		
Seymour, St. And.....	83.55		
Victoria.....	40		
Kemptville, St. Pa.....	65		
Bury's Green.....	3		
Swinport Park.....	30		
Rev F. E. Langill.....	14.60		
Rev Edwin Smith.....	7		
Rev F. D. Roxburgh.....	8.60		
Rev J. M. Duncan.....	6.95		
Rev Alex McFarlane.....	1.30		
Newmarket, w f m s.....	5		

Camlachie, Kx.....	21 75	Rev J.L. Murray	14 95	Rev J. W. Cameron.....	6 95	Moorefield, ces.....	5
Culloden	20 50	Tor, College	1050	Mosa, Burns	40	Rev. D. L. Campbell	7 70
Caradoc, Cook's.....	48	Virden, l. a. s.....	36	Mosa, Burns yps.....	254 50	Rev. J. McKinnon.....	12 75
High Bluff.....	30 65	Hillsdale, St. A. m. b. 18		Tor, Cooke's, ss.....	50	Finkerton, guild	8 40
Mont., Stanley	50	Ham., Central	650	Rev. J. Steele.....	10	Rev. J. M. Robinson.....	10
per Rev E. H. Brandt,	36	Wellesley, Zion	41	Tor, Cooke's c. e. s.....	10	Rev. W. D. Turner	8
Otta, Stewarton.....	103 61	Newton.....	18	Rev. P. M. MacDonald	6 10	Tor., Bonar, ss.....	15
Beechwood, St. And.....	27 45	Lancaster, Kx, ss.....	47	Tor., Ave R., ss.....	14 25	Chater, Man.....	25
Ham., St. And.....	250	Pilot Mound.....	145 30	Wei Hwei Fu, m.b.....	6 24	Ranchoate, Man.....	29
Blakeney.....	56 75	Campbellville, St. Dav.....	50	Earl Grey, Sask.....	14	Langenburg, Sask.....	6 20
Bluevale, ss.....	10	Markdale, Cook's.....	20 40	Rev William Dawson.....	8	Wellwood, &c., Man.....	150
Melbourne, Guth., ss.....	11	Crystal City, etc.....	76 60	Rev A. H. Foster	5 80	Petrel, Man	39
Clandebye, ss.....	2	Blyth, ce.....	15	Rev S. C. Murray	14 60	Brandon Hills, lad.....	18
Mrs. J. Leask.....	2	Springbank, Kx., ss.....	23 25	Rev J. B. Maclean	5 60	Balcarras, Sask.....	22 75
Winterbourne Chal.....		E. Zorra, Burns.....	4 88	Macdonald.....	22 35	Lemberg, Sask.....	14
guild	21	Rev S. M. Whaley.....	18	Nelson, St. Paul's.....	34	Rev. H. E. Abraham.....	6 35
W. Bentinck.....	5 15	Rev D. G. McPhail.....	8	St. David's, Man.....	51 25	Rev. B. Glover.....	8
Rev Hugh Crozier.....	8 60	Rev T. A. Bell.....	9 60	Oak Lake, Man.....	70	Rev. D. A. McLean.....	15 30
Preston, ss.....	21	Rev W. H. Jamieson.....	10	Mosgeil, Man.....	5 30	Dr. W. G. Wallace.....	5 80
"A. C. F."	2	Rev Robt McIntyre.....	5 90	Woodville, Man.....	7 30	Renwick, Man.....	3
Moore, Burns, ss.....	73	Rev T. H. Rogers.....	8	Elkhorn, Man.....	23 20	Rev. C. C. Whiting.....	37 22
Dunwich, Duff's, y.p.s.....	63	Rev Anderson Rogers.....	7 15	Rev A. B. Winchester.....	24 65	Ham., McNab	58 60
Stirling, St. And. kd.....	25	Rev T. G. Thompson.....	7 15	Rev J. C. Robertson.....	7 15	Guelph, St. A. y. p.b.c.....	25
Campbellford, St. And.....	16 50	S. Wmster, St. And.....	71 26	Alma, ypg.....	50	Merriton, St. And.....	57 75
Erin, Burns.....	36 50	Rev C. B. Ross	10	Hymers, ss.....	1 60	Seaford, 1st, ss.....	50
Rockwood.....	58 15	Rev G. D. Campbell.....	6 95	Rev J. H. Bruce.....	14 95	Duck Lake, Sask.....	16
Bear Creek.....	68	Rev A. A. Scott.....	7 45	Leigh	59 8	Paynton, Sask.....	11
Quebec, Chal.....	60	Mrs. Hiebat.....	5	Mont West.....	10 25	Peterboro, St. Paul's.....	250
Quebec, Chal, ss.....	50	Aberarder.....	36	Crysler, Kx.....	1	Belmont, Kx.....	102 90
Powassan, Kx.....	22 25	Almonte, St. John's.....	153 20	Markham, St. And.....	100 40	Belmont, Kx., ss.....	28
Smith's Falls, St. Pa.....	200	Almonte, St. John's.....		Williamsford	6 64	Belmont, Kx., yps.....	12
Galt Kx., ss.....	14	h m b.....	44	Collin's Bay	4 1	Yarmouth, St. Jas.....	51 35
Bristol Cors.....	19	Vancor, 1st, ss.....	113 70	Catherine McRae.....	49 50	Wster, St. And., ss.....	34 50
Chelsea.....	16 45	Grand Metis.....	10	Madoc, St. Pet., ss.....	10	Bobcaygeon, Kx.....	71
Cantley.....	7 50	Tor. Chinese.....	75	Thamesford, St. And.....	25	Wroter.....	131 70
Rev Jas Taylor.....	18	Rev T. A. Watson.....	9	Ham., St. And.....	241	Paisley, Kx.....	52 15
Rev J. R. Battisby.....	7 50	Rev F. W. Mahaffy.....	24 20	Moore, Burns.....	47 79	Plympton, hmb.....	20
Rev J. A. Cranston.....	9 15	Mr. Geo. Hay.....	250	Appin, Frasermb.....	10	Norwich.....	109
Rev John Currie.....	7 70	Rev R. B. Layton.....	6	Guelph, Chal.....	1143 64	Farran's Pt.....	5 50
Rev Prin. Gordon.....	7 45	Van Anda.....	23	Annan, Ont.....	57 18	Brooklin.....	19
Rev C. S. Lord.....	5 80	Mr. James A. Grant.....	259	Chatsworth.....	20	Harrowsmith, ss.....	5
Rev D. O. McArthur.....	42 60	Didley, Sask.....	15	Grand Valley, Kx., ss.....	4 69	McGillivray.....	19 13
Rev Dr. McLeod.....	8 60	Keady, Chal, ss.....	10	Orono, ce.....	17 20	Monck.....	11 75
Rev Geo. A. Grant.....	5 80	Ham., Kx., ss.....	393	Meaford, Erskine, ss.....	17 91	Rev. A. W. Crawl.....	5 89
Orillia, ss.(Mrs. G. cl.) 5		Orangeville Pres, per		Rev H. Currie.....	7 15	Rev. Colin Fletcher.....	7 15
Appleton, St. And., ss.....	50	A. Steele.....	145 50	Rev Thos Davidson.....	12 75	Thames Road.....	102
Carleton Pl., Zion ch.....	338	Embro, Kx.....	210	Rev D. R. Drummond.....	8 30	Kirkton.....	87
Carleton Pl. Jr., mb.....	50	Quesnel, Cariboo.....	25	Rev D. Johnston.....	13 95	Kirkton, ss.....	25
Mr., Mrs. N. M. Iddell.....	50	Springhill.....	20	Rev G. Milne.....	8 60	Rev. F. Ballantyne.....	2 23
Winchester, St. Pa.....	20 50	B. S. A. Smith.....	5	Rev J. F. Macfarlane.....	10 50	Rev. Geo. Ballantyne.....	8
Smith's Falls, St. Pa.....	64 30	Bishopgate.....	20	Rev D. A. McKenzie.....	8	Rev. Frank Baird.....	7 20
Ottawa, Bank.....	200	Vernon, ss.....	35	Rev D. M. Macleod.....	8	Rev. J. Becket.....	9 60
per James Allan.....	18	Oakville, Mill Ck.....	4	Rev J. R. Macleod.....	6 95	Rev. Orr Bennett.....	5 80
Almonte, St. John's, ss.....	50	Tor., Cowan b. c.....	32 10	Rev Dr. Jno. Ross.....	6 33	Dr. Thos. Cumming.....	10 80
Wmster, 1st.....	332 92	Cedarvil Esplin.....	1 75	Rev Dr. Jas. Ross.....	15 10	Rev. C. A. Ferguson.....	8 20
per Alex. Wallace.....	86	Greenwood, St. Col.....	38 50	Rev. Alex. Stewart.....	6 65	Rev. N. D. Keith.....	7 45
Maple Valley, St. A.....	10	Mt. Pleasant, ss.....	10 00	Rev J. McP. Scott.....	12 75	Rev. A. H. Kippin.....	6 10
Rev Dr. R. Hamilton.....	10	Barton.....	25	Rev Wm. Robertson.....	15 15	Rev. R. E. Knowles.....	8
Petrel, Man.....	20 50	Maisonneuve.....	5 74	Rev J. A. Matheson.....	6 35	Rev. J. H. Lemon.....	8 35
Manotick.....	7	Almonte, St. John's.....	20	Swinton Park.....	25	Rev. J. F. McCurdy.....	10
Rev W. H. Cramm.....	8	Homewood.....	3 60	Avonmore.....	136 68	Rev D. B. Macdonald.....	6 65
Rev D. Currie.....	7 45	Galt, Kx.....	646	Airlie.....	26 60	Rev. John MacDougall.....	6 65
Rev John Fairlie.....	13 30	Belleville, St. And.....	233 41	Black Bank.....	34 40	Rev. I. Perrin.....	12 20
Rev Robt Harkness.....	13 30	Manotick, ss.....	2 70	Russ. Itn., Covey Hill.....	90	Rev R. J. Ross.....	7 45
Rev Jas Hastie.....	5 80	Hawkesbury.....	192 87	Rev. M. M. Macalister.....	14 10	Rev. Wm. Wallis.....	10
Rev G. E. Loughheed.....	9 60	Victoria, St. And.....	14 4	Rev. J. H. Chase.....	10	Rev. T. A. Watson.....	1
Rev Robt Murray.....	9 15	Nesbitt, Man.....	37 20	Rev. W. A. Duncan.....	7 70	Rev. W. S. Wright.....	7 70
Mayfield.....	202 25	East Garafraxa.....	86 65	Rev. J. B. Hamilton.....	16	Russell.....	10
Fernie, B. C.....	15	Rev Dr. A. Macdon.....	16 14	Rev. Rod. McKay.....	16 10	Rev. James Binbie.....	9 60
Fernie, B. C., w.h.m.s.....	26	Rev Dr. Burrows.....	11 25	Vernonville.....	47	Rev. E. W. Farries.....	10
Fernie, B. C., ss.....	1	Rev J. J. Cochran.....	1	Sumnerst., Salem.....	33 20	Rev. J. A. Mann.....	10 40
Clegg, Man.....	14 85	Byng Inlet, Ont.....	16 33	Lancaster, Kx.....	156 60	Rev. J. H. Turnbull.....	7 70
Rosebank, Man.....	11 65	Rev J. M. Crombie.....	13 90	Corbett.....	14	Almonte, St. Woodside.....	8
Renwick, Man.....	19 05	Rev A. B. Dickie.....	8 30	Hintonburg, Beth.....	12	Thamesford, St. And.....	114
Renwick, Man., ss.....	3 35	Rev R. Gamble.....	14 60	Brooke, Chal.....	36	Tor., Wmster.....	1000
Dresden.....	32 25	Rev J. G. Greig.....	6 95	Rev. A. K. Linton.....	8 30	Leamington, Kx.....	147 67
St. Columba, B. C.....	28	Rev W. W. Hardie.....	10	Price.....	7	London, King, ss.....	54 14
Woodstock, mem, Kx.....	45 50	Rev T. A. Mitchell.....	11 25	Kenauk, Lac.....	5	New Glasgow, ss.....	11
Tilbury W.....	45 50	Rev J. W. Mitchell.....	9 60	Sarnia, St. Paul's.....	30	Rev. A. F. Carr.....	7 70
Tilbury W. ss.....	2 89	Bancroft.....	10	Tor., Coll. St. bc.....	50	Rev. J. F. Duran.....	6 35
Rev Dr. J. F. Smith.....	14 65	Rev Dr. Moore.....	9 15	Lon. June, St. Geo.....	115	Rev. J. H. Kirk.....	8 60
Cottonwood.....	63 75	Rev Dr. G. Munro.....	15 45	ev. Hector MacKay.....	10	Rev. M. J. Macpherson.....	6 95
Rev D. J. Scott.....	75	Rev A. B. McLeod.....	14 60	Minden, c. e. s.....	3	Rev. Jas. Wheeler.....	7 70
Rev Dr. Torrance.....	2000	Rev N. H. McGillivray.....	7 70	per Rev. Dr. G. Milne		Rev. Peter Nichol.....	7 10
Tor. Cook's, ces.....	25	Rev S. J. Taylor.....	5 80	Rae.....	726 40	Scarboro, St. And.....	74 10
Meaford, Erskine.....	56 85	Rev L. W. Thorn.....	20	Madoc, St. Peter's, ss.....	30	Scarboro, St. And., ss.....	45 53
Mt. Hamilton, Chal.....	4	Rev J. C. Tibb.....	7 15	Sudbury, ss. Mrs. M.		Brussels Mel.....	210 61
Cargill, St. And.....	6	Gore Bay, ss. cl. 6.....	1 42	cl.....	6	Brussels, Mel, ypg.....	20
Quaker Hill, St. And.....	42	Newdale, Man.....	100	Kilsyth.....	72	Rev. John McFarlane.....	9 60
Londesboro, Kx.....	20 33	Culloden.....	12	Mt. Forest, Wmster.....	99 70	Alice.....	10
Normanby.....	3 50	Mrs. Hope, Miss Elm-		Ethel.....	61 75	Vermilion.....	9 85
Normanby, Kx C. E. S.....	23	hurst.....	18	Walkerton, Kx.....	388 89	Vermilion, ss.....	9 90
Port Elgin.....	28 45	Rev S. W. Fisher.....	6 95	Moorefield.....	1 50		

Islay, Alta.	15	50	Galt Central yps.	10	Rev J. A. McLean.	6	10	Rev E. H. Brandt.	8	30	
Simcoe, St. Pa. boys mb	5		Glen Morris.	8	05	Rev D. MacVicar.	15	15	Earlswood, Sask.	10	
Pictou, St. And.	40	30	Rev R. Pettigrew.	8	95	Rev J. F. Polley.	9	15	Billings Bridge, ss.	20	15
Galt, Knox.	119	95	Strabane.	40	48	Dr. T. Sedgwick.	9	60	Rev. A. C. m-bell.	7	45
Keene.	36		W. Flamboro.	94	35	Rev. D. J. Scott.	8	60	Rev. T. S. Glassford.	7	15
Mattawa, St. And.	7	18	Quebec, Chal.	18		Rev. T. R. Scott.	8	60	Rev. F. L. Jobb.	6	35
E. Garafraxa, Beth. ss.	9	25	Milton, Knox.	83	46	Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair.	6	95	Rev. A. J. W. Myers.	6	65
Russell, ss.	18		Mrs. W. C. Jamieson.	5		Dr. Edwin Smith.	6	95	Rev. P. A. McLeod.	14	35
Pt. Fortune, St. Col.	4	10	Beachburg.	156		Rev. W. H. Spencer.	6	65	Rev. R. Whiteman.	13	30
Merivale.	25	60	S. Granville.	49	50	Rev. H. H. McPherson.	13	30	Rev. Wm. Burton.	6	65
N. Channel, ss.	3	60	Elgin, Kx., ypg.	25		Miss Elizabeth Johnson.	120	1	South Arm, B. C.	3	35
Rev. Dr. Bryce.	7	70	Sperling, Man., ce.	14	85	Fleming, Sask.	2	80	Rev. Dr. Campbell, Victoria, B.C.	7	45
Rev. Geo. Crombie.	12	75	Sperling, Man., ce.	2	05	Preston, Man.	8	25	Dawson City, St. And.	120	
Rev. Henry Dickie.	10		Mr. R. H. Waddell.	300		" ss.	2		Dawson City, ss.	74	
Rev. Jas. Gourlay.	7	70	Southland.	7	60	Bear Creek, Man.	3		Rev. A. Leslie.	7	45
Rev. David Lang.	7	70	Rosthern.	125		Dr. E. D. Millar.	7	70	North Brant.	71	43
Rev. Geo. MacArthur.	7	15	St. Thos., Branch.	123		Rev. Alex. McGregor.	10		Norval.	40	
Rev. John MacKay.	8	30	Maxville.	123		Rev. A. McMillan.	8		Keene, ce.	40	
Rev. Jas. Rosboro.	8	90	P. Stanley, St. John's.	61	42	Rev. T. T. Reikie.	6	95	Tor., St. Giles.	314	31
Rev. W. K. Shearer.	8		Feversham.	10	90	Sifton, Man.	16		Tor., Bloor boys m. b.	20	
Rev. Jno. Thomson.	8	60	Gamebridge, ce.	14		New Glasgow, Ont.	11		Rev. Alex. Wilson.	9	15
Rev. A. C. Wishart.	16	30	Guelph, No. 5, ss.	5		Wpg. Wmster.	1610	43	Tramore, ss.	50	
Rev. S. A. Woods.	8		Alameda.	84		Rounthwaite.	17	75	Rosemont.	34	32
London, King.	58	25	Tor., Coll. St. girls jr. ce.	5		Rev. A. McWilliams.	7	45	Winslow.	3	75
Brooksdales, St. And.	306		E. Notawasaga.	46	05	Rev. R. J. Wilson.	44	80	Dunford.	24	94
Rev. S. M. Whaley.	8		Rev W. W. Craw.	7	60	Tor., St. Mark's.	20		Bookton.	28	05
Rev. John McClung.	7	15	Rev D. McD. Clarke.	12	20	Vaughan, Knox.	98		London, St. And.	2125	54
Rev. D. McLeod.	13	30	Rev H. G. Crozier.	6	35	Blake ss.	12		Allandale, ss.	10	
La Guerre.	6		Rev J. H. Edmison.	7	15	" ce.	5		Friend.	18	
E. Gloster, guild.	21	60	Rev J. W. Falconer.	5	60	Kingston, Chal., yws.	18		Campbellvill, St. Dav. ss.	30	
Ventnor.	8	25	Rev D. Stiles Fraser.	7	15	Weston, ss.	9	46	Collingwood.	22	85
Orillia.	225		Rev Alex. Hamilton.	13		Dutton, Knox.	30		Norval.	187	
Mr. John Irvine.	15		Rev John Hay.	15	30	Saltfleet, Cheyne.	97	75	Mt. Forest, Wmster. ss.	33	
Rev. Dr. Talling.	7	70	Rev J. M. Keilcock.	8		Berlin, St. And.	200		Tofield, St. And.	5	
E. Gloster.	24	45	Rev Jacob Layton.	10		Avonton.	112	79	Rev. J. Argo.	16	10
Rev. W. T. B. Crombie.	6	65	Dr. E. A. McGurdy.	9	60	Avonton, yp.	20		Rev. T. D. McCullough.	6	10
Rev. H. J. Pritchard.	7	15	Rev D. McDonald.	7	45	Avonton, St. Pa.	5		Rev. J. S. Sutherland.	8	60
West Lorne.	59	85	Rev R. V. McKibbin.	7	70	Carlingford, Kx.	21	25	Percyville.	28	87
Agincourt, Kx., ss.	18		Rev J. M. McLeod.	10	80	Yarmouth, St. Jas.	23		Ottawa, Erskine.	365	
Rev. Wm. Meikle.	16	10	Rev Wm. McLeod.	7	70	Gamebridge.	69	30	Walter, Duff's.	45	
Rev. Ken. MacLennan.	5	80	Dr. D. G. McQueen.	7	70	Ayr, Stanley, ss.	20		Nelson, St. Paul's, ss.	7	90
Rev. F. A. MacLennan.	8		Rev T. A. Sadler.	6	35	W. Adelaide.	17	35	Theford.	22	05
Rev. Wm. Farquharson.	7	70	Rev D. M. Solandt.	16	30	Mr. T. A. Dawes.	1000		Rev. A. Gandier.	6	10
Kingston, Cooke's, ss.	3		Rev Peter Strang.	14	60	Rev. E. W. Johnson.	8	90	Rev. C. W. Gordon.	250	
Tara, Knox.	86		Rev Robt. Stewart.	13	60	Rev. J. D. McFarlane.	9	15	Blythescwood lad. aid.	10	
Carlow.	10		per Rev A. D. Menzies.	263		Rev. C. T. Tough.	16	90	Westfield, Sask.	16	75
Rev. Donald Tait.	14	95	Rev H. K. McLean.	18	90	Mr. John P. Millar.	25		Parley, Sask.	9	25
Berriedale &c.	32	62	Rev H. McNab.	185		Mr. Alex. Millar.	10		Selkirk, Kx.	12	55
Tor., Bloor.	131	75	Reid's Mill.	184		Mrs. Hales.	30		Rev. R. M. Dickey.	7	45
Silver Creek, wms.	70		Hallville.	4		Wpg., St. Giles.	90		Rev. Alex. Fraser.	25	50
Walpole.	31	88	Dixie.	21	64	Brookville, Ist.	525		Rev. John McInnis.	7	15
Greenbank.	5	07	Basswood, Man.	115		L'Origin 1.	50		London June., St. Geo.	5	
Carlisle.	64	94	Wpg., Kx. ce.	75		Colquhoun, ss.	13		Alma, ss.	3	13
Garden Hill.	88	85	Riverbank, Man.	15		Rev. J. A. Claxton.	16	90	Rev. Logie Macdonnell.	6	10
Mitchel, Kx.	68	50	Wetaskiwin, ss.	8		Tor., Erskine.	844	46	Rev. A. MacFavish.	8	90
Pakenham, St. And.	47		Rev A. C. Bryan.	8		Mr., Mrs. John Penman.	250		Kilbride.	26	
Deseronto, Ch. Re-deemer.	24	85	Rev Hector Frazer.	12	20	Rev. John Davidson.	8		Trafalgar, Sixteen ypg.	5	
E. Oxford, St. And.	57		Rev W. P. Adam.	7	45	Beeton, Ont.	2		Monkton.	24	25
Rev. W. J. Booth.	7	70	Red Deer.	125		Tor. St. Mark's, ss.	59		Owen Sd. Div.	679	75
Rev. R. B. Layton.	65		Maxville, ce.	18		Rev. Alex. MacGillivray.	17	85	Mr. John C. Lawrence.	10	
Rev. Robt. Aylward.	14	60	Bristol.	24	10	Dr. C. A. Webster.	20		Tavistock, Kx.	101	85
Rev. G. Brown.	6	95	Wpg., Knox.	250		Anonymous.	5		Tavistock, ss.	10	
Rev. John A. Cormie.	6	35	Lillie Gillespie.	25		Lynedoch.	21	25	Ottawa, Knox.	614	51
Rev. S. McL. Fee.	8	25	Senator McKeen.	200		Bethany.	18	50	Orillia, ss. Mrs. G. cl.	5	
Newdale, Man.	6	75	Spencerville, ypg.	5		Brampton.	440		Brantford, Alex., ss.	40	
Rev. R. W. Leitch.	8		Vancouver, Ist.	173	60	Brampton.	440		Barrie.	300	
Rev. F. H. McIntosh.	6	65	Blenheim, St. And.	47	85	Mr. W. O. Rothney.	15		Newtonville.	6	45
Rev. J. J. Macdonald.	8	60	Blenheim, St. And.	47	85	Gananoque, St. And.	150		Clifford, Kx.	248	
Rev. John Mackinnon.	15	45	Meaford, Erskine, ce.	20		Uxbridge, Chal.	181	20	Rev. S. Young.	10	
Rev. Lewis Parker.	6	65	N. Wmster.	33	42	Stratford, St. And.	84		Tor. College, ss.	85	
Rev. F. C. Simpson.	7	15	Revelstoke, S. And.	43	20	Caledon, Mel.	13	10	Rev. John Rose.	60	75
Rev. J. R. Shearer.	5	80	Maple Creek, Sask.	5	90	Woodlands St. Matt. ss.	25		Colquhoun.	60	75
Rev. Alex. Stewart.	9	60	Lachine, St. And. ce.	67		Thornbury, Clarks.	53	62	Colquhoun, ss.	3	88
Rodney.	24	45	Winthrop, Caven.	44	75	Woodlands.	7	10	Tor. Southside.	91	
New Glasgow.	13	08	Port Elgin, ss.	25		Faversham.	280	85	Rev Wm. McKinley.	11	95
Douglas, Man.	69	95	Petrolia.	144		Perkley, J. E. Menancon.	280	85	Wardsville.	27	
Sarnia, St. And.	122	50	Mont. West, ss.	29		Waldemar.	52	50	North Portal.	32	35
Motherwell, ce.	12		Vernon, Springh. ss.	29		Ayr, Kx.	21	88	Rev. J. S. McIlwraith.	11	70
Sonra, St. And., ss.	12		Strathroy, St. And.	15	53	Emerson, Man.	51	61	Mont., St. Mark's.	14	70
Chalk River.	50		Mont., St. Gabriel's, ss.	28	89	McBourne, Guth.	145		Martintown, St. And.	140	40
Rev J. R. Bell.	19		Quebec Cariboo, ss.	10		Ilan., McNab, ss.	145		Martintown, St. And. ss.	14	40
Campford, St. A., ss.	20		New Glasgow, Ont.	42		Lachute.	3		Galt, Kx.	45	10
Pembroke, Calvin.	62	50	Rev. Hunter Boyd.	45		Anonymous.	3		Newburgh, Camd. p.	41	
Manitow, St. And.	141		Keedy, Ont.	45		Kew Beach, ss.	6	68	Newburgh, m. s. c.	3	
Kingston, St. And. ss.	10		Rev D. Currie.	7	50	Dr. Armstrong.	15	45	Paisley, Kx.	8	50
Rev E. B. Chestnut.	14	60	Rev G. S. Carson.	6	65	Sask. Alta.	12	75	Mr. L. Bowman.	3	
Sudbury, St. And.	69	20	Rev. Wm. Hamilton.	7	70	Rev. R. A. Lundy.	7	70	Oshawa, boys' m. b.	15	
Lindsay, St. And.	49	34	Rev A. A. Laing.	6	10	Komoka.	20		Shelburne.	1	
Iroquois.	33	20	Rev Archd. Lee.	7	70	Rev. Thos. Nixon.	6	10	Chatham, Pt. Fortune.	0	
Salem Road, ss.	2		Rev C. A. Mvers.	6	95	Rev. Alex. Shepherd.	7	45	Gravenhurst, Kx., ss.	28	05
W. F. M. S., per Miss George.	9000		Rev A. D. McIntosh.	24	40	Woodstock, Kx.	675		Fergus, Mel.	202	64
			Rev M. D. McKee.	13	30	Rev. A. G. Rondeau.	57		per Rev J. E. Macdonald.	20	
			Rev John McNeill.	7	45						

Ham., Erskine b.c. 50	Orms town, Vill. ss. 6. 45	Springfield, Man. ss. 4 90	High View, Sask. 10
Rev C. H. Munro 8 90	Orms town, Vill. cc. 31 29	Regina, Kx., ss. 50	Letwood, Sask. 2 5
Ayr, Stanley 145	Up Orms town 20	Wpg. Kx. ss. 50	Hazelcliff, Sask. 19 53
Allan 21	Lower Orms town 25	Lancaster, Kx., 5	Bakke 18
Mr H. P. Blairs 2	Dr. D. W. Morrison 8 60	Braeside 43 25	Rylstone 17
Wpg., Wmster, ss. 20	Dr. Hordman 5 60	Maidstone, Sask. 3	Rev. J. A. Foster 9 62
Oak Lake, y. p. g. 5	Rev F. W. Anderson. 6	Percy, Sask. 125 30	Arthur, St. And. 19 25
Sault Ste. Marie, St. Pa. 59 80	Rev J. H. Barnett 9 15	Arcoia, Sask. 81 05	Rev. S. Childerhose 6 63
Lancaster, Kx., cc. 17	Rev. Wm. Dewar 7 7	Scarboro, Kx. 36 40	Comber, St. And., ss. 10
Dalhousie Mills, Cote	Rev. C. Haughton 7 70	Rev. W. D. Bell 8 30	Midway, bc, ss 10
St. Geo. 250 05	Rev. J. F. McLaren 6 10	Rev. J. P. Falconer 5 60	Cranbrook 1 70
Manotick 72	Rev. M. McLeod 11 25	Rev. H. G. Gratz 7 70	Victoria, St. Col. 25
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Southwood, McBride's. 100	Westmont, St. And. 82 1	Brantford, Alex. 150	Prin. Magill 7 15
Rev. James Sinclair 10	Bracebridge, Kx. 77	Tor. St. Jas, Sq. 4220 45	Rev. T. L. Turnbull 9 15
E. Ashfield 32	Milverton, Burns 114 95	Jarvis 43 25	Miss Annie MacLean 10
Mimosa 71 30	N. Easthope 60 28	Vernon, B. C. 83	Burnstown, ss. 28
Dundas, Kx., ss 51 36	Mrs. J. Ross 5	Russell 80	Danville, St. And. 50
Athelstan 15	Mrs. P. Smith 5 60	Lanark, St. And. 166	Bathurst, S. Sherb. 60 19
L. Litchfield, ss 2	Tor., Wmster 200	Mr Thomas Ryan 200	Ballinad. 26 37
Campbell's Bay, ss. 2 65	Tor., Ave. Road. 351 40	Lethbridge 123	Rev. G. C. Heine 8 30
Bryson, St. And., ss. 69	W. Flamboro. 5	Olds, B. C. 52 70	South Luther. 87 59
Gorrie 50 60	Oak Hill 6	Keelerville Sask. 5	Lowry 18
Sarnia, St. And., Chin. 51	Tor., Old St. And. 1300	Scarboro, Zion. 41	West Bay, ss 75
North Derby 39	Hallville 22	Tor., Central 1493 71	Rosewell, Man., ss. 1 35
Monteith, Man. 46	Mont., St. Paul's, ss. 80	Rev. W. H. Grant 64 10	Rev J. A. McKeen 6 10
Wick, Ont 199 74	Ham., Kx 1582 54	Pender Isld, ss 18 15	Rev. D. Kelso 8
N. Wmster, 1st ss 99 46	Ham., Kx., Chin 25	Dobbinson 10	Narm 6 12
Erin, Burns' y. p. g. 16	Aeton, Kx., ss. 20	West Brant 29 50	Nelson, St. Paul's 16
Miss M. L. MacKenzie 1	Niag., St. And., ss. 12 70	Ham. St. Jas, yps. 5	Poland 19
La Riviere, Man 94	Florence 31	Tor., St. And. 864 65	Leakdsdale 10 50
Port Hope, St. Pa. 48	Berlin, St. And., b. c. 18	St. Helen's Calvin. 154	Caledon, Kx., ss 2 58
Bowmanville, St. Pa., ss 24 69	"I. H. N." 7	Otta, St. Paul's. 191 50	Stratford, Kx., ss 81 50
Sherbrooke, St. And. 432	Eldorado, St. Pa. 14	Howick, Kx. 14	Nairn, St. And., y p m. 50 08
Cent. Park, ladies guild 10	Hagersvil., St. And., ss 13	Daywood, Johnson. 5 55	Bowmanvil., St. Paul's 135
Mrs. W. L. McNair 5	Chatsworth 179 20	Longlaketon 90	Rev. W. A. J. Martin. 10 00
Melita, Man. 167	Arthur, St. And. 19 30	Alliston 97 70	Mont. Am., Pres. Chin. 99
Beechwood, St. And. 268 77	Welland 61 75	Morrisburg 113	Mont., Taylor, Chin.
Elgin, Kx., y. p. g. 14 50	Daybreak 10	Farwell, Beth 21 5	Xmas 51
Flie Hills, Ind. Miss. 14	Mont. St. Matt. 309 13	Brooke, Enniskillen. 5 82	Rev Nellie McIntosh. 5
Ellerslie, Rab. Hill. 14	Rev. A. C. Bryan 7 90	Princeton 72	Rev Wm. McNichol 6 65
Westmeath 50 10	Rev. David James 10	Arkona 16 46	Rev. J. F. Scott 16
Douglas 10	Midland, Kx 196	Rev. Wm Cooper 16 63	Rev J. Burnett 10
Ham, McNab 50	Midland, Kx, ss. 26 65	Rev J. Lindsay 8 60	Rev H. S. Graham 8
Napanea, Ont. 19 85	Shoal Lake 107 75	Newburgh, cc. 3 75	Rev. E. S. Bayne 6 65
Park Hill, St. Paul's 116 10	Suthwyn, Man 5	Cranbrook, Kx 143 15	Rev. M. Campbell 8 60
Orms town 168 50	Springfield, Man. 7 10	Appin 10	

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MONTREAL.

No man is at his best when he has lost control of himself, and the time of all times when a man needs to be at his best is when a man needs to be at his best is when he is being attacked. Yet how many men deceive themselves into thinking that they actually gain in force and effectiveness by letting go of themselves—"getting mad" and showing it—under provocation! To do so is both to weaken one's self and to uncover that weakness to others. The man who can continue to smile, inside and out, no matter what the provocation to do otherwise, has a weapon that makes him hopelessly invincible to his enemies. The man who "gets mad" hands over his best weapon to the opposition.—Mazzini.

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Jan.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Jan. 31.
Foreign Missions..	5,032.97	33,557.75
Home Missions....	2,207.30	8,705.59
Augmentation.....	1,632.59	4,929.50
College.....	1,556.28	6,504.85
A. and I. Ministers	484.60	2,571.37
French Evangeliztn	391.23	1,578.86
Pt-aux-Trembles..	353.25	948.26
For North West..	872.97	3,410.21
Children's Day Col.	163.07	1,955.39
Assembly Fund...	134.55	319.17
Bursary Fund.....	257.00	1,135.40
Library Fund.....	11.00	384.25
Manitoba College..	3.00	13.05
Widos' & Orphans	53.08	509.38
Unallocated.....	394.05	1,775.88
Temp. Moral Reform	65.87	168.42
Total.....	13,612.90	68,586.99

Received during January.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
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as directed by the donors.

Reported	\$51,974 09	Castlereagh.....	34 50
Noel	57 49	Shetbrooke.....	19 10
Noel C. E.	1 70	Shubenacadie.....	21 10
Hopewell, Un.....	75	Blue Mt., Garden.....	2
New Glasgow, United ..	12	"Friend".....	6
Springville.....	170	Springhill, ss.....	11 74
St. Andrews, N. B.	149 63	Hopewell, ss.....	4 92
M. Unacke ce.....	5	Orford.....	5
Salt Springs, St. Lu.....	85	Earlton.....	177
Burnt Church, ce.....	5	Pleasant Bay.....	8 22
St. John, St. Davids.....	250	Riv. Hebert Maccam.....	20
Mrs. Geddes Annuity ..	97 50	"A Friend".....	5
Gavenshild, Stanley, &c.	152 08	Coldstream.....	5
Kensington.....	93 64	Mrs. M. Ferguson.....	10
Margarie, Harbor.....	16	St. John, St. And.....	213 75
Morignish, Fr. Riv.....	39	St. John, St. Johns.....	15 45
Miss Mott, Mrs. Howe.....	40	Fishers, Grant.....	12 50
Maitland.....	1 13	Dalhousie, ss.....	15
Thanksgiving.....	10	Cove Head, B. Pt.....	131 00
Blackville.....	13 45	Up. Malpeque, Lr. M.....	10
Fishers Grant.....	21 25	peque, Lr. M.....	10
Up. Musq., Deane.....	30 50	Beattie, S. Valley.....	10
Valley, ce.....	23	Hamilton, ss.....	90 00
Princeton.....	21 25	W. F. M. S.....	86
Victon, Prince.....	224 35	Tignish, Montrose ce.....	163
Riversdale.....	32 70	Tignish, Montrose.....	6 01
Campbelton, ce.....	60	Montrose, ss.....	6 76
Kensington.....	23	Elmsdale, ss.....	6 23
New Glasgow, P.E.I.....	55 50	Scotsburn.....	83
Bath r. t. ss.....	5	Scotsburn, ss.....	40
Bay Islands.....	12 78	Salt Springs, Eben.....	113
Mrs. C. Curry.....	39	Wallace.....	113
St. John, St. Stephens.....	39	Lower Stewiacke.....	206
Hx. St. Matthews.....	100	Fredricton, ss.....	20 91
Newcastle.....	40	St. James, Union.....	53 43
Cap. North.....	68 50	Hopewell, St. Col.....	117 50
Cape North, ss.....	14	Clifton, N. S.....	45 65
Neils Har., Ingonish.....	18	Mrs. J. Margeson.....	4 25
Hx., St. Matthews, ss.....	90 11	Murdoch McLean.....	25
Milltown.....	16 20	"Breq" contributor.....	50
Refunds.....	35	Richmond.....	16 85
W. B. River John.....	60 65	Retund.....	20
Up. Stewiacke.....	19 50	New Dublin & Conq.....	53
Sackville.....	25	Summerside.....	148 65
New Glasgow, Ja.....	14 27	Springdale.....	20
Urbania, ss.....	1 28	Charlottetown St. Jas.....	200
Milford, Gays Riv.....	40 73	Garden, S. S.....	3 75
Antigonish, ce.....	10	Un. Centre, Lochaber.....	224
Kirkland.....	5	Newport.....	68
Riverside.....	7	Mira.....	59 50
Portapique.....	18	Mabou.....	18 46
Blue Mt., Garden.....	224 86	Port Hood.....	6 38
Truro, St. And.....	863	Middle River, C. B.....	198
St. George, ss.....	3 65	Princeton.....	160
Rev W. McLeod.....	15	New Carlisle, P. Dan.....	170 00
Campbelton.....	18 70	iel.....	71 05
Up. Canard, ss.....	12 67	Hopewell, Union.....	5
Truro, First, ss.....	19	Fredricton, ss.....	5
Hx. Grove.....	54 13	Hx., St. Matthews.....	377 75
Miss C. M. Christie.....	10	Middleton.....	33 78
Hx. Park, ss.....	25	Mabone.....	21 50
Refund.....	10	Bass River, N. B.....	57 75
Hantsport.....	6 45	A. Selkirk Murray.....	100
New mills.....	400	Mt. Stewart.....	27
"A Friend".....	35	Great Village.....	169 50
Souris, S. S.....	3 50	Mabel Bentley.....	10
Senator McKeen.....	200	Anna Bentley.....	10
Wolfville.....	150	Campbelton, ss.....	25
Caledonia Mines, ss.....	20	Hantsport.....	2
Springhill ss.....	40	Springdale.....	54 57
St. John, Nfd.....	339 40	Clifton, C. E.....	8 54
St. John, Nfd, ce.....	50	Mid., Musq.....	14 41
St. John, Nfd, ss.....	50 00	Thompson.....	16 10
Hx., Ft. Massey.....	1562 01	Strathalbyn.....	73
St. John, St. Matt.....	48	Amherst, St. Ste.....	200 35
St. John, St. Matt, ss.....	20 08	St. John, St. Dav.....	125
Hx., Chal.....	23 00	Riv. John, Salem.....	107 4
Prince Wm.....	10 42	Mulgrave, ss.....	12
River, Dennis.....	30	Bay of Islands.....	30
Clifton P.E.I.....	95 51	Rev. R. B. Layton.....	5
Truro, St. Pauls, ce.....	10	Murray Harbor N.....	49 50
Oxford.....	25 50	Marshall Id.....	50 95
Tatamagouche.....	192 87	Millsville, ce.....	20
Tatamagouche, ss.....	20	Harbor Grace.....	50
Tatamagouche, cent.....	18 41	Mt. Stewart.....	68
week soc.....	18 41	Summerfield.....	113 70
Tatamagouche, ce.....	37 22	Strathalbyn.....	2 50
Tatamagouche, friends.....	5 73	Stellarton, Sharon.....	85
Pugwash.....	32 50	Mid. Musq.....	17 34
Inverness.....	64 62	Onslow.....	127
Total.....	68,586.99		

HE LEADETH ME.

"In pastures green? Not always. Some-
times He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth
me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

"And by still waters? No, not always so,
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me
blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

"But when the storms beat loudest, and I
cry

Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul 'Lo! it is I.'

"So whether on the hill tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The heavy shadows lie—what matter? He
is there

"And more than this; where'er the path-
way lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need."
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"It is not the amount of power we possess that counts. It is the way we use it."

It is manly to love one's country; it is godlike to love the world.—J. W. Conklin.

Inconsistency is sometimes an evidence that reason has gotten the better of instinct.

The secret of life is not to do that which one likes but to try to like what one has to do.—Stanley.

Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—John Ruskin.

"The duty that lies nearest is often the one we fail to see, yet is the one that most needs doing."

A man's estate consists of what he is worth after death. This is no more true of finance than it is of theology.

"There would not be so many tired people in the world if men would stop climbing hills before they got to them."

One part of the scheme of living is to learn just what our responsibility is and to let other people's alone.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It is wiser for the small man to fill thoroughly his small sphere than to attempt swelling himself to his larger neighbor's space.

Men can make money without God; men can acquire learning without God; but character cannot be formed without God.—Rev. H. J. Birtwistle.

An eccentric person is one whose center is out of the place where common sense says it should be and not in the place where he himself thinks it is.

As we are, so do we associate; the good with the good; the vile seek the vile. Thus their own will and choice, souls proceed into heaven—into hell.—Emerson.

All the great revivals of religion in the history of the Christian church have been connected with the reaffirmation of the great evangelical verities.—Dr. Garvie.

There is no place where so much hard work can be put in with such small visible results as in the perfecting of character; therefore, have patience, my soul.—Anon.

After all, the kind of world one carries about within ones self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.—Lowell.

The world is rolling toward dawn, not night. Wickedness approaches its more certain and universal overthrow; righteousness its more certain and universal coronation.

The more we connect the missionary cause with the person of Jesus Christ, rather than with the effort and organization, the more divine will be the inspiration of each detail of the work.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

A long journey should be well prepared for. Yet the longest journey of all that through the limitless stretches of eternity, is given less thought by many persons than a trip across the country.

A man's worst enemy is his selfishness. It narrows and poisons his existence and transform him into a slave of himself. Love is the free, vast horizon where the soul can spread its wings.—Charles Wagner.

A man who had ruined his health by heavy drinking sat looking sadly at his wife, to whom he had made many promises of reform. "Jenny," he said, "you are a clever woman—a courageous, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am." She looked at him, prematurely haggard and old, and said, "I did, James."

"We have but to name God before sorrow, and it changes color; name him before burdens, and they grow less; name Him before the vanity of life and it disappears. The whole sphere and scene of life are changed, lifted into a realm of power and wisdom and gladness.—Munger.

How much of beauty, of kindness, of sympathy, of love can be portrayed in a human face! There are certain faces which will long remain in the minds and hearts of those across whose lives their smiles were turned. Such frank, pure, loving faces have proven, and will prove a benediction.

"What is true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care—this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty and yet not being able to do it. Perfect rest in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things."—Charles.

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PREACH • THE • GOSPEL

ALL • THE • WORLD • AND
TO • EVERY • CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1908

No. 4

THOSE "WHO DON'T KNOW."

A touching picture was given by Mr. McBee, of New York, editor of "The Churchman," on the evening of the meeting inaugurating the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Montreal. He pictured humanity as God's family, that had strayed away from him; that the Father's heart had yearned over them; that at great sacrifice He had had provided for their return; but that multitudes of them did not know the way; and that the work of Missions is simply to tell of the Father's love and longing, and to show the way back to Him and to happiness, to "the members of the family that don't know."

Fancy a family, happy in each other's love. Later it is broken and scattered and lost; straying, prodigal like, from home. Then the Father wins some of them back, and the first thing he asks of them, after their return, is to go and tell "the members of the family that don't know."

Thus it is with God's great human family. He loves them, but they don't know. He Himself, in the person of Jesus Christ, made atonement for their sin but they don't know. He is willing to forgive them, to receive them back to Himself and to peace, and to still their restless longing, but "they don't know."

And the "Layman's Missionary Movement" is simply Christian men beginning to realize anew their duty and privilege to tell of the Father's love and longing to "the members of the family that don't know."

And the aim of the "movement" is that the men of this generation may tell, in this generation, the glad message to all the "members of the family that don't know."

When we come to face eternity and realize what it means, one of the things with which we will face ourselves will be what we did towards telling "the members of the family that don't know."

And what a triumph when the Christian men of the world can go home, and meet their Father and say "There are no longer any members of the family that don't know."

OUR OWN FUNDS.

The Foreign Mission Funds, both East and West, have the balance on the wrong side.

The East, at close of accounts on the 29th of February, had a deficit of about twelve thousand dollars in the F. M. Fund, nearly three thousand five hundred in the Home Mission, nearly twenty-five hundred in Augmentation, and over a thousand dollars in the College Fund.

In the West the F. M. deficit, at latest reports previous to this writing, was about ten thousand dollars; that of the H. M. Fund about three thousand and that of the French Evangelization Fund about five thousand.

The most serious of all these is the adverse balance of the Foreign Mission Fund East. That section of the church has not more than one sixth of the strength of the West, and this sum represents the combined deficit of the past two years. If a number of the better off and generous friends in the East, would combine it could easily be met. It is specially a case for those to whom God has entrusted, as stewards, a larger share of His property to be used for Him. It would be a good way to begin the "Layman's Missionary Movement" to wipe off this balance.

To clear off the Debtor balance, West, would be a much easier task, and a grand way to inaugurate the Layman's Movement, West.

There may be some who would rather make a special contribution to help clear off some of the other Funds. Whatever is done should be done quickly, and should not be reckoned as part of this year's contributions.

The work is great, the opportunity is pressing and is passing. It is Christ's own work, for which He gave Himself. It is His charge to His followers everywhere. It is His parting command. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is His test of our love to Him, "If ye love ME keep MY commandments."

THE "NEW(EST) THEOLOGY."

Theology—from "Theos," God, and "logos," a word, or study, or discourse, is literally the study of God, knowing about God, about His attitude towards men and men's duty towards Him.

There are various ways of looking at theology, described by different adjectives. There is "Systematic" Theology, the study of Theology as a system of doctrines, gathered from the Bible, and arranged in order, as in the Shorter Catechism and Confession of Faith; beginning with God then His work in Creation and the creation of man; then sin, the fall, the work of Christ in Redemption, the work of the Spirit in Regeneration, Christian life and duty, death, resurrection, judgment, the future state.

Then there is what is called Biblical Theology, the study of the Bible to see what it teaches on any of these subjects, irrespective of their order, like studying the flowers in a field as distinguished from the science of Botany.

Then there is Practical Theology, the duties of life arising from the doctrines, and the way of teaching these duties.

There is also Historical Theology, learning what views about God have been held in the past, by other men in other ages.

A curious fact is revealed in the study of Historical Theology, viz., that the "new theologies" that come up from time to time, are, almost without exception, old theories, often refuted, but, like weeds, reappearing with each succeeding human Springtime, each generation. This makes the study of Historical Theology, for those who can do it, both interesting and profitable.

We hear not a little in these times, in praise of "The New Theology," and in condemnation of the "Old." By the latter is usually meant that which has been held, all down the world's history, by the great body of Christians who have taken the Word of God as their guide.

The advance of knowledge along all lines, as well as a fuller knowledge of the Word of God, has modified some views that were formerly held by the church; but the great doctrines of sin, ruin, atonement by a Divine Saviour, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the future state, have stood practically unchanged in their substance through the Christian centuries, as the faith of the fol-

lowers of Christ. The so-called "New Theology" of to-day is in large measure but a repetition of what has appeared from time to time in ages past, against those doctrines, and has been weighed and found wanting, only to reappear with another generation. One reason why such things find acceptance with some, each time they appear, is that so few are acquainted with Historical Theology.

We have seen an underwear and hosiery shop that bears the sign "knit-to-fit." The "New Theology" is sometimes of that character. It has, occasionally, features drawn from human fancy rather than from thought. Some of it is knit-to-fit, not what Scripture teaches but what is pleasing to human nature.

But there is a New Theology, the newest at the present time, old as the Christian era, long in partial abeyance, which has recently come into greater prominence than for centuries past. It is along the line of Practical Theology and it has found expression in the Layman's Missionary Movement.

One of the cardinal doctrines of Theology is the obligation that rests upon every one who knows the true God to make Him known to others. This doctrine has been taken up recently as never before since the days of the apostles. Business men have gone forth to visit the heathen world at their own charges, have returned and are stirring up their fellow men. In many of the leading cities in Canada and the U.S.A., the men are pledging themselves to double and treble their contributions for missions. The obligation is being realized to give the Gospel in this generation, to all of this generation, by those of this generation.

This is the Newest Theology, a Theology that will make earth's waste places rejoice, its moral wildernesses blossom as the rose, that will bring in a golden age, gladder than ever human fancy dreamed, that will bring humanity home to God.

"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be exalted above the top of the mountains and exalted above the hills and all nations shall flow into it."

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

FOREST AND CHURCH IN CANADA.

If one were to ask the connection between church and forest, the answer might be that a country must be cleared of its forests to make room for the settler, before churches are needed or can be built and maintained; that the forest only homes the savage, of man and beast, and must disappear before civilization and church can come in. This is only a partial truth.

But there is a connection between church and forest, of great and vital importance, viz., that the future progress and population of our country, and with it the prosperity of our church, is inseparably bound up, not with the clearing away, but with the preservation of our forests. Hence no apology is needed for introducing the subject in the church Record.

The Canadian Forestry Association met recently in Montreal. A few of the facts emphasized, that every farmer should know and lay to heart, were:—

1. That only a small proportion of the land of most countries after the forest is cleared, is fit for cultivation; that less than one third of the land, even in old settled countries like Britain and the continent of Europe, is under cultivation; and that even a smaller proportion of Canada, east of the Lakes, is fit for cultivation.

2. That a great part of the land of Eastern Canada produced for centuries magnificent forests, some of them pine forests of great value, and with care in cutting only the larger trees, and clearing the debris to prevent forest fires, it would have continued to do so for a limitless future, yielding a yearly revenue of great value.

3. That frequently where these great forests have been ruthlessly slaughtered and the land where they grew has been repeatedly fire swept and rain swept, the result is, bare, barren, rocky desert, some of it hopelessly desolate. In the State of Michigan there are four millions of acres of such desert which can never be reclaimed, which a few years ago was covered with splendid pine forests that with care might have yielded rich annual harvests continuously, but which for long future ages, if not forever, must be desolate. The fire has burned the thin coating of soil and the rain has washed it from the rocks and it cannot now be restored..

4. The wood supply, for fuel and all other purposes, which, with care, using the older trees and preserving the younger, would yield perpetually, is being rapidly exhausted by wasteful misuse, hastening a wood famine.

5. Millions of acres in the older parts of Canada are lying bare and useless, practically desolate, that might, with a little care, be yielding regular and profitable harvests of timber; and even now many of these waste places, that are not bare and rocky, might be reclaimed for future generations by a little work in tree seeding and planting.

6. Still more important is the question of water supply and rain fall. Where rain falls on forest land it is absorbed by the fallen leaves, mosses, etc., to run off gradually, keeping the streams in regular flow, and, by its gradual evaporation, keeping the air moist and providing for a larger and more regular rainfall.

On the other hand when a country is bare of forest, rain runs off at once, swelling the streams to torrents which often do much damage, and then, there being no reserve supply, the streams dwindle, and much of the time are almost dry, and the lessening rainfall leaves the country dry and barren.

7. In short, where the forests are preserved, used, cared for, not abused, they are a constant source of income, they provide for a continuous supply of wood in the future, their effect upon the rainfall is helpful in every way, and the country and its people must prosper.

On the other hand where the forests are slaughtered and destroyed for the sake of a little more present gain, a famine of wood is inevitable, the water power and fertility of the country are seriously imperilled, and the way opened for desolation and waste, and all who can will leave for pastures new, and churches as well as houses and barns, will be empty, desolate.

8. Further, there is an ethical side to the matter. Where a people give themselves up, in any measure, to tree culture, they are living and working for the future, for posterity, instead of living selfishly in the immediate present, and this will have an uplifting effect, will make a better people.

Here are two men; one is taking all he can out of field and forest, regardless of

those who have to depend upon that field and forest in the future; the other is using field and forest not only to support himself but that he may transmit them, unimpaired, to those who come after. Other things being equal, the latter will be by far the better, nobler man of the two, and a greater blessing to others.

He will have the greater happiness too, and will enjoy the beauty and growth of nature which he is helping on, more than the other will enjoy the dollars which he is laying up by nature's ruin.

If any of our readers would care for further information on the subject, they can get free literature by writing to the Forestry Department, Government Offices, Ottawa.

Ministers, teachers, and all others in public positions, should seek to gain and impart all possible information on this subject and to create an interest in it. In this way they can do much both for church and country.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The thirty-fourth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet in the City of Winnipeg and within Knox Church there, on Wednesday, 3rd June, at 8 p.m.

The Committee on business, consisting of the Clerks of Assembly, together with Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries, who may be commissioners, will meet in Knox Church on Wednesday 3rd June, at 4 p.m.

Presbytery and Synod Clerks are instructed to take order that all papers to be laid before next Assembly be in the hands of the clerks at least eight days before the date of said meeting.

For the better ordering of the business of the General Assembly, will Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries kindly aid the Clerks of the Assembly by complying with the following requests:

(1) Send list of Presbytery's Commissioners as soon as they are appointed, to Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., 68 St. Famille Street, Montreal. All other papers for submission to the Assembly, send to Rev. John Somerville, D.D., Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

(2) Furnish the P. O. addresses of all Elders to whom commissions are given, as well as the charges to which Ministerial Commissioners belong, as this will facilitate direct communication with the Commis-

sioners and greatly aid the work of preparation for the Assembly.

(3) Have all returns to Remits, Petitions, Overtures and other matters for submission to the Assembly that may require separate consideration, on separate sheets.

(4) See that documents for submission to the Assembly are written on foolscap paper, only on one side of the sheet, and with a wide margin on the left.

(5) Instruct parties who have causes coming before the Assembly, to have copies of all papers bearing on such causes printed for the use of members of the Assembly.

(6) Applications of Presbyteries for the reception of ministers of other churches must be accompanied with at least 100 copies of certificates and other documents bearing on the applications printed for the information of members of Assembly. They should be forwarded to Dr. Somerville, who will see to the printing of them, and each application must be accompanied with \$5.00 to pay the cost of printing.

(7) Returns to Remits to be sent not later than the first of April.

(8) All overtures for presentation to the Assembly to be in the hands of the Clerks of Assembly not later than the 10th of May.

Arrangements have been made with the railway companies for reduced fares which are available for commissioners and their wives or daughters accompanying them, as also for others having business with the Assembly. Tickets are good in going to Winnipeg from May 30th to June 6th, inclusive, and in returning to July 15th. There is a charge of 25 cts. more than the single fare, when the ticket is purchased, but there is no subsequent charge for visiting tickets.

If fifty or more persons attend the Assembly, they return free to points east of Winnipeg.

The arrangements for British Columbia and points west of Winnipeg, as well as side trips and trips to the coast on the Canadian Pacific Railway, will be announced later. The Canadian northern will also give special side-trips to commissioners from points east of Port Arthur.

Correspondence on the subject of transportation to be addressed to Dr. Somerville.

Robert Campbell } Joint Clerks of
John Somerville } Assembly.

RECENT "LAYMAN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS."

Meetings of men, to consider their relations to calls from the heathen world, have recently been held in Montreal, St. John and Halifax.

In Montreal, with about 30,000 church members, of the different Protestant denominations, they gave last year to Home Foreign Missions about \$100,000. They have undertaken to increase this to \$250,000 a year, within two years.

In St. John, N.B., 9,800 church members gave last year \$16,000 to missionary purposes. They have decided to undertake to double this amount this year.

Halifax, with 8,700 church members of different denominations, gave \$17,700 last year to missions. They have decided on an effort to raise \$40,000 this year, and have set out heartily to carry out their resolution.

Toronto, which a few weeks ago decided to increase its giving to missions from \$141,000 last year to \$500,000 this year, is making splendid progress in securing subscriptions to raise the amount. The Baptist churches there, which at first undertook to raise \$50,000, as their share, have made such progress that they now expect to secure at least \$60,000. A letter says: "The reflex blessing that has already come to the churches of Toronto is very marked."

In the U. S. A. the "Movement" is steadily spreading. A letter from New York says:—

"At St. Joseph, Mo., where they undertook a few months ago to increase from \$12,000 to \$50,000 for foreign missions this year, one congregation has raised \$10,000, and an individual in the same congregation has made a special gift of \$10,000 more."

"In Atlanta, where they undertook, at the end of November, to increase from \$25,000 to \$100,000, the congregation that gave last year \$2,000 to Foreign Missions, undertook to increase to \$10,000 this year. The church has 700 members. When last heard from sixty-five of the members had subscribed \$6,700, and they feel sure of raising the balance."

"Yet it is not more per member than hundreds of other congregations can do when they undertake to have a worthy share in the work of making Christ known to the whole of the human race.

THE RECORD'S LOSS.

Miss Jennie S. Graham, for the past ten years the only assistant in the RECORD office, has been suddenly called away by death. Ten days ago she was in the office as usual. A day or two later she was taken ill. Two days ago she was operated upon for peritonitis, and forty-eight hours later she passed to her rest.

What the RECORD owes to her conscientious and painstaking care, none can know but those acquainted with the amount of detail connected with the accounts and mailing lists of such a large circulation.

But beyond that we would like to pay a tribute to the unselfish, devoted life of one of the world's quiet heroines, those to whom it owes so much.

Reared amid plenty, with means to gratify every wish, she was, through change and death, left, at the age of fifteen, an orphan, to make her own way in the world; and, a little later, she had, in addition, to care for and educate a younger orphaned half sister.

Gifted with strong common sense, with natural abilities of a high order, with an excellent education, she bravely faced her task, supplementing her regular salary by taking private pupils in the evening, and latterly by taking partial afternoon duty in the public schools, for which she was relieved from the RECORD.

Her worth had been known and prized and sought by one who had known her from childhood, but she felt that the burdens which she had assumed should not fall upon others. Still he waited, and at length it was arranged that she should be married the coming Autumn, when suddenly, for her, all human plans and hopes were merged into the larger life beyond.

Such lives brighten and bless the world, and when they pass out they leave their benediction, while to them is the "Well done, good and faithful."

Note.—Will correspondents please pardon any temporary delay in replying to their letters or orders. These will be attended to as early as possible, and it is hoped that all such arrears will soon be overtaken.

Contribution Envelopes.

Our Publications Office in Toronto has been providing Contribution Envelopes for Congregational Revenue and for Missions. Dr. Fraser informs us that orders have come in from all parts of the Church, and that, although the Weekly Offering for Missions is a new thing, the demand has been quite extensive for envelopes for this purpose.

He also announces that, in addition to the envelopes previously supplied, he can supply the Duplex or Twin envelope. This ingenious envelope has two pockets, one of which may be used for the ordinary Revenue, and the other for the Missionary and other Funds of the Church. Congregations may have any printing upon the envelopes they wish; and they are numbered and dated for each Sunday in the year.

The envelope is so constructed that the two parts can be separated from one another, each remaining perfect in itself. This adds greatly to the convenience of counting the contents, as in most cases, there are separate treasurers for the Congregational Revenue and for Missions.

The convenience of treasurers and contributors is also further studied by providing a carton or neat pasteboard box for each set of envelopes. This is included in the cost.

Ministers, secretaries and treasurers should send for a Catalogue and Price List. Address R. Douglas Fraser, Presbyterian Publications, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

to heart out of personal experience of the love of God, His power to save, His grace to keep and His comfort to sustain; to create, to formulate, and to promulgate united sentiment on questions of public and national interest; and to enlighten and stimulate missionary zeal in the home church.

All inquiries for programs and further information should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Bostwick Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Patriotic Service for Sabbath Schools.

The Patriotic Service for Sabbath Schools as prepared last year, was a new departure on the part of the General Assembly's Committee on Sabbath Schools, and proved to be a very popular one. It has, therefore, been decided to prepare another similar service for June 28th, 1908, the Sunday nearest July 1st, which is also the day set apart by the International Lesson Committee as the regular quarterly Temperance Sunday.

The Patriotic Service may, therefore, be used in place of, or in connection with, the Temperance Lesson for that day without in any way interfering with the regular course of lessons for the quarter. The programme will be printed in colors, so as to form an attractive souvenir for the scholars, and will be available in good time from the office of the S. S. Publications Committee, Confederation Life Building Toronto, in any quantities desired, at cost, 50 cents per hundred.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Gathering

of foreign missionaries of all Evangelical Missionary Societies and from all lands will convene at Clifton Springs, N.Y., June 3-10, 1908. Through the hospitality of the Sanitarium and village, entertainment is provided for all past and present foreign missionaries and for all actual appointees (not candidates) of the Boards.

The object of this Union is to gather from every land God's watchmen to tell us "What of the night;" to get acquainted with persons, friends, methods, helps and hindrances in mission work; to promote missionary sympathy, prayer and fellowship; to see eye to eye and to speak heart

An Ideal Book for a Family.

Rev. George S. Carson's "Stories from the Life of Jesus" is having a wide sale. The illustrations have proved very attractive, as well as the setting of each Bible Story by itself. Rev. J. B. Maclean of Hopewell, Nova Scotia, says: "How sorry I am that this book was not put into my hands when I was a child! It seems to me an ideal book for a family, and indeed I hope to use it for my own reading, even though there is no one but myself around to listen to the stories." The "Stories" will be sent to any address for one dollar, by R. Douglas Fraser, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

GETTING A TRUE VIEW OF LIFE.

No one who wishes to get a true view of anything, is content with looking at it from one view point. A building is viewed from all sides. A business proposition is carefully considered in the light of all its bearings and consequences. If a man buys a horse, a cart, a cow, a farm, he looks them all over.

Further, such care in looking at a matter from all sides is usually proportioned to its value and importance, and in all the great temporal concerns of life and the best way of utilizing them, steps are usually taken not only after personal consideration, but after much advisement; viewing it oneself from all points, and looking at it through other eyes as well.

Now the greatest thing is life itself. There is only one life. It is brief at longest, and here, more than in any other thing, it is the part of wisdom to view it from all points, to learn as far as possible what it is worth and how it should be used.

There are two main view points from which to look at life and learn what it is, and how to use it. One of these is the present, this end of it. The other is the farther end, where it passes from present sight and merges into life beyond.

Of these two view points the latter is by far the more correct. One sees there life in its true proportion. The one who views life from the present alone gets a wholly incorrect view of it, and multitudes are thus led to a false estimate of it, and a wrong use of it.

The one object of this little note is not to discuss either the present life or the future, but, coming from the death bed which touches so closely the work of this office, to urge that every one who reads these lines, take often a view of life from that standpoint, and learn from that view point what life is and how it should be used.

If Christian people would do this, and realize that life is not given them, merely for their own personal benefit, whether temporal or spiritual, but for what they can do to help others, to make the world better, to bring earth to heaven, then would this old world soon be a gladder place, heathenism's sin and sorrow would give place to purity and hope and joy.

THE FOREIGN MISSION DEFICIT.

By DR. R. P. MACKAY.

There is nothing for it but to tell the church. According to figures just to hand from the Treasurer the Foreign Mission Fund is \$11,975 in debt. It is exceedingly disappointing. Not only does it embarrass the work already in hand: it clouds the outlook.

What opportunities are before us! We have just received an urgent appeal to help in Korea where such rich showers of grace are falling. We in the Western Division have no direct interest in the great work in Korea. It would be stimulating to have some part in it. Can we venture? Candidates are offering. Shall we decline their application? There are needs in both India and China without which the best work cannot be done. Can we meet them?

The Committee cannot be blamed for too large expenditure for the expenditure is considerably below the estimate for the year. Whatever the cause, the fact is that the Church gave about \$12,000 less than we had reason to expect judging from the gifts of the former year.

The only thing that remains is to ask for a special offering. We all dislike special appeals, but I am sure we dislike much more an arrest in foreign mission work. Let every congregation give a lift and the work will be done. We can do it AND we will. Let it be done quickly.

A Temperance Pledge Card.

A very neat Temperance Pledge Card has come to us from the Sabbath School Publications in Toronto. It is from a special design by Mr. A. H. Howard, a well-known Canadian artist and designer, and is tastefully printed in two colors. The Card gives due prominence to the Presbyterian emblem, the burning bush. It is adapted both for Sunday Schools and for general use, and sells at the very moderate price of 50c a hundred, postpaid. Samples will be sent by the Publications Office in Toronto to all who may write for them.

The amount that one is willing to give for missions is a fair test of what religion has done for him.

REGULAR PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery Clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

The Maritime Synod.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness Whyco. 8 Mar. 10 a.m.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, 2 Jan., 7.30.
5. Wallace, Amherst. 2 April.
6. Truro, Truro.
7. Halifax, Hx., St. Matt., 30 April, 3 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Lunenb, 17 Mar.
9. St. John.
10. St. John.
11. Miramichi, Campbellton, 26 Mar.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Quebec, 3 Mar.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 10 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 3 Mar. 1.30.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa.
15. Lan., Renfrew, Smith's Falls, 17 Feb. 3.30.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 10 Mar., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 5 May, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Bala, 19 May.
24. North Bay, North Bay, 11 Mar., 10 a.m.
25. Algoma, Webbwood, 25 Feb.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sd., 3 Mar., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, Kno, 21 Jan., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Ham., 3 Mar., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, 14 Jan., 10.30.
31. London.
32. Chatham Chatham, 3 Mar., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 Mar.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 19 May.
35. Huron, Clinton, 3 Mar. 10.30.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Southampton, 7 July, 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-P.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minnedosa.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Frobisher, Feb.

49. Regina.

50. Qu'Appelle, Broadview.

51. Prince Albert, February.

52. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

53. Calgary, Calgary, 9 Mar., 8 p.m.
54. Edmonton, Strathcona, 3 Mar., 9.30.
56. Red Deer, 25 Feb.
57. Lacombe, Ponoka, at call.
58. Macleod, Macleod, 18 Feb., 10 a.m.
59. High River, Stavely, 20 Feb., 9 a.m.

Synod of British Columbia.

60. Kamloops, Kamloops, Feb. '08.
61. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb. 18, 19, 20.
62. Westminster.
63. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls from**

- Yorkton, Sask., to Mr. W. T. B. Crombie of Elmsley.
- Buckingham, Que., to Mr. D. Currie of Perth.
- Clanwilliam, Man., to Mr. Cowan. Accepted.
- Queen St. E., Toronto, to Mr. W. H. Andrews. Induction February 18.
- Mt. Stewart, P. E. I., to Dr. D. N. McPhail.
- Bloomfield P. E. I. to Mr. Ewen McDonald.
- Bradford, Ont., to Mr. C. H. Cooke.
- Orillia, to Mr. D. C. McGregor.
- Maitland, N.S., Mr. A. H. Foster, B. D.
- Middleton, N. S., Mr. Geo. W. Millar, B. A.

Inductions into

- Zion and Stewartville, Man., Feb. 6, Mr. J. D. Rolston.
- Port Elgin, Feb., Mr. W. C. McLeod.
- Blytheswood, Ont., 30 Jan., Mr. A. Edington.
- La Have 4 Feb., Mr. Robertson.
- Fairville, N.B., Mr. Wm. Townsend.
- Warden Church, New Aberdeen, C. B., 10th March, Mr. D. H. McKinnon.
- St. Stephen's Church, Amherst, 2 April, Mr. Anderson Rogers.

Resignations of

- Wapella, Man., Mr. M. J. Leith.
- Kildonan, Man., Mr. J. H. Cameron.
- Knox Church, Harriston, Mr. M. C. Cameron, B.D., Mr. Young of Clifford, interim moderator.
- Prince Street Church, Pictou, N. S., Rev. A. Falconer, D.D.
- Vankleek Hill, Mr. T. G. Thompson.
- Bernanda, Rev. A. Burrows, D.D.
- Musquodoboit Harbor, Rev. James Rosborough, M. A.

Our Foreign Missions

"LOAN SHARKS" IN INDIA.

Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., writing to his sister at a recent date, says:—

"The heathen baniya (money lender) gives out little and expects one hundred per cent. at least besides the principal.

"A neighbor here got two and a half rupees of cloth a number of years ago, of a heathen baniya. He paid back the principal, a number of times, and the last I heard he owed the baniya thirty-two rupees."

It is eighty mile cart ride through the jungle to reach here, and hence visits of fellow missionaries are rare, and never, unless duty calls it, takes so much of time besides the toil.

Christmas and New Year's time we had special meetings and had the help of one of the N. P. Indian padres of the Punjab. He is a great power, and it is seeing such men as he that gives great hope for the redemption of India. He is a very strong, steady deep thinker and speaker. He is of a low caste. He is a professor in the American N. P. Theological Seminary.

In the Punjab he is much taken with the Bhil work, and promises to come back a month during his holidays to help teach the young Bhils who want to be preachers to their brethren.

There is a great scarcity of food here. Quite a number of Bhils are living on a poisonous root that they boil all day, throwing off some nine waters, till the stuff has no taste, and you may imagine with all that boiling, practically no nourishment. However, it fills the stomach, and for a time they seem to have taken food. They get very weak after a time."

"He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses, has an everyday greatness beyond that won in battle or chanted in cathedrals."

TOURING IN INDIA.

By MRS. JEAN SINCLAIR MACKAY.

In camp near Neemuch, India.

28 January, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

We are always glad to see the RECORD. It is an old friend, and like all true friends, it improves with the years. I can distinctly trace my earliest interest in foreign missions to a letter I read in the RECORD when I was a very little girl.

And it is good for us here in India to be constantly reminded of the work being done in other of the foreign fields of the church, for the near-at-hand is apt to absorb one's interest, and circumscribe one's vision. We rejoice in all that speaks of progress in China and Korea, while here, we still pray and work and wait in confident expectation.

We have been on tour in the villages since the beginning of December, and so have been living, relatively speaking, near to the people, within sight and sound of their sin and sorrow.

Earlier in the year we apprehended famine, consequent on our last scant rainfall, but, in our part of the country, although the people are feeling the pinch of poverty—which is, after all, no new experience, where great multitudes live habitually on the very verge of starvation, and are deeper in debt than usual to the grasping, avaricious, money-lending class, yet we are so thankful not to have a repetition of the experiences of '96 and subsequent years. The situation is worse in some other parts of India, and there are, I think, at present about 200,000 on government relief works.

Plague Theories.

At our first camping place we met with many rebuffs. On our arrival there we could not even hire coolies to help us put up our tent, but by dint of effort, we managed it ourselves, and night found us with a covering.

Even in the smallest hamlets of that district foolish stories were current, of our having poisoned their wells, and buried bottles of plague germs in their fields, when we were there last year.

One of the plague "theories," originating, no doubt, with the blatant "agitator" class, and believed by the ignorant masses, is that the British Government introduces and spreads the disease to prevent a too rapid increase of the population, which scarcely decreases, perceptibly, even after severe famine in parts of the country.

In one village near Mulhargarh, as I approached a group of women, busily engaged in manufacturing fuel from manure, they rose and fled, and taking refuge in the courtyard of a house, they fastened the door, and loosened their tongues, and treated me to an avalanche of abuse, for coming among them to disseminate plague!

About ten days later, a young man from this same village came to the tent at our next camping place. He heard the story for the first time, and showed a very unusual and remarkable degree of interest, asking again and again what he must do to be saved. His heart was certainly touched and he left us that night declaring that he would return to the tent the next day. But the next morning we saw him being taken away by a relative, on a camel, and he came to us no more. We have had more than one experience in the past years of the fierceness of heathen hatred against those who show any sign of special interest in the message of salvation.

Hard to confess.

At one place, we found the chief official very friendly. He is an ex-graduate of our college at Indore, a handsome, intelligent Brahman. He spoke freely about his attitude towards Christianity. I pointed out to him that India would be long in coming to her own, unless men like himself were willing to suffer for their belief. He said, "I should lose my position to-morrow, if what I believe regarding Jesus Christ were known." There are many in India of the type of the rich young man of the Gospel story.

I had two happy visits with the women of this man's household. One of them is a friend of Pandita Ramabai, and they were all delighted to hear their own

mother tongue, Marathi, spoken. These visits were to me the only bright spot in my experience in that town, for it was a trial even to walk through the streets, and submit to the evil looks of the men.

After ten days, having, by patient, persistent effort and quiet reasoning won the confidence of the people, we struck camp, and moved into another State across eight or ten miles of the roughest, rockiest road imaginable to the town of Jiran. It is a walled town and creeps up the slopes of a fort crowned hills, but walls and fort are in ruins since the days of the Moghul incursions. Behind the hill is a large lake, whose shores are lined with ruined and deserted shrines and temples, while broken and mutilated idols and disgusting stone emblems lie about in profusion.

The people here were very friendly, notwithstanding the fact that last year the plague was raging when we went there and quite close to our tent was a shrine, on which was placed and worshipped a rag rat, for you know, that rats are the real disseminators of plague.

Some of our Listeners.

Our plan is to spend the forenoons in adjacent villages, and in the afternoon and evening to talk with those who come to the tent. Many hundreds have of their own accord, come to the tents and have listened attentively to the preaching. Sometimes the majority of the listeners are Hindus, sometimes Mohammedans.

The latter have more in common with us than the Hindus, for they acknowledge the Divine Law and Revelation contained in the Scriptures, as well as a resurrection and judgment to come. But Jesus Christ, the Son of God is to them a rock of offence. The Hindus, on the other hand have no difficulty in appreciating an Incarnation. Have there not been many in past ages, who came to make war, and to destroy and to do evil? The sinlessness of the True Incarnation does not appeal to them, as it does to us.

One sometimes hears the expression, "The Hindus are essentially a religious people." But what does that mean? For a Hindu may believe anything or nothing, he may participate in practices in the name of religion, which it were a shame to

mention, he may lie, cheat and steal, and do a hundred other things commonly called "sin," but if he observe certain caste rules, he is still a good Hindu!

And yet one hears occasionally of Christian men, whose faith in Jesus Christ is shaken by their coming into contact with the beautiful mysterious philosophy of the Hindus. Such an one should come out here for more than a cold season, should learn a vernacular, and move among the people, and see how Hinduism works itself out in the lives of millions of the people of the land.

Longing for Peace.

Still there is something stirring in the hearts of the people. They have sat for centuries in darkness and the shadow of death. Many are beginning to grope blindly, if haply they may find Him. We need not marvel if it take long years of patient prayerful effort to quicken a spiritual desire among such a people. Let us remember the Law of the Kingdom, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

We came into Neemuch for Christmas week, and went out again immediately after the New Year, to a place about twenty miles north of Neemuch, and there we had a wonderful twelve days' work. Every day from 4.30 p.m. till dark, the people came in crowds, numbering from two to three hundred, high caste and low, Hindus and Mahomedans. I have never seen such interest manifested in the simple plain preaching of the Gospel. Sin and salvation were the themes kept constantly before the people by Mr. Mackay and his helper. One just yearned over these wandering ones, and longed to have them turn to the Lord of Life and Glory.

Besides these daily gatherings of men and boys, women of the working classes came in considerable numbers, sometimes as many as fifty being seated on the ground at the tent door. The little organ, the gift of a friend at home, was certainly a great help, but the singing alone does not account for the remarkable interest shown there. We do not give away en a single Gospel. They are sold at half a cent each, a price that puts them within the reach of even the very poor, and we do not believe in cheapening the Word of

God by giving it away. About one hundred gospels were sold in this one town.

High caste women were visited in their homes, multitudes were shown the Way of Life, and although there are no results that can be tabulated in baptismal registers, yet we rejoiced greatly in having been permitted to preach Christ and Him crucified. Such work must bear fruit.

The day we left, some forty men, among whom were the leading officials of the town, came to say "good bye." One man asked if they would be free of plague visitations, if they accepted the religion of Jesus Christ. One could only say that if they will follow His example and obey His teaching, every relation of life will be ennobled and purified, and their condition physical, social and domestic, greatly ameliorated.

In Perils of Thieves.

We had more than the usual amount of excitement of another kind at this place, for it is notorious for thieving. We pitched our tent, at first, in an old garden surrounded by thick cactus hedge. The Inspector of Police, a nice old Mahomedan gentleman, was greatly exercised for our safety. He sent two night watchmen and came himself every night at one or two o'clock to see if all were well with us.

Two nights after our arrival there, some forty thieves descended upon the town and scaled the wall. The police attacked them. Eleven shots were fired, and they sounded big in the night stillness. Two policemen were injured and the dead body of one of the thieves was found a day or two later in the jungle near by. Then the authorities begged us to move our camp close up to the chief gate of the city and two nights later, a camel was stolen just a few rods away from us! We were not, however, molested, not even disturbed, except by dirt and noise, dogs and rats, and small boys, one of the vilest of the many vile products of Hinduism.

What is it that promotes the most and the deepest thought in the human race? It is not learning; it is not the conduct of business; it is not even the impulse of the affections. It is suffering; and that, perhaps, is the reason why there is so much suffering in the world.—Sir Arthur Helps.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION.

By REV. DONALD MACGILLIVRAY, D.D.

Shanghai, 18 January, 1908.

Dear Record,—

The leaven of western knowledge which has wrought such wonders in Japan has at last begun to work in her bulky neighbor, China, and even now the results are portentous.

"China is awake," was heard even when I came to China first, but as was natural for a giant who had slept millenniums, he took a good deal of time about it, and it was not till the stabs of the bayonet were felt between his shoulders that he really sat up, wide awake. All the West now rings with the possibilities of the new situation. "What will he do?" is being asked in all the courts of Europe, as well as in all the coast cities of the Pacific.

The old schools are gone, and one of the pathetic sights of the interior is the old dominie, coat out at elbow and occupation gone. He cannot cram up enough of the new books to pass, and so he looks sadly on as the old order changeth, giving place to the new.

New schools are springing up so fast that we have long lost count. Poor enough many of them are of course, as were our own Canadian schools in the backwoods days, but time will change all that.

Young China may occasionally afford us a smile at his mistakes, like the South Sea Islander who gets a pair of pants and straightway wears them on his head instead of his lower limbs. The scholars will do some things equally foolish for a time, but the tide of knowledge will presently sweep in and cover all.

The class which is now causing most anxiety to the Central Government is the student class. They are drinking strange waters, and there are strange, though not unexpected, symptoms. It is safe to say that just now they are spending more on telegrams than any similar number of students in the world. Peking's ears are dinned with hot wires from every section, even from girls' schools, on all great public questions.

Under the old system students crowded together at the old examinations were often

greatly feared by the mandarins, but now the students have found a more excellent way, by going straight to the Throne, which the telegraph enables them to do. Instead of badgering the local mandarins, they have found higher game, and the Peking ministers must often be sick of them. The young men say that a Constitution has been promised them and they mean to prepare themselves for it by beginning to vote now by wire.

In this city of Shanghai, we find the head centre of agitation. Recently the British and Chinese Corporation, with the full approval of the Central Government, was loaning money to build a railway in this and the adjoining province. The students and others opposed it tooth and nail. They would have nothing of foreign money in their railways. They said this was the beginning of foreign domination. Mass meetings were held, fiery speeches made, telegrams drawn up, even the Christians taking part, all with a view to get the Central Government to break its solemn treaty with the Company.

The results are not yet fully known at this writing, but the agitation though dying down will leave its mark for all time on the province.

Even Honan, once in the backwater of the Reform movement, is now as sensitive to the winds as any other. This is due to the telegraph and the rail, though the province can as yet boast of only one newspaper. During last Autumn, the scholars of Wei Hui Fu rioted the idols and were themselves rioted in turn.

Lately some one sent word to Honan, that the Chekiang loan, above referred to, was going to be diverted to build a railway in Honan; the Peking government in this way seeking a way out of the impasse. Immediately on receipt of this rumour, the city of Changte was placarded and meetings of protest were held.

We may call them half-baked, but they are at least alive as they never were before. Meantime the old men are slow to move, and the dominion is passing to the young men. Such is one of the strange changes wrought by the new learning.

As facilities for the best education are limited in China as yet, the more ardent ones are flocking to Japan and other lands.

The most are in the United States, but England is now waking up to the fact that some of them ought to come there, and a "Committee of Welcome" has been formed.

Why should not some of these students be attracted to Canada. Every one such on his return to China would be a friend to Canada and her trade. Labor Unions would not object to that. Recently twenty-five went from the blood-stained province of Shansi to England and the Continent. The men on their return will not foster a second Boxer Rising.

The anti-opium movement, begun years ago by missionaries, and carried on by them ever since, is now at a most hopeful stage. The encouragement of Great Britain is something, but the best thing is that the people themselves are infused with the new spirit and seek themselves to make the prohibition effective, by pickets and vigilance committees on the watch for law-breakers.

Ten years, the period set by the Central Government for the final eradication of the evil, is undoubtedly too short if we are to judge by the slow progress of prohibition in the West, but progress is being made and the schools will teach opposition to the weed, a happy omen for the future.

Moralists and opponents to the movement alike utter warnings lest China take to strong drink after her opium nightmare. If so, that would be the seven devils worse than the first.

But this is confusing the issue. A great wrong must be righted, and the future must be left to Providence. For myself I do not think the Chinese, sober now, will take to drink instead. One thing, the foreign article is too dear. Another, the struggle for existence is too keen, and their love of peace too great to waste their strength on a strife-provoking drink.

We missionaries are keenly watching the progress of the Laymen's Missionary movement. At Conference time rumors got abroad that American millionaires were going to give vast sums, but so far we are still looking. I fear the financial panic has swallowed up some of it. But the movement will grow. Getting money is, however, easy; we must have men, which is more difficult. May we have both in

plenty soon for all branches of the work in China.

Dr. Alexander Duff it was who first made famous the saying "We are only playing at missions." But Mr. Ellis, a newspaper correspondent, has put it in modern fashion, "Do the job or chuck it; don't play at it."

As to the needs of our Christian Literature Society, whose Twentieth Annual Report I send you, we are asking for at least twelve additional workers. If these cannot come to Shanghai to do literary work, then let them work as best they may in the interior, but we consider that twelve men will accomplish vastly more if associated together in one place. Only so can work be systematised, and the best results obtained. We have five men now, and twelve more—what are these among the millions of China? The Conference emphasized these needs for the new China with its new and old materialism, the new reinforcing the moribund old.

But we need still more that very commonplace but little used power, "prayer," that China may hunger and thirst for the glad tidings which we bring, and not for gold and silver. In our warehouse we have many thousand pages of good literature, now slowly getting into circulation. We want it to go out more quickly, and still more longed for, more effectively, in the hearts of our myriad readers.

Mrs. MacGillivray and I are planning three Lives of Christ, one for heathen readers, one for Christian readers and one for children. All these will be original work. May we beg the earnest prayers of all readers of the RECORD in all these enterprises for God?

Say not the struggle naught availeth,

The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,

And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,

It may be in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,

And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, though creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

THE MACAO MISSION, 1907.**Rev. W. R. McKay, writes:—**

“Since my last report we have had the pleasure of a visit from our secretary, Dr. R. P. MacKay. Although he had only a few days to spare for our mission his presence and counsel have been a great inspiration to us all.

About the end of September we removed our centre of operations for the mission to temporary quarters in Chinese houses at the Kongmoon Customs Station, a point from which all parts of the District can be easily reached.

In Ping Lam, on account of the death, early in the year, of the old preacher, Cheng Kwan Tseung, through whom an entrance there was first obtained, and our inability to secure a suitable man to take his place, the work has not made much progress. We have, however, now secured a man who has labored as a preacher for ten years in Kwong Sai Province, and who seems to be a very earnest and capable man.

In Shek Ki our work continues to prosper under the care of our preacher, Mr. Kwan Ping.

Since coming to Kongmoon we have been holding services in a downstairs room in one of our houses. So far they have been well attended, the people, largely belonging to the boat population, listening attentively, most of them for the first time, to the gospel message.

The dispensary work is doing much to break down the prejudice which has existed against foreigners in this district. In the city we have just purchased a small shop which will give us an opening there, and which we hope to use as a chapel and dispensary after the Chinese New Year.

In November we were gladdened and encouraged by the addition to our ranks of four new missionaries. All are diligently devoting themselves to the study of the language and are making good progress.

We have now, in the districts of Heung Shan, San Ui, and Hok Shan, a field with a population of probably two million people. Though our forces have been so largely strengthened during the year there remains much land to be possessed, and it will be evident to all that our staff is far from adequate for the task before us.

It cannot be long, moreover, before we will need to have, at least one missionary as teacher in the Theological Seminary in Canton. At present our students are admitted free, but we cannot expect this always to continue.

At the meeting of the American Presbyterian Mission last September the following was unanimously adopted: “Resolved, that arrangements through the Board be made with the Presbyterian Boards, if possible, of the Canadian and New Zealand Presbyterian Churches to unite with us in enlarging and strengthening the Theological Seminary in order to meet the pressing needs of the Church and the Evangelistic work.”

The New Zealand Mission already provides one Chinese teacher and gives part of the time of one of their missionaries to the work of the school, and we trust that the F. M. Committee will recognize the importance of this college to the work of our mission.

We wish to record our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His care during another year and for the enlarged opportunities for service he has given us in our new field.

Dr. J. A. McDonald writes.—

Although the past year was spent largely in the study of the language I was able to visit most of the outstations. These visits were helpful in bringing me into closer contact with the people than was possible from Macao city.

In June, through the kindness of Dr. Swan, I was able to spend a week in the Kuk Fan Hospital, Canton, where I learnt much about medical mission methods employed in south China.

While in Macao I was able to give more time to the study of the language. Since coming here, however, more demands have been made for medical service, and I have set apart a few hours daily for dispensary work. These hours are so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with the time given to study. My hope and prayer is that soon we may be able to have a hospital in the city of Kongmoon. This I feel will be helpful to us in carrying out our purpose in coming to China.

We have a great field ahead of us. May God give us strength and wisdom for the task.

Miss Agnes Dickson writes:—

In the earlier part of my third year, as much time as possible was occupied with language study, in which I took my second examination in June.

Mrs. MacKay and myself conducted a weekly meeting for women during the Spring and Summer with an average attendance of ten. This with the Sunday School class and visiting in the homes constituted the greater part of my work, besides the language study.

In November we removed to Kongmoon, and have recently begun holding weekly women's and children's meetings. The attendance at the former has been fourteen and at the latter thirty-seven. During the month we have been here, Mrs. MacKay, Dr. MacBean and I have been visiting in one of the villages, which has been most encouraging. A village often numbers many thousands.

Schools.—There are at present only two girls schools in our field, one at Ha So, with an enrollment of twenty-five, and one at Shekki, with a present enrollment of twenty-eight girls. A boys department has been recently added in the latter school, with an enrollment of thirteen, our present teacher taking both boys and girls for part of the work. This school has done most satisfactory work during the years and is a credit to its teachers.

Several other stations are asking for schools, but there is a scarcity of teachers and our three pupils are not yet ready for work. There is a prospect, however, of our getting two women already trained.

Bible Woman.—Our Shekki Bible woman has a large field, and has been most faithful in her work despite great bodily weakness. There is also an elderly Bible woman at Ku Tseng and the preacher's wife at Sha Tui has done her best to supply the lack of a worker there. We have at present two students in the women's school at Canton.

Itineration.—In all I have made eight trips during the year, three of them being to new stations where the women's work is now in my care.

The Customs station where we live, with the numerous villages within easy distance, practically untouched thus far, af-

ford boundless opportunity for service in addition to the out-station work.

May we be found faithful to our stewardship.

Dr. Jessie A. MacBean, writes:—

Language study must necessarily occupy the larger part of one's time during the second year on the mission field. In June I was successful in passing my first examination, and am now busy with second year work. Though having no dispensary in Macao I did considerable medical work, and since coming to Kongmoon, find prospect of largely increased opportunities, several invitations to surrounding villages having come through patients.

I have also been able to help Miss Dickson with the children's work.

Three visits to Shek Ki have been made during the year, also one with Miss Dickson to Ku Tseng and Sha Tui.

Miss Rachel McLean writes:—

After a rough voyage across the Pacific, I arrived in Hong Kong on November 20th, two days overdue, and came here on the evening of the same day.

One month's residence in Kongmoon gives me very little to report. On December 20th, we secured a good language teacher, and I have been studying hard ever since. The pressing need around us gives every incentive to hard work and diligent study. Truly, "the fields are white unto the harvest."

A converted Chinaman thus told the difference between Confucius and Jesus—"I fell into a deep pit. Confucius looked down and said, 'Well, son, if you had minded me, you never would have got there.' I replied, 'If you will only get me out of here, I can listen to you. But I want help now.' Jesus of Nazareth leaped into the pit and took me into His arms and set me on solid ground. That is why I am a Christian."

"A missionary travelled 2,500 miles on foot through one of the provinces of China and did not meet a native Christian."

THREE KOREAN CHRISTIANS.

BY MRS. BESSIE C. ROBB, WONSAN.

Among the new women who have come into the Wonsan Church during the past year and are now enrolled as catechumens are three friends who have indeed witnessed a good confession for the Master. From the first they showed great interest and zeal, attending regularly, not only the Sunday and Wednesday evening services, but the mid-week evening Bible class for women as well. All three soon learned to read sufficiently to study intelligently their simple catechism and New Testament lessons.

The two younger women are little over twenty. As they had no names, and having no children cannot be called "the mother of" so and so, the one we had mentally designated as "the little pocked-marked woman in the green jacket" became Huldah; and the pretty one whose pink jacket matched her cheeks and set off her large dark eyes, we called "Paulina."

The Patience of Huldah.

Huldah is plain, quiet and shy in manner. It would not occur to her that her story was anything worthy of special note, and a casual observer might think her dull and uninteresting.

Her husband was very angry with her for becoming a believer in the "Jesus doctrine." His business called him to Vladivostock shortly after, and he left orders with the neighbors, and with the merchant who had formerly supplied her wants, that no one was to give her either fuel or rice unless she stopped being a Christian. As he was to be away for about three months during the severe winter season, this would surely bring her to her senses, and if not, she was better dead.

However, he returned to find that she had managed to support herself, with a little help from friends, and that she was quite determined to live, or die, a Christian.

He then ordered her to leave his home, and when she did not go, but faithfully attended to his wants and her household duties, decided to starve her out. For five or six weeks he gave her neither food nor money, and went out for his own meals. Several times he turned her out at night and locked the door. As the

winter was about over, she slept in the porch, except when chilly nights forced her to take refuge with one of her friends.

Finding that nothing could shake her faith in Jesus he one day brought home some rice which she quietly took and prepared for him, as if she had never done otherwise. Since then he has not interfered with her religion, and she goes on her quiet way, praying and hoping for his conversion.

Paulina's Happier Lot.

Paulina's husband, though he disliked Christians and disapproved of his wife joining them, never took such vigorous methods with her. He sometimes grumbled, but usually winked at her giving shelter to her less fortunate friends.

In fact, when we heard that he once went so far as to remonstrate with his business partner, Mr. Pah, for his violent persecution of his wife, we had great hopes of him. His mother and sister soon followed his wife's example, and all three are bright and intelligent Christians.

Evidently they were too much for him, for to our joy, one very wet Wednesday evening, not long ago, he went to church for the first time, and got a hearty welcome from the "brethren." Paulina is very happy now, and quite willing to stay at home to watch the house on Sunday morning, while her husband goes to church.

Mrs. Pah's Trials.

The oldest of the trio, Mrs. Pah, a tall, well-formed woman, with a bright, affectionate disposition, is in her early thirties. She has had the severest trial of her faith, and sometimes we trembled for her. But when we saw the triumph of her faith in the most trying situation, her love and meekness and self control, we thanked God and took courage.

Her husband, an inn-keeper, is a man of a violent temper, and from the first was decidedly opposed to his wife's new fangled ideas, such as going to church, learning to read and calling herself a Christian. When anything happened to put him in a temper, he thought it a good time to discipline his wife for this standing offence.

Once in a rage, he tore up her Bible and hymn-book, beat her and locked her up in a fireless room on one of the coldest days

Continued on page 184.

A SABBATH'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. A. R. ROSS, SONG CHIN, KOREA.
FOR THE RECORD.—

About twenty-one li (seven miles) from Song Chin, is a small settlement of Korean houses called Awsandong. For five years a Mr. Pak, was the only Christian there, attending church in Song Chin. How wondrously in such cases does God show His power to keep solitary witnesses true to Himself in the midst of heathenism! Now there is a little group of believers, eight in number, who have their Sabbath morning service in one of the Christian's houses.

On October 10th, my teacher and I visited Awsandong. It was a beautiful day, as so many of the autumn days are in Korea, and we started out in the morning with Dr. Grierson's pony which we took turns in riding. The road lies along a valley with hills on either side that are partly covered by a scanty growth of trees, mostly of the scraggy pine type which is so familiar a sight in Korea.

On the way we met at one time a Korean farmer with his ox-cart laden with pine branches which would supply the fuel for the coodle or underground fireplace of some house in Song Chin. At another time a Korean, riding on one of their ponies, which are usually small, passed us, while again on our return we saw a woman carrying fish in a wooden basin on her head. The Koreans are continually bringing fuel into the town and taking fish back into the interior.

I also noticed on a little stream, what might be called a grain mill, run by water power, on a small scale. Its machinery was much less elaborate than many in Quebec province. It consisted of a long beam of wood that works like a see-saw. At one end of this is a kind of open box affair into which the water, run into a small boarded channel, falls and weighs it down when full, so that the other end of the beam rises in the air to a height of some seven feet. On this end is a large wooden pestle which descends as the other rises (the water having been upset out of the open box) crushing the grain that has been placed in the mortar beneath.

On arriving at our destination we were greeted cordially by the Christians and entered a neat and clean little room of Mr.

Pak's house, where the service was to be held. My limited knowledge of Korean permitted me only to preside, calling on different ones to take part and at the end pronouncing the benediction. My teacher did the teaching and preaching required for the study of the Sunday School lesson and the church service respectively.

I may add that as well as reading a verse from the passage in hand, as my turn came, I ventured to sing as a solo a part of a hymn in Korean. On the second line I made a mistake or so in pronunciation and was at once interrupted and corrected by my teacher. So I stopped and started the second line again. Such a thing did not appear funny to the Koreans but, needless to say, it did to me. I must confess that my teacher is an enthusiastic one, though this was hard on my merits as a soloist in Korean.

The coming to them of the teacher and myself to conduct the service was appreciated by Mr. Pak and his friends and it did me good to be with them. At its close they served the moksa (missionary) a meal of Korean food, boiled eggs, potatoes and pickled cabbage (kimchi). I was glad to see at the side of this house the material for a small church which the Christians intended to begin building the next day. May He who kept Mr. Pak faithful for so many years, keep pure and zealous this little group and add to their number other believers from the surrounding heathenism.

A DEVOTED KOREAN.

BY ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

Day after day might be seen in a little open booth by the roadside, not far from our home in Wonsan, an old man who made a scanty living by selling small wares to passers-by.

Prominent among his goods, which were spread out on a straw mat on the ground, might always be seen a few Gospels, which he sold for love of the Master; and he was never so happy as when he found a willing listener to the glad tidings these books contained.

One day last Summer he brought us an offering for the church, that brought tears to our eyes. The sum was small. But how had he got it. He had put aside a handful

of rice from his daily allowance for weeks and months, till the handfuls had grown to a measure. This he sold and brought the money as an offering to the Lord!

How soon would the whole heathen world be evangelized if Christians only loved their Lord as this old man does!

It is only want of laborers that is retarding the evangelization of Korea now. Seeing such instances of sacrifice and devotion among these people, one feels that to give ones life to help them is a thousand times repaid and that it is an honor and privilege above words to help in giving them the Gospel. Who would not covet a greater share in this work?

MEDICAL WORK WINS THEM.

Dr. J. Y. Ferguson of Formosa, writes to St. Pauls Church, Hamilton.—

"While I am of the firm opinion that the deepest and most lasting effect of the work done for the Master is that which may not be seen for the time, or that is too sacred to be made public, yet it is always encouraging to receive some tangible evidence that one's work is not an absolute failure. Let me mention one or two cases of several which have given us encouragement.

Surgery under Difficulties.

One day, a young woman, the wife of a comparatively poor farmer, came to the dispensary to have a tumor of the breast treated, after she had tested thoroughly the value of all the native grasses and ground insects prescribed for internal administration by the Chinese doctors and her case had been given up as hopeless.

On hearing that there was a European doctor at Tamsui, she came to see what hope we could hold out for her. Although the tumor had grown quite large, it was still a fairly simple matter to remove it.

But there was danger in delay. I decided therefore, to operate in the dispensary, and afterwards send her to the house of a Christian family near by.

She had never been accustomed to have people wait on her, and not knowing the danger arose from her bed to wait on herself. In doing so she broke an artery which had been weakened by the removal of the tumor, but was not bleeding when the wound was closed.

On making my rounds in the evening I found the woman bleeding profusely which necessitated my opening ten stitches, ligaturing the artery and replacing the satures. All this she allowed me to do without cloroform, as the cloroform made her very sick during the operation, and she did not utter a single murmur; in fact assured me that she was quite comfortable.

I mention this as one of the many difficulties we meet in medical work among a heathen people. The doctor has not much peace of mind if his patients who are seriously ill are living where he cannot keep a strict watch upon them. The kindest thing the friends can think of is to give the sufferer a good feed of pork. I have also know patients to take five times the dose of medicine prescribed, thinking that if a little does good, more is better. This is the discouraging side.

The encouraging part was the impression made upon the patient by her contact with the missionaries and native Christians, and especially the latter. The operation turned out very satisfactory. She suffered little pain, and thus her mind was in a fit state to receive instruction and her heart was prepared for the reception of the Gospel.

She had never heard the good news before and was immediately attracted by it. She could not read but that was no obstacle. She at once set to work to learn the Romanized Chinese. With the assistance of Mrs. Gauld and the women at whose house she was staying, in three weeks she had made rapid progress in reading and had memorized one or two of our hymns.

It was the first instance I had seen of Christian truth dawning upon a heathen mind and it was intensely interesting to watch the development.

When she was ready to return home her husband bought Bibles and other literature and the last we heard from them they were both attending service and Bible class in the nearest town, walking two or three miles every Sunday.

We have every reason to expect good results from the testimony of this woman in her native village. The people themselves are the best agents for the spread of the Gospel. Their message is simple and easily understood. Like that of the woman of Samaria it is simply "come and see," and,

being a needy people, and a people to whom time is not valuable, they readily come long distances to see for themselves.

An old man raised up.

The other case is of a different type. Quite late one Saturday evening Koa Kau came to me and asked me to go down into the town with him to see a man who was seriously ill. I went immediately. He led me to a filthy back room of a dingy house. There were two beds in the room; both were enclosed with a dark heavy linen mosquito curtain, and although it was a very hot night the door was closed and every chance of ventilation cut off.

On one of the beds lay an old man. He was really not more than sixty, although he looked to be fully eighty years old, dreadfully emaciated and with the look of death in his face.

Judging from the appearance of his surroundings, I naturally thought he must be extremely poor, but was surprised to learn that he was one of the richest men in Tamsui, although he had good property elsewhere, he chose to stay in that place because there he had met with his first success in business and was afraid that if he left it his good fortune might cease.

The poor old man had indeed "suffered many things of many physicians." He had no less than twelve Chinese physicians attending him, and by the time I saw him he was almost as near death's door as he could be without entering. I found on his body two deep suppurating sores completely plugged with grass and dirt mixed up with a kind of gummy substance.

Although his disease, or rather his treatment, had reduced him to such a state it required no particular skill either to diagnose or to treat his trouble. In about three weeks he was attending to his business and enjoying good health, with the result that the whole household, who had never heard the Gospel before are attending service regularly.

I have many similar instances that I might give, but these will suffice to give you some idea of the place of medical work in opening up the avenues for the other departments.

You must not conclude, from what I have said that there is no knowledge of medicine in the land. That is not the case.

The Japanese have good hospitals. I have visited two of them, the Government and "Red Cross" hospitals at Taipeh on the North-east coast of the Island.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

of Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, D.D., New Hebrides.

Efate, N. H., Nov., 1907.

Gradually our Islands are gaining prominence in commercial life and are becoming more and more a part of the great civilized world. It is to be regretted, however, that our hopes in regard to the lessening and cessation of the drink curse among the natives have not been realized.

Although no intoxicating liquors have been brought into the group by British vessels, there is apparently as much drunkenness as ever. The French alone are responsible for this. A young man, a British subject, who had been away recruiting labor, said to us recently that a Frenchman on one of the Islands, north, said to him, "If you bring your cutter full of grog I will buy it all from you."

So demoralized have the natives on that island become that some of them came on board the young man's cutter and asked him if he had grog. When he replied "No," they said to him, "No good you come here suppose you no bring grog, all boy want grog." And so none of them would recruit. As the convention so long talked of is about to be proclaimed, we trust that matters will soon mend.

Nothing unusual occurred at our station during the year. Still the work made fair progress, and our people are being gradually elevated. It is very disheartening to see the inroads disease and death are making in our villages year by year. Consumption is the great scourge that carries off so many, old and young. Some three or four months ago one of the worst epidemics of influenza I have known, broke out among our people. It is said to have been brought from Queensland by the Kanakas being repatriated. Whooping cough, too, has been among us, and proved fatal to several infants.

As perhaps may naturally be expected, the more our natives come in contact with white men, and see how eagerly they are

struggling for the things of this life, the more do they begin to manifest a worldly spirit. The native now asks for higher wages, otherwise he will not work. He apes the white man in food and fine clothes. We are often amazed to see the quantities of European food our people buy when they have any kind of a feast, such as a marriage, or a birth or at Christmas.

A pleasing sign of progress is that they are building better houses and have more comforts in them, such as lamps, basins, crockery, etc. Most of them too, have small kitchens for their ovens. Formerly they made their ovens in their sleeping huts, so that the heat and smoke were unbearable. One native of this village has a neat lime kitchen with corrugated iron roof, and he has a stove and tank as well.

The villages of Mele, Fila and Pango deserve special mention for their neatness and cleanliness. Their enclosures are neatly coralled, and the ground floors inside their houses are also coralled and covered with mats.

The Sacrament of the Lords Supper was dispensed here, and at Erakor twice. The collections on these occasions amounted to £26 8s 8d. For a year or two we have not sent any contribution home to the agent of the church, as we have now to supplement the ordinary Sabbath collections to make up the teachers salaries. They are nearly all institution trained and receive £10 yearly instead of £6 as formerly.

Mele is our largest and most important village. There we have a fine lot of young people and they are very healthy. Indeed it is nearly holding its own all these years. Some months ago the French Doctor sent me word that he would like to examine the young children here and at Mele, to ascertain whether many of them had a tendency to tuberculosis. At this village (Fila) the percentage was very high; indeed very few were free from any taint of it. At Mele he found very few cases, all the children seemed so plump and healthy. The work at Mele is in charge of two fine young men, Soppy and Nganga. On Sabbath they go alternately to hold service among the labor of the French planters.

An important event to us was the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Bolton, who are to labor

among the British settlers here, and the natives from other islands employed by them. Dr. and Mrs. Bolton lived with us until their own house was erected on Iririki, a small island between us and the mainland (Efate).

Mrs. Mackenzie's work among these Kanakas has been handed over to them. The Margaret Whitecross Paton Memorial church was opened in July.

Since Dr. Macdonald left the whole island has been placed under our charge. I visited Havannah Harbour twice during the year.

Our people prepared a quantity of arrowroot as usual. A considerable sum of arrowroot money is on hand towards defraying the expense of printing our share of the Efatese Old Testament.

Communicants.. . . .	208
Admitted during year.. . . .	10
Children baptized.. . . .	15
Marriages.. . . .	10
No of teachers and assistants.. . .	12
Contributed in money....	£77 8s. 8d.
Value of arrowroot contributed.. . .	£75.

GENTLE EXERCISE.

One of our Korean missionaries, in a note to the Record, says:—

A book recently translated into Korean on the subject of hygiene is responsible for many things, among others the following.

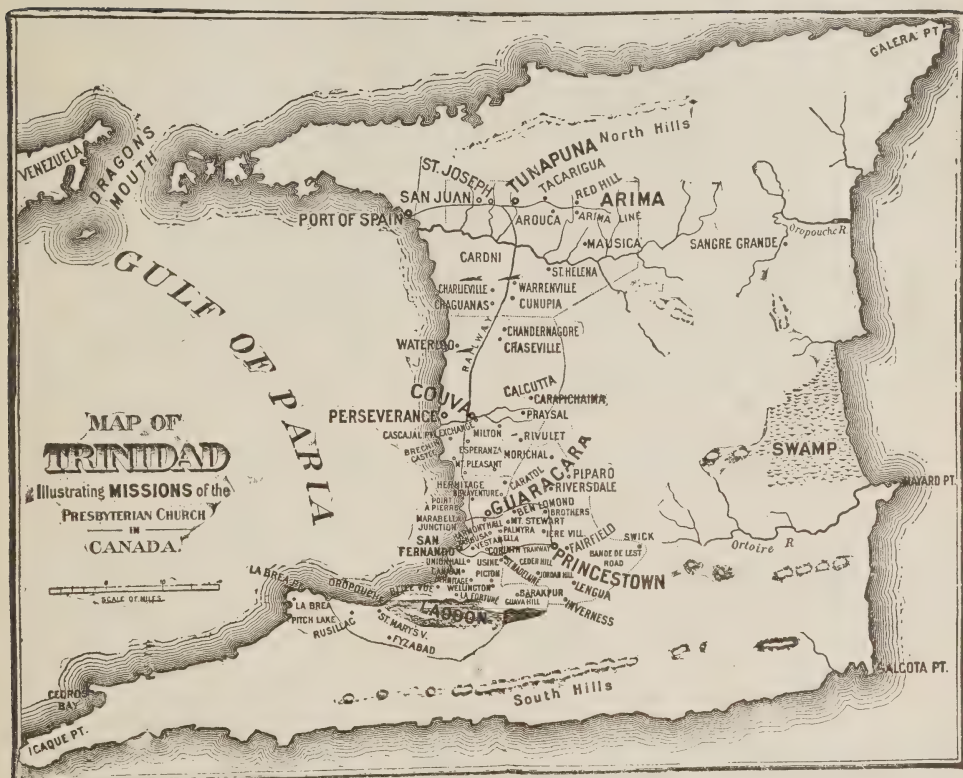
"I have been reading in the hygiene," said a dear, old aristocrat caller, and find that if anyone wishes to be strong and well he should take plenty exercise.

"Yes," was the missionary's reply, as she rocked in her chair, "Koreans, as a rule, do not take enough exercise. Horseback-riding is good for one."

The old gentleman thought for a while and then said "Since I am not very strong, I think I might get sufficient exercise if I get a chair like that one that travels backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards."

Perfection is being, not doing—it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. The mark is perfection—the price is blessedness. Attainment is the highest reward.—F. W. Robertson.

The Trinidad Mission for 1907



GENERAL REPORT FOR 1907.

BY REV. A. W. THOMPSON, SECRETARY OF
MISSION COUNCIL.

In July, Rev. Dr. Grant retired after over thirty-seven years of very fruitful service which needs no commendation from his fellow laborers.

His successor, Rev. A. T. Firth, B.A., arrived in Trinidad on the 12th of October, was inducted into the pastoral charge of Susamachar Church on the 17th of the same month, and was called to higher service on the 6th of November, yellow fever being the messenger. For him we grieve not, but for the work thus early deprived of the leadership of so earnest and promising a worker. Who will volunteer to fill his place?

Health conditions throughout the whole year have been most trying. Several members of the staff have been seriously ill, and the hearts of the workers have again and again been sorely tried.

Financial depression, too, was very real, and in consequence the contributions from the native church have fallen considerably below that of previous years. Nevertheless most of the items in the statistical table show an increase.

Dr. Coffin's extra mural classes have completed the prescribed course, and many of those who attended have "passed," creditably, all the subjects, and are eligible for the Teacher-Training Diploma. These classes have been of the greatest value to all the mission centres.

It is a matter of universal regret that Dr. Coffin's health is far from being satisfac-

tory. Teaching work in the Tropics is very exhausting.

That he may fully recover and be long spared to direct our educational activities is the wish and prayer of all who know and value his work and worth.

The Hindi Press has given full proof of its exceeding great value to the whole Mission. Especially to be commended are its Weekly S. S. Leaflets, which have accomplished much in the way of systematizing and making definite the Hindi teaching in the Sunday School.

Our young people are coming nobly to the help of the church in all its enterprises.

As the pioneers draw to the close of their labors, and later workers gone home through ill health or promotion to higher service weaken the ranks, it is a matter of

profound thankfulness that the young men and young women are coming forward and consecrating themselves to the Lord's work. Dr. Coffin has done much towards training efficient leaders and teachers from among those who have "willingly offered themselves."

The total income for the year, including that of the educational institutions, amounted to \$68,655.75, of which \$47,062.75 were raised locally.

Our thanks are due, and are hereby tendered, to all our friends old and new, without whose assistance the good results of the year could not have been attained. We look backward with gratitude to the Giver of all good, and face forward with large expectations.

STATISTICS OF THE MISSION FOR 1907.

	Tuna- puna.	San Fer- nando	Princes' Town	Couva	Total
Canadian Missionaries.. . . .	2	2	1	1	6
Ordained Natives.. . . .	1	1	0	0	2
Catechists.. . . .	10	14	13	10	47
Bible women.. . . .	1	3	6	1	11
Baptisms, adults.. . . .	21	45	5	22	93
" infants.. . . .	78	94	35	48	255
Total.. . . .	99	139	40	70	348
Marriages.... . . .	25	34	7	9	75
Canadian Lady Teachers.. . . .	1	0	0	0	1
Schools.. . . .	19	15	14	10	58
On roll, boys.. . . .	1,736	1,129	1,013	719	4,597
" girls.. . . .	873	504	458	353	2,188
Total.. . . .	2,609	1,633	1,471	1,072	6,785
Average daily attendance.. . . .	1,430	943	746	571	3,690
Total Enrolled in 1907.. . . .	3,233	2,464	2,098	1,445	9,240
Communicants, Jan. 1, 1907.. . . .	191	479	259	150	1,079
Added in 1907.. . . .	37	65	20	18	140
Died in 1907.. . . .	6	18	4	0	28
Removed in 1907.. . . .	0	11	4	8	23
Gone to India in 1907.. . . .	0	0	0	0	0
Suspended in 1907.. . . .	4	13	2	1	20
In good standing Dec. 31, 1907.. . . .	218	502	269	159	1,148
Net increase.. . . .	27	23	10	9	69
Sunday Schools.. . . .	20	19	21	16	76
On roll.. . . .	851	1,016	1,154	870	3,891
Average Attendance.. . . .	467	746	557	555	2,325
Contributed by Proprietors.. . . .	\$600.00	\$264.00	\$96.00	\$288.00	\$1,248.00
" by Native Church.. . . .	1,300.86	2,936.52	1,124.20	1,400.00	6,761.58
Average per communicant.. . . .	5.96	5.84	4.19	8.80	5.80

FORTIETH ANNUAL REPORT**of Rev. John Morton, D. D.**

The year 1907 has been one of change and anxiety. Dr. Grant retired in July, and his successor, Rev. Angus T. Firth died of yellow fever, November 6th, only twenty-six days after his arrival. The wife of the Rev. Wm. Mc. C. Thompson had already been called away in the bloom of her promise. Not a few other young lives, before and since, have been suddenly cut short, and the shadow has not yet passed away.

**There is no day like the Sabbath and
no book like the Bible.**

On the Sabbath we have held two, and very often three services and a Sunday School, driving from eight to twenty-two miles. Weekly prayer and praise meetings and magic lantern exhibitions in the interests of temperance and Bible instruction have been kept up as usual, also visiting and family instruction both by ourselves and our native agents.

As there are twenty-four outlying stations, each received only one Sabbath visit from us in the month. On the other Sabbaths they are supplied by our ten preachers, paid and volunteer.

Every station is in this way provided with a Sabbath School and church service at a fixed hour every Sabbath.

Through the use of our Hindi Sabbath School weekly publications, the Sunday schools have become closely allied to the church service on the one hand, and to the religious instruction in the day schools on the other. Four hundred copies go into circulation in this field weekly.

The text and teeka (comments) are read simultaneously twice during the week, and once on Sunday. On Sunday many adults, some of them Hindus, join and carry home a copy of what they have read.

This Bible reading has become a principal item in the order of the Sabbath School service, and it has drawn in many readers long past the Sabbath School age.

An illustration may be of interest. An old man named Adam Buddhiman began to teach his only son to read, and offered to teach with him two neighbors; an uncle and nephew. All three learned to read the Bible in Hindi. The uncle became a Chris-

tian and died in peace a year ago. The nephew drifted away and was lost sight of. Lately he turned up at another station twenty miles distant. Hearing of the Sabbath School lesson and hungry for something to read he began to attend Sabbath School and church, and is now a candidate for baptism.

Near the same station a young man, who could read, fresh from India, was located on a cacao estate. He was lonely and soul-hungry. A school boy's Sabbath School Weekly caught his attention and drew him to our services. He has now renounced the deities and images of his fathers, and is under training for baptism.

Hindi printing has been carried on regularly during the year. In connection with the "Trinidad Presbyterian" we printed and circulated 36,000 quarto pages of Hindi literature; and the Hindi Sabbath School lessons amounted to 150,000 octavo pages, all of which I edited. I also translated and printed for the government all their Hindustani notices and circulars.

A brief manual of Hindi church forms, and a guide for catechists in the teaching of catechumens, prepared by Dr. Jamieson, has been printed, and will at once go into circulation. Other work I need not detail.

Mrs. Morton's Girls' Home has had a splendid year. The improvement in the advanced girls is to me a manifest token of the Divine blessing on the work. The average for the year was ten. One was married, and took another, an orphan girl, to live with her.

Her night school continued its usual work, largely for men and boys who attend no other means of instruction or of Grace.

From a village upon which we seemed to have made no impression, this night school now draws a number who have learned to read the Bible in Hindi and who prefer it to any other book. One of these, a Brahman lad, when reading about Jesus, looked up into Mrs. Morton's face and said "If Jesus would forgive my sins I would be well glad."

My colleague, Rev. Harvey H. Morton, will report about our nineteen schools and the statistics for the year.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

of K. J. Grant, D.D.

In submitting this my last annual report as a missionary to Trinidad, I would gladly give a resume of the period ended, and put forward present aspects in contrast with early conditions, but as the injunctions to brevity have not been removed or relaxed, I must restrain myself.

The earlier part of the year was given to the visitation of every family that stood connected with Susamachar congregation and under the impression that it would probably be my last visit.

Every department of the work was in good form. The church was a growth, "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season." We were far, very far, from perfection; there was enough to keep us humble, very humble; and yet we could claim to have a prosperous Sunday School, a live Christian Endeavour Society, a choir skilfully led by Mr. Baillie, of Naparima College, a group of happy workers, coupled with a vigorous Board of Managers, all Indians, and a judicious Session. There was a cheerful co-operation. In my work I had much happiness.

In the midst of all this the question of retirement from the Mission was frequently before my mind. The situation was not concealed from my people. The elders and managers frequently consulted with me, and ultimately Sabbath the 14th was fixed upon for our communion and farewell.

At that communion twenty-two young people, East Indians, were received on public profession of faith in Jesus Christ. At this last service I was assisted by Rev. Mr. Wilson of the Scotch Church, Dr. Coffin and my colleague, Mr. Fraser.

At every step I had many misgivings. In favor of retirement I could urge length of service, unremitting labor for thirty-seven years, and sense of exhaustion, physical and mental, and separation from my family, Mrs. Grant having completely broken down in health and returned to Nova Scotia nine months previously.

On the other hand there was an attached people; little ones and their parents, and in some cases grand parents, who had been accustomed to look to me as their spiritual adviser, who provided for me and

mine and for the upkeep of their church, and who were willing to do anything in their power to preserve the relationship that began with the first dawns of Gospel light on their hearts and homes; and to this we must add the thousands still lying beyond our reach.

Had not the Foreign Mission Committee, the Mission Council and the Presbytery of Trinidad heartily acquiesced I would have shrunk from the responsibility of severing the tie that bound us together as pastor and people.

Previous to my leaving, a public meeting was held in Oriental Hall, where Naparima College is housed. The Honorable A. P. Marryat, the first sugar planter that ever gave me funds to open a school, presided, and a most liberal cash presentation was made, which was supplemented with a guarantee of salary in full to the thirtieth of September. What cause had I for gratititude.

My successor was chosen and the time for his arrival fixed. Man proposes, the Lord disposes. Mr. Firth entered on his work about the middle of October, and closed his earthly ministry the first week in November. Letters that have come in from very many of our dear Indian and Chinese friends, show a tenderness of feeling and confidence which one loves to meet. His beginning was full of promise. His aged mother, bowed in deep sorrow, finds consolation in the thought that he was there on his Master's business.

Since my return I have spoken in several places on our work in Trinidad and on missions generally. In P. E. Island I gave thirty-four addresses, in which I tried to emphasize the duty of Christians to the heathen world, and urged the weekly offering as an effective way of expressing our concern.

As I have strength, it will ever be my aim and effort until death, to seek to put the world in possession of the gift which to us is the Unspeakable Gift.

Perhaps I may be allowed in this my last report to testify to the zeal, good will and hearty co-operation which has characterized your agents from home in the Trinidad field; to the invaluable aid rendered in the several departments of our work by our eastern people; and to the sympathy and encouragement invariably extended to us by the Foreign Mission Committee.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

of Rev. A. W. Thomson, Couva.

Of the work in the Couva District for the past year it will suffice to say that it was carried on along the lines of previous years, but with very special emphasis in everything that had to do with the welfare of the young. We have long acknowledged, with others, that the child is the key to all the problems we have to solve in such a work as ours, and our faith has been evidenced by abundant works; but somehow or other we do not seem to have reaped the harvest that our expenditure of effort and "seed sowing" seemed to promise. This whole matter has, therefore, been the subject of very careful study and conference during the past year.

Dr. Coffin's advice and aid have been invaluable, and our assistants are now applying themselves to the working out of the "problem of the young" with an intelligent interest that was not possible previous to his classes. We have every reason to anticipate the most happy results from the present methods of working. Our prayer by night and day is that the Spirit be poured out, and that the showers of blessing may fall abundantly.

The table of statistics hereto appended shows that, while we have been re-adjusting our work to give the young the first and chief place, we have not simply been marking time. There is abundant reason to thank God and take courage.

(We have not printed the statistical tables of each station. Study carefully statistics in table at beginning of these Reports. Ed.)

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

of Rev. S. A. Fraser, San Fernando.

This year has been fraught with great changes, additional work and anxiety. Dr. Grant, after thirty-seven years' hard labor in the Mission, retired from his Trinidad field in July.

After some delay on account of yellow fever we were greatly rejoiced by the arrival of the Rev. Angus Firth in October, to take up the work in the town of San Fernando. I then looked forward to three months hard and uninterrupted work in the country before the end of the year.

But God's thoughts are not man's thoughts. After three weeks' promising labor he was called to a higher sphere. Rev. Mr. Wilson, with the concurrence of his Board of Managers, kindly came to my help by conducting a joint English Service in Susamachar Church on Sabbath evenings.

Fever and sickness has been prevalent during the year among our people, which seriously affected in some districts the attendance at school and church. Eighteen of our communicants were carried away by death during the year.

Religious services were held regularly in our twenty-seven preaching stations during the year, and the Gospel preached in hospitals, barracks, and on the estates from door to door.

The Communion was dispensed twice during the year in five different centres outside the town of San Fernando.

Sixty-five new members were added to our Communion Roll.

One hundred and thirty-nine were baptized during the year.

Weekly prayer meetings were held at seven stations.

The weekly lesson slips, prepared in Hindi by Dr. Morton, are appreciated by our people, who read the lesson together at the regular service on the Sabbath, and take the slip home with them or give it to others.

In addition to this free distribution of Scripture lessons the Rev. Lal Bihari has sold and circulated among the people \$150.00 worth of Bibles, religious books and tracts.

Union village and catechist house were transferred to Couva field, where it can be more conveniently worked in connection with Mount Pleasant district.

N. Lamont, M.P., has had no indentured labor on his five large estates for some years, and this year he sold his usine, and abandoned sugar cultivation.

In consequence of this the attendance at Canaan school so decreased that we were in danger of losing the government grant. We moved the school to a more central place on another road, at a considerable expense, closed two small mission schools, and brought the children to the central school, with the result that the attendance has increased from thirty-five to seventy.

The Government has granted permission

to build another school four miles in the jungle beyond Penal school. The lumber has been prepared from native wood and we expect to begin the building in February.

Two thousand four hundred and sixty-four children were enrolled in our schools for the year, and therefore received religious instruction. Many of the boys and girls are believers in Christ, but on account of heathen parents dare not profess their faith in Him.

Our Sabbath Schools with a daily average of seven hundred and forty-six have been well sustained, and they are better graded and equipped for work than ever before.

The last temporary thatched roofed school house in this district (at San Francique) became unfit for use, and has been replaced by a pitch pine building with teachers' rooms in one end.

La Fortuna school house has been renovated, walls and roof being completely new. The new building erected last year on mission premises San Fernando, and rented to the Training School, has been handed over to the Theological College for Educational work.

The Congregation of Oropouche and Fyzabad have reduced the debt on their new church by \$500.00 leaving a balance of about \$1,050.00.

Rev. Lal Behari has continued faithfully doing the work of former years, spending more time than formerly in the work of the town. He has given the catechists on Fridays a course of lectures on Mahomedanism vs. Christianity.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Tennants for their continued support, also to Mrs. J. P. Riddel for a donation, and to all kind friends at home who have helped us with clothing, S. S. cards, etc., etc.

We go forward to the new year confident that He who has blessed us in the past will bless us still.

You could track Abram by his altars. Ghenghis Khan could be traced by his pyramids of human skulls; the Duke of Alva by the ashes of fire in which he burned martyrs; Jesus Christ by the homes He had brightened, the hearts He had cleansed. What can they track you by? You are leaving your marks, do not doubt that!—C. F. Goss.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of Rev. H. H. Morton, B.D., Tunapuna.

In addition to the ordinary duties of preacher and pastor, the care of the schools and the finances of the Tunapuna Field, have largely fallen on me during 1907.

Tunapuna Schools.

Nineteen day schools have been in operation throughout the year with a total enrollment of 3,233 children, and a daily average attendance of 1,430.

Of these nineteen schools, seventeen were assisted by Government, and two were unassisted.

The "Grosvenor" School in the Sangre Grande district was assisted by the Government from 1st April. This school is in a very important settlement of East Indians, and has had a daily average of sixty-three children. A suitable dwelling house for the teacher has just been built next to the school house, entirely of hard native lumber.

Owing to the greatly increased attendance at day school, and at Sunday services, a new wing, also of native hard wood, was added to the Chaguanas School-house.

Besides providing a good primary course in English for 3,233 children, the Indian children have all been instructed for one hour each day in the International S. S. Lessons (Hindi Ed.) catechism, and have learned to repeat a Christian hymn in Hindi each month of the year.

In these nineteen schools, seventeen of the head teachers, and forty of the pupil teachers are "our own boys," who have from their A. B. C. days been taught and helped in the schools of the mission, have been later trained in the Teachers' Training School; and are now useful members of the mission.

Temperance work is also carried on in connection with our schools. Many a bright Indian boy of from six to fourteen years of age when asked "Is rum good?" will answer, "Yes, Sahib, my father gives me rum every pay night." In one school alone twenty children of from five to twelve years of age were found who in this way had early learned the taste of drink.

In each of our school-houses, a Sabbath School and service are regularly held, at which the head teacher and his pupil

teachers are present. The head teacher is usually the superintendent of the Sabbath School. Throughout the year magic lantern meetings are held to impart religious knowledge to aid the cause of temperance or help the church collections.

Rev. Andrew Gayadeen, our native ordained preacher, G. W. Chandisingh, and Joseph Gibbings, catechists, are recognized by the Government as assistant managers of several of our schools.

A great deal of time, travel and fatigue is involved in getting round all the schools on visits of inspection and instruction. For example, to get to our Cumuto School, there is first a railway journey, then a walk of three miles through the woods. Under a hot tropical sun, in the wet season with a very muddy road, this walk is not exactly an easy one. A trip to Grosvenor, Cunaripo, Sangre Chiquito, or Maracas Schools really involves a day's work for each school.

Our schools vary in importance and usefulness, and are not all equally developed, but most of our teachers are doing very excellent work, and these schools one and all are of vital importance to our mission.

Finances.

With nineteen schools, a staff of nineteen head teachers, seven assistant and forty pupil teachers, ten catechists, forty-one Bible women, one native ordained preacher, two churches, a manse with printing office and girls' home, twenty school buildings, twelve teachers' houses, six catechists' houses, the building and finance work of this large field is not light.

Mr. Wm. A. Cadbury of Birmingham, England, very generously contributed £100 sterling toward our mission work, and Messrs. The Trinidad Shipping and Trading Co., £25. Mrs. Cuthbert and Mrs. Riddell, formerly resident in Trinidad, but now in Scotland, donated \$54.00. The native church contributed toward the support of their work \$1,300.86.

Statistics.

There were ninety-nine baptisms in our field this year, and the communicants now number two hundred and eighteen.

The East Indians, especially the Christian element, are awakening to the importance of a duly registered marriage, and

realize more the true meaning of Christian marriage. In this way for the last two or three years, our marriages have been on the increase. During 1907, twenty-five couples were married.

Twenty Sunday Schools were in operation with an enrollment of 851 and an average of 467.

In numberless ways we have seen the Divine blessing on the work and with the workers of this field throughout the past five years.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of Rev. W. J. Jamieson, Ph. D.

We have had fourteen schools in Princes Town district the past year. One new school was opened, one school closed after six months' work, on account of the low average attendance. Two schools are not yet on the government aid list, but we hope to get one of them on this coming year. One school, which had been reduced to half the amount of aid, has now become one of the largest of our schools, and is in a hopeful condition.

The daily Bible instruction in these schools has shown fruit in the increased interest manifested, and the progress is encouraging. The teachers have done faithful and efficient work.

We have been able to keep open the entire year twenty-one Sabbath Schools, partly through the gratuitous aid given by several helpers, to whom thanks is here cordially recorded.

Better organization of all our Sabbath Schools was attempted according to the rules of the Trinidad Sunday School Union, viz., Senior, Junior, Intermediate and Primary. In Princes Town a Cradle Roll has been added. The yearly examination of the Union showed some progress made, and most of our schools shared in the general credit given.

Our Christian people are scattered over a large district, worshipping in twenty-three places and gathered around twelve centres, which later on we hope will become twelve self-supporting congregations.

In Princes Town we have Sabbath School and Hindi public worship in the morning, and English public worship in the evening. For the latter I am responsible, and have found it an enjoyable part of the

work, though rather exacting. Wherever the day's work may call, or in whatever part of the district I may have gone, I must return to Princes Town for 7 p.m. service.

The Christian Endeavor of Princes Town has kept in good health and spirits during the past year. Monthly topics on Missions have been taken up, and the general work of the society has been taken hold of by the young people in a manner and spirit refreshing to us all.

Thirteen catechists have rendered faithful service during the year. One colporteur and one Sabbath assistant have been employed, the former visiting periodically other stations in the mission.

These men have held public worship in the twenty-three places in the field; they have helped where necessary, in the Sabbath schools, visited the many estate hospitals within the district, and have carried the Gospel into many homes of their fellow countrymen. This occasions much travelling, often late at night, and over mud roads.

We have tried to help them by giving a small monthly allowance towards the keep of a donkey or horse where most required. This increases the extent of ground the men can cover, saves valuable time otherwise spent on the road, and conserves their strength for the proper work to which they are sent.

Weekly classes for the preachers have been kept up throughout the year. Problems met with in their work and difficulties of Bible interpretation are examined, sermon preparation and exercises in sermonizing are discussed, and general fitness for teaching the Gospel is aimed at. We have some fairly good preachers, but others, whose knowledge is confined to the Hindi language, and whose reading is limited, are therefore less able to cope with the present demands of the work.

The work is many-sided, onerous and necessarily slow. The driving alone in this field is exacting and wearing. The management of so many schools, teaching and preaching in two languages, the work of pastor and judge to the people, medical assistance to the poor constantly coming to the door, the erection and repairing of buildings to attend to, are more than enough for two missionaries. Without the

efficient and constant aid rendered by Mr. C. C. Soodeen, who has made many a burden light, and inspired many a discouraged hour, the work of the past year would have been impossible.

And full acknowledgment ought to be made of "those women who have labored with me in the Gospel." Miss Archibald, besides her charge of the Girls' Home, has given much thought and time to the work in general, and specially to the Sabbath School and Christian Endeavor. Of the former she has been the capable superintendent during the year, of the latter she has been convener of the prayer meeting committee, and her service has ever been carefully and cheerfully given.

Mrs. Jamieson has had charge of the women's weekly meetings in Princes Town, and the primary department of the Sabbath School.

May He Who is Master and Lord among us, accept all any one may have done or offered in His name. With Him are the issues of the year.

WHY HE FEARED NOT MAN.

An old minister of a small church in a country town had one day in his audience a very distinguished statesman. To the surprise of the congregation, the service went on about as usual, and the old minister preached with his accustomed earnestness and plainness of speech.

At the close of the service, several members of the congregation gathered about him and said: "Brother —, did you not notice that we had a distinguished visitor to-day? Why, that was Senator —, but you did not seem at all embarrassed."

Thereupon the old man replied, "I have been preaching in the presence of the Almighty God for forty years, and do you think, with him as one of my constant hearers, any man can embarrass me by his presence?"

He was acquainted with God. To know God; to be conscious of his presence; to realize that he is always near us; to speak, not only before him, but to him—that means that we shall be free from embarrassment when brought face to face even with the greatest of earth.

Young men and women through timidity sometimes have difficulty in taking part in the Christian Endeavor prayer-meetings. The remedy lies here: remember that you are always with God. Get close to him. Speak with him. It matters little what men may say or think of your efforts; you will be free, if only you know Him.—Ex.

GIRLS' HOME AT PRINCESTOWN.

By MISS ADELLA ARCHIBALD.

Princetown, Trinidad, 19 Dec., 1907.

Dear Record,—

We are reminded that another year is drawing to a close, not because the leaves have fallen, and cold weather with frost and snow has come; these signs are wanting here, but in this Southern land there are other reminders; the cane arrows have fallen and the sugar canes are ready for the harvest which begins in January; the shops and stores have put up Christmas decorations; thieves are making their yearly December raids on dwelling-houses as well as fowl-coops, and the school children are all excitement over the school closing and the Sunday School entertainment and Christmas tree which come off to-morrow evening.

In the "Home" too there is a sprightliness about the very atmosphere of the place. The girls go about singing from morning until evening, and extra house-cleaning, cooking, and sewing are being put through with unusual despatch. Most of them take part in the Sunday School entertainment in the evening, no ordinary affair for them.

On Friday the Home closes for three weeks, and the girls scatter for the holidays, some going to their own homes and others to kind friends who have extended an invitation to those who are not fortunate enough to have their own parents or relatives to whom they can go.

Little different from last year has marked the work of the Home. No case of serious illness has occurred during the year, a matter for great thankfulness with a large family, especially as it has been an unhealthy season, and there has been much sickness among all classes.

In addition to the necessary house work which is not small, and their own sewing, the girls have done some additional sewing for sale. Some pieces of work were given as a contribution at the thank-offering service last week instead of money which they were unable to give. After the service the work was sold realizing \$5.00.

With their sewing they have also earned something towards supplying themselves with Sunday School and day school books, all the work.

We have orphan girls, without homes, some

without any relatives, others whose relatives are unwilling or unable to do anything for them; some cases it was necessary that the girls be removed from unhealthy home surroundings. In other cases parents were poor and hard working, with no chances for their girls to be trained or taught. Each one of such parents paid as they were able towards the support of their children, even if they were only able to give part of their clothing.

Twenty girls were in attendance during the year with an average attendance of eighteen.

Regular instruction both English and Hindi has been given and the girls have made very fair progress. None could read Hindi when they came, but now at evening worship fifteen of them read fairly well, some fluently, from the Bible.

Kind friends in Canada, the United States, and Trinidad have continued contributions of money, clothing, uncut material, or toys and gifts for Christmas, all of which were thankfully received, and the donors thanked by letter. Several small contributions of money went to defray the cost of such incidentals as medicine, school books, Bibles, hymnbooks, etc.

By the last mail I got notice that some Christmas gifts were now on the way in mission boxes. We are sorry that they were not a little earlier to be in time for the Sunday School treat to-morrow evening, and the closing of the Home on Friday. Toys and gifts for Christmas should be here by the middle of December at the latest, better the first of December, in order that we may know what we have to count on, if they are going to be given out at the closing of the schools.

For bright days, encouragements in the work, and many blessings we are thankful. For the dark days, times of anxiety, and things hard to be understood may also learn to give thanks, knowing that these too are sent for good, and are a part of the discipline through the Master reflects His own image in those who are His people.

"If we want to help people and lift them up, we must have patience with their weaknesses and take into consideration their environments and heredity."

Pulpit and Pew

FISHERS OF MEN.

"FOLLOW ME AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN."—Matt. 4: 19.

Preached before the Ministerial Association, Philadelphia, by Thomas Kelly, D.D.

We have pictured here that,—

I. Gospel Ministers are Fishers of men.

(1) Then, it is a mistaken notion that the ministry is a life of idleness and ease.

Bear in mind the kind of men our Lord had in view when He uttered these words. He was on the seashore and saw all about Him the class of men to whom He referred, men who braved the dangers of the deep, and toiled in all sorts of weather, night and day, in order to earn a scanty living. So, true ministry is a life of work and anxiety and care.

(2) Then, it is an erroneous idea that almost any sort of man will do for a preacher.

It used to be thought by some that the strong, brainy boys of the family were fitted for other professions, and the weak, girlish boy was set apart for the Christian ministry. How ridiculous. As only the brave and strong have the courage to endure the toil and hardship of a fisherman on our great lakes, or on the seas, so in the ministry.

(3) Then, without patience and perseverance, no man can succeed in the ministry.

Unless one is well stocked with patience, to fish for two hours and catch nothing is enough to disgust the ordinary man with the whole business. Few things are more trying than fish. At times they are provokingly coquettish. They bite, or only nibble—or give you a severe letting alone, just as they please, and leave you to your own musings, as to the why. They disappear suddenly at other times and seem in no hurry to come within your reach.

How suggestive of the experience of all true "fishers of men." In plying his vocation the Gospel fisherman must hope all things, endure all things, and, in spite of the monotony of empty nets, promptly respond to the Master's call.—"Nevertheless, at thy command I will let down the net."

II. That Gospel preaching is fishing.

(1) Then a love of souls is essential to ministerial success.

You can no more catch men than you can catch fish, unless you love them. The ideal fisherman loves his vocation and is, generally speaking, an enthusiast over a fish. And no man can catch souls who does not love them and whose day plans and night dreams are not taken up with how he may be most successful in catching them.

(2) Then the Gospel Fisherman must study the tastes and habits of the fish.

If we would succeed in catching men, we must know them,—their habits, prejudices, motives, environments. We must know men as they are, not as we think they ought to be. It would be child's play, indeed, for the preacher, if men were pliable, obedient, and easily caught; but they are not, and a knowledge of their habits and make-up is an absolute necessity if we amount to much in catching them.

(3) Then, if preaching is fishing, we should adapt ourselves to the fish.

Fish are like men and things generally, in this, that in order to come into their secrets, or do much with them, you must be willing to come to their terms and not try to compel them to come to yours. Some can be caught only with the hook and line, while others must be brought out on the spear and others again seem to go in shoals and can be caught only when large numbers are being swept into the Kingdom.

(4) Then, if preaching be fishing, it may not be the preacher's fault when his nets are empty.

We all know that the material fisherman is obliged to observe times and seasons. He cannot catch shad in the Delaware or Hudson just when he pleases. There are times when the best fishermen are compelled to labor in vain, and there are other times when the water seems to be alive with fish almost impatient to be caught.

So it is with the Gospel fisherman. However we may account for it, the fact is, that the most efficient are doomed at times to labor in vain. This dearth of success may arise from the fact that there may be no unsaved people in that vicinity; or that, like flounders, they are in the mud of carnality and worldliness, and are so much at home

in it that they are below the reach of all gospel appliances, except it might be the spear, or harpoon.

These, however, are dangerous weapons, unless the preacher be an expert at the business, and is sure to kill them on the spot. For a mere flesh wound will be sure to turn them into so many infuriated sword fish, or porpoises, and then woe to the frail bark of the hapless fisherman.

III. That Gospel Sermons are nets.

(1) Then, if Gospel Sermons be nets, it is a proper thing to make sermons.

A man, throwing large quantities of twine into the water, in the hope that the fish might get entangled in it and caught: that is what I would call an extempore net. Did you ever see one? Nets are planned and made with care.

Some pride themselves on being extempore preachers. But much of what is called extempore preaching, is by no means extempore. When you come across a specimen of the genuine article, you will find it, unless the speaker be an extraordinary man, little better than extemporized nonsense.

It used to be thought, by some, unscriptural to make sermons, but that foolish notion has died away, and now it is generally believed that sermons should be made. It is not so necessary now to remind the preacher that he should make his sermons, as it is to remind him of the one purpose for which they should be made, viz.: to "catch men" and not popularity and fame for the preacher.

(2) Then, if sermons are nets, they should be used only with a view to practical results.

It is quite unnecessary to remind ordinary fishermen of this. They never cast their nets to gratify the curiosity of onlookers, or to show with what skill and gratefulness it can be done.

But just here the Gospel fisherman needs to be constantly on his guard. He is exposed to a twofold danger: (1) Of doing his work in a sort of perfunctory way,—as part of his vocation, a "quid pro quo"—about so much preaching for so much remuneration. (2) That if gifted as an orator and sermonizer, his desire for praise and admiration may get the better of him, and his motives may be little higher than a mere fishing for place and popularity.

(3) Then, if sermons are nets, why not use them more than once?

This, I am sure, is not an undue straining of the imagery. I am aware there is a strong feeling against the repetition of sermons; but it is a prejudice which intelligent people ought not to countenance.

I am not here to advocate ministerial idleness, by giving the impression that a

few sermons, well digested and oft repeated, is about all that a church should expect of its pastor. To sit respectfully and listen to many of our sermons once, is about all that any congregation ought to be called upon to endure. All I insist upon is, that some sermons are so charged with Gospel truth and unction that it ought to be as proper to repeat them as to repeat a lecture, a drama, or any of our soul-stirring hymns.

(4) Then, if sermons are nets, what about those who fish with borrowed tackle?

I should leave this worthy class to the tender mercies of those men who are blessed with such an abundance of intellectual twine that they never touch a net but of their own making. May their criticism lean towards the apologetic and charitable.

(5) Then, if sermons are nets, it may be well that some preachers have a genius for making sermons.

Of course, those who have no trouble in making their own sermons will be inclined to look upon special sermon-makers as a superfluous class of beings.

But we who can so often use a little ready-made twine and get help and inspiration from some suggestive handling of a text or sharing of an outline, will not be slow, I am sure, to appreciate the labor of those gifted men.

Many a fisherman, who fears no danger in pursuit of the finny tribe, would be sorely puzzled to make a net; and so many an eloquent, powerful speaker, lacking the analytic and construction faculties, may be a poor sermonizer. Such men thank God for the labors of men specially blessed with the faculties of which they are deficient.

(6) Then, if sermons are nets, before being used again, they should be "washed and mended."

Especially, if many fish were caught, there will be more or less slime, or foreign matter adhering to the net, which, if folded up in it and laid away, would tend to rot and weaken its fiber. Hence, the importance of "washing their nets."

So, when Gospel fishermen have a good time and wield their nets successfully, alas, how the slime of self-sufficiency and the tenacious sea weed of pride cling to their cords and meshes. If all this be put away in the sermon, it will be a sorry failure when opened up again for service.

Then, again, nothing shows the defects and weak places in a net like fishing with it. The action of the water and the weight of the fish will cause a cord here and a mesh there to give way and latent weaknesses and defects to appear, which only use could develop. Hence the importance of "mending their nets."

Then, again, sermons are like nets, in the fact that nothing shows their weak places like using them. Many a sermon that seemed quite to our liking on Sunday

morning, has presented a different appearance before the day was over.

Alas, what disconnected cords and broken meshes, how bulged and out of shape, generally. How we toiled to get the unwieldy thing overboard and make something out of it; and how we upbraided ourselves for persisting so long in the face of failure and not hauling the unsightly thing in long before we did.

Every true Gospel fisherman knows something about success and failure in handling the nets of his vocation. They all need to be cleansed and repaired after being used. May we all have grace to bring them into the valley of humiliation and prayer and spreading them out before God, get Him to help us to wash and mend them.

THE TEACHER'S PERSONALITY.

By JOHN B. CALKIN, M. A., TRURO, N.S.

"It is not so much what you study: the question is, With whom you study." Such was the counsel given by Ralph Waldo Emerson to his daughter when she was leaving home to attend a famous school. In this he rightly estimated the value of the personal element in the make-up of the teacher.

"Never man spake like this Man," was the testimony given regarding Him who "taught with authority." Was it not that the uniqueness of His teaching came largely from the strength and beauty of the personality of the Teacher? His teaching was Himself. He was "the Word made flesh"—truth personified.

The primary concern in education is its power over conduct. What the child can do, rather than what he knows, is the thing that counts. Especially should religious education aim to develop capacity for behavior. It derives its great value from its directive and impelling power. If it does not influence conduct and become a guiding force in controlling the life, it sadly fails of its object.

The personality of the teacher largely determines the dynamic effect of his teaching. Words may be received and may be held in the memory with little or no apprehension of their meaning. Ideas even may exist in the mind simply as abstract truth, without any notion of their relation to practical life. As the head of the woodman's axe gives effectiveness to the keenness of the edge, so it is the man or the woman behind the teacher that emphasizes the teaching, and gives it power to influence the conduct and mold the character of the learner.

Personality is a complex thing. In part it is character, but it is more than charac-

ter. It comprises all the various personal elements of the man or woman, physical, intellectual, emotional, moral and whatever else makes up the individual. It is a subtle force. It goes out from the person, not as part of a plan or purpose, but as an undesigned and unconscious influence, persuasive and irresistible. Children are generally keenly sensitive and impressionable. They instinctively feel where they cannot reason. They yield to this force of personality as a lower animal surrenders to the fascinating eye of the charmer.

Personality is the man or the woman. Hence it is not a thing that can be put on or off at will like a garment. Yet it does not follow that the individual self is inflexible or unyielding to modifying influences. It is quite practicable for one to become something very different in character and personality from what he is to-day.

Sunday School teachers desire a large measure of the forcefulness and winsomeness of the great Teacher. External manifestation is not the thing to be concerned about. We should give heed rather to the enrichment of the sources that lie back of the power of personality, and the power will then take care of itself. Let us cultivate in ourselves the spirit of Christ, and strive to mold our inner life from His image. The teacher, who, like the great Teacher, is earnest, patient, and ready to subordinate self to the well-being of others, will approach most closely to the ideal of excellence. "Take heed to thyself," "Teachers' Monthly."

BUILDING BEAUTIFUL CITIES.

The way to get rid of a slum, all cities have found, is not only to tear it down, but to build a handsome street or put a beautiful park in its place. Birmingham has thus lately changed ninety-three acres of squalid slums into broad avenues and stately buildings.

So in "the city of Mansoul," as Bunyan calls it, the boy or girl that is building character must not only tear down profanity and impurity and vanity and untruth, and all the rest of the squalor of sin, but must put reverence and truth and nobleness in their places. To leave simply a vacant space is to have the old sin back again before long, and others with it.—"Morning Star."

To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves, whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.

Young People's Societies.

* TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
April.—Mackenzie of Korea.
May.—Mackay of Formosa.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congtn. a Miss'y Organization.

TOPIC FOR APRIL.

MACKENZIE OF KOREA.

By REV. J. A. GREENLEES.

In these days when so much is made of material success, it is well to turn to such an unselfish life as that of the subject of our sketch.

William John Mackenzie, our pioneer missionary in Korea, was of Scotch Highland descent, born in Cape Breton, 15 July, 1861. Reared by the shores of the lovely Bras d'or, among an industrious and God-fearing people, in a home where God was honored in family worship, and the Bible and Catechism were studied and learned, he grew a stalwart youth, physically, mentally and morally, passing from scholar to teacher in the country school at the age of thirteen. Later he went for a short time to sea.

In his teens came the great crisis in his life. It was the open air Summer Communion in his native place. The preacher who had come to assist on the occasion was the late Rev. Alexander Stirling, so well known throughout the Maritime Provinces. In the evening at the close of the Communion, the low sweet voice is setting

forth the love of a dying Saviour. Like the sainted Rutherford of Anwoth he is telling the story of Christ's Evangel. The word finds entrance in the heart of that youth listening in the background. There is joy among the angels that night for young Mackenzie has had vision of the Light, that Light which was never to fail him.

From that hour his life was transformed. Henceforth it was to be a continuous sacrifice, though to him the thought of constant, strenuous work was not sacrifice, but the delight of his too short life.

Humor, too, had its place in making him a favorite in college life. With pen or pencil a few deft touches would caricature a fellow student. From desk to desk would pass the sketch, the subject of it enjoying it with the others, pleased, not hurt by the distinction conferred, for from such kindly nature there could be no sting. He figured in athletics too, being six feet two, and strongly built, and was a favorite with all.

In the Spring of 1888, when the students at Pine Hill combined to send a missionary of their own to the lonely Labrador, Mackenzie was their choice, and more than a year he spent on that bleak and barren coast preaching and teaching and doctoring too, among the, at the time, uncared for fishing population, since pictured and helped by Norman Duncan and Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

It was that trip which led afterwards to Korea. He had taken with him some books for reading. One of them was "the Hermit Nation." On the way down in a small sailing vessel, they were blocked by the ice, and had to wait till it shifted. He was sitting on the deck reading that book, when there came to him the thought and the resolve that he must go to Korea, then almost unknown, and wholly unevangelized, and help to give them the Gospel.

In the Autumn of 1887 he returned to the College at Halifax to complete his course. To his fellow students the mission field

* Correspondence to be addressed to Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston, Convener.

seemed his natural destination. When the writer would tell him, in his graduating year, that he who was so peculiarly fitted for mission work, should not settle at home, he would say—"only for a short time will the home field be my place of work, and meantime I may create at home an interest in mission work which otherwise I could not do."

None of us who knew Mackenzie were surprised when we heard he had resigned his home charge in Lower Stewiacke, and was attending medical classes in Halifax, preparatory to leaving for his loved and longed for Korea.

The Foreign Mission Committee, could not see their way to undertaking a new mission. He was offered an appointment by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., which was beginning work in Korea, but preferred retaining connection with his own country and people, and went forth in simple unquestioning faith, depending for support upon what might be sent by friends in the home land.

In October, 1893, he took final leave of Nova Scotia. The farewell service was in the little Bethany Church, near Halifax, where he had been supplying while attending the medical classes. A minister writes,—“That October night will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present.” “Surely I will be with thee” was his theme, and the service concluded with his favorite hymn,—“Anywhere with Jesus.”

Passing through Montreal he was delayed a few days waiting for a colonist car, the cheapest mode of travel to the Pacific. Some friends were interested and helped on the work. He went to the train from addressing a prayer meeting. “In your large buildings, there are some stones put away underground, and never seen again, but they are necessary. I am willing to be a hidden foundation stone.” These were among his last public words in Eastern Canada. How little he then dreamed that his words would come so literally true.

As illustrating the character of the man, it is told that on his way to the coast on the C.P.R., Saturday night found the train nearing the Rockies. Passengers were beginning to prepare for the night's rest. Mackenzie put on his coat, evidently with

the intention of leaving the train at the next station. Others tried to persuade him to remain, but he would not travel on the Sabbath.

Besides that of the small station house only one light glimmered in the distance, and thither he was directed by the station agent as the only place of shelter. On reaching it he found it the scene of a drunken revel, and found that he could remain if he would take a bed on the floor. The men gathered around and began to question him as to whence he came and his purpose. His strong personality seemed to attract them, and they listened to what he had to say.

Before lying down for the night he said that he was in the habit of reading from the Bible and having prayer, and asked them to listen. The scene was changed. The drinking and gambling ceased. Next day was the Sabbath. With their willing assent he preached twice. Then he notes in his journal,

“Held a special meeting on Monday, where God was present in power. All stood up, and held hands up, with tears in their eyes pledging to lead a better life and meet me in heaven. Among them was the hotel keeper and rum-seller.”

Reaching Japan, after a short stay he crossed to Korea, sighting it on the 12th December. Of this he writes.—“Spent a pleasant time in prayer and reading God's Word. As the land of my adoption approached, I felt that I needed consecration. Oh, may I become more a vessel fitted for the Master's use. How willing He is to use us and have His Almighty power work through us! Help me, O Lord, to make a complete sacrifice and surrender to Thee.

“As we came on deck I saw the rugged hills of Korea for the first time. It is with feelings of awe I approach this land, as ambassador of no earthly nation but of the King of kings, Eternal. How weighty is my responsibility!”

In a few days after his arrival he was settled at Seoul, the capital of Korea, hard at work at the language, under the care of his good friends, Dr. Underwood, of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., and Mr. Gifford.

In his journal for the last day of this memorable year, we read, “the Lord hath

blessed me much during this year....Have had grace to do much complicated work, good health and freedom from care about the future.... My whole desire now is for effective work, that I may be filled with the Spirit; that I may call the world's attention to Jesus the Saviour. Oh for complete consecration!"

On February 3rd, 1894, MacKenzie reached Sorai (see map in last Record) which was for the most part, to be the scene of his labors until the Master called him. Here, for the first months, he lived amongst the natives, partaking of the same food, teaching and preaching (through an interpreter) and though not yet able to speak in their tongue, "an epistle known and read of all men" in the Korean community.

The interruption in his work at Sorai, for over six months, by the war of 1894, was the means, while a resident along with other missionaries, of making him more familiar with Korean life.

Nor was he idle at this time. The number of British and American warships, lying in Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, afforded an opportunity to preach to the sailors, for which his early experience had so well fitted him.

But none was more glad to get away from this centre, back into the interior, among the natives, there, alone, the ambassador of his Lord, to go through the village street telling the Gospel story of pardon and peace.

Returning to Sorai in October, his journals tell of continuous work. Schools, meetings, building of church with assistance rendered so cheerfully by the native converts, all seemed but the beginning of a long life of work. In nine months it was all over.

Whether it was right or wise for MacKenzie to live on native fare, and so lower his vitality when the deadly fever set in, is a question to which each can give answer for himself. When fever seized him, alone in the heathen city, the lamp burned fierce, then low, and then the end.

But it was only the beginning of a work by our church there greater than even he dreamed in so short a time. The little band, that he had gathered sent me to our church their "Come over and help us." The heart of the church was touched, and soon three men, and the wives of two of them, five in all, were there instead of the

one who had fallen. And this time they were sent by the church; and the ingathering by hundreds, of souls into the Kingdom, as shewn by the latest reports from that mission, printed in last Record, with promise of greater things to come, are the visible token that Mackenzie's short life and his early death, were, in their measure, like that of his Master of Nazareth, great beyond our conception, in the results that followed them.

THE REVIVAL IN KOREA.

It was at Pyeng Yang that the revival commenced, in January, a year ago. Missionaries and native leaders were praying earnestly, for some months, for a manifestation of the Spirit's power. Special meetings were arranged, but there seemed a lack of liberty until, one night, it was informally suggested that all who cared to do so should stay on to pray.

In the gathering which followed, a deep sense of the awful character of sin came upon the people. One after another would rise in confession; then the whole assembly would burst into audible prayer. Many broke into uncontrollable weeping. The meeting lasted until two in the morning.

Previously, sin had been regarded more as the committal of some gross act of wickedness. Now, clearer views prevailed, and sins of the heart were seen in their abhorrent nature. Ungainsayable proof of the reality and efficacy of the revival was seen in individual dedication to the work of God. An eye-witness of the work, Dr. A. N. Hitchcock, says: "Twenty years ago not a Christian was to be found in this city or in all the region round about. Now Christianity is by far the most influential factor in the city's life."

The immediate effect was a great onward sweep of the kingdom of God. There was no need to inveigh against heathenism as such; it was sufficient to preach Christ, and the darkness was dispersed before the Gospel light.

The work is not yet twenty-five years old, yet there are to-day in Korea 1,000 self-supporting churches. The general plans of organization, it will be recognized, are founded on the system of self-support, advocated by Dr. Nevius, in his well-known book "Methods of Mission Work." Commenting on the results, Dr. Underwood says: "I believe that the progress of the work in Korea is very largely due to God's blessing upon the methods we have adopted. The very fact that the duty of preaching the Gospel is put upon the natives has given to us a church of earnest Christian workers who are fast carrying the Gospel throughout the land.—"Alliance Journal."

The Children's Pages.

THE DISOBEDIENT LOCOMOTIVE.

"I am the swiftest of my kind,"
The locomotive said.
"I can go eighty miles an hour
When once I steam ahead.
My wheels are strong, my boilers full,
There is no reason why
I should not break all records, if
I only choose to try.

"But these dull tracks they lay for me
So narrow and so straight,
These switches that they have to throw
While I must stop and wait,
This engineer who keeps his hand
Upon my fretting power,
If I were rid of them, how free
Would be each glorious hour!"

And so, one day when steam was up,
When both the engineer
And fireman had swung down from it
And all the tracks were clear,
The locomotive seized its chance,
And pushed with all its might
Out of the station, and away,
In swift and headlong flight.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I'm off at last,
I spurn this narrow way!
No hand is on my throttle valve,
No more need I obey!"
With one great bound it left the rails,
And passed the junction switch;
Then—with one awful, aimless leap—
Lay wrecked within the ditch!

And now that engine runs the rails,
A crippled thing, and slow;
No records will it ever break,
No glory will it know.
Perhaps some lads who yearn to try
A free and wild career
Had best decide to keep the track,
And mind the engineer!
—"The Morning Star."

THE BORROWED INKSTAND.

In the biography of Henry Clay Trumbull, the noted Sunday School worker and editor, this incident is told of him in his twenty-first year, when he left home to go into a railroad office. In the engineering department, where he worked, the young clerks had fallen into the habit of

borrowing an inkstand containing a special kind of ink, from the chief engineer's desk, when he did not happen to be there.

Henry coming in among them, new to the ropes, thought this was one of the office methods, and had taken the inkstand one day when the chief, Mr. Ashburner, missed it from his desk.

"Henry," said Mr. Ashburner, emphatically, when the inkstand had been hunted up, "I want that inkstand to remain on my desk at all times. You must never take it away."

"I'll bear that in mind, sir," was the answer.

Henry did bear it in mind. He never borrowed the inkstand again. But the other clerks were not so scrupulous, and a few days afterwards Mr. Ashburner missed his inkstand again. Stepping to the door of the clerks' room, he called sharply:—

"Henry!"

Henry came at once.

"What did I tell you about that inkstand?"

"You told me not to take it away again."

"Yes, and I meant it. Now, bring it to me at once!"

Henry went back into the clerks' room, lifted the inkstand from the desk of the clerk who was using it, and carried it to the chief. Mr. Ashburner frowned severely at him. "Never let this happen again, Henry!" he said.

"I'll bear in mind what you say, sir," was Henry's quiet reply. The clerk who had been to blame kept silent about it for a while. Then the manliness in him came to the top, and he went to Mr. Ashburner, and exonerated Henry, who was immediately summoned.

"Why didn't you tell me this morning that you hadn't taken that inkstand?" the chief engineer said, looking troubled.

"You didn't ask me, sir," said Henry. Mr. Ashburner was non plussed. Here was a youth who would not put blame on others, and who did not resent unjust blame himself.

The chief apologized to him, and he was not surprised in later life, when his young clerk became famous as war chaplain, Sunday School organizer, writer, and editor, for he had seen the foundations laid, in that dingy office, of a brave, patient, high-minded manhood.—In "S. S. Visitor."

HOW AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL BECAME POPULAR.

I know a girl who had become so morbid and despondent through constantly dwelling on her plain features and ungainly manner that she was on the verge of insanity. She was extremely sensitive, very proud, and would brood for days over the fancied slight when she was not invited to a party or other entertainment with her more attractive acquaintances.

Finally a real friend came to her assistance, and told her that it was possible for her to cultivate qualities which would be far more attractive, and would make her much more popular than the mere physical beauty and grace whose absence she so deplored.

With this kind friend's assistance she completely reversed her estimate of herself; she turned about face, and, instead of over-emphasizing mere physical grace and beauty, instead of thinking of herself as ugly and repulsive, she constantly held the thought that she was the expression of God's idea, that there was something divine in her, and she resolved to bring it out.

She denied every suggestion that she could possibly be unpopular, or that she could really be ugly, and held persistently in mind the image of her popularity and attractiveness, and the thought that she could make herself interesting and even fascinating.

She would not allow herself to harbor the suggestion that she could be anything but attractive.

She began to improve herself intellectually in every possible way.

Hitherto she had been careless of her dress and manners, because of the conviction that it did not matter how she dressed or what she did, she would still be unpopular. She began to dress as becomingly as possible and in better taste.

She read the best authors; she took up different courses of study, and determined that at every opportunity she would make herself just as interesting as possible.

The result was that, instead of being a wall-flower, as formerly, she began to attract little groups about her wherever she went. She became a fascinating talker, and made herself so interesting in every way that she was invited out just as often as the more attractive girls whom she used to envy. In a short time she had not only overcome her handicap, but had also become the most interesting girl in her community.

Her task had not been an easy one, but she had worked with superb resolution and grit to overcome the things which had held her down, and, in her determined effort to overcome what she regarded as a fatal handicap, as a curse, she was enabled to devel-

op qualities which more than compensated her the personal beauty that was denied her.

It is wonderful what a transformation we can bring about by holding persistently in the mind the image of the thing we would become and struggling hard to attain it. It has a marvelous power to attract what we desire, to make the real picture that we see. —Success Magazine.

SCOWLING,

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit which steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about; but why scowl? What good will it do? Better cultivate an even temper and maintain a cheerful countenance.—Standard.

NAILING IT FAST.

Once, when I was a little school-girl, a visitor said something in a speech he made to us which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," said he, "you were building a barn, and instead of putting the boards on with nails you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do such a silly thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so that they will stay long enough for you to recite them and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast, so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?"—Ex.

"He looks so kind." Could there be a higher compliment? The man's face was an open invitation to come in and confide and get help.

Without speaking a word, he gave this invitation, which led to so much for the friendless stranger.

But do you suppose that this kind look grew in a night or a day or a week? Can a fine steel engraving be finished in a few hours? It takes line by line, day after day. Things worth while are not of instantaneous accomplishment. Now think of it. When is the best time to begin, if the art of looking pleasant and the possession of a kind face is to be achieved?—The Boys' World.

THE FOURTH MONKEY.

It was house-cleaning time, and things were scattered about in the queerest places. The parlor chairs were crowded into the dining-room, and the sofa stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, with the ironing-board leaning against it. A good many of the parlor ornaments had been put into the store-room, and mother had asked the twins not to go there to play, for fear of breaking something.

The twins had on their blue sailor dresses, each with a white anchor in front and white stars on the collar; and each head of bushy, brown hair was tied with bows of white ribbon. The twins looked so much alike that most people had long ago given up trying to tell which was Faye and which was Fern, and only said, Here, Twinnie," when they wanted something.

They were waiting now for Miss Margaret, who came twice a week to give them their piano lesson.

"Let's play hide-and-seek while we wait," suggested Fern; "there's such a lot of good hiding-places when things are all moved around so."

"Yes, let's," replied Faye, scampering off to hide under the table behind a screen of chairs, while Fern hid her face and counted.

Then Fern hid behind the bureau in mother's room, and when it was Faye's turn again, she crept under the ironing-board.

Now it was Fern's turn to hide. When Faye had counted twenty-five and had sung out twice, "Bushel o' wheat, bushel o' rye," she searched through the dining-room and kitchen, and then, without thinking, opened the door of the store room.

Just as she did so, she caught sight of a pair of startled brown eyes gazing into her own, and of a blue sailor dress with a white anchor in front, and of white bows tying the bushy, brown hair.

Hastily shutting the door for fear her sister would rush out and get to the goal first, she suddenly remembered what mother had said about not going into the store-room to play.

"Fern's forgotten," she said to herself, "and I most forgot. I'll remind her when she comes," and she hurried back to the goal to call, "One, two, three for Fern!"

But no Fern appeared. Instead, the front door suddenly opened, and Faye heard the sound of flying feet as Fern ran out to greet Miss Margaret. And the game was forgotten as the piano lesson began.

After the lesson, Faye lingered a moment to listen again to the hollow, echoing sound the piano made in the nearly empty room.

All at once she heard Fern say to mother out in the dining-room.

"No, mother, I haven't been in the store-room to-day."

Faye caught her breath sharply. What could Fern mean. She wanted to rush out and say, "Why, Fern, I saw you there," but held herself back, thinking, "I must give her a chance to tell it herself."

"Faye," called mother, "have you been in the store-room to-day? Some one has let the cat in, and she has knocked down the monkey carving and broken it."

The precious carving that Uncle George had brought from Japan!

Often and often Fern and Faye had studied the three queer little monkeys, one holding his paws over his eyes that he might see no evil, another covering his ears that he might hear no evil, and the third holding his paws over his mouth that he might speak no evil.

At last Faye spoke. "Yes, mother, I opened the door a little ways before I thought, but I shut it again real quick, and I don't think Tiger could have gone in without my seeing him," she said, looking hard at Fern, and wondering why she didn't speak. But Fern was busy tying her shoe and didn't even look up.

"Well," said mother, at last, "perhaps I let him in myself." And she went out to get the glue pot to see if the carving could be mended.

"Oh, Fern," began Faye, "why didn't you tell?"

"Tell what? There wasn't anything to tell."

"There was, too, Fern Shepherd. You know you hid in the store-room that last time, and you know I saw you there."

"It isn't true! I hid behind the piano the last time."

"You didn't!"

"I did!"

Mother, coming back with the glue pot, heard the sharp tones, which had grown louder and louder.

When she had listened to both sides of the story, she gazed into each angry, excited little face. It was evident that both the twins thought they were speaking the truth.

"I cannot understand it," she said, "but I think you must somehow have been mistaken, Faye."

Faye's face flamed scarlet. Didn't she know what she had seen?

It was a long, miserable afternoon. Faye practiced at her piano lesson twice as long as usual, and then helped mother dust some of the furniture while Fern practiced; but over and over in her unhappy little mind she kept saying, "How could she tell such a story?"

Toward the close of the afternoon mother called Faye and asked her to go very carefully into the storeroom and bring the tack-hammer.

As Faye opened the door she gave a

start, for again she met a pair of startled brown eyes and saw the blue sailor dress and the white hair-ribbons.

And then all at once she discovered that the big mirror from the bedroom had been placed against the wall opposite the door, and what she had seen was the reflection of her own face!

It was a very happy little Faye that brought the tack hammer back to mother, and when later she and Fern were standing arm in arm before the table where mother had placed the mended carving, she said, soberly:

"I think there ought to be four little monkeys instead of three, the other one holding his paws over his forehead to remind us that we should think no evil."—*Congregationalist and Christian World.*

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

A story is told of a man who advertised for a boy, and more than fifty applicants came to secure the position. The gentleman saw nearly all of them. Some had excellent letters of recommendation and were very alert looking lads, but the gentleman finally chose a modest boy who did not have any written testimonials as to his character or ability.

"On what ground did you choose him?" asked a friend who chanced to be present and witnessed the gentleman's interview with the boys and his final choice. "He did not have any recommendation."

"I think that he did," was the reply. "In fact, he had a great many."

He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, thereby showing that he was careful.

He took off his cap also and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly.

He picked up the book which I had purposely placed on the floor, and replaced it on the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly.

Then I noticed that his clothes were brushed neatly, and his hair in order; and when he wrote his name I observed that his finger nails were clean.

He opened the door to allow the lady to pass out while he was in the room. This proves that he is polite and knows what is due to a lady.

Don't you call all these things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me. Little things show character, and sometimes they determine a boy's whole career."

That's a fact, boys! You can put that

right down as an axiom no one can disprove. Little things do show character and a great many employers judge the ability and the character of applicants for position by the impression they make in their personal appearance, their manners, and their speech.

I know a boy who lost the chance of securing an excellent position by a certain "too smart," or "I-know-it-all" manner and the use of slang of a coarse kind. He had a certain swagger air that he mistook for manliness, and when the man who thought of employing him asked him if he would object to now and then working overtime, he said:—

"Not if you come down with enough tin for it."

That kind of boy carries very unfavorable letters with him in his speech and manners. Nothing is of greater value to a boy than a modest manner and courtesy in his speech. Combine with this neatness in his personal appearance, a willingness to do his very best to succeed, and a boy "will get on" almost anywhere. Yes, and there's plenty of room at the top still—plenty of room for the boy who is willing to "make haste slowly" in reaching the summit.—*Ex.*

KEEP THE SOUL AT THE TOP.

A little boy, on returning from the Sunday school, was asked what he had learned in his class.

"Well, mamma," said the little fellow, "I have learned that it is always best to keep the soul at the top. The teacher said so, and taught us a verse which means that."

"What was the verse, darling?" said the wondering mother.

"I can't remember it, mamma; but that's what it means, anyhow."

The mother thought long, and finally, by dint of much questioning, found it was this verse from the 1st Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians: "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection;" and tears came to her eyes as she thought the little son had got the real meaning of the text, "Keep the soul at the top."—*Ex.*

A BOY OUGHT TO KNOW

That a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart that loves and trusts in God.—*Ex.*

Continued from page 160.

last winter. The trembling children were forbidden to give her anything to eat or drink, till she promised to stop believing in Jesus. However, her little ten year old daughter managed to smuggle a bowl of rice in through the window to her mother, and to let her neighbor Paulina know the situation. Paulina told the good Bible woman Rachel, who told a few others of the Christians.

No one knew what to do, except to pray, and as Mrs. Pah said afterwards, the Lord heard her prayers and those offered up for her, and answered by sending a number of unexpected guests to the inn. So Mr. Pah had to go to the cold room, and ask his shivering wife to come out and get supper ready for the travellers. Such answers to prayer are not so uncommon as to be thought remarkable among our Korean Christians.

Perhaps Mr. Pah was somewhat surprised and secretly ashamed when he saw that his wife at once did her part towards entertaining his guests, without any sign of resentment or ill-will. At any rate for two or three months he did not "specially persecute her." Furthermore he sent away his concubine instead of his lawful wife, as he had been threatening to do if she persisted in being a Christian.

However, some money losses put him into a bad temper, and he again visited his wrath upon his wife, perhaps with a superstitious idea that she had angered the devils and brought bad luck upon him.

One Sunday morning he found that the twelve-year-old son had gone to church. He sent a messenger for him, called him out, and beat him with a huge stick, raising white welts all over his back. The poor little fellow had gone to church without his breakfast, as he had to do several times before.

Mrs. Pah, who was also in church, and had already been beaten that morning, was afraid to go back till her husband's rage was over, so she and her boy took refuge with some friends.

Anxious about her little daughter, she soon went by night to her next-door neighbor, who took her in, but could not protect her. Mr. Pah went to her there twice and beat her, threatening to kill her if she did not give up "the Jesus religion."

We were kept informed of matters by Rachel, who was afraid the poor woman would actually be killed. At this juncture we appealed to the authorities to have the woman protected. A policeman was promptly sent to arrest Mr. Pah, but he hid himself, and the long-suffering wife begged the policeman not to arrest him.

Perhaps both the fear of just punishment and his wife's forgiving spirit, helped to impress Mr. Pah, for we have not heard of his beating his wife since. For some days after that he refused to let his wife return home, and talked of getting a concubine instead.

Some of his own heathen relatives interceded for her, and asked him what fault he had with her anyway. He was obliged to admit that he had none, except her new religion, and his friend told him in that case he might be thankful he had such a good wife. So she was called in and asked again if she would give up Christianity, or agree to a divorce. She said she could not agree to either, upon which her husband said to his friend: "What can be done with a woman like that?"

He showed his sense by not attempting to do any more. He does not allow her to go to church as often as she would like, but she read her Bible diligently, and grows in grace daily.

She has suffered much from ill health, malaria, and a very painful arm caused probably by a blow from her husband, but none of these things move her. She is filled with a joy and peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

Looking at her, one realizes as never before how true it is that "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad." It is being fulfilled in Mrs. Pah's case to the glory of God.

To Turner, the artist, a lady remarked, "Mr. Turner, I cannot see in nature what you put into your pictures." "Don't you wish you could, madam?" was the artist's reply. And when the skeptic sneeringly says of one transported by the raptures of Christian faith and hope and love, "I can't see any joy in religion," the fitting reply is, "Don't you wish you could?" Those who love Him best are the very ones who cry, "The half was never told," of the unsearchable riches in Christ.

WALLIE, THE INDIAN FAMINE GIRL.

It was during the last terrible Indian famine, and little, naked, starving children were swarming by dozens about the mission school, begging to be taken in. But the school was full, running over, and even those in it had nothing to eat every day but a very little rice. Still, they were not starving, and at night when the doors were shut, the dreadful, starving dogs were on the outside.

But outside with the dogs was poor little Wallie. Only four years old, no father or mother, no sister or brother. The pitiful little skeleton, naked both in the heat of the day and the cold of the night, would peep in through the door every night, the deep, black, wonderful eyes so wistful, but as cheery as a cricket and ask:

"Anyone to stand for Wallie?"

That meant that the news had gone among the orphans that over beyond the western ocean were kind men and women who some times wrote to the mission teacher to say, "Here is £3 more, take in another little orphan and feed him."

But these letters had not been coming so often as they used to. Every night Wallie ran up at the gate-closing time with the same cheery little query, and every night the teacher would say, so sadly, "No dear," and again Wallie would slip off into the darkness.

At last one night the teacher said "I cannot stand it, if Wallie comes to-morrow night I shall have to take her in."

"But we cannot, dear," the other teacher would say, "you know we have not enough rice for those we have."

And night after night would come and go, and every night was heard the same wistful pleading, "Anyone to stand for Wallie yet?" The tone was so cheery at times, and so wistful. And the little ribs stood out higher under the brown skin, while the little arms and legs were like "sticks," and the big eyes in the skull-like face shone like stars.

"I do not care," exclaimed the teacher at last, "if that child comes to-morrow night I shall take her in; I simply must. I know the Lord will feed her if I do, and the dogs will get her if I don't—I can't stand it, I must."

So in Wallie danced, to the bathroom, and the dirty little rack of bones was washed, and the matted hair was combed, and Wallie slept that night as if she had not slept for months.

In the morning, what lots and lots of children there were in that mission compound—everyone was clean and tidy, and as they sat in rows, each one's mug was full of delicious rice—everyone but Wallie's.

"Children," said the teacher, "Jesus is going to send someone to stand for Wallie soon, but he has not come yet. And she has no rice in her mug yet. Till he comes, will you each give her a little of yours? You have only a little, I know, but could you each spare her just a pinch?"

So up one line and down another Wallie's mug went, and when it came back to her it was brimming over.

Now at that very time, away over in Canada, a lady with a little bow of white ribbon on her breast, was holding meetings, telling big crowds of people how Jesus loved them and begging them to love Him.

One evening a great many men and women had stood up to let everybody see they too loved Jesus, and at night after the lady went home her host said:

"Well, those hard men have been touched, but you have not touched Nellie yet." Nellie was the maid of all work.

"Don't be too sure," said the lady, "you cannot always tell, you know."

"I can in this case; that girl is as hard as a stone."

Late that night, the lady was roused by a faint tap on her door. She slipped out of bed and quietly opened the door. There stood Nellie in her dressing gown.

"I knew at once by her face that it was all right with her," said the lady afterwards, "her face was all alight."

"Can you tell me something to do for Jesus?" she asked. "I love Him so I must do something for Him."

"What would you like to do, dear—think."

"Well, I've got £2 here. I intended it for a new coat, but now I want to use it for Him. If I put another pound to it, would that feed a little orphan in India for a while?"

"It would, dear; it would feed and care for one for a whole year!"

"Then take it and send it for me will you?"

"And do you know," said the evangelist, "just on that very day the mission teacher had taken little Wallie in from the dark and the dogs, and prayed the Lord to send someone to 'stand for her.'—Messenger for the children.

A skeptic once asked the late Dr. Nettleton, "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That is the question which does not concern you so much as another; namely. How shall I get rid of it? You have a wicked heart, which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart or you cannot be saved."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Feb.	Rec'd Mar 1st to Feb. 29th
Home Missions.....	\$81,735.09	\$160,908.03
Augmentation.....	20,271.21	33,943.29
Foreign Missions..	51,711.89	96,260.80
Widows' & Orphans'	6,652.14	12,134.88
A. and I. Ministers	8,541.83	13,887.22
Assembly.....	3,181.72	6,701.12
French Evangeliztn	9,915.58	18,519.10
Pt-aux-Trembles..	9,817.67	15,689.35
Knox College.....	2,871.09	5,631.39
Queen's College...	2,440.32	3,614.25
Montreal College..	831.10	1,401.92
Manitoba College..	2,944.81	4,530.10

Received during January.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Tor., Dovercourt, ss.	70	Lefroy, Knox	28	Sombra, &c.	22	80	Peterboro, Knox, yps.	5	20
Rev J. Colquhoun.....	8	Rev. F. S. Coffin	7	Rodney	2	50	Wakfield, Masham	29	
West Brant	1	Rev Dr. Jack	6	St. Cath., Knox, ss.	1	8	Rev W. W. Peck	13	80
Glenagarry, ss. Ann	220	Rev G. R. Lang	13	Rev Alex. McMillan	10		Dewars, Ont.	18	20
Roy's Station	91	Abousaht, B. C.	50	Norval	12	3	Sand Point, Ont.	2	50
Roy's Station ss	15	Nhousht, B. C.	50	Georgetown	365	9	Arnprior, St. And.	133	65
Ormiston, ss.	5	Nhousht, B. C.	50	Limehouse	86	5	Arnprior, St. And., yps.	250	
Dorchester	65	Nhousht, B. C.	50	J. P. Heighon	66	25	Ottawa, Erskine, ss.	250	
Bayfield, St. And.	82	Rosehill, Sask	8	Norwood, Ont.	130	63	Vancouver, St. John's	1218	75
St. Cath. Kx.	230	South River	19	Marham, St. And.	7		Rev Arch. Thompson	12	50
Woodlands	18	Eagle Lake	7	Portland, Que.	4		Parrsboro', St. Jas, ss.	2	
London, St. And, ss.	10	Chariton	9	Port Credit, ss.	15		Cypress River	2	
Berkeley, Cooks	4	Englehart	9	Allandale	30	95	Boularderie, St. Jasce.	2	
N. Caradoc	67	Hilton	10	Benoulin, B. C. Beth.	80		St. David's Ont.	4	09
Morden, Knox	208	Massey Station	3	St. Ann's, Ont.	6	50	Morden, Knox	6	
Greenway, Man.	16	Doe Lake	7	Andrew Moffatt	5		Orono	118	
Mather, Man.	13	Rev Dr. Fraser	6	Goderich, Knox	473	70	Roxborough	194	
Quatre	4	Beauchamp, ss.	60	Owen Sd., Knox	525		Mrs. M. Eliott	100	
Drummond Hill, ss.	23	per Rev A. D. Menzies	123	Harrison, y. p. g.	2	10	Elgin, Que.	10	
Rev J. D. Anderson	6	Belmont, Man.	15	Rev F. J. Maxwell	8		Rev W. P. Archibald	5	60
Rev Jas Hamilton	24	Greenwood, B. C.	15	Lakeport	1	10	Rev S. S. Burns	10	
Rev Wm. Millar	9	Tor., Wmster, B. C.	125	Avonton	1	75	Rev F. W. Murray	5	80
Rev Neil Shaw	13	Rev H. McQuarrie	10	Essa, Burns'	26	75	Birdtail Ind. Miss.	75	55
St. Cath Ist	83	Orillia, c. e.	18	Temple Hill, ss.	16		Rev A. M. McLeod	6	35
St. Cath Ist ss	97	Rev M. H. McIntosh	6	Latona, y. p. s.	10		Rev W. W. McLaren	34	78
Brantford, St. And.	141	Tor., Wmster, B. C.	125	Streetsville	273		Rev David Wright	7	70
Wpg. Augustine	935	Rev M. J. McNeil	6	Stratford, y. p. g.	1		Manor, Sask	27	4
Rev H. A. Kinsman	47	Rev R. G. McKay	7	Rev J. A. Anderson	6	15	Oak River, Man.	37	
Tor., St. And.	2	Rev W. W. Atchison	10	Rev J. G. Stuart	6	10	North Brant	0	
Metz	8	Carnegie, Zion	75	N. Mornington	57		Barclay, Man.	30	
Sarnia, St. And.	220	Birtle, Man.	48	Peterboro, St. Paul's	10		St. Andrew's, Man.	26	
Bolover	26	Whitby, St. And.	218	Neapolis, Alta.	1	90	Barnaby, Knox, ss.	6	55
Eglinton	154	Whitby St. And, ss	30	Chisholm	13	50	Vancouver, Ist ss	15	
Ottawa, Knox ss	63	Rev Dr. Abraham	14	Tor., Wmster	10		Dr. R. P. McKay	100	
Westmt, Melville	325	Catherine Scott	100	Komoka	51	75	Carnduff, Sask, ss.	12	25
Rev T. Bennett	87	Ham., Erskine, ss.	1	Kintyre	142	75	per Hon. C. Campbell	302	50
Tor, St. Enoch's	8	Woodstock, Knox, ss	100	City of Vancouver	500		Rev N. MacPhee	17	
Sir Wm and Lady Clark	50	Woodville, c. e.	2	Town of Fort Wm	250		Basswood, Man, ss.	5	65
Tor., Knox	2062	Ch. Scotland Col. Com.	264	Edmonton Ist	250		Brant, Man., Argyle	33	
per rev. A. E. Armstrong	125	Fort Sask	100	Princeton, B. C.	8		Waukegan, Man.	6	
Mr. W. H. Ryan	10	Edmonton, Chinese	48	Hedley, B. C.	7	14	Waukegan, Man.	4	
Nakusp, B. C.	3	English River	47	Alvinston, Ont.	144	31	Pipestone, Man.	15	
Tor, Erskine	705	Mont., Knox	10	Ottawa, St. And ss.	6	50	Port Elmsley	2	
Swift Current	5	Warren	21	Hintonburg, Beth. y.	2		Oliver's Ferry	9	
Watson's Corners	50	Cardinal	17	p. a	2		Snowville	6	
Watson's Corners, ss.	6	Mainville	4	Hull, Que., Zion	30		Massawippi	8	87
Cranbrook, Knox	147	Rev Dr. McNair	6	Woodbridge	43	25	Hillhurst	1	30
Ellisboro', Sask	20	per Geo. C. Sweet	50	St. W. L. Kirkpatrick	1		Tor., Claremont yps.	25	
Gilbert Plains, Man.	6			Clifford, Kx.	10		Tor., Chinese	57	
Montreal, Erskine	2150			Mildmay, Ont.	70	25	Rev. W. R. McKay	14	10
St. Lambert, St. Cuth.	45			Rev J. E. Duclos	12		Macao	14	10
Valcartier	18			Mont. Am. Pres. Ch	3650		Rev. Tor, Emmanuel	5	
Brace Mines	22			La Croix, ss.	15		First Kssa	3	
Rydal Bank	10			Smithville, St. And.	1		L'Orignal	15	
				y. p. s.	1	50	Ottawa, St. And. h.m. soc.	50	
				Oxford, N.S., y.p.s.	2	15	W. M. S.	3600	
				Tor., Dovercourt	131		Aylwin, Que.	13	
				Elzoth Snodgrass	15		Bryson, Que., St. And.	4	
				Rev A. Craise	7	15	Janet Walker	4	
				Rev J. H. Ratcliffe	14	10	Atkins Cors, c. G.	12	
				St. Lambert, St. Cuth.	33	05	Sydenham, Knox	10	55
				London, Ist	240	8	Woodford	21	06
				Rev D. D. McDonald	7	70	Newington	37	30
				Bolton, Caven ss.	6	22	Rev Norman Lindsay	6	13
				Brockville, Istss.	72	50	Wmstown, St. And	217	77
				Ilx, Park St guild	1	18	Carleton, yps.	1	75
				Rev A. D. Archibald	6	65	Desbarats, Ont.	12	50
				Rev Dr. Rotheringham	6	35	Lachute, Que.	44	80
				Rev D. A. Frame	8	32	Carleton Pl., St. And.	707	
				Rev M. A. McKinnon	7	15	Scotch Block	71	
				Carp, Ont.	100		The Bay, Ont.	1	9
				Milford, N. S.	1	25	Deloraine, Man, gld.	6	
				Hugh B. Woodrow	600		Weston, Ont.	132	18
				Miss M. A. Woodrow	600		East Bay, Man.	2	25
				David Morrice	250		Woody River, Man	4	
				Mrs. David Morrice	250		Wpg., St. And. Chin.	5	
				St. Thomas, Alma gld.	10		Wpg., Union Chin. ce	50	
				St. Thomas, Alma Jr.	3		Madoc, St. Peter's	21	88
				Mont., Erskine	355	50	W. Fort Wm., y. p. s.	1	
				Pr. Ry. J. Menancon	100		Quebec, Chal.	13	
				Ham., Erskine Jr. c.e.	35		Westmont, Mel.	11	41
				A. J. W. McMichael	41	25	Lacombe, St. And.	66	10
				St. Thomas, Alma, ss.	44		Qu'Appelle, St. And.	4	
				Silverton, B. C.	4		Vict. Mines, St. And.	12	50
				Rev D. D. Millar	8	30	Vict Mines, St. And, ss.	2	00
				Durham, Ont.	179	25	Whitefish, Ont	4	50
				Cote des Neiges	5	50	Galt, Central, ce.	1	
				Mont., Victoria	10		Tor, Friend	25	
				Princeport N. S., wfms.	10		Hornby, Ont.	3	
				Tait's Cors, y.p.s.	23		Mont., Stanley	152	21
				Kew Beach	155		Victoria, B. C., Kx.	35	
				Rev J. H. Fidler	5		Scotland, Ont.	37	50
				Pontypool	10		Rev D. J. Craig	12	

Rev. J. M. Millar	8	Nelson, B. C., St. Pa.	18	Pr Rv. J. E. Menancon 100	Poplar Dale	6
Rev. A. Henderson	10	Rev. J. Rex Brown	8	Seymour, St. And., s.s. 16	Agassiz, Harrison	20
Rev. James Malcolm	6 65	Rev. J. S. Hardie	18 90	Blyth, ce	St. David's, ce	42 35
Rev. T. O. Miller	8 60	Rev. J. R. MacDonald 10 66		Carleton Pl. St. And. 2 2	Town Line, &c	25
Rev. Alex. Macgregor	10 50	Rev. H. K. Maclean	1 10	Mont., St. J. B'tiste ..	Sydney Williams	1
Clareholm, Alta	50	Tor., W'mster	1761 19	Mont., Stauley	Spring Lake, Sask.	27 75
Grenfell, Sask	11 15	Kingston, Cook's	191 46	"Memory of Eddie" ..	Pettapiece, Man	70
Mr. J. McTavish	20	Latona, Ont		Glenmorris	Richmond, Que, Chal. 81 30	
Ratho, Ont	10	Edmonton, Queen's Av. 35	23	McDonald's Cors., ss ..	Melbourne, Que., St. A. 15 75	
Valena, Ont., ce	1 11	Brooklin, Ont		A. Spence	"Mr. A. M. K."	1
Belmont, Man., Kx.	116	Brighton, Ont	50	Kainy River	Carleval, Sa-k	53 35
Mt. Albert, Ont	14 30	Mont., St. Matt., ss	100	Binscarth, Man.	Morden, Kx	45 25
Rev. D. G. Cameron	14 10	Cornwall, St. John's	193	Woodstock, Kx. m.b. 10	Rev. R. J. Craig	10
Rev. H. R. Read		Whitechrou, y. p. g.	1 50	Wellwood, &c.	Rev. Hugh Crozier	8 60
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Vancover, Ist	2 50	Chrysler, Kx	28 50	Admaston, ce	Rev. D. Ritchie	8 30
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Kippen, St. And., ss.	8 90	Rev. H. Gracey		Ottawa, Mackay	Edmonton, Queens Av. 40	
A First Church family ..		White Lake, Ont	36	Dominion City	N. Vance, St. And.	59
Brookville	600	S. Lancaster, St. And. ss 4		Essex, Ont	Quebec, Chal.	1,012
Tor., Royce Ave.	27 96	Thurin, Ont	15 15	Latona, ss	Jas. Bay June	50
Exshaw, Alta	8	Bridgen, Ont	48	Brandon, St. Pa., Chin. 25	Vancouver, Hillcrest ..	35 25
The Gap, Alta	5	Red Deer, Alta, Kx. ss. 50		Korah, Ont	Caledonia, y. p. g.	1 35
Canmore, Alta	17	Leamington, y. p. s.	3 63	Birbrook, Kx.,	Fort Sask., Alta.	4
Carberry, Kx	116 25	Orillia, Ont	280	Forest	Okdale, ce	1 75
Carberry, Kx, ss	32 55	Mrs. Kigg	18	Onondaga	Regina, Kx	885
Carberry, Kx, y. p. s.	25	Robt. Kilgour	25	Brantford, Balfour	Drinkwater, Sask.	45
Mortlach, Sask	10	Stirling, St. And.	5	Cartwright	Cochrane, Alta.	21 25
Teeswater, ce	1 65	Paisley, Kx, y. p. s.	1	Boissevain, St. And. 131 75	MacLennan, Ont	1 40
Weston, Ont., yps.	2 75	Tor., St. Jas. Sq.	32	Harmony, ce	Ottawa, St. Paul's, ss. 61 81	
Tor., Bloor, ss	587 70	Black Heath, Ont	18 70	Broasels, Mel., yps.	Kelowna, B. C., h.x.	13 50
Kingston, Chal.	541 75	Kirkwall, Ont	26	Ottawa, St. Mark's	Kelowna, B. C., ss.	20
Mont., Crescent, ss.	60	Rev. M. McLeod	20 05	Kingston, Zion Ch.	Kelowna, B. C., l. a. 21	
Westmt, Melville	10	Teeswater, Kx.	138	Chippawa, ss	Joseph Ball	12 50
Almonte, St. And.	51	Teeswater, Kx., ss.	63 46	Clinton, Willis, ypg.	North Bend, b. c.	20 40
Oshaw, Ont.	234 15	Great Village, ce	1 50	Ham. Erskine ss	Spence's Bridge, b. c. 18 55	
Madoc, Tp., St. Col. ss 10		Sperling, Man.	5 95	N. Luther, Ont.	Saronas, b. c.	16 95
Landsdowne, ss.	4 39	Lachlan, St. And., c.	1 75	Woodland, Ont.	Keefers, b. c.	16 95
Shelburne, Kx., ss.	23 80	Guelph, Chal.	26 28	Alex. K. Goldie	Rev. F. A. Clare	48 67
Franktown, St. Paul's. 41		Durham, Ont., ss.	6	King-ton, Cooke's ss. 1	Action, Kx.	135
Harrison, Guth.	21 30	Stratford, St. And., ss. 48		Ham., Erskine, ss.	For., Dovercourt, ce.	3 05
Galt, Central, ss.	354	St. Elmo, Gordy, y. p. g. 2 60		Samuel McClintock ..	Swan River, Man.	16 90
Galt, Central, ss.	101	Oakville, Ont	125	Ham., Erskine	Cromarty, y. p. s.	2 3
Inverness, y. p. s.	4 65	Beachburg, St. And.	10	Clinton, Willis	Hemmingford, St. And. 141 75	
Rev. J. W. N. choison. 7 45		Melbourne, Man., y. p. s. 5		Rev. Dr. Hamilton	Friend	50
Rev. K. G. Strathie	5 60	Stonewall, Man.	105	Red Deer Lake	Mrs. John Leask	5
Rev. James McCrea	140 90	Antigonish, ce	2 10	Priddis, Alta	Moose Creek, ce	1 70
S. Mountain	198	"Friend"	500	Englehart, Ont.	Wroxeter, ss.	20
Hickston	185	Rev. David Carswell.	8 55	Green Ridge, New	Crowstad, Ind. Miss.	196 76
Pleasant Valley	61 26	Tor. Credit	52 77	Bridge, Man.	St. David's, Man. ce.	12 50
Iroquois	1 05	Petrolia, y. p. s.	5 50	John Nilsson	Mountain City, &c.	12 00
Indian Head	1 30 05	Aberarder, St. John's. 3		Isabella, Man.	Mont West, y. p. s.	4 65
Callander	3 89 00	Or., Esson, ss.	4	Calgary, Alta.	Mimosa, Ont	24 09
Lancaster, Kx., y. p. s.	1 69	Glenboro, Man.	116	Stockton, Man.	"M. P. F."	5
Wpg., St. Stephen s	33	Burnt Ch., c. e. s.	1 15	Dr. J. Y. Ferguson	Mandamin	2
Douglas Plains	11 60	Pembroke, Chal.	214	Dr. A. L. Murray	Thedford, Kx., ss.	14 96
Arvondale, Sask	6	Eden, Ont	11	Gladstone, Man., m.b. 20	Logan, St. Paul's	4 75
Eagleholme, Sask	6 05	Rev. C. H. Daly	16	Breadalbane, ces	Rev. Frank Davey	11 25
Quincy, Sask	9 05	Rev. C.	13 30	Murchison, Man.	Prin. Scrimger	18 9
Lumby, B. C.	13	Scotia, Man	45 50	Cameron, Man.	Rev. J. T. Scrimger	6 35
Rev. S. Acheson	19	Finch, St. Luke's	57 85	N. Ham., Ste. Sophie. 3	Ottawa, Bank	2 2 2
Rev. A. C. Reeves	14 10	Dumbarton	20 50	Dtdld., Lake Megantic. 3	St. Cath., Kx	305
Tor., Erskine	500	P. Edward	13	Kintyre, y. p. h. m. s.	St. Davids	3 67
Pittsburgh, St. John's. 17 95		Gordon Head, b. c.	2 25	W. H. M. S., per Miss	Rev. John A. Clark	9 60
Sand Hill, Ont.	36 05	St. Aidan's, b. c.	14 15	Macleod	Boularderie, ce	2 25
Carp, Ont. ss.	7	Summerside, Sask.	5	Tor., Chin. Miss	Mrs. Donald Campbell. 10	
Hauey, B. C., ce	3 50	Cadurcis, Man	44	Rev. John Mowat	Merriton, ss	36
Rainy River, Kx.	20	Middleton, Ont.	5 50	Mrs. Margaret Goldie 40	Rapid City, St. Paul's. 46	
Nairn, St. And	13	Croft, Ont	3 65	Belgrave, Kx	Baldern, Drummond. 130	
Nairn, St. And., ss.	7	Tor., Erskine, b. c.	127	Woodstock, Kx	Sturgeon Falls	88
Rev. J. M. Whiteaw.	6 35	Raleigh, Ont	25	Dunwich, Chal	Cachia Bay	50
Fairbank, Ont	5	Buxton, Ont	8	Esquering, Union.	Victoria, Ist Ch	202 55
Tor., West	639 31	Rev. Norman Lindsay. 55		Chain Lakes, Man	N. Lunenburg	23
Alma, Ont	67 55	New W'mster, West.	219 70	Shakespeare	MacLennan	61 30
Preston, Ont	4 69	Kingston, St. And	677 23	Callander	Portlock	12
Mrs. K. Dowd	5	Rev. D. I. Ellison	7 15	Nipissing June	Nicola	70
Keene, Ont	311 30	Harrison, Guth.	25 18	A. B. Morrison	Micksburg	4 50
Kemble, Ont	37 60	Goderich, ce	3 04	Luwood, Ont	Otta., Bank, ss.	105
Kembie, Ont., ss.	3 30	Bradford, Ont	21 80	Caledonia, Ont	Alix, Alta.	7 20
Pinkerton, ss.	14	Deer Park, ss.	40	Beaverton, St. And.	Lamerton, Alta.	4 60
Chippawa	18	Montreal, St. Marks.	2 25	Clinton, Willis	Cypress River	60
Orangeville, St. And.	401	Newburg, ce	90	Hagersville, St. And.	Otta., Gleebe	155 99
Woodville, Ont	4 25	Ft. Coulonge, y. p. m. b. 49		Strathroy, St. And.	Mont. Crescent	3,170
King, Ont., St. And.	11	Westmt, St. And., ss.	190	Elzbtz Snodgrass	Little Red Deer, ss.	5
Port Carling	5	Churchill, Ont	335 95	Lindsay, St. And., ss.	Comber, St. And.	106 10
Palmerston	317 25	Cravale, Ont.	220 50	Leeds, Que	Round Lake, Sask.	25
Inniskip, Ont	2	LeRoy, Ont	46 05	Lion's Head, Ont	Plum Creek, Ont	20 75
W'mstown, Heph.	150 79	Montreal, St. Paul's. 1,697 50		Lion's Head, m. b.	Arden, Man	69
Beechwood, y. p.	54 85	Madoc, St. Peter's	170 95	Lion's Head, ss	Parkdale, Dunn Av.	900
Rev. J. H. Lemon	5	Elmira, Gale	10 78	per prncip Brandt	Atwood, y. p. s.	2 10
Arcola, Sask., Presb.	66	Pilot Mound	85	Ophir, Ont	Cruckshank	19
Elmvale, Ont	65 05	Dauphin, Man	91 30	Dunn's Valley	Elmira, ce	1

Beq. Mrs. Ella G. Charlton..... 3,000	Cedarville, Ont..... 2 50	Fort Frances Ont..... 41 15	Elgin, Man., Knox ... 91 25
Rocky Sgeen, Burns .. 42 80	Lower Litchfield..... 1	Basswood, Man..... 40 90	Dundalk, Erskine..... 41 20
Winlaw, Sask..... 19 20	Campbell's Bay..... 9 25	Per Agent, H.x..... 1,275 12	Ventry, Knox..... 43 32
Wiarion, Ont..... 90 90	Ciarendon, Ont..... 6	Miss V. J. Martin..... 18	Proton, Ont..... 9
N. Kinossee..... 26 10	Gordon Lake, Ont..... 5 02	For. Cowan M. B..... 86	Eugenia, Ont..... 9
Durham, Ont..... 2 25	Plummer, Ont..... 12 80	Tigh Bluff, ss..... 2 60	Rev J. E. Duclous .. 8 19
Henry Birks..... 250 5	Aberdeen, Ont..... 10 37	High Bluff, ss..... 3 55	Rev Rob. Hughes..... 10
Paisley..... 22 80	Miss C. Lamont..... 6	Merivale, yps..... 3 55	John D. Forrest..... 7 70
Meitz..... 2 17	E. Tor., Emmanuel ss..... 6	St. George, Ont..... 86 10	Rev Edwards..... 300
Clifton, N. S..... 2 12	Cornwall, St. John's..... 10	Markham, Mel..... 83 30	Dracoon, Ont..... 2 41
Stockett, Man..... 15	L. A. Smart..... 4	Han., Erskine, Int. ce..... 25	Tor., Dovercourt..... 10
Tor., Reid Ave., ss..... 15	Joseph Henderson..... 10	Friend of Missions..... 70 15	Swausea, Morningd..... 10
Keldon, Gaudier, ss..... 15	Collingwood, y. p. g..... 1 25	Calgary, Grace..... 2 10	Vanc. St. John s..... 125
Thompson, Ont..... 10 90	Crystal City, &c., Man..... 96 20	Agricola, Alta..... 2 10	Miss N. McIntosh and ss. cl..... 3
Patton, Ont..... 10 85	Swan River, Man..... 3	Lackey, Alta..... 1 70	Callander..... 2 50
Iron Bridge, Ont..... 3 50	Elmwood, Man., ss..... 6 67	Tamworth, St. And..... 20 15	Halbrite, Sask..... 40
Mine Centre, Ont..... 7	Mayville, Man..... 15	London, St. And, ss..... 350	Milestone, Sask..... 25
Manitowaning..... 34	Daybreak, Man..... 8	Komoka..... 4 50	East Oxford..... 56
Rugby, Esson..... 5	Daly, Man..... 4	Levendale..... 15	Mausfield..... 31
Tor. Central..... 20	Rev. A. B. Dobson..... 6 10	Dawson, Yukon..... 5	Guthrie..... 13
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Rev. M. Macgillivray..... 7 15	St. Thomas, Kx..... 431 75	Mrs. Robert McLaren..... 18	East Williams..... 10
Snow Road..... 37 10	Eldon, St. And..... 4	Blaris, Man..... 48 25	Chester..... 34 95
Louth, Ont..... 41 6	Paris, Ont..... 312 75	Embro, Kx.,..... 70 42	Edmonton, Queen's, ss..... 72 2
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" " ce..... 18	Norwood, Que..... 35	Broadview, Sask..... 54	Leduc, Alta..... 16 30
Landsdowne, Ont..... 57 50	Peter Mackenzie..... 5	Swan Lake, Man..... 22	Clearwater, Alta..... 9 70
Stratford, Kx..... 436 11	New L skeard..... 10	Westhall, Man..... 43 75	Scarbore' Mel..... 336
Cedar Grove..... 63 50	N. Gower..... 80 85	Wapella, St. J., Kx..... 110	Scarbore' Mel, ss..... 90 21
Cumberland, B.C., St. Geo..... 75	Osgoode Sta..... 8 30	Ruskin, B. C..... 13 10	Tilbury 1st..... 64
Strome, Alta..... 5	Wellington..... 4 85	Tor., St. And..... 45	Ponoka, Alta..... 1
Alvergrove, B. C..... 5 65	Lachute..... 5 50	Moore, Burns', yps..... 31	Stranfield..... 10
Comox, B. C..... 210	Springfield..... 29	N. Easthope, ss..... 19	Broadview, Sask..... 10 40
Pt. Colborne..... 45	Prescott..... 160 30	Crowsland, Sask..... 10	Carnudf, Sr. ce..... 30
Swan River, Man..... 45	Toledo..... 16 67	Moose Jaw, St. And..... 136	Pettapiece, Man..... 66
Rev. R. H. Gilmour..... 8	Athens..... 9 90	Blackstock, etc..... 65	Minnedosa, s.s. y.p.s..... 40
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E. Tor., Emmanuel..... 35 22	Rev. D. Currie..... 8	Golden, B. C..... 37 45	Duart, F..... 28
Beq. Mrs. M. Lumsden..... 250	Rev. W. A. Ross..... 8 30	Victoria, St. Paul's..... 65	Mrs. J. F. Kilgour..... 10
Hugh McCulloch..... 1 0	London, New St. Jas..... 359	Holland, Camille, Man..... 165	E. Ashfield..... 2
Rev. J. A. McDonald..... 6 15	Tor., Cooke..... 1,161 57	Sapperton, Knox..... 77	Tor. Cowan..... 129 13
Morton, Ont..... 22	Rev. D. A. Thomson..... 7 15	Norman, ss..... 2 50	Metcalf..... 65
Bertha Jaffray..... 2	Otta, Stwrtn Chin..... 15	Brandon, St. Pa..... 125	Iroquois..... 2 25
Criman, Argyle..... 112	James Moore..... 100	Harrowby, Bevel..... 18	Gilbert Plains..... 65
Ethel, C. E..... 15	W. F. M. S..... 5000	Oakburn, Man..... 33	Winnipeg Home..... 14 30
Berridale, Ont..... 25	Wpg., St. John's..... 4	Senator Mackeen..... 50	Guelph, St. And..... 119 59
Pembroke, Ont..... 394 12	Windsor, St. And..... 708	Newdale, Man..... 70	Crawford..... 60 49
Lyleton, Man..... 20	Silver Creek..... 94 75	Arrowhead, B.C..... 15	Kemptville..... 46 25
Mont. Am. Pres. Young..... 800	Miniska, Man..... 80 25	Rev. M. G. Henry..... 9 15	Cardinal..... 40 24
Men's League..... 5	Miniska, y. p. s..... 36 55	Perth, St. And..... 30	Birtle..... 50 50
Anonymous..... 5	Miniska, ss..... 30	Rev. A. H. Scott..... 5 80	Leeds, Que..... 30
Rev. R. Martin..... 10	Smithville..... 5	Rev. J. W. MacMillan..... 10 80	Victoria, St. And..... 226 50
Mrs. F. H. Fidler..... 10	Sintaluta..... 103	Kenmore, St. Paul's..... 24	Chatnam, St. Mungo's..... 10
Folly Village, ce..... 1	Rev. And. Henderson..... 15	Rev. R. MacNabb..... 7 5	"Jim"..... 66
Huntingdon, S. And, ss..... 30	Orimstown, St. Paul's..... 8	Rev. J. B. McLaren..... 7 5	K. Mackenzie, Wpg..... 100
Grace C. Barron..... 2	Gladstone, Man..... 225 75	Rev. J. M. McLeod..... 16	Rev. A. B. Winchester..... 50
"J. McA"..... 1	Rossland, St. And & ss..... 22	Rev J. M. Sutherland..... 10 30	Victoria, Chinese..... 22 50
Riverbank, ss..... 2 50	Kintore, Ont..... 96 20	Norwood, Man., ss..... 10 40	Dr. E. D. McLaren..... 53 50
Listowel, Knox..... 400	Misses Scrimger..... 15	W. H. M. S..... 3,640 8	Kinburn..... 62 50
" " ss..... 68	Newmarket, ss..... 18	Lynden, Ont..... 51 92	Tantallon..... 21
Rev. James Barber..... 7 45	Okotoks, Alta..... 30	"Presbyterian"..... 50	Tor. St. Paul's..... 441
Rev. A. McD. Haig..... 7 40	Moosomin..... 40	Anonymous..... 5	Tor. Cowan's..... 11 47
Rev. J. A. Ramsay..... 8 20	Schr iber..... 20	Paisley, Kx..... 73 40	Lynden, Ont..... 5 54
Kingsbury, St. And..... 36 45	Grafton..... 113	Mont. Stanley Chin..... 12	Peaceland B.C..... 35
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Cobourg, Ont..... 239 75	Red Bank, ss..... 4	Kirkfeld..... 25	Brigden, Ont..... 2 53
Koenig, Ont..... 75 95	Stewart's..... 35	Bolsover..... 48 75	Keese, ss..... 10
A Friend..... 23	Matyawa, St. And..... 35 75	Sunderland..... 159	D. W. Welsh..... 5 00
Prescott..... 3 12	Niag-on-Lake, St. And..... 1 40	Friend, Cornwall..... 100	Goderich..... 255 50
Ventnor, Ont..... 3	Guelph, St. And..... 376 70	Keene, ss..... 100	G. H. Milne..... 41 20
" " ce..... 3 48	Abernethy..... 40	Westwood..... 116 50	Underwood, Ont..... 37 43
Warkworth, Ont..... 11 50	Claude..... 27	Ayr, Knox..... 41 20	Tor. Wmster..... 17
Iroquois, Kx., ss..... 6 00	Massey..... 27	Centre Bruce..... 10	Laurel, Ont..... 90 50
Sto. Therese, ss..... 21	Mortlach, Sask..... 16 15	"Friend" Dauphin..... 60	Black s Cors..... 64
Leeds, Que..... 21	Medicine Hat ss..... 50	Sidney, Ont..... 5	Miss M. A. Henderson..... 10
Sonya, Ont..... 120 90	Havelock, Ont..... 64 25	Glasgow Sta, Ont..... 9 90	Farry S. St. And, ss..... 6
Mont., St. Giles..... 843	Cote de Liesse, ss..... 4 30	Mont. Knox..... 328 40	Zephyr, Ont..... 15
E. Tor., Emmanuel..... 50	Bristol, Que..... 5	Neison St. Paul's..... 31 60	Lobo, Mel..... 10
Rev. J. Goforta..... 20	O. tawa, Bank, Chin, ss..... 65	N. Easthope, St. And..... 16	Tweed, St. And..... 41 35
Miss Carmichael..... 50	Oxbow, Sask..... 50	N. Eastho, e, St. And. ss..... 6	Tempo, S. Delaware..... 80
Miss A. Blackburn..... 200	Stettler, Alta..... 7	Avonbank, C. E..... 1 50	Frank Ruse..... 25
Carnudf, St. And..... 44	Cronarty, Ont..... 89	Mont. Calvin, ss..... 75	Torbolton..... 26 50
Dutton, Kx..... 24	Aspidn, Ont..... 5	Mont. Calvin, ss..... 2	Rockfield and ss..... 26 55
Black's Cor..... 98 53	Newbore', St. John's..... 10	Mont. Calvin, C. E..... 17	Watford, ss..... 100
Laurel, Ont..... 66 41	Fairmount, Man..... 40 70	Mont. Calvin, Chinese..... 12	Fushinch, Knox..... 80 60
Mekirvin, Man..... 6 75	Beverley, Ont..... 100	Burke's Falls..... 3 40	Adhurst..... 10
Grand Valley, Kx..... 85 66	Rev. P. McNabb..... 40	Golden Stream, Man..... 35	Lindsay..... 3
Cranbrook, Kx..... 41 85	Montreal, ss..... 162 23	A. McPhedran..... 15	Stoke's Bay..... 1 25
Glencoe, Ont..... 93 91	Rev. D. MacKae..... 8 05	Rosthern, St. And..... 125	Fenwick, Kx., ss..... 4 50
Glencoe, Ont, ss..... 136 09	Per Rev. S. J. Taylor..... 394 24	Peterboro, St. Paul's..... 11 70	Oshaw, ss..... 24 62
Tor., Chal., ss..... 122	Peterboro', St. Pau, 1,200	Buffalo Lake, Sask..... 248 10	Smith Hill, Ont..... 77

Walpole, Ont.	6	Stony Mountain.	13 59	Kirkwall.	28	Neepawa, Knox.	125
Doon, Ont.	23	S. Nissouri.	130 03	Weston.	1 23	Strathclair.	24 60
Woodford, Ont.	6 25	Richmond Hill.	41 5	Ripier, Huron.	1 0	Mt. Pleasant, b. c.	390
Sydenham, Kx.	3	Thornhill.	40 45	Parry Sd.St. And. yps	40	Foxwarren, Man.	75
Belmont, Kx.	2	Kirkfield.	28 50	Mrs. George Watt.	25	Refund, Birtle School.	162 35
Corbetton.	33 50	Chatham, St. Paul's.	32	Tor. St. John's.	5 58	Minesing.	14 63
Riverview.	18	Rev. Peter M. Duncan.	5	Chesley, Geneva.	303 75	Morton Lyndhurst.	28
Rev H. Ross.	14 15	Dover Centre, Calvin.	88	Chesley, Geneva, ss.	78 77	Richmond, b. c.	179 75
Penetanguishene.	46	Leeds, St. Sylvester.	83 05	Tor. Junc. Victoria.	102	Wpg. Man. Kx.	1282 85
Sutton, Egypt. etc.	5 10	Rutherford, c. e.	45	Ham. Presbytery.	108 54	Beverly, Ont.	35
Lakefield.	151 49	Mont. MacVicar, Mem.	21 75	Ott. Erskine y. m. g.	14 65	Miss K. Waddell.	5
North Smith.	11 50	New Glasgow, Que.	43	Vernon, Ont.	74	per Rev. Dr. Thomson.	249 75
Rev A. S. Ross.	7 35	Maison-neuve, Que.	26 24	Carp.	2	Annie S. Jamieson.	15
Montreal, Kx., ss.	105	Lucknow, Ont.	54 57	Cobden, Ont.	70	Mont. Am. Ch. ss.	18
Montreal, Stanley.	165	Camachie, Knox.	18 20	Oseola, Ont.	25	Wyeval, Ont.	31
N. Mornington.	6	Kingston, Cooke's ss.	10	Mont., Taylor, ss.	75 80	Van Vlack, Ont.	2
Rev W. T. Prittie.	8 57	Wmstown, St. And.	95	Keewatin, St. And.	43	Tor. Old St. And.	962 26
Rev Jas. Kattray.	8 80	John D. Cameron.	10	S. Nissouri.	20	Grenfell, Sask.	20 55
Rev J. E. Smith.	9 50	Valleyfield, Que.	58 20	Waterloo, Ont.	42 35	Janet Allison.	5
N. Bruce and St. And.	175 60	Brookville first Church		Cayuga, Ont.	34 50	Caledon E., St. And.	7 45
Drummond Hill.	175 72	Family.	100	Auburn, Ont.	34 50	Sperling, Man.	12 50
Mrs. Cantlie.	100	Presbyterian.	10	Proof Line, Ont.	64 65	Spencerville.	37
Centerville.	51 25	Morewood.	95 50	A Small Worker.	2	Rev. W. J. Ing is.	25
Mayfield.	7 60	St. David.	8 45	Tor. Perry.	126 80	Tor. Southside.	4 70
Botany, & c.	38	Onida.	125	Galt, Ist.	210	Oxbow, Man.	41
Brantford, Alex. C. E.	4	Pickering St. And.	65 50	St. Cath.	210	Carmate, Alta.	1
S. Gloucester.	91	Carnan, St. And.	100	Westmt, Wmster, ss.	33	Dunbury, Man.	34 10
Garden Hill, C. E.	2	Woodbridge, ss.	5	Carmar, St. And.	33	Moline, Man.	5 75
Lagga.	3 50	Hespeler.	206 75	Nichol, Zion.	10	Minedosa, Man. Pres.	16
Alexandria.	217 35	"A. and M."	3	Clinton.	1 4	c. s. y. p. s.	16
Alexandria, ss.	10	Kirkton, Ont.	32	Thessalon Zion.	47	Franklin, Glendale.	96 50
Alexandria, C. E.	11 35	Thames Road, ss.	43	Rev John Pate.	5	Rocanville, Sask.	63 45
Valleyfield.	25	Linwood, Ont.	16	Acton, Knox.	5	Killam, Alta. Kx.	6 00
Glensandfield.	30	Victoria Hrbr. St.		Eramosa Ist.	10 35	Strome, Alta.	7
Winslow.	44 75	Paul's.	38	Rainy River Ont.	20	Grand Coulee, Sask.	82 15
Oro Esson.	19	Adjala, Ont.	10	Everett, Ont.	16 60	Aylmer E., St. And.	23 15
Stewarville.	17	Adjala, Ont. c. e.	14 00	Guelph Presby. y. p. s.	230 15	Newburgh, Camden.	30
Williamsburg.	81 85	Inverness.	104 60	Cookstown, Ont.	130	E. Clover Bar, Alta.	7 00
Winchester Spgs.	14	Inverness, ss.	4 53	Glanis, St. Paul's.	14	Douglasville, Alta.	6 50
Cold Springs.	216	St. Therese, & c.	53 63	Glanis, St. Paul's, ss.	5	Alexander, Man.	50
Rev R. Mackenzie.	15 30	Rev. S. D. Jamieson.	9 50	Aunan, Ont.	3 90	Kenney, Man.	31 10
Dr. R. D. Fraser.	20 83	Rev G. A. Leck.	6 85	Miss M. Scott.	50	Austin, Man.	22
Essa Ist.	47	Rev W. T. Morison.	7 15	Delhi, Chalmers.	33 2	Carnduff, Calvin. ss.	1
Carluke.	35 35	Rev D. J. McIntyre.	25 20	Stoughton, Sask.	20	Field, St. Stephen's.	93 50
Puce.	3	Beamsville.	60	Maitland Presby y. p. s.	45 3	Field, St. Stephen's ss.	12 50
Renaud Line.	2	Port Albert, St. And.	11	Bluevale, Ont.	156 85	Regina, Sask.	5
Aberarder.	14 55	La Riviere, Man.	5	Eadies, Ont.	94 85	Central Park, b. c.	37
Tor., Fern.	44 20	New Denver, B. C.	5	Fairmount, Man.	21	Miniota, Man.	88
N. Georgetown.	263	Laggon, Ont.	3	Cadurcis, Man.	22 25	Prescott, ss.	4
Tor., St. John's.	130 31	Creemore, St. And.	82 50	Tor., Bloor.	10	Marlow, Que.	1 66
Scarboro', Zion, ss.	7	Dunedin.	25	Huntsville, Ont.	47 56	St. George, Que.	5 59
Rev John Davidson.	10	Camille, C. E.	5	Hillsdale, Ont.	16	Rosseau, St. And.	60 55
Tor., Ave Road.	20	Plum Creek, ss.	10	Fergusonsvale.	14	Mrs. A. McKinnon.	31
Massey.	2	Montreal, Kx.	10	Napier, St. And. y. p. g.	1 30	Plympton, Man.	80
Maple Valley, c. e.	28 80	Valcartier.	10	Chatham, Ist.	308 70	Spry, Ont.	9 50
Ham., Erskine.	75	Mr. J. T. Ross.	25 0	Oro, Guthrie.	28	"J. McM."	6
J. McCuaig.	2	Dunwich, Chal. yphms	30	Newmarket, Ont.	40 75	"Dundas," Kx. friend.	50
Orillia.	600	Rev A. H. Macfarlane.	25	Pt. Douglas, Man.	145	Onslow, Eardley.	12
Sault Ste. Marie, St.		Kildonan.	141	Grassmere, Man.	75	Gananoque, St. And.	10
And.	54 30	Ham., Central.	82 47	Durban, Man.	10	Stittsville, Ont.	25
Mrs. E. A. Perry.	5	Ham., Central, ss.	227 61	Miss A. Ridley.	6	Bell's Cors.	15
Rev. J. M. Duncan.	10	Harriston, Guth.	6 10	Woodsrock, Kx.	5	Appin, Ont.	18
Wellandport.	22 37	Brantford, Zion.	1243 21	Alma, Ont.	10	Appin, Ont., wbms.	9 75
Chigwell.	2 35	Brantford, Zion, ss.	154 78	Wawanesa, Man.	192	Bethesda, y. p. s.	15
Mt. Pleasant.	218	Manotick.	6 25	Brownlea, Man.	10	Chateaugay.	20 17
Cheltenham.	144	Three Rivers.	34 25	Jessie C. Morton.	10	Rev K. MacKenzie.	20
Angus Ridge.	7	Cresswell.	15	Dean Lake, Ont.	4 75	Rev K. J. Douglas.	7 70
Eganville Mel.	113	E. Puslinch, Duff's.	276	Dunroon, Ont.	4	Rev M. Henry.	20
Mrs. Sproat & Son.	6 00	Rev J. L. Campbell.	15 15	St. Mary's, Kx.	174	Rev D. Strachan.	10 20
Bar River.	20	Rev S. F. Sharp.	8	Omagh, Ont.	15 75	Rev A. Rowat.	9 0
Silver water.	39 15	Alliston, Burns.	7	Hornby, Ont.	39	Rev Hugh Cowan.	14 33
Elizabeth Bay.	5	Alice Petawawa.	117	Windham Centre.	103 15	Ridge, Ont.	7 39
Meldrum Bay.	13 05	Castelford.	48	Chestervil, y. p. g.	1 65	St. Paul's.	11 28
Maple Creek.	100 00	Fitzroy Harbor.	13 50	Chestervil.	54	Windsor Mills.	40
Rev. David Fleming.	13 60	Torborlon.	13 25	Spallumcheen.	50	Rev W. A. McIlroy.	22 19
Rev. A. J. McMullen.	16 50	Ott. St. And., ss.	50	Souris, Man.	52 50	Rev A. Russell.	11 70
Merrickville.	17 49	Grand Mere.	6	"E. M."	1	Rev R. M. Phalen.	10 80
Mimico.	51 66	Rev E. W. Watson.	5	Fingal, Knox.	167 05	Horning's Mills, etc.	85 56
Ripley Knox.	155	"M. H."	10	Fallowfield.	19	Rev John Murray.	8 25
Parry Sound, St. And.	40 10	Blytheswood.	38	Richmond, Ont.	42	Mr., Mrs. Jas Miller.	10
Dr. T. D. Meikle.	50	Goldsmith.	13	Hamiota, Man.	392 75	Chilliwick, Cooke's.	120
Drayton.	5 72	Wallaceburg, Kx.	48 75	Scotia, Man.	250	Golden, B. C.	25
Kincardine.	500	Wallacetown.	116	Lauder Napinka.	63 60	Cardston, Alta.	22 50
Rev. Hugh McLean.	10	Wallacetown, ss.	5	Wpg., St. Paul's.	150	Macleo, Alta.	7 20
Dungannon.	18	Oil City.	17	Kenyon, Ont.	565	Brandon, St. Paul's.	275
Whitechurch.	37 10	Bridgetown, Mt. Zion.	182	Moosomin St. And.	115	Warwick, Kx., ss.	40
Perth, St. And.	200	Stevenson.	43	Shawville.	27	Warwick, Kx., ss.	40
Belmont, Knox.	91	Carholme.	50	Gravenhurst.	56 65	y. p. s.	60
Bond Head.	68 75	Lynedoch.	50	Perth, St. And.	360	St. Mary's, Ist.	94 45
Blyth, St. And.	299 20	Esqueving, Union.	3	Smith's Falls, St. And.	323 18	Oil Springs.	30
Drumbo, Willis.	136	Oakwood.	25	Rev. Alex. MacDonald.	6	Port Arthur, St. Paul.	339
Wpg. St. Stephen's.	68 50	E. Wawanosh, Calvin.	6	Rev. J. B. MacLeod.	8 80	Clareholm, Alta.	21 30
Baden, Livingstone.	55	Mono Centre.	10	Edmonton, Ist.	430	Vancor, Chal.	180

Miniota, Man.	44	Vankleek Hill, Kx.	276	Spruce Creek, Man.	4 35	Binbrook, Knox.	5 25
Blenheim, Guilds	279 42	Hastings	55	Valley River, Man.	1 80	Tofield, Alta.	2 50
Tillsonburg	105 75	Nensall, Carmel	465 08	Mitchell, Kx., ss.	70	Dauphin Plains.	17
Vasey.	18 60	Breadalbane.	98 50	Bloomfield, Ont.	12	Lynch Lake.	7
Vasey, ss.	7 09	Killarney, Tisdale.	50	Fesserton, c. e.	1 25	Hartell.	50
Heathcote.	42 50	Tor., Old St. And.		Roblin, Man.	4	Verschoyle, St. And.	21
Galt, Central.	270	whms.	10	N. Battleford.	20	London, Ist.	303 72
Port Elgin.	101 85	Pilot Mound.	102	Harmony, N. Riv., W.		Mrs. H. S. Roger.	10
Ellisboro., Sask.	51 70	Hampstead, Ont.	39	B., ss.	5 50	Mrs. Wm. Davidson.	12
Sydenham, St. Pa.	2	Renfrew, St. And.	1,300	"B. L. K."	1	Vachel, Ont.	40
Dorchester, y.p.s.	10	Chatham, St. And.	1,085	Ochre River, Man.	5	Lucan, Ormiston.	48
Wpg, Home, ss.	10	Thorold.	79	Rev J. M. Duncan.	4	Loon Lake.	40
Harrison, Kx.	32 50	Mr. J. S. Eby.	50	Lloydminster.	13	Cornwall, Kx. c. e.	2
Elora, Chal.	91	Mosa, Burns.	3 20	Riveston, Kx.	1 5	Ottawa, St. And.	114 12
Whitechurch.	16 50	Wpg., Wmster.	347 30	Essex, Ont.	1	St. Cath., Haynes Ave.	52
Tor., Deer Park.	229 30	North Bay, St. And.	235	Moore Line, c. e.	18	Mont., Taylor.	160
Tor., Bonar.	289	Quebec, St. And., ss.	60	Plantagenet, Ont.	20	Orangeville Pres.	13 08
Mono Mills.	91	Coulonge, Que.	19	Rev J. W. M. Crawford.	6 30	Warwick, Alta., y. l. g.	6
Renwick.	7 99	Orangeville Pres.	31 88	Rev F. H. Larkin.	10 20	London, Knox.	486 70
Chatham, Chal.	40	Tiverton, St. And.	165	Rev J. M. Sutherland.	60	Esqueving, Boston.	71 20
Wolesey.	28	Niag. Falls, St. And.	124 47	Morningside, etc, Alta.	4	Exeter, Caven.	135 50
Tor., Queen E.	202 80	Beaverton, Kx.	144	Tor., Riverdale.	13 75	J. Hishelhurst.	13 50
Milliken, St. John's.	3 75	Mont., St. Gabriel's.	20	A Friend.	5	Mont., Taylor c. e.	8
Tor., Rosedale and ss.	100	Mont., Chalmers'.	69	Hymers, Ont.	10	Mont., Chinese.	7
Harrow, Ont.	20	Mont., MacVicar, ss.	35	Manitoba, S. M. Soc.	21 83	Mont. Am., ss. cl.	10
Crossfield, Alta.	10	Thamesford, St. And.	30	J. Brodie.	7	Kirkwall, c. e.	2 25
Tor., Bonar m. b.	10	N. Nissouri.	25	Newbury.	7	Alvinston, Euph.	30
Beulah, Man.	64 25	Langside, Ont.	10	S. Moose Jaw.	25	Beckwith, Kx.	30
Brandon Hills.	1 75	Teeswater, Kx.	489 40	Banks, Kx.	2	Sunbury.	5 50
Rodney, Ont.	15	Dr. W. G. Gordon.	10 20	Gordonsville.	17	Original.	2
Coleman, Alta.	52	Rev W. S. Wilkins.	8 20	Rev T. McAfee.	10 20	Molesworth.	50
Essex, Ont.	48 30	Dr. McTavish, Tor.	11 90	Salteoats, Sa-k.	91	Beachburg.	25
Avonbank, Ont.	162 39	Rev J. M. Whitehair.	20	Perley, Sask.	17	Port Prince, Brandt.	25
Rev Prof. Kennedy.	10	Mrs. Albert Boulter.	250	Cut Arm, Sask.	17	Orillia, Ont.	12 05
Birch Lake, Alta.	5	Miss Jane McNeill.	35	Castleton, Ont.	7 50	Wm. Kobertan, Calgary.	250
Smithville, Sask., ss.	2 80	Jurk's Falls, St. And.	60	Doon, Ont.	1 54	Steveston, b. c.	5
Oro, Wilks.	42	B. P. Copland.	100	Hespeler, Ont.	10 11	Slocan, b. c.	2
Oro, Esson Ch.	5	Port au Persil.	5	Dutton, Kx.	28	Buffalo Lake.	1 70
Sunnydale, Sa-k.	12 35	Quebec, St. And.	355	Dutton, Kx., ss.	27 27	Tor., Queen, ss.	70
Massawippi & c.	5	Orillia.	3 20	Peterboro, St. And.	228	Mocheild.	46 15
Tamworth, St. And. ss.	5 30	Peterboro, St. Pa., ss.	270 79	Durham, Guild.	21	Weyburn, Sask.	92 50
Corbin Lake.	6 50	Perth, Kx.	200	Wpg, Kx. Ch. c. e.	37	King, St. And.	25
Plummer.	1 70	Eglington, ss.	50 66	Calgary, St. And.	25	Ponoka, Alta.	1
Erin, Burns.	22	Miss Jamieson, Tor.	20	Emo, Ont.	24	Scotstown, Que.	60
Caledon.	31 70	Berlin, St. And.	169 64	New Wmster, b. c., St.	60	Owen Sound, Kx.	271 92
Miss I. Moir.	5	Molesworth.	52 60	Buffalo Plains.	9 15	W. Huntingdon.	8 75
London, King.	29	Brockville, St. John's.	154	per Dr. Farquharson.	184 50	Eternazy, Sask.	5
Grand Bend, c. e.	1	Brandon, St. Paul's.	560	Wpg. St. Stephen's.	1,144	Ham., Knox.	20
Kearney, Ont.	14	Beq. Jas. McLaren.	20	High River, Chal.	16	Grimby.	101 25
Novar, Ont.	18	Ponoka West.	3	Q'Appelle, Kx.	41	Bond Head.	7
Ennisdale, Ont.	8	Springfield.	3	Minn'gosa, Kx.	58 25	Stratford, Chin.	18
Goderich, U. ss.	10	Merivale, Wboro'.	41 75	Lumsden Forest, Man.	230 20	Spencerville.	37 33
Goderich, U.	1 50	Roslin, Ont.	35	Reston, Man.	80	Mont., Taylor C. E.	6 45
Leeburn.	1 50	Thurlow, Ont.	35	Mr. P. McAra, Regina.	20	Virdee, Carmel.	85
Bury's Green, St.		Wyoming, Ont.	40 55	Lyn, Ont.	314 75	Homewood, Alta.	3 25
John's.	7 73	For., St. And., ss.	80 15	Kamloops, St. And.	166	Phoenix, b. c.	1 25
Mono E. m. b.	18 20	Daysland, Alta., Kx.	10	Mont., Wmster, Chin.	8	Mr. Mrs. A. MacDougall.	40
E. Templeton.	26	Fingal, Kx.	13	Mont., Chinese.	42	Beq. Jas. S. MacDougall.	20
"J. R.", Fergus.	3	Tor., Cowan, y. p. g.	20 97	Antville.	17 15	Miss J. F. A. MacDougall.	20
Tor. June, Victoria.	3	Elm Creek, Man.	15 50	Cobourg, St. And.	26 2	Miss J. J. MacDougall.	20
Avonbank, ss.	12 50	Carlyle, Sask.	10	A. Ballantyne.	55 80	per Agent, Hx.	4,687 81
Mr. Wm Anderson.	5	Bond Head, Ont.	14	Brantford, Farnghn ss.	18	per Rev. A. E. Armstrong.	62 73
Brown's Cors.	45	Temperanceville.	36	R. H. Cook, Arcola.	250	Dalesboro', Sask.	10
"Subscriber".	1	Tynehead, b. c.	10	Aurora, Ont.	63 04	Basswood, Man.	2
Cheltenham, Ont.	4	Mud Bay, b. c.	5	Thamesville, St. Jaz.	167	Fairmount, Man.	10
Friends of Miss.	3	Wapella, etc., Sask.	40 30	per R. v. A. D. Jez-ies.	1,383 22	Mont, Knox.	10
Rev. J. W. Penman.	89 21	Vancouver, b. c., Chal.	40	Kingston, Chal., ss.	15	Willoughby, Sask., ss.	4 20
Dr. A. Paterson.	16 40	mers' Ch.	40	Rev J. R. Fraser.	16 30	Arundel, De Sabury.	10
Zephyr, Ont.	25 60	Shuswap, b. c.	13	Rev A. G. Cameron.	16 66	Port Dover, Knox.	84 50
Tantallon, Sask.	10	Rosedale, Man.	69 50	Rev Jas Caruthers.	6	Rokey, Sask.	11
Bellingham, Ont.	14 95	"Anonymous".	5	Rev R. M. Craig.	20 34	Rosenfeld, Man.	4
W. H. M. S.	44 25	Dr. John Somerville.	35	Russell, Man.	98 85	Guelph, St. And., ss.	70
Dr. R. P. MacKay.	114 50	Bridgen, Ont.	2	Rev G. Edmison.	7 15	Hariston, Guth, c. e.	23 51
Goldenburg.	9 75	Dunleath, Stornoway.	8 05	Warsaw, Ont.	10 69	Hariston, Guth, Kx.	20 49
Little Rapids.	12	Hawkesville, St. And.	5	Rutherford, Caven.	41 90	Un. c. e.	20 49
Sowerby.	11	Salmon Arm, c. e.	5	Rutherford, Caven, ss.	6 02	Simcoe, St. Paul's.	68 56
Livingston Creek.	10 25	Smithville, Sask.	5	Dresden, Ont.	10	Oakley, Sask., Cal.	5
Moonstone.	18	Atwood, Ont.	125	Churchill, Ont.	37	Cut Arm, Sask.	5
Unionville.	18 55	Basswood, Man.	2	Lefroy, Ont.	75	Manor, Sask.	5
Bethesda.	32	Medicine Hat.	45	Souris, Knox.	70	Woodville, y. p.	44 45
Rev. D. B. McLeod.	14	Nelson, b. c., St. Pa.	10	Calgary, Knox.	375	Gleichen, Alta.	7
Sault Ste. Marie, St.		Bethesda, Ont.	37 25	Strathcona, Knox.	45	Truro, St. Paul's.	25
Pa.	16	Tor., Riverdale.	17 65	Belleville, John.	339 85	Prince Albert, St. P.	298
Sault Ste. Marie, St.		Tor., Old St. And.		Fort Wm, St. And.	130	Colleston, Sask.	13
Pa.	4 80	choir.	54	Fort Wm, St. And.		St. Andrew's.	2,345 91
Aultsville, ss.	22	Ross, Ont., St. And.	17 35	W. m. s.	59	per Rev. J. E. Men-	894 70
Ross, St. And.	69	Peachland, b. c.	5	Leaskdale, St. Paul's.	42	Dr. F. Inglis.	0
Charlton.	24 80	Clinton, b. c.	15	Montreal College.	362	Farbert, Ont.	25
Elphinst.	21	Ladysmith, b. c.	30	Rev D. Kelso.	6 60	Seaforth, Ist.	227
A. C. Leslie.	1,226 24	Summerland, b. c.	57	Vaughan, St. And.,			
James Tasker.	20	Misson, Mt. Lehman.	15	St. Pa.	120 50		
John Bailie.	23	St. Aidan's, b. c. ce.	6	New Denver, Knox.	4		
Dunblain, Kx.	83	Rugby, Ont.	1	Prof. Ballantyne.	6 38		
Shelburne, Kx.	164 60	Balmoral, Man.	20				
		Grand View, Man. y. p. s.	5				

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Feb.	Rec' Mar 1st to Feb. 29th.
Foreign Missions.	\$13,047.25	\$46,635.00
Home Missions....	4,796.59	13,502.18
Augmentation.....	6,112.92	10,942.10
College.....	6,955.94	13,850.77
A. and I. Ministers	2,613.25	4,984.62
French Evangeliztn	755.98	2,334.84
Pt-aux-Trembles....	533.10	1,481.36
For North West....	1,586.18	4,996.39
Children's Day Col.	150.18	2,105.57
Assembly.....	338.55	657.72
Bursary Fund.....	1,045.42	2,180.82
Library Fund.....	153.67	537.92
Manitoba College..	48.00	61.05
Widows' & Orphans'	219.26	728.64
Temp. Moral Reform	144.45	312.87
Total.....	38,500.74	105,311.85

Received during February

at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Reported.....	68,586.99	E. Lake Ainslie.....	2 50
J. D. McKay.....	2	Little Narrows.....	9
A. S. McIntosh.....	10 72	Grand River.....	99 38
Long Riv. Kensington.....	615 91	Antigonish.....	74 38
Coldstream.....	133	Brookfield.....	33 04
Mid, Stewiacke.....	153	Hartsville, Jubilee.....	9 60
Mid, River, C. B.....	40	New Mills.....	70
Bridgetown.....	60	New Annan.....	14
Lawrencetown.....	6	"A Friend".....	2
Hx., St. John's.....	253 92	Sydney, St. Jas.....	15 39
Hx., St. And., ss.....	40	W. River, Green Hill.....	137 38
Waverley.....	7	"Member" Dartmouth.....	3
Mrs. B. Rogers.....	3	Sheet Harbor.....	55
Up, Stewiacke.....	5	Bay St. Lawrence, ss.....	25
Springfield.....	4 50	Redbank, etc.....	98
Loggieville, ss.....	3	Wolfville, ss.....	40
Portaupique, ce.....	12 50	Moncton, ss.....	125
Caledonia.....	66	Moncton.....	534 68
Loch Lomond, Fram.....	115	Moncton, Gordon, ss.....	10
Hx., Chal.....	94	Hampton, etc.....	9
Gore, Kennetcook.....	32 80	Rev. H. B. McKay.....	5
Up, Canard, ss.....	6 72	Sussex.....	211 55
Sundridge, ss.....	3 50	Waterford.....	10 38
Springhill, ss.....	30	Onslow.....	62
Newcastle.....	19 16	Onslow, Mrs. McCurdy.....	1
Kentville.....	54 22	Brookfield, ss.....	4
Musq. Harbor.....	34 25	Belfast.....	200
Stellarton, St. John's.....	84	Black River, etc.....	49 55
Souris, Bay Fortune.....	123	Musq., Hbr.....	24
Barney's River.....	30 50	Bridgewater.....	99 42
Lorneville.....	36	Rev H. Crawford.....	20
Musq. Hbr., ss.....	2 43	Shenogue, etc.....	136
Rev J. W. Fraser and Fly.....	20	Wolfville.....	49 50
Fishers Grant, ss.....	3	Wolfville.....	12 95
Clyde, Barrington.....	10	Mrs. A. McEwen.....	2
West River, P.E.I.....	52	Princeton.....	18 85
West River Sta.....	26 50	Dominion, No. 6.....	79 8
Stellarton, Sharon.....	32 50	Earlton.....	19 60
Grant Col. Fund to Lib.....	20	Earlton, ce.....	4
St. John, St. Stephen's.....	619 9	Woodville.....	35
Carleton.....	870 2	St. Peters.....	33 25
Strathlorne.....	1 4	East River.....	37 50
N. River, No. Shore.....	67	Boulardarie.....	42
Murray Hbr. S.....	84 25	Baddeck.....	61
Whycomagh.....	121 23	Windsor, ce.....	114
Ainslie Glen, ss.....	2 7	Shelburne.....	144
Skye Mt., ss.....	10	Bedeque.....	290
Hx., Park St.....	27 56	Stellarton, Sharon, ce.....	25
Amherst, Kx.....	16		
Mid, Stewiacke.....	43		
Marion Bridge.....	100 25		
Hx., St. And.....	508		
St. Stephen.....	143		
J. R. Cowans.....	137 50		
Rt. Hastings, Hawkes- bury, Mulgrave.....	105		
Escuminac.....	6 25		
Malagawatch.....	50		
Rexton, Rich.....	30		
Annie Campbell.....	50		
Barrington, Pass, ss.....	3 60		
Cardigan.....	117		
Thorburn, Suth. Riv.....	304		
Glouce Bay, Kx.....	115		
Un. Centre, Lockaber.....	10		
St. John, St. Johns.....	7 61		
Hx., Park.....	170 49		
Glouce Bay, Kx., ce.....	50		
E. Riv. St. Marys.....	5 75		
Douglstown.....	23 30		
per Rev. Jas. Ross.....	150 52		
Louisburg.....	110		
Hx., Grove.....	77		
Red bank, ss.....	3		
Greenfield.....	55		
Hamilt n, Bermuda.....	44		
Lunenburg.....	466		
Wolfville, m. b.....	50		
Charlottetown, Zion.....	253		
Sunny Brae.....	73 20		
Millerton, etc.....	38		
Derby, ss.....	1		
Mabou.....	46 30		
Port Hood.....	14		
Sydney, St. And.....	267		
Fort Kent, St. Francis.....	57		
Riverside, Bass River.....	62 19		
Riverdale, ss.....	19		
J. J. McLeod.....	3		
Mrs. J. J. McLeod.....	2		
Alex. McNiven.....	1		
Miss J. Holmes.....	2		
Ernest Holmes.....	2		
Pictou, Kx.....	245 50		
Pictou, Kx., m. b.....	60		
Pictou, Kx., ss.....	17		
St. Andrews.....	15		
Hampton, Tryon, etc.....	44 80		
Riverside, N. B.....	8		
Trinidad, Princess'n ss.....	30 01		
Hx., Chal., ce.....	10		
Hx., Chal.....	5		
Rev. E. D. Millar.....	3		
Mr. E. Cumming.....	5		
Frenton.....	101		
Little Hbr.....	8 25		
Mrs. John Murray, Jr.....	25		
Springhill, ce.....	50		
Rev. Allan Simpson.....	25		
Oxford, ce.....	25		
Interest.....	9 74		
Joseph Maheson.....	100		
per Dr. Somerville.....	130		
"A Friend".....	2		
"Supporter" F. N. W.....	10 38		
Tabusintac, Bt. Ch.....	109		
Waterville, ce.....	4		
Bathurst.....	125		
Oxford, ce.....	5		
Annapolis.....	24 50		
Clyde & Barrington.....	15		
Forks, Baddeck.....	50		
Chipman, ss.....	5		
St. John, St. Davids.....	715		
K. B. Patterson.....	50		
Interest.....	63 91		
Dartmouth.....	432 75		
Truro, First Ch.....	5		
Pictou, St. And.....	10		
W. B. Burgess.....	25		
W. River, St. Marys.....	100 26		
"A Friend".....	5		
Lorneville.....	17		
Valleyfield.....	108		
Whim Road, Cross, ss.....	10		
A. B. C.....	5		
New Dublin, Conq.....	10		
Div. Pres. Witness Co.....	20		
New Mills.....	5		
Shediac.....	6 55		
Harcourt.....	88		
Whycomagh.....	48 66		
Loggieville, ce.....	5		
Mid, River, C. B.....	5		
Pictou, St. And.....	50		
Charlottetown Zion.....	246		
Glouce Bay, St. Pauls.....	350		
St. Peters Bay.....	223 25		
Hx., Park St.....	26 28		
Hx., St. Mathews.....	275		
Kincardine.....	56		
Scotsburn, Beth.....	48		
Salt Springs, Eben.....	15		
Millville, ss.....	4		
Riv. John, Salem.....	50		
St. James, Union.....	2 50		
Noel.....	27 80		
Wallace.....	71		
Caracquet.....	3		
Musq. Hbr.....	8 75		
Gabarus.....	95		
Westville, St. Phil.....	118		
Westville, Carmel.....	40		
Sydney, Falmouth.....	159		
Little Bras d'Or.....	25		
Salt Springs, St. Lu.....	6		
Roderick McKay.....	5		
Dundas, Annandale.....	73		
Wanderer.....	31		
Hampton, etc.....	11		
Orwell.....	98		
Montague.....	120		
Douglstown, Nelson.....	118 33		
Brookfield, P. E. I.....	50		
West Bay.....	116		
New Glasgow, United.....	341 41		
Blue Mt., etc.....	9		
Glouce Bay, Knox.....	10		
Cape North.....	6 29		
New Aberdeen.....	9 30		
Sydney, Falmouth.....	15 25		
Dominion, No. 6.....	7 30		
Port Morien.....	10 25		
S. Gut., Englishtown.....	14 10		
N. Suore, N. Riv.....	38		
Grand River.....	5		
Sydney, St. Jas.....	10		
Mira.....	5 25		
St. Peters.....	10 46		
Loch Lomond, Fram.....	50		
Boulardarie.....	65		
Sydney Mines.....	10		
Sydney St. And.....	16		
Glouce Bay, St. Pauls.....	15		
Bridgetown.....	10		
N. Sydney.....	11		
Reserve Mines.....	7		
Whycomagh.....	06		
Lake Ainslie.....	28 50		
Inverness.....	12 65		
Orangedale, ss.....	3		
Canard.....	42 50		
Gore, Kennetcook.....	43		
Eureka.....	112 35		
Hopewell, St. Col.....	52		
Noel.....	3		
Acadia.....	113		
Truro, St. Pauls.....	115 50		
Dalhousie.....	136 10		
Beq. Mrs. C. Fraser.....	100		
Hx., Grove, ce.....	39 54		
Refunds.....	45		
Friederiten.....	127		
Alexandra Keay.....	8		
Matland.....	26 05		
Pictou, Prince St.....	7		
Kongham, N.W. Arm.....	67 11		
Bedford.....	5 35		
St. Croix, Ellershs.....	1 0 4		
Windsor.....	82		
Hampton.....	11 50		
Belfast.....	57		
Woodville.....	10		
Sunny Brae.....	10		
Up, Londonderry.....	84		
Yarmouth.....	98		
New Glasgow, St. And.....	83		
Bridgetown.....	403		
Dr. Coffin Fund, per Miss Carmichael.....	463 32		
Hopewell, Union.....	39 72		
Boulardarie.....	40		

Boulardarie, ce.	10	Georgetown	49	Wentworth, Wehestr. .	3	Acadia	275
N. Sydney	291	Port Morien	50	Marble Mt.	14	Chipman	65
Leithes Creek.	59 55	Reserve Mines	117	Sydney, St. Marks. .	25	Noel	32 50
Bloomfield, etc.	161	Brule, ce.	6	Cli ton, N. S.	33	Interest	82 84
New Richmond.	65	St. John, St. And. .	87 38	Hampton, etc.	1	Bequests	3333 85
Wawelg	13	Nashuaak, Stanley .	6	J. H. Lo an	5	McCurdy property. .	105 15
Bayside	8	Newcastle	16 56	Sydney Mines	200	Consolid. revenue. .	7974 12
Rolling D m.	4	Mt. Unalacke, ce. .	3	Roseburn, ss.	2 25	F. M. Bldg. Fund. .	710 62
Loggieville	54 80	Hopewell, St. Col. .	1	Chatham, St. And. .	294	Stirling Gift.	500
Glace Bay, St. Pa., y f h		Hx. Chal	5	Chatham, St. And. lib. .	8 25	per Agent, Toronto .	217 77
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A candle that won't shine in one room is
very unlikely to shine in another. If you
do not shine at home, if your father and
mother, your sister and brother, if the very
cat and dog in the house are not the better
and happier for your being a Christian, it
is a question whether you really are one.
J. Hudson Taylor.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

In the course of his cruising in the
South Seas, Lord Byron (a cousin of the
poet) lighted on an island which he
thought had not yet been discovered. At
a missionary meeting which he attended a
year or two later at Bristol, his Lordship
told how the boats were lowered, and with
what precaution his men approached the
suspected shore.

Suddenly a canoe appeared. Instead of
armed savages, its occupants were two
noble-looking men clothed in cotton shirts
and very fine mats. They boarded the
ship, and presented a document from a
missionary, stating that they were native
teachers employed in preaching the gospel
to the people of the island.

Lord Byron then went ashore. He was
led through a wood, beyond which a wide
lawn opened before him, and in the center
of the lawn stood a spacious chapel, and
native cottages peeped through the foliage
of the banana trees in which they were em-
bowered. Entering a cottage, which was
beautifully clean, he found on a table a
portion of the New Testament in the na-
tive language.

The sequel is most interesting.—

At an overflow meeting in Exeter Hall,
London, at the anniversary of the Bible
Society, in 1836, his Lordship's story was
repeated. When the speaker had conclud-
ed, a stranger arose and introduced him-
self to the audience as the missionary who
had discovered the island, made Christian-
ity known to its people, and translated the
very portion of the Scripture which Lord
Byron had found and which had sufficed to
draw those savages from cannibalism and
idolatry to the worship of the true God.
It was John Williams, the heroic mission-
ary of the London Missionary Society.—
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treme suffering and hopeless woe upon the
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It is incredible that the children in every high school should be made familiar with the pranks of pagan deities and the dubious moralities of Olympus and yet forbidden to read the Sermon on the Mount because it happens to be printed in a book that Christians revere.—President Faunce of Brown University.

Without hard work and earnest purpose all that is best in the world perishes. We cannot even have a proper game without earnestness.

I never met a free thinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more nonsense than he can find in the Bible anywhere.—Josh. Billings.

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It is always safe to follow the religious belief that our mothers taught us—there never was a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.—Josh Billings.

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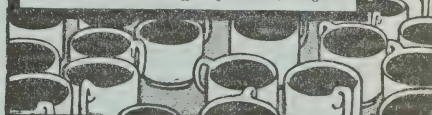
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"Do not wait for a chance to do good service; look for it."

Disappointment feeds development in earnest souls.—M. D. Babcock.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?—George Elliot.

There is no truth, however bitter, that is not better than any delusion.—Lyman Abbott.

"Salvation is never selfishness. It is not man getting into heaven, but heaven getting into man.

He is the greatest whose strength carries up most hearts by the attraction of his own.—Beecher.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

It is better to work ones own equipment to the limit than to envy the other man's greater powers.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character in the stormy billows of the world.—Goethe.

"Nothing that is great enough to affect the life of a disciple, is too small to touch the heart of God."

The blessings brought away from the bedside of the sick are usually greater than those carried thereto.

The part of wisdom is to live for those objects now which will be worth living for a thousand years hence.

The depth from which our words are spoken is the measure of the depth at which they will be heard.—Julian Hawthorne.

Canada's entire contribution to missions for one year would not pay her liquor bill for four days.—"The Missionary Outlook."

"Four things never come back again, the spoken word, the spent arrow, the past life and the lost opportunity."—Oriental Proverb.

The kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.—Lowell.

Sometimes God shuts a person into a sick-room, that His own messengers may there find him prepared to consider the vital and eternal concerns.

The way to make men good is to be good; the time for speaking comes rarely; the time for being never departs.

"The truest imitation is unconscious, the imitator being so absorbed in knowledge and love of his pattern that his inward likeness shapes his outward expression."

Youth is the best time for the building of character and the forming of principle, and the future depends on the decisions and actions of the present.—Rev. G. Denton.

"Loving is the highest manifestation of life, as it the most complete expenditure of life. Its nature is not to gather, but to spend. It radiates like fire, overflows like a spring, spreads abroad like sunlight."

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume at it is with what he vowed to make it.—J. M. Barrie.

Common courtesy is one of the loveliest and easiest graces of common life. One who shows it becomes both giver and receiver of pleasure. Such a one is recipient of both ends of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive.

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—Drummond.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

"When perplexed, He prayed. When hard pressed by work, He prayed. When hungry for fellowship, He found it in prayer. He chose His associates upon His knees. If tempted, He prayed. If criticized, He prayed. If fatigued in body or wearied in spirit, He had recourse to His one unfaillin habit of prayer."

Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, of the innocence or malignity of actions? Take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.—Susanna Wesley.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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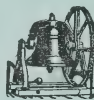
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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1908

No. 5

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Meets in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the evening of Wednesday, June 3. Full particulars regarding routes and rates have been published.

There are few gatherings, if any, that get through more solid work, more business, in a week, than the General Assembly. There is less time wasted in irrelevant discussion than in almost any other body of men.

And yet, even here, one longs for improvement. The parable of the prodigal finds ample illustration. There are needlessly long speeches during the earlier days when time seems plentiful, then business is rushed with scant consideration towards the close. If the Assembly would adopt a definite time limit from the first, all that is said in long speeches could be said more effectively in shorter ones, important subjects could receive fuller consideration, the speakers, the hearers, the subjects, would all benefit by the change.

The Assembly met first in Winnipeg twenty-one years ago, in 1887, and again in 1897; then in Vancouver in 1903, and now a third time in Winnipeg. It is probable that the next meeting, west of the Lakes, a few years hence, will be in Edmonton.

May the great Home Mission work of the West, as on past occasions, receive a new impulse as a result of the Assembly's visit.

Let the whole church unite in special prayer that the Holy Spirit may be given to guide the Assembly in all its work, that the only aim and the only result may be the good of men and the glory of God.

THE REVIVAL IN MANCHURIA.

Please read carefully, with map or geography, the account by Mr. Goforth, in this issue, of the revival in Manchuria in which he has been permitted to have a part.

When Dr. R. P. Mackay was on his recent visit to our mission fields in the far East, Mr. Goforth accompanied him from Honan to Korea. During their visit there was quite a movement in our mission there,

of which Mr. Goforth wrote fully in the November RECORD.

They also visited some of the missions in Manchuria, of the Scottish and Irish Presbyterian churches.

As stated in the beginning of his article, Mr. Goforth was invited back to assist some of these men in special services. His letter in this RECORD tells of his three weeks' labor in three mission centres in Manchuria and the tokens of the Spirit's power.

In a private inclosing letter, Mr. Goforth says: "At the earnest request of several others of the Manchurian missionaries, I am back again for three or four more weeks' work in other centres.

"I have heard from places previously visited, where the Chinese conducted meetings at the outstations after I left, with the same and even more wonderful manifestations of Spiritual power. The accounts indicate that the revival is spreading everywhere. I will send you future reports."

It is interesting to note the two chief features of this revival movement. One is that the chief thought in the mind of each one is his own sin. He is led to see sin as God sees it and to confess and forsake it, no matter how hard it may be to do so.

The other thing is that these acknowledgments of sin are not made to men, but to God, in audible prayer and confession: Nothing is hidden from men, but the confession is made unto God. "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." These two things are the best evidences that the work is of God.

Regrets are sometimes heard that there is so little sense of sin, of guilt in God's sight, in the ordinary Christian experience of today. This cannot be said of Manchuria.

Let it be the earnest petition of every praying heart that the revival may spread far and wide among China's millions, and from them all over the Orient. This is the solution of the "yellow peril" and all other national perils. Every Kingdom of this world that becomes a part of the kingdom of Jesus Christ is no longer a menace to the true welfare of any other world kingdom, but a helper and friend to them all.

OUR COLLEGE FAMILY.

It now numbers six, and spans the Continent. Its eldest daughter, over four score, looks out from her windows at Pine Hill, Halifax, upon the Atlantic Ocean. The youngest, an infant of days, is cradled in Vancouver to the surf song of the Pacific. The others followed settlement and church work and are located in Kingston, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

Colleges are essentials of church growth. Any church that would win and hold a country for Christ must, as a rule, have local men for its workers and must train them on the ground. Some good men may come from abroad; some local men may go abroad for training, but all history shows that any considerable extent of church territory should have its training school as its centre, that the people whose it is may know it and be interested in it, may pray for it and support it, and that young men may be the more drawn to study for the ministry.

When these lines are read, five of the colleges will have finished the work of another session. The youngest is beginning. Its first is a Summer session.

Toronto and Montreal had their convocations on April 2nd; those of Pine Hill and Queen's and Manitoba are due about the end of April. The graduates from all of them go forth to the ministry of the church, their undergraduates to her Home Mission fields for the Summer. How great a part in laying the foundations is due to these young men, is known only to Him who knows all things.

Knox College conferred D.D. upon Rev. A. Gandier, and Rev. W. Wilson of our India Mission; Montreal paid a like tribute to Rev. A. Gandier and Principal Mackay of Vancouver. Halifax has one in store, the name not known at this writing.

A touching feature at Knox was the resignation of the venerable principal, Dr. McLaren, now well past four score, after thirty-five years in the college. Honored and trusted and well beloved, may life's evening time be light with the radiance that brightens to the perfect day.

Principal McGill of Halifax and Professor Fraser of Montreal, go to assist Principal Mackay in the opening Summer session at Vancouver. May this youngest of our great

college family follow the older ones in the line, not only of succession but of success. May it be infilled with the strong, earnest life of the West and, best of all, with the Spirit of God, and prove a blessing through all the future to that great province by the no longer "lone Pacific shore."

OUR NEWSPAPER FAMILY.

It is not yet quite so large as our College family. We have six colleges but only four weekly Presbyterian newspapers, one "The Presbyterian Witness," in the Maritime Provinces, published in Pictou; one "The Dominion Presbyterian," in Ottawa;—one "The Presbyterian" in Toronto, and one "The West Land" in Edmonton.

As with the College family, the oldest is in the far East, and the youngest in the far West. The Presbyterian Witness is the oldest Presbyterian paper, not only in Canada, but in the Empire, with three score years behind it, while "The West Land," of Edmonton, vies with Vancouver College for youth.

As with the Eastern College, so with the Eastern paper; it is second to none, in filling its place. Like its constituency, it is not very large, but it is not too much to say that for helpfulness and information as a church and family paper, for its place and size, there is no better Presbyterian paper in the Empire or beyond it, and it is better than a good many larger ones.

"The Dominion Presbyterian" published by that veteran editor, C. Blackett Robinson, who made the Old Canada Presbyterian so worthy a success, should receive a hearty support.

The infant of the family is well named "The West Land." It is committed to the nursing care of the Presbyterians of the great west land from the Lakes to the Sea. They will find themselves the gainers by seeing that it is nursed into strong and vigorous life. A church of so great extent, no matter how many papers it may receive from without, should have one of its own.

"The West Land" rightly aims at quality rather than quantity. It starts small but good. It gives its readers good value for their subscription, and will prove an effective agent in the upbuilding of the church in the West. Every Western minister and elder and church member should make it a

point of honor as well as duty to see that the new paper and the new college of the farthest west be heartily and generously supported, so that they may be able to make themselves worthy the great constituency which they serve. For samples and terms write "The West Land" Edmonton.

"GETTING IN ON A GOOD THING."

One of the canvassers in the Laymen's Missionary Movement was asked if he had come begging. "No," was the reply, "I have come to give you the opportunity of getting in on a good thing."

That was not merely a smart saying. The Laymen's Missionary Movement is a "good thing" in a very real sense.

It is good for those who "get into it." Many of the "good things" that men get into are failures, this never. Any Christian who realizes more fully his responsibility for obeying Christ's last command and giving the Gospel to his fellow-man, and who, like Christ, is moved with compassion, and seeks to uplift and save a world lying in ignorance and degradation and sin, becomes thereby a better Christian, a more Christ-like Christian, a wider visioned, broader-minded, warmer hearted man. For the man himself it is "getting in on a good thing."

And it is a good thing for the thousand millions of the human race who are still ignorant of Heaven's answer to the age-long craving of the human heart for rest and peace. What a gladness and rest and uplift it brings into those hearts and lives and homes and communities, when they hear and respond to the Saviour's call, which the Laymen's Missionary Movement helps to carry to them,—“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.”

The Laymen's Movement is not an organization. It is merely the Christian men of the Church awakening to a new sense of their responsibility, realizing that they are not their own, that Christ saved them in order that they might be co-workers with Him in saving others.

One feature of the movement is its quiet, steady strength. There are few fireworks. Men get together, frequently at a luncheon or supper, talk the matter over in a business way, look at it in a business light,

adopt resolutions in a business fashion, carry them out in a business manner by proceeding to increase their doing for the world's redemption and to make stronger and more effective the existing agencies of their various churches, and by seeking to get every other man in their church to think and act in a like manner. In short it is the men of the Church realizing that THE BUSINESS of the church is to save the world.

Here is a good thing, a sure thing, and every man in the church will find it to his advantage to "get in on it" as he may be able. It will pay dividends of peace and satisfaction and happiness from the start, dividends that will not have to be left to others at death, but payable beyond, for ever, for while conscious existence lasts, the approval of conscience, the sweet satisfaction of good accomplished, which is but another name for God's "well done" will be an element in that existence.

WORKING OF THE L. M. M.

The working of the Laymen's Missionary Movement is, generally speaking, along some such lines as the following:—

The Christian men of a village, town or city, who belong to the different evangelical churches, and are interested in missions, have a meeting, sometimes a lunch or supper, sometimes not. This meeting is usually addressed by some one from outside who is interested in and familiar with the work.

This meeting usually appoints a committee of its number to see to the carrying out of the objects it has in view.

This Committee divides itself denominationally into sub-committees, each sub-committee to look after the work of the churches of its own denomination.

Each sub-committee gets to work, seeks to have missionary societies organized in all the congregations of its own denomination where they do not now exist; and where they exist it seeks to make them more effective.

When the work gets to the individual congregation, canvassers are appointed, say by the men of the congregation who are interested, to visit every man in the congregation, and give him the opportunity to "get in on a good thing," to see what share

he is willing to take in the great business for which men are saved and for which the church exists.

It will thus be seen, as has been frequently repeated, that it is a "movement" for the better working of what now exists, and not a new organization.

One thing that is being widely extended through its instrumentality is the use of the weekly envelope for missionary purposes. To this end the "duplex envelope" is being largely adopted. It is about the size of an ordinary contribution envelope, or slightly larger, say 2 1-2 x 4 1-4 inches, and stitched, or stuck, across the middle, forming two small pockets, one for the weekly offering for "ourselves" for the work of the congregation, the other for missions, Home and Foreign, for giving the Good News to "the members of the family that don't know."

Such, in brief, is a sample of the way in which the Laymen's Missionary Movement is seeking to further the ends it has in view. The means adopted may vary to suit the circumstances. The aim is to get every Christian man to realize that the world's redemption is his chief business, as the Christ who has saved him and whose name he bears made it His chief business, even to the giving of Himself, that it might be made possible.

SETTLEMENT OF VACANCIES.

Returns from Presbyteries to the Remit of Assembly on the Settlement of Vacancies have been very late in coming to hand. The Committee is so widely scattered that it was deemed impracticable to hold a meeting before the meeting of Assembly. Those within easier reach of Toronto were called to confer on the replies received. They unanimously agreed to the following plan, a copy of which is sent to all members of the Committee, who are requested to forward to the Convener of the Committee, as soon as possible, any emendations or suggestions they may wish considered before the report is submitted to Assembly.

J. A. TURNBULL, Convener.

316 Bathurst St., Toronto.

I. Men Available for Settlement.

- (1) General.—All Licentiates or ordained ministers out of charge and wishing settlement.
- (2) Special.—*a.* Ministers in charge willing to supply on invitation.

b. Ministers in charge who have intimated their willingness to supply particular vacant charges which they have indicated.

II. Method of Supply, Permanent Settlement.

- (1) All vacancies together with the names and addresses of interim moderators of session shall be reported by clerks of presbyteries as soon as they occur, to the senior clerk of Assembly.
 - a.* The names of all men available as in I, (1) shall be sent by the clerk of the presbytery in which they are.
 - b.* Men in charge, as in I (2), *a* and *b*, who desire to supply vacancies shall forward their own names and addresses.
- (2) Each presbytery shall appoint annually a standing committee of supply which shall co-operate with the session of each of the vacant congregations, and in conjunction with the session shall make a list of men who shall be invited to preach in the vacancy, from the lists aforesaid, with the addition of the names of any others who may be deemed specially suitable.
- (3) When a minister has been called by a congregation and inducted by presbytery, he shall not, except under very exceptional circumstances, be translated from his charge for a period of five years and, then only after his charge has been visited by presbytery, and full enquiry made into the work being carried on.
- (4) The clerk of Assembly shall, on the application of the presbytery's committee of supply, furnish it, through its secretary, with the three lists of the names of all the men available for settlement.
- (5) Congregations on settlement shall make a special contribution to the Assembly Fund of one dollar for each \$100 of stipend paid.

III. Method of Supply, Temporary Settlement.

In the event of a permanent settlement not taking place within six months from the date of the declaration of the vacancy, the committee of the presbytery, in conjunction with the session, may nominate to the presbytery a man deemed suitable, whom the presbytery may appoint as minister in charge for one year or for a longer term. Ministers so appointed shall be members of presbytery for the term of their appointment and shall be eligible for call only by the congregation, during the term of their appointment.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, was held in St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, 18-19 March.

The efforts of the Organization Committee have been rewarded by the addition, during the year, of fifty-four new auxiliaries, bringing the total up to two hundred and twenty, forty-six of the new organizations being in Ontario.

The total receipts for the year were \$18,-284.74.

The "Pioneer," the monthly publication of the Society, increased its circulation during the year by 2,154, making a total circulation of 8,718. It paid its own way and left a balance on hand for the year of \$245.26. Ten thousand copies are now issued monthly.

The supply department, by the various Presbyterials, forwarded at a total 133 bales of goods to Home Mission fields, chiefly in the Northwest; making a total weight of about seven tons, and valued at five thousand dollars.

There was an addition, for the year, of seventy-four new life members, at twenty-five dollars each, in all \$1,850 added to the treasury, making the total life members two hundred and fifty-seven.

The reports from the Hospital at Sifton, Wakaw, Teulon, Vegreville and far away Atlin, showed much good work done and suffering relieved during the year. The value of these hospitals with Christian Doctors and trained nurses, with help for body and soul, sometimes so far away from other means of help, is a blessed and Christ-like ministry.

The W. H. M. S., in its short but earnest five years, has made rapid progress, and has before it a future of great possibility and promise for our church and country. Its work is to win and hold Canada for Christ.

When each incoming steamer lands its load of human freight, the church and nation accept new obligations; the church for their spiritual and the nation for their physical welfare; and upon the way in which these obligations are responded to depends the future of Canada."

QUEEN'S ENDOWMENT FUND.

The report of the Endowment Campaign to the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Queen's University on April 29th shows a busy year. Through the co-operation of many willing workers one hundred and sixty congregations have been visited since April, 1907, and subscriptions received amounting to more than \$50,000. The total amount now assured is about \$310,000. This means that 90,000 must still be found before Carnegie's promise to provide the last hundred thousand of the half million dollar fund can be claimed.

The difficulties of the work have been much increased by the financial stringency of the last six months. Then, too, the greater number of the congregations in the central synods have been canvassed and many of those not yet visited have not been ready to make appointments for the agent and those associated with him on account of preoccupation with local or other obligations. It is hoped that the spring will rapidly bring in more favorable conditions and plans are now made for covering as much ground as possible in the early summer.

The University.

The session now closing has been one of the best in the history of Queen's. The registration of students is well over the 1,200 mark and every department of University activity has been carried on with vigor. The new faculty of education has made a good beginning under the guidance of Dean Lovell. The six new Professors installed in October last have already shown themselves worthy of the best traditions of Queen's. It is significant to note, too, that a larger proportion than usual of the men in arts are looking forward to the Christian ministry. This is most cheering in face of the steady decrease in candidates for the ministry during the past ten years throughout the whole church. Such growing service surely merits widespread and handsome support.—Com.

The Assembly's Committee on Augmentation, W. D., has appointed Rev. J. H. Edmison, Cheltenham, Ont., Minute Secretary of the Committee. Conveners and clerks of Presbyteries and Synods will please send to Mr. Edmison all correspondence relative to augmentation.

REGULAR PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery Clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

The Maritime Synod.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 5 May, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Port Hastings, 30 June, 12.30.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, New Glasgow, 5 May, 1.30.
5. Wallace, Springhill, 18 Aug.
6. Truro, Qrtrly, Shub., 21 April.
7. Halifax, Hx., St. Matt., 30 April, 3 p.m.
8. Lun., Yarmouth, Shelburne, 6 May, 2 p.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 30 June 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, 23 June, 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa.
15. Lan., Renfrew.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, Kingston, Cooke's, 1 July.
18. Peterboro.
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 5 May, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Bala 19 May.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma, July.
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, Knox, 19 May.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton.
30. Paris, Woodstock, May 5.
31. London, London, Ont., 5 May, 10.30.
32. Chatham.
33. Sarnia.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 19 May.
35. Huron, Clinton, 12 May, 10.30.
36. Maitland, Teeswater, 19 May.
37. Bruce, Southampton, 7 July, 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro, Carmen, 19 May.
42. Portage-la-Prairie.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minnedosa.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

46. Yorkton, Crowstand, July.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda.
49. Regina.
50. Qu'Appelle, Ellisboro, July.
51. Prince Albert.
52. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

53. Calgary.
54. Edmonton.
56. Red Deer, May.
57. Lacombe., Ponoka.
58. Macleod.
59. High River.

Synod of British Columbia.

60. Kamloops.
61. Kootenay, Fernie, September.
62. Westminster.
63. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls from**

- St. Andrew's Ch., Strathroy, to Mr. W. M. Kannawin of Woodville.
- Mooretown, Sarnia Pres., to Mr. J. Fraser Evans.
- Herron, Ont., to Mr. T. A. Patterson.
- St. Andrew's Ch., Prescott, to Mr. N. D. Keith, of Wick.
- Gairloch and Middle River, N. S., to Mr. A. V. Morash of Oxford, N. S.
- Rockwood and Eden, Ont., to Mr. W. C. Dodds.
- Mt. Forest, Ont., to Mr. Wm. Cooper.
- Middleton, N.S., to Mr. G. W. Miller.

Inductions into

- First Ch., London, 27 Feb. ult., Mr. J. G. Inkster.
- Red Deer, Alta, 10 April, Mr. W. C. Brown, called from New Denver, B.C.
- Orillia, as colleague and successor, 21st April, Mr. D. C. Macgregor.
- Mimico, Tor. Pres., 17 Mar., Mr. Alex. McMillan, formerly of St. Enoch's, Tor.
- Mt. Stewart, P.E.I., Mr. Dougald N. McPhail, B.D., 31st. March.
- Maitland, N.S., Mr. A. H. Foster.
- Shallow Lake, Owen Sd. Pres., 18 18 Mar., Mr. Wallace Johnson.
- Baddeck, C.B., 16 April Mr. D. C. McIntosh.
- Riverview, Wpg., Mr. J. Irving Walker.

Demissions of

- Field, B. C., J. H. Millar.
- Bermuda, Rev. A. Burrows, D.D.
- Fort Coulonge, Mr. J. A. Redden.
- Callandar, Ont. Mr. D. Steele.

God's Glorious Power in Manchuria

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chin Chou, Manchuria,

23 March, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,

In response to an invitation from some of the Manchurian missionaries, I went and held special meetings in Liao Yang, Mukden and Kuang Ning.

The Revival at Liao Yang.

I began Sunday, February 9th, at Liao Yang, by an account of the great spiritual movement across the Yalu, in Korea. At the close of the address, I invited any who felt led of the Holy Spirit to pray. I warned any others not to pray, lest their prayers be an offence to God. There was a pause and then two or three prayed.

After the evening address one of the licentiates knelt down and wept bitterly. He confessed that his prayers had not been real, and that he hindered the cause of God by borrowing a dollar here and a few dollars there without any intention of repaying it. He promised to set all right. Men and women at the same time were weeping and confessing all over the church.

After both addresses on Monday many were ready to pray. A man who had been a leader in one of the outstations seemed all broken up as he confessed to gambling, stealing and other sins. If, in the future, the church would use him, he promised to preach without salary.

At the close of the afternoon address on Tuesday dozens seemed to be weeping and confessing their sins and crying for money.

All Wednesday the Spirit caused the truth to cut deep into every heart. There was a great increase in the spirit of prayer. And such prayers! Each one only seems to see his own sins and longs for cleansing. One man stamped the floor and wailed in agony. In his prayer he confessed that he had hindered Christ's cause in his outstation by his selfishness and bad temper.

The addresses on Wednesday and Thursday were all on prayer. When the address ended on Thursday morning, the Spirit of prayer was so abundantly poured out upon the people that they all burst out in one great volume of simultaneous prayer. It was the same spontaneous prayer after the evening address. There was a good deal of quiet weeping. The truth seemed to search every heart through and through. Many faces showed fear. I was told that many were saying that the preacher seemed to

know their present thought as well as hidden things of the past.

An elder who had moved his household goods on a Sabbath and who had got angry when spoken to about it now broke all down and pleaded for God and for the church to forgive him.

Both addresses on Friday were on the Holy Spirit. An intense feeling seemed to pervade the whole assembly during the forenoon address on Friday. Many seemed to fear and were very uneasy.

I was not permitted to finish the address, for while I was yet speaking, a man, as if clutched by invisible hands, rushed forward, knelt on the platform and confessed that he had committed murder and many other sins. He then fled into the vestry.

He was an old backslider who had greatly hindered the church and his own family. His son is the mission High School teacher, and gets \$15 a month. The father has been very ugly because his son would not leave the mission and teach in the government school at \$40 a month.

I went into the vestry to see him. He was still greatly agitated but he said "I have cast all out. I feel so relieved. I will have family worship twice a day and will preach the gospel everywhere. While he knelt and was still confessing, the congregation broke out everywhere with loud cries, confessing their sins and pleading for mercy. The meeting led itself.

After a time I went away to rest leaving the people praying and confessing. The afternoon meeting was characterized by a wonderful spirit of prayer for the unsaved. Friday night I met with the leader and preachers and gave them an informal talk on methods of work, etc.

The three outstations, where work was at a standstill because of the backslidden leaders, now have hope, for in each case the leader was mightily broken down before the Lord.

Ten Helpers have undertaken to support a preacher. Over fifty promised to give the tithe. A widow who is very poor promised to contribute five pecks of grain each year.

A deacon who confessed to having cheated one man out of five dollars and another out of five pecks of grain and the pastor out of twenty-seven days' wages for work on a church building (he got the money and never gave the workmen) now promises to give a fifth of his money yearly. About twenty men have offered voluntary service in preaching. The collection on Sundays usually amounts to a few dollars, mostly in

coppers, but the Sabbath after God had revived them the collection was twenty-five dollars.

The workers have organized to go everywhere throughout the field, spreading the Divine fire. A grand spirit of brotherly love has united all hearts.

The missionaries are quickened and cheered. They speak of the movement as like unto what they had heard of the great revival in Scotland in 1859.

"Thank God for sending Dr. Mackay and you through here on your way back from Korea. It was then that God caused me to think of these special meetings. The results are far beyond my expectations. I had heard and read about these wondrous manifestations of the Spirit's power, but to have actually heard and seen them among my own people seems too good to be true. I am deeply humbled because of my weak faith." So spoke Rev. Mr. Douglas of Liao Lang.

The Awakening at Mukden.

On Saturday at least two hundred were at the station to see me off to Mukden. At Mukden Sabbath morning, February 16th, to an audience of about eight hundred I told of God's mighty power in Korea, and warned all who did not feel that they could pray in the Spirit, not to lead in prayer lest they offend God. Then I invited those thus led to lead in prayer. I waited full eight minutes but not one prayed, so I had to lead myself. After the evening address on prayer for the Spirit many were willing to lead. There were some both of men and women who wept while they prayed.

Things did not look hopeful in Mukden. There are about twenty-five hundred baptized members in the Mukden field, but there was no previous organization. The helpers were not called in. Neither were the outstations invited to send delegates. The native pastor did not seem enthusiastic and the missionary in charge did not seem to expect much result. I had been led to expect that the west suburb church was to join in united meetings from the first, and Sabbath evening I heard that they had held their usual services.

It is my nature to look, wherever possible, on the bright side of things, but that evening there came an unaccountable depression over me. With that feeling I went to my room and knelt down. Then the thought "God is omnipotent" came rushing in. "Greater obstacles make no difference to Him." The prayer was prevailing and I arose expecting great things.

Monday morning, soon after breakfast, an ex-elder came into my room. He seemed all broken down. He said that before the Boxer uprising some hundreds of dollars of church funds had been paid over to him but soon all books and proofs were destroyed,

and when the church was reorganized and he was asked about the funds he denied ever having received them. He felt secure since no proof existed. But he said God pierced him as with a knife during the address yesterday and that he couldn't sleep all night. He prayed and confessed and promised to make full restitution. He wept and prayed with his face on the floor.

The addresses on Monday were on the need of revival and the necessity of union in seeking to promote it. There was a marked increase in the spirit of prayer. Some, after both services, seemed so burdened that they wept while confessing in prayer.

After the evening address, when a woman broke so completely down that she could not go on, a prominent elder who had been silently weeping, gave an awful yell. It was as if the very fiends were tearing him. He said nothing but went on sobbing. He had been sent as a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. conference held at Shanghai last year. The dress he wore was the best in the audience and he had on gold ornaments.

The Tuesday addresses were on the sins which hinder and grieve the Holy Spirit. The spirit seemed to probe things down to the foundations. Such an eagerness for prayer after the addresses! It was similar to Liao Yang in that they were all prayer confessions. They couldn't wait for each other but often several were praying at the same time. There was a good deal of weeping. Many hearts seemed sore because of sin.

The missionaries were greatly delighted at the tide of new life which was so manifestly rising among the people. One of them was greatly moved. He proposed a thanksgiving meeting for next day. He said "Why, those people would have gone on praying and confessing till midnight if you had let them. I never in my life expected to see such a manifestation of spiritual power among the Chinese."

"Our oldest missionary, before going home on furlough, gave it as his opinion that the constitution of the Manchurian mind was such as to make it impossible for them to break down and confess like the Koreans. But there seems to be no trouble at all to get them to weep and pray and confess. Don't take your usual addresses to-morrow but give us a thanksgiving one."

I urged him to be patient and said he might hold the thanksgiving meeting after I was gone. I said I had an impression which I could not explain. It was that there were hidden things of darkness which must come to the light before the Spirit of God could mightily use this people, and that instead of a thanksgiving address I was going to talk to the people for two days on prayer and the sins which hinder it prevailing with God.

Continued on Page 235.

THE ENDING OF A HEROIC LIFE.

BY DR. R. P. MACKAY, FOR. MISS. SEC.

Dear Record,

Mrs. John Ross of Dodger's Cove Indian Mission, passed away on the 2nd April, at Leith, Ontario. She developed pulmonary trouble about a year ago, whether taken from the Indians or from some other source is not known," and it does not matter. She came home last August to Leith, to her friends, and there, surrounded by all that love could do, weakened until the end came in peace.

She was one of God's heroines. I had the pleasure of visiting Dodger's Cove some years ago. Dr. Jas. Campbell, Mr. Hamilton Cassels, Mr. Overend and myself rowed across from Ucluelet in a small boat.

The Indians thought it was a foolhardy act to cross that bit of treacherous sea in so small a boat, never intended to carry so heavy a load. The Indians were right. It was a needless risk, and yet it was beautiful; those glorious islands and mountains and clouds, and that gorgeous sunset!

We landed at the Indian village, on the shore, just where, in front of their houses, the Indians clean their fish and leave the remains to fester in the sun. The air was fetid, scarcely endurable.

There in that village, Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived in their three little rooms, in the upper half storey of a small frame building, reached by a very decrepit outside stair. The lower part was used as a schoolroom.

That was my first look at Mrs. Ross and my first impression was,—“She is a lady.” She looked a lady, had the bearing of a lady, and she welcomed us like a lady. She set for us a comfortable table, neat and well ordered, but although hungry I could scarcely eat. The smell of decaying fish not only filled the air but gave flavour to the food, or at least I thought it did.

There Mrs. Ross lived without a murmur, with her husband and her boys, just that she might help these Indians. This she did until health failed and she was compelled to retire, as reported to me by Dr. J. B. Fraser, her faithful pastor, and also by her stricken husband, “She died in peace.”

Was she done with Indians now? No, not yet. She said to her husband a little before

she passed away. “I am satisfied that our work for the Ohiahts has not been lost. It is my wish that you return. Be sure and do your duty,” and Mr. Ross proposes to return to the lonely island and keep the vigil for souls. That is my conception of heroism and so I wrote the title “The Ending of a Heroic Life.”

Dodger's Cove is a quiet remote island in Barclay Sound, and the Indians are only Indians, but they are men and have souls, and with bowed head I pronounce the “Well Done” over the grave and life of one whom I doubt not the Master has so received and welcomed into everlasting habitations.

A KOREAN CHILD.

One of our missionaries at Ham Heung, Korea, writes to the RECORD the following:—

At the very end of the row of our wee girls, because she was the smallest, stood a black-eyed, bunchy little one.

Before we began to sing, the Bible woman pointed to her and said: “Pouin, did you know she was the first of her family to believe, and now they are all Christians and attend church?”

I was amazed and said: “Why, how old is she?”

“Nine, by our count, but she has really eaten only seven cakes.” Which told me that she was but seven years old.

Two days later the Doctor, on her return from the dispensary, asked if I remembered about the little girl. I certainly did. She went on to tell me that the child's father had just been to the dispensary and there had told her his story. It was this:—

His little one had heard from another child something of the Jesus doctrine, and had, of her own accord, decided to attend church and school. After doing so for a whole year, her father became sick with a very serious illness. This child with her new found faith, prayed earnestly that he might be made well and the prayer was answered according to her faith. “Since that,” said the father, “we have all believed and are now attending church.”

Verily “a little child shall lead them.”

TOURING IN INDIA.

MRS. JEAN SINCLAIR MACKAY.

Neemuch, March 5, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott.

Continuing our tour, we next camped outside a walled town which is the centre of a very rich agricultural country. The poppy fields in bloom were very beautiful, and the wheat and other grains the best we have seen this year; the reason being, that, in addition to a rich black soil, there are many splendid government wells. The opium fields require to be thoroughly watered seven times before the bulb forms and the opium is gathered.

There is an immense amount of labor involved in the caring for and gathering the opium, which exudes from the bulb when it is scratched, after the petals have fallen off. But the opium is more remunerative than ordinary food grains, and in many places the people spoke regretfully of the government order to gradually decrease the amount, owing to Imperial negotiations with China.

Immediately in front of our tent there was a temple to Mahadeo, and over the huge image of the sacred bull in the portico, was suspended a bell, whose clanging sound registered the number of worshippers, as each one bowing before the obscene symbol inside the temple, gave the bell a twang. There may have been some earnest, honest worshippers among them, but such a spirit was certainly not discernible. Many did obeisance in the most perfunctory manner, and some shouted unintelligibly up into the reverberating dome.

The funeral feast of a departed wealthy merchant was on, and representative caste people had come hundreds of miles to attend it, and doubtless hundreds of rupees, if not thousands, were spent in feasting.

One day some forty or fifty people arrived in ox-carts and alighted in the shelter of the trees that shaded our tent. They kept up a din all day, and in the evening entered the town, headed by a brass band of a sort. They were water-carriers and had come a day's journey by train and another by oxcart to celebrate the marriage of one of their number. The average wage of a water carrier is perhaps \$2 or \$3 a month.

Yet they would impoverish themselves by spending hundreds of rupees on these marriage festivities.

I visited several times in the house of a Mahomedan there. His wife had been a helpless, crippled, diseased creature for years. She had died some forty days before our visit, and they were having the fourth feast, attended by some five hundred of their friends.

In a village near by, where the head man is very friendly, he told us that his only son, a much too fat boy of about seventeen, was presently to be married, and he expected to spend \$600,000 on the wedding. This may seem exaggerated and incredible to your readers, but it is probably quite true.

Another day we visited a village which looked big on the map. It was in a sad state of dilapidation. The head man, who is a collateral branch of the royal family of Ouderpore, has an income of \$5,000 a year, but his debts amount to \$100,000, while the poor villagers of his estate have the last farthing ground out of them to satisfy the extravagant tastes of their feudal lord.

One hears a great deal too much about the oppression and injustice of British rule in India. By far the heaviest of India's burdens are self-imposed, and the keenest of her sorrows self-inflicted.

Our next move was toward the east of Neemuch, a district we were unable to reach last year.

On our arrival at the first camping place, twenty miles from Neemuch, the native officials turned out to meet us and were most kind and friendly. One of them, a tall handsome Panjabi, drawing a bow—at a venture surely—said in funny English:

"I think you are Salvation Army."

I exclaimed with what gravity I could that we belonged to the mission at Neemuch, whereupon he seemed disappointed and said, "Oh, I see, *just* missionaries!"

These gentlemen played a game they called foot ball! My husband told them about playing it in the snow at Manitoba college, and the tall man remarked—with solemn conviction—"There would be some slip."

I visited his wife and sister-in-law almost every day while we were at that place. The latter had been taught by a Zenana lady in

North India, and had a heart hunger for the truth.

The wife was indifferent and extremely inquisitive. On the occasion of my first visit, she told me what she thought of me, in the most unmistakeable language, for had she not been driven past our camping place the previous evening, and had she not with her own eyes, seen me comfortably seated on a box, while my husband and the other men put the tent up?

In vain I explained that it was the custom among us to treat women with consideration and respect. It was a very bad custom and filled her with shame and indignation! A few days later she produced a camera and asked me to let her photograph me. The old and new are strangely mixed nowadays.

The magistrate is a most intelligent man, a B. A. and L. L. B. of Bombay University. In religion probably nothing, for he drank tea with us at his own house—but his women folk are extremely orthodox and religious.

His little boy, not yet four years old, came to the tent several times to see me. He is more or less of a prodigy. He repeated very nicely two English nursery rhymes, some Urdu poetry and several Sanskrit shlokas. He knows the English, Marathi and Urdu alphabets, and did his drill in most soldier-like fashion.

One day, having lost our way, which is most easy to do, where there are mere tracks across country, we stumbled on the camp of a native official from Neemuch and went to say "Good morning."

With many apologies for the barrenness of his larder he entertained us, and refreshed us with hard boiled eggs, salt and almonds—and while we sat under the trees, eating this simple fare in most primitive fashion, he told us about his brother, who, during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India, two years ago, acted as special guard in the ante-chamber of the Prince of Wales, so we felt ourselves quite in touch with Royalty!

At this place there is a most interesting shrine to the small-pox goddess. It is surrounded by a hedge of iron tridents, and is quite a noted place of pilgrimage!

Our next camp was at a place which in the long ago must have been of considerable

importance, for its dilapidated wall is, in one direction, fully two miles long. But a large part of the town is in ruins and is full of old temples, obscene symbols and State (native) supported priests.

The water at this place was very bad and we were afflicted with small boils, caused probably by the pollen of the beautiful trees under which we camped.

Those who came to the tent during the first few days we were at Rampura were mostly Mahommedans, but latterly the Marathi pandits came and listened most attentively to the message.

We determined to visit a village difficult of access, from our last camp; so we rose at 4 a. m. and set out in the cold with the stars to guide us. We lost ourselves and brought up at the end of a cattle path in the jungle. It was just dawn, and in spite of very warm clothing and fur-lined cloak, I was shivering with cold. A villager finally was found who conducted us to the road and we eventually reached the village and were well received.

The smallness of our faith was rebuked, for the whole stock of Gospels, twenty-four, sold like hot cakes, and the people clamored for more. The school master bought a whole New Testament.

We had heard that the people of this village had got the Gospel from Mr. Wilson some years ago, in a neighboring town, and that they read it, and would willingly hear more of it. So we went to them, and were well repaid the fatigue of the long and rough ride in the cold of early morning and the scorching heat of midday. It was hot indeed on the return journey; garment after garment was discarded, and two o'clock found us back in camp, hungry and tired and thirsty.

We have camped this year in five different native States in the vicinity of Neemuch. Everywhere we found traces of the faithful work done in these remote villages by Mr. Wilson some years ago; everywhere we were treated with respect;—not only the poor but the rich had the Gospel preached to them. Fully six hundred Gospels were sold, besides hymn and other books.

Half an hour ago, Mr. Mackay returned from a city two hours from here by rail. A few years ago they would have stoned Mr.

Wilson. To-day, Mr. Mackay and his helper preached themselves tired and hoarse, and sold fifty-five Gospels.

A gentleman in the political service was on the train with Mr. Mackay. He said: "One cannot say what it may be, but something will happen in India within the next ten years." God grant it may not be sedition and bloodshed but the ushering in of the reign of the King of Righteousness. We wait and work and believe He shall reign whose right it is.

LETTER FROM HONAN.

By REV. ANDREW THOMPSON.

Dear Dr. Johnson,

The great event of last year was the four days' conference held at Wei hui last October. It was the first of the kind in this part of China. Christians from all parts of the field attended, the total number of delegates being about three hundred.

This may compare unfavorably with the similar meetings at home, but it is still the day of small things in North Honan, and compared with a few years ago, what an advance!

The object of the Conference was to discuss matters relating to the progress of the Christian church in Honan. Such questions as, church organization, evangelistic work, education, Christian literature, etc., were discussed.

The speakers were chosen both from among the missionaries and from the native Christians. The latter acquitted themselves nobly. The Chinese are naturally great talkers. They do not hesitate to speak in public.

Passing over the discussions, I would like to say a word about some of those who are leaders among the Christians.

One of the speakers was Chou Lao Chang. He has passed the seventy-year mark, and is the first baptized Christian of North Honan. He heard the missionaries the first time they came to Honan, about eighteen years ago. At that time the foreigners were universally distrusted. He had heard about wonderful cures the foreign doctor had made, and anxiety to recover sight (he had been blind for six years with cataract in both eyes) overcame his suspicions.

He was asked, he said, when he came, how long he had been blind, and fearing lest his case should be pronounced hopeless, he said two years, instead of six. He was operated on successfully.

Afterwards he became interested in the Story these foreigners were telling about One who was the Light of the World, and in about two years' time he and his wife were baptized. He afterwards learned to read and for many years has done good service.

Another speaker was Ch'eng Bei Yueh. He has been "tried by fire" and found not wanting. In the terrible year 1900, when the missionaries fled for their lives, Ch'eng voluntarily shared their peril that he might be of service to them. He accompanied them to Shanghai. He bears on his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus" in the form of scars of sword cuts and knife thrusts received at that time.

Speaking on the same day, from the same platform, was another young man, Jong Chih Reu. In 1900 he was private secretary to an officer in the army, and far from being on the side of the missionaries. He says that at that time, if the opportunity had been given he would have taken part in their massacre, for, like many more, he believed that they were the enemies of his country.

He first came into contact with the Gospel through a friend of his who was a member of his officer's body guard, and who had shortly before heard the Gospel and bought a Bible while his regiment was in camp at Wei hwei. After he became a Christian he accepted the position of preacher at a lower salary than he had received in the army.

He is a good student, and both eloquent and winsome in address. He gives promise of developing into a most effective worker.

It was Sunday, the closing day of the Conference, which marked it as a landmark in the history of the mission. Though the addresses had been good and the attention well maintained throughout, the missionaries and some of the leading Chinese Christians felt that one element was lacking, which detracted seriously from the success of the Conference. The spirit of the meeting seemed to have too much of complacent self-congratulation, and too little of an earnest facing of the task of evangelizing the field and hunger after the greater blessing.

The prayers were particularly disappointing. There was no lack of men willing to lead in prayer, but one felt that what was said was more a studied effort after eloquent words than a cry of the heart to God.

The missionaries had been meeting for prayer throughout the progress of the conference, with the particular thought in view of a more earnest prayer spirit among the Christians.

When Saturday night came and there was no appearance of any change in the spirit of the meetings, very great disappointment was felt, and many spent most of that night in prayer rather than in sleep.

It was at the early Sunday morning Chinese meeting that the change came. The lesson was a passage of Scripture that had already strengthened the faith of more than one of us, Heb. ix: 11, etc. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus, . . . let us hold fast . . . without wavering . . . for He is faithful that promised," etc.

One of the hymns given out was,—“I think of my sins,” etc. The leader of the meeting asked that before any one led in prayer, he should think of what that meant, and then, if any one wished to ask for forgiveness for a particular sin in a sentence prayer, he might do so. The leader himself led the way by confessing coldness in receiving inquirers.

It was not long before men were rising all over the assembly praying for forgiveness. I never, in Canada, saw such a meeting. Prayer was going on simultaneously all over the tent, and yet there was nothing out of keeping with a service for the worship of God.

It was in the evening, at the consecration service, led by Mr. Clark, where what had been accomplished was most clearly seen. Men made confessions that must have cost them much. One of our formerly most trusted and successful helpers, who had done wrong and severed his connection with the mission, admitted that the fault was his own. He has since been restored to his position.

Jong, the young helper to whom I have referred before, said that he had been wavering for some time as to whether he would remain a preacher or enter some other more lucrative employment, but had

now finally decided to remain a preacher all his life.

Another young man said that he had shortly before been offered a position in the army, but had made the same resolution as Jong, and so on.

I fear that I fail to convey a just impression of what these things mean to us as missionaries, and to the Chinese Christians. It was the first time that they had ever come together from all parts of our Honan field, and the first sight they had got of their united strength. They have got a new impetus, a new view of what remains to be done and a new hope and enthusiasm. Since the meetings have closed, the reports that have reached us from the native preachers in their tours are all in the same optimistic strain. They speak not only of increased pleasure in their work, but of new attentiveness and interest among the people.

And what does it mean to us missionaries? We have seen an illustration of how God answers prayer. We do not feel that the end has been attained, but rather that the direction has been pointed out in which great results are to be attained in the near future.

With that in view we now meet every day for a half hour of prayer, both for ourselves and for the native Christians. We are greatly encouraged by what we hear of the progress of the work in the field. And as if to confirm this comes the news of increased activity and interest at home.

THE MOTIVE POWER.

“I may not live a little, petty, self-centred life, because “The Love of Christ Constraineth Me” to reach out and realize, in my being, all that He calls me to be.

I may not dwell at ease in my narrow tent, for “The Love of Christ Constraineth Me” to care for all who feel the weight of sin, the power of temptation, the press of struggle, the pain and bitterness of losses.

I may not seek to perfect my own soul, just for the joys of a timeless heaven, for “The Love of Christ Constraineth Me” to find my joy in helping to bring the heavenly life into as many lives as possible.

I may not wear a gloomy face or lose heart over the trials or evils of this present world, for the love of Christ Constraineth Me” to enter into the joy of service, the victory of faith, and the grandeur of life.”
—Rufus M. Jones in “These Forty Years.”

SOME MEDICAL EXPERIENCES.

Dr. John A. McDonald, of our South China Mission, tells in a recent letter of some of his experiences with the sick.

"The first of the month I was called to a village near by to see a woman who had taken opium to suicide. Realizing that haste was everything, I got my things together and followed the man who had been sent for me. He could not, or would not, tell me anything, and all I could do was to run after him.

As we neared the house several came out to meet us and I was ushered into a room full of men, women and children, most of whom were crying.

They pointed to a bed on which lay the poor woman. It took but a glance to tell she was dead. I shook my head and told them all was in vain.

Gradually they told me the whole story. She had taken the poison the night before, but they did not dare to send for me, and even had they wanted to they could not get across the ferry. Had I been called earlier I might have done some good.

They asked me into the next house where to my surprise I found a little lad who had been brought to me the day before with pneumonia. I left orders as to what was to be done, and, if worse, to come for me. The children crowded around me as I went out, and I got a cordial invitation to come back.

No call came, two days later I went to see the child, knocked at the door and with difficulty got an answer. My first greeting was that the child was dead. It was from the father. He seemed broken-hearted. The child had died the day I was there.

As I returned homeward my steps were not of the lightest. It was my first case in the village, and work thus for seemed undone. At least I felt so. But God permitted it, and so we trust and hope.

Another sad case fell to my lot among the boat people. I had one patient who was threatened with consumption. Day after day I attended him and he did not seem to improve. Although nothing had been said about fee, one day they offered me their only child for my services. When I refused they still persisted, then I found out the reason; it was a little girl, and girls are not favorites in China.

A few weeks ago I was called to the city to see a man who had been sick for some time. I had little hope of being able to help him but did what I could. When it became evident that the end was near I told the friends. The poor man heard it and pleaded very earnestly for me to save his life. I had been unable to bring any one with me knowing the language well, to tell him about Christ, so I began in my own faltering way. As I told him the "old, old story," a cry came from him,—"If you only heal me I will believe." He could not get past that point. With a few more words, and a few more verses from the Gospel of John, I left. The next night a relative came to tell me he was dead.

This relative, with whom I had spoken on a previous occasion, showed a desire to become a Christian and promised to come to the house to learn more.

On the morning of Jan. 25th, with the assistance of Dr. Jessie MacBean I performed my first operation since shifting our headquarters to Kongmoon. As yet our equipment is very poor and there is no accommodation for keeping patients, so we have to choose only minor work and such as will not prevent the patients from going home.

The patient in this case was an old woman, gradually becoming blind from injured eye-lashes constantly scratching the surface of the eye. We were able to correct this, and feel sure that she will retain for a longer time what sight she has, and thus help to open the way for the Gospel in this new district.

I attended recently a meeting of the West River Medical Association, held at Tak Hing, the headquarters of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The trip up the river was delightful. We spent one day in the discussion of points that are common to our work here in the South. The papers were practical and instructive. From Dr. Wright, who has charge of the work in Tak Hing, I was able to learn much about itinerating and dispensary methods and hospital construction.

In closing let me again ask for your united prayers that God may guide us in the opening of this new field and in the language.

A TRIP IN FORMOSA.

A Gruesome Experience.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. WM. GAULD.

On the East coast of North Formosa, facing the Pacific, are two plains, Gi-lan to the north, and south of that Ki-lai. In these two plains is the East Coast part of our mission.

Between the plains is some fifty miles of mountainous country with precipitous shores. These mountains are inhabited by head hunters, wild and savage.

The Ki-lai plain runs for about one hundred miles along the shore, and is from three to six miles wide.

On October 20th, 1907, pastor Keh Hi-seen and I sailed from So-o, the port of the Gi-lan plain, for Ho-lien-kang, the northern port of the Ki-lai plain.

A few months earlier, 5 April, Mr. Keh Hi-seen had been ordained a minister and set apart to superintend our work on this east coast.

Before the Japanese took Formosa from China, in 1895, the trip south from So-o to the Ki-lai plain was difficult and dangerous, as it had to be made in small open boats along fifty miles of precipitous coast, with no refuge in a storm.

Now, however, a Japanese shipping company has established a steamer service around the Island of Formosa, going both ways three times monthly.

On page 228 of "From Far Formosa," Dr. G. L. Mackay describes his first visit to the Ki-lai plain in September, 1870. There were then very few Chinese in the plain, and the Pepohoan there were few and of uncertain residence.

However, a number of Pepohoan Christians from the Gi-lan plain, had moved down to the Ki-lai plain and started a colony, and applied to Dr. Mackay for an evangelist. But the difficulty of reaching and maintaining an outstation among a small and uncertain handful of Pepohoan was so great, and the need for men in the more populous parts of North Formosa was so urgent, that for a time our work on the Ki-lai plain was given up.

During the past few years, the Japanese authorities have offered inducements to

their Chinese subjects to move into this Ki-lai plain and colonize it. A few of the Chinese who have already settled there are Christians. These had several times petitioned our mission to send them a native evangelist. We sent one at the beginning of 1907. Then, as already stated, Pastor Keh Hi-seen and myself, on the 20th of October, sailed from So-o. The following day we reached the Ki-lai plain.

When nearing So-o to take steamer, we saw signs of deep sorrow and learned that about nine o'clock that morning, a band of head-hunters had come down from the hills, and when they reached the plain had doubled around, and rushing into the midst of wood-cutters, who were at work at the base of the hills, had butchered eleven of them, and cut off their heads. These heads they bagged, and carried them back to their home in the hills.

This slaughter took place within half a mile of the trolley track, and within two miles of the port of So-o, whence we sailed.

After the savages had left, relatives and friends ventured into the woods to search for their dead. Eleven headless bodies were found, of which we saw three carried past, slung to bamboo poles. It was a gruesome sight.

The people on the plains near the mountains had been feeling comparatively safe for some time as the Japanese authorities had established a line of native border police on the brows of the hills surrounding savage territory. These police were supposed to be able to keep back the savages, and thus to be efficient protection for the inhabitants of the plain. That morning, however, the savage had passed twice, unhurt, through this line of police.

These head-hunters are savage and treacherous, and very difficult to reach by either friend or foe, because treacherous to both and because their mountain homes are so difficult of access. As yet no direct mission effort has been made to win these savages to Christ.

We remained ten days on the Ki-lai plain; and were most of the time guests of Elder Niu, an earnest Christian, who with all his household, worships the true God. His household is composed of himself and his wife, three sons, two of whom are married,

several nephews and grandchildren a goodly number. One of the sons, named A-tho, acted as our uide.

We several times conducted worship at the Pepohoan village of Ka-le-oan. At this place a few young people, both male and female, seemed to be making an earnest effort to "add to their faith knowledge." They were learning to read the Romanized vernacular, also learning to sing.

I was told that the girls of this company, after they had been studying for several weeks, took a notion that this study would not be of much benefit to them, and that therefore they would give it up. They argued that as they could never be preachers it was only waste of time for them to study.

They were told that although they could not themselves become preachers, they might possibly become preachers' wives, so they gave no more trouble and cheerfully applied themselves to study.

We also several times conducted worship at Elder Niu's house, attended by the family and neighbors, and on the evening of the last Sabbath there we dispensed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and also baptized several members of the Elder's house, together with one or two others.

One man who presented himself for baptism, I asked—"How many wives have you?"

"Two, one is Chinese, the other is a barbarian wench."

Certainly we did not baptize him. We admonished him, but in the environment in which he was placed, he, no doubt, thought us over particular. He, like so many others in Formosa, has sinned without knowledge. God grant that those who sit in such black darkness may see great light.

We walked twenty-five miles down the plain to the new settlement at Ba-di-ba-seh where we also conducted worship, and had interesting conversation with the few Christians we met who are striving to make new homes for themselves. One of these promised to build a small house for chapel purposes, and a second promised to provide it with benches, table, bed, etc., if we should send them an evangelist. As yet this colony is small, but those who are there think that year by year it will grow, and the number of Christians increase.

The name Pepohoan is very familiar to

Canadian Presbyterians. It means "level-plain-barbarian"; and is the name given to those aborigines on the Gi-lan plain, and also at certain places on the West coast of Formosa, who had accepted Chinese rule, and adopted Chinese customs. They have now of course accepted Japanese rule. These Pepohoan have been largely evangelized.

During our brief sojourn on the Ki-lal plain we visited several villages of another "level-plain" aboriginal tribe, which is known as the Lam-si-hoan (south-side-barbarian). These Lam-si-hoan do not speak the same language as the Gi-lan Pepohoan; and, unlike the Pepohoan, they do not understand Chinese. We were told that there are in the country between Ka-le-oan and Ba-di-ba-seh seven or eight thousand Lam-si-hoan.

They are not head-hunters, they live at peace with their neighbors, and their villages are easy of access. but as yet no Christian work has been done among them.

I was greatly encouraged to note the manifest interest taken in this benighted tribe by Pastor Keh. We both felt that steps should be taken with as little delay as possible to evangelize the Lam-si-hoan.

I suggested to Pastor Keh that it would be well for our North Formosa church to undertake this as their foreign mission work. He became much interested in this thought. The same thought independently suggested itself to others of our mission staff.

Whoever undertakes this work must learn the Lam-si-hoan language, as it is the only language they understand.

The Lam-si-hoan are still in possession of large stretches of good arable land, which is not yet all brought under cultivation.

If they would only learn habits of sustained industry, these people would not be poor. But morally they are a weak and degraded race.

Still it is the duty of the Church to include them in the Master's commission. He who gave His life for them has commanded it. The weak of the earth are objects of His love.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

SOME TOURING INCIDENTS.

BY REV. J. T. TAYLOR, INDIA.

Dear Dr. Scott,

Since returning to India last November we have been almost continuously under canvas, touring among the thousands of villages which lie within our special field of work. Morning and evening in the bazars, talking with chance groups by the wayside, quietly opening up the Scriptures to the enquirer who comes to the tent, selling books and tracts wherever we can,—thus the days are spent.

Perhaps no work brings one so closely into touch with native life as does this village preaching. Largely unaffected by the influence of European life one sees Hinduism as it is.

A few days ago we chanced to arrive in a village while animal sacrifice was going on. A relative of the head man of the village was very sick, and having consulted the gods they were told that the sacrifice of a goat was necessary to appease the evil spirit who was vexing the sick man. We watched the proceedings.

After many offerings of sorts to the priest, the goat was brought forward and with one stroke of a sword its head was severed from the body. It was then so placed that the blood flowed from it on to a small altar: the body was carried away to be eaten.

We were somewhat impressed by the evident sincerity of the worshippers, until the man with the sword came up and said:—

"Sahib, I have a child very ill, will you please give me some medicine for it?"

"Why, we replied, "go and kill another goat, perhaps that will drive away the sickness."

But with a laugh, he replied, "Of what use is all this sacrifice?"

India offers its animal sacrifices still and has no faith in them. What is the explanation? A corrupt priesthood; but even its power is waning.

Some days later, we had a rather amusing experience in one of the larger towns. We had selected an open square and begun to sing our hymns and a crowd gathered.

But some Mahomedans were disposed to be mischievous and drew off to a neighbouring street where they had evidently arranged to break up our little meeting, for

presently a noisy procession came round the corner, shouting and gesticulating and came towards us.

Taking in the situation, I concluded the best way was to use the weapon they least expected, so, ceasing our preaching, we turned toward the disturbers, saying: "Come, we'll see what all this means," and stood as interested spectators of their performance.

This nonplussed them. They did not expect us to be so interested in their performance and they began to look foolish. The result was that most of them gathered about us when we again began to speak and for half an hour we had as quiet and attentive an audience as we could desire.

The Hindu loves to ask questions and interrupt. Some of this characteristic introduced into our Bible classes at home would bring joy to many a teacher's heart. But in the bazar we cannot allow unlimited questionings. Sometimes, however, they open the door to a practical demonstration of Christian truth.

After speaking for some time on the "way of Salvation," one interrupted with the question:—

"But why do you come to show us your way? We have our way of salvation and its all one, there is no difference, we are all travelling on the one way, after all."

"Oh," I said, "is that so. then come. I'll worship with you in your temple to-day."

But this was too much. To have me set foot in their temple would have meant its defilement. Theoretical truth is one thing, its practical application is quite another matter. The Hindu mind does not feel the need of applying theoretical truth. But the crowd saw the inconsistency.

Our tour has been of special interest because of the spirit of enquiry met with so often. At one centre where we camped, eight men came from a distant village to ask me to go to their village and teach them the "Truth of God."

At another place, fifteen men came at night, afraid to come by day, and for two hours heard with much eagerness the Gospel story.

In the seventy odd villages which we have preached in during the past three months we have only once been refused a hearing and even there some followed us out of the

village and listened by the roadside. Some of these villages have been visited only once, most of them twice, and all the larger places have been repeatedly visited as we make these our base of operations, camping sometimes for two weeks at a centre.

Miss Weir, with a native Christian woman as helper, has accompanied Mrs. Taylor and myself on tour and we find it a great help to co-ordinate the two branches of work.

Our one regret is that the hot season will necessarily interrupt this department of our work for some time.

LETTER FROM KOREA.

BY REV ALEX. R. ROSS.

Song Chin (Joshin), Korea, 21 Jan., 1908.

Dear Mr. Heine,

Four weeks ago, Dr. Grierson and I, with pack ponies and Koreans, set out for Tan Chun, a place 90 li (30 miles) from here. The doctor intended performing a surgical operation on one of the Christians there and then going on to Yea Dong, a small coast village, to hold a "Class" in Bible study and singing for our Christians.

After travelling 25 li we came to a difficult mountain pass. No horses had been over it since a heavy snow storm of two weeks previously, and we soon found the climbing very hard. Our horses got into some bad places and there was danger of their upsetting the loads over the steep hill. The Koreans then took off the loads from the ponies and carried them on their backs. But finally we had to give it up owing to the deep snow and reluctantly returned to Song Chin.

Two days later we set out for Yea Dong direct to hold the "Class." Though it is only fifty li from here it is by no means easy to reach, as one has to climb seventeen mountain passes which would likely average three hundred feet in height. Dr. Grierson's pony at one time lost its footing, and slid a short way, coming very near going clear down a steep place. After a good day's tramping we reached Yea Dong and put up at the church leader's house.

We were well off in having the use of two rooms, though their size was only 8 x 7 feet and about 8 feet in height. There were

papers from Canada which made it very home-like; such papers as "East and West," "Jewels," etc. The doctor had some time before given these to the church leader, so it was a case of "cast thy bread upon the waters," etc.

The leader has a bright little daughter of about seven whom he has taught to write difficult words in Chinese characters. She has for a slate a small wooden box with the sides cut down low and containing sand and she draws the character with a stick. After writing a word she simply shakes the sand up and has a clean surface for the next.

The "Class" lasted eight days and was attended by about twenty-seven men and boys, a few women coming in the evenings. During the mornings and afternoons Dr. Grierson taught the Ten Commandments and I singing, and in the evening he spoke on the subjects for the week of prayer.

When I used a tuning-fork, striking it on the table, holding it up to my ear and humming over some notes, it was too much for the gravity of some of the Korean youths.

During the class, Dr. Grierson secured promises from the Koreans, he adding a little to it, for the salary of a Christian teacher there. When some of our Christian boys go to heathen schools, and so run much risk spiritually, we bless God for every Christian Korean teacher secured.

Eight joined the church during the "class," increasing the number of church members who were residing in Yea Dong at the time by 100 per cent. This percentage is not uncommon in Korea. Usually Christians are catechumens for six months before being admitted to church membership.

Pray for us.

THE REVIVAL IN KOREA.

In the revival that has lately swept through Korea, it is estimated that last year 50,000 people threw away their idols and turned to Christ. In some cases entire villages have come into the light of the Gospel.

At Pyeng Yang—a city in the north, having a population of 60,000—a marvellous spiritual transformation is in progress. When Dr. Underwood went there some fifteen years ago there was scarcely a Christian in the city. To-day there are twelve large churches under Presbyterian auspices, and others of the Methodist body.

GLIMPS_S OF FORMOSAN LIFE.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. DR. FERGUSON.

For a long time after coming to such a place as this, everything is so strange—so very different from at home, that one hesitates to express an opinion to-day, lest to-morrow he see the matter in a new light. But now many things which at first were incomprehensible have gradually become easier to understand. We are becoming more familiar with the language and customs of the people.

When they come, as they do almost daily, sometimes a score or more of them at once, they need little entertainment other than to be allowed to wander over the house, and "look see" as they call it.

Everything is wonderful to them, the pictures on the walls, the photographs, the cards and calendars, all decorations of every sort are admired, and they remark to one another how very clever the i-seng niu (doctor's wife), must be to have made these things. Of course, I hasten to explain that I did not make these cards, calendars, etc. etc.

Then the wonder is greater than ever, because, if I did not make them, how came I to have them. They are expert at needlework and make almost every article they possess, including their shoes.

Then our furniture is a puzzle to them. For example, they have no need of a dining table, each member of the family taking his own bowl of rice, and his chop sticks, and sitting on his feet anywhere he likes, in doors or out, to eat. A servant we have, regularly perches himself thus on the rounded slippery edge of a large water tank in the yard, and eats his rice, with as happy and peaceful a countenance as if there was no law of gravitation.

They wonder at our beds, bedclothes, and pillows, all much too soft for them. They spread a piece of straw matting on the boards, and their beds are ready for occupation. In cold weather, of course, they use a covering, a sort of thick wadded comforter. But their pillows are so small and so hard. The mere sight of them almost cramps one's neck.

A poor woman was operated on one day a few months ago, and as there was no other place to put her, we gave her a

small room adjoining our house. We tried to make her bed comfortable, and wished to give her one of our own pillows, but discovered that she could not rest on it. I made one just to her liking, by taking a strong tin can, cylinder shaped, about nine inches long and five in diameter, and wrapping a piece of cloth about it.

They love to examine our clothes, giving us credit for making them all. Our hats are a marvel to them, they wear no hats. Their women adorn their hair profusely with flowers, natural and artificial, and with gilt ornaments and pins. In winter, however, they wear, in addition, an ornamented cloth band across the forehead, while the men protect their shaven heads with small skull caps.

One article of our clothing, however, viz., our boots and shoes, they evidently do not admire much, they are far too large for their taste, but with characteristic reluctance to say anything that might offend, they keep silent on that subject.

Before coming here, I used to tire somewhat of all that was said and written about foot-binding among the Chinese, and used to wonder that missionaries and travellers took so much notice of this one custom, when almost every other custom should have appeared equally strange.

But I do not wonder now. Almost every other sight and sound has become familiar, but the bound feet, never. Every day they are a fresh shock and fresh offence to the eye. They are supposed to be an indication of wealth, of leisure, and of pure moral character, but in reality they are no indication whatever of these very desirable things.

If the owner be a woman of wealth, then, to be sure, the bound feet is not such a sad sight for then she has practically no need of feet. If she leave her house, which the aristocratic woman rarely does, she is carried in a sedan chair. If she requires to take a few steps from her chair, she is supported on either side by a servant. A woman thus unable to walk alone, is considered a very fine lady indeed.

But it is unspeakably sad when the woman is compelled to toil for her daily bread. Daily we see these women hobbling around, perhaps cutting faggots by the roadsides, and hauling home great bun-

dles of them to do the family cooking, or perhaps begging from door to door, for food.

Sometimes when women become Christian, they try to unbind their feet, but this is hardly possible, as in the process of binding, the bones are broken or crushed, so that the foot is utterly useless, when the support of the tight bandage is removed.

Another loathsome custom is to allow the finger-nails to grow very long, perhaps two or three inches. This is intended to show that the individual is so rich, that he or she need do no manual labor. As these nails are seldom, if ever, brushed or cleaned in any way, you can easily imagine what they look like.

One afternoon in early summer, the birthday of one of the gods was celebrated in an open field near our home. It is an annual affair and is called the "Ke he" (passing through fire) feast. It was a queer sight. A pile of burning coal, perhaps twenty feet long, and ten feet wide, was laid about two feet deep on the ground. This coal was not red or glowing, but yet so hot that when the paper money, mock money, of the worshippers was thrown upon it, it immediately took fire and burned up.

A number of sedan chairs, containing images of the god, with offerings of flowers and food, were carried round and round the fire, now slowly, now swiftly, until the bearers were ready to fall from exhaustion, and all the time, drums and other musical instruments kept up a hideous noise.

A priest walked around the pile, halting, now and then, with crossed feet, to address the evil spirits which were supposed to be hovering near, and finally driving them away by cracking a whip upon the ground.

Then a young boy, wearing a scarlet skirt and with his long black hair streaming over his naked shoulders, raced and danced himself into the frenzy considered necessary in order to be able to convey the message of the gods to the people. The message was one of anger, and this was confirmed a few minutes later when the bearers of the sedan chairs made their dash through the fire.

One, two, three chairs passed safely

through, but the last, the most gorgeous of all, borne by eight men, was just about half way through, when one of the front bearers lost his footing in the deep, soft coal, stumbled and fell, causing his companions to stagger for a moment, and the chair, urged on by the four men behind crashed down on him, burying him out of sight.

But in a twinkling, it was up, and he on his feet again, and they all sped away like the wind, to doctor the burns and bruises on their poor naked feet and limbs.

The crowd dispersed with sad hearts, the god was angry with them, and unless they could appease him, they would have bad fortune for a whole year. We heard some time after that the feast had been held again, this time with better success.

We are hoping for great things from the medical work, and have reason to hope, for already, though we have no hospital, and no accommodation but one poor dispensing room in Mr. Gauld's back yard, yet a large number have already been gathered in. For although the doctrine of the true God may not attract them, yet they are attracted by free medical treatment which relieves their poor suffering bodies.

I never look at the wretched crowd gathered around the dispensary door, without thinking of the days when just such a throng, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the maimed, the halt, the palsied and the lepers, surrounded Jesus, the Great Physician, giving Him no leisure to eat or to sleep, and O wonderful story, "He healed them all."

There is no limit of time in the commission which Christ gives to His church. He does not tell His disciples that they are to teach and preach for one century, for five centuries or twenty centuries and then pause. The one thing for them to do is to go and keep on going; to preach and keep on preaching. The commission is universal and perpetual. The limit of space is the globe itself. The "limit of time" is all the time there is. Until the end of the world is reached, the commission runs, "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations."—Henry Van Dyke.

The virtue of a man is measured, not by extraordinary exertions, but by every day conduct.—Pascal.

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackenzie of Korea.
May—Mackay of Formosa.
June—Norman Russell of India.
July—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Cong'tn. a Miss'y Organization.

MACKAY OF FORMOSA.

By REV J. L. MURRAY, D.D., KINCARDINE.

"The Canada Presbyterian Church" had been carrying on mission work among the Indians of the Northwest for many years before undertaking work in foreign lands. But many were hearing the "Macedonian Cry" from regions beyond and felt that the time had come for more extended operations.

In 1871 a young theological graduate, whose heart was touched with the fire of heaven, offered the church his services as foreign missionary. His offer was accepted. The selection of a mission field was left largely to his own discretion. He chose the Northern part of the island of Formosa. The missionary was the Rev. George Leslie Mackay, a native of Zorra in Oxford County, Ontario.

He was born, March 21st, 1844, and reared in a pious family belonging to the congregation of the late and venerable Rev. Donald McKenzie—a congregation which has furnished scores of ministers to the Presbyterian Church. He became a Christian in early youth, and pursued his studies for the ministry in Knox College, Toronto, and in Princeton Seminary, New Jersey.

In his college days he showed the same zeal, devotedness and undaunted courage which made him so conspicuous a figure

among the missionaries of our day. Those who knew him best then, were not surprised at the chivalrous martyr spirit which he uniformly displayed in his subsequent career. He was associated with the writer of this paper in distributing tracts, visiting the poor, gathering neglected negro children into Sabbath Schools, and in preaching in the "tramp-house" in Princeton, and he was always zealous and self-denying in his efforts, fervid in his utterances and buoyant and hopeful in the midst of discouragement and abuse.

Formosa, his chosen field of labor, is a large island which then belonged to China and is ninety miles from the main land. It is nearly two hundred and fifty miles long and eighty miles wide. The eastern side (with the exception of a narrow margin along the coast) is still inhabited by the Aborigines, a race of savages numbering about a million. The English Presbyterian Church was already doing mission work in the Southern part of the Island, but in the West and North, the Gospel was wholly unknown.

Just thirty-six years ago, our missionary, Dr. Mackay, landed at Tamsui, a treaty port on the Northwest coast of the Island. He rented a small house which the owner had intended to use as a stable, and at once began the study of the language. So rapid was his progress, that in eight months he began to preach the Gospel to the Chinese in their own tongue.

But malignant persecutions began as soon as he entered the place, and his object became known. The deluded idolators would intrude on his privacy in his cheerless home, jibe at him, jostle up against him, spit in his face and otherwise aggravate and maltreat him, in the hope of driving the "foreign devil," as they called him, out of the Island. They even turned lepers into his room to come into contact with him. All this he endured with a degree of Christian patience and forbearance which the idolators could not understand.

The ring-leader in these persecutions was a young man of powerful physique and of high mental endowments, whose name was Ahoa. But Ahoa was soon struck with the forgiving spirit of this follower of Jesus, and asked for a private interview with him. This, of course, was cordially granted. Many private interviews followed. The Spirit of God was preparing the heart of Ahoa for the reception of the Gospel. He became the first Christian convert in northern Formosa. Then the once foremost persecutor became the foremost helper. His splendid talents as thinker, orator, administrator and leader of men were thrown, without reserve, into the service of his new Master.

The rapid increase of converts which followed has seldom been equalled in modern missions. The year after our missionary landed in Formosa, he reported "five converts from heathenism baptized, numerous inquirers, a little chapel built by the natives for public worship and the privilege of addressing audiences frequently counted by hundreds, who listened with attention to the message of salvation." And the work advanced year by year at an almost uniform rate of progress, until the number of converts ran up into thousands.

But Satan would not allow this work of grace to advance without opposition. The so called "literati" followed our missionary from village to village to interrupt him in his preachings, to embarrass him by their ridicule and confute him by their arguments. "Right or wrong," he says, "I was determined to fight out the battle with them, and studied night after night and went forth in the day time to meet them. In a few months I could not get a man in North Formosa who wished to discuss Confucianism or Christianity with me."

But there was persecution from another quarter. He says "I could not get away from the house without six or a dozen soldiers being close after me, and could scarcely spend a night away from the fort without several sleeping outside the house in which I chanced to take up my abode. I was not long here until foul placards were posted up in many places representing me as the Queen's agent, to pluck out eyes, etc., and send them to England to manufacture opium out of them. My life

was threatened many times and every conceivable obstruction was put in my way."

But the most thrilling of our missionary's experiences, he has never reported to the Foreign Mission Committee nor to the press. He kept up a constant correspondence with the writer since the commencement of his mission labors, and a few extracts from his letters will not be out of place. In one of his earlier letters he says:

"I started from Tamsui with my first convert and a burden bearer. We proceeded on our way eastward, singing and preaching in every village on the road. In the afternoon the rain began to descend in torrent, and I took off my shoes, rolled up my trousers and went on. Night came on and forthwith we procured torches, and after taking some rice, set off again.

At a turn in the road, several Chinese rushed out from behind tall grass, each armed with a long club. They were just in the act of bringing down their clubs on my head, when I said, 'kill me if you like but remember you must give an account to my Master who is in heaven.' Instantly they drew back and disappeared among the grass and bushes."

Numerous plots were formed to waylay and murder him. Concerning one of these he was informed and put on his guard. "But," he says, "I determined to go about my Master's business should death be the result. On the road I met very suspicious looking characters who turned round and began to follow me. I told them I was the servant of the Most High God and feared neither man nor devil, and if they intended mischief, to be prepared for their reckoning. Immediately they were thrown into confusion and began to quarrel among themselves. I interfered to pacify and reconcile them. My conduct amused and pleased them and they allowed me to go on my way unharmed."

Many more instances of an equally thrilling character are reported in his private correspondence. These will suffice as specimens to show the kind of life he lived during the first few years of his residence in Formosa and also to show his perfect fearlessness in the midst of dangers and his willingness to die in his Master's service at a moment's notice. The effect on the natives was almost magical. If his patience

and forgiveness won their admiration his dauntless courage and perfect equanimity in the face of death overawed them and led many of them for a time to regard him as more than human.

But not only was the missionary himself subjected to various forms of persecution, but, as usual the first converts were great sufferers also. In a private letter he tells that a native helper and two others were beheaded by the savages, and in the Assembly's report of 1874 we read that "thirty armed men went to a convert's dwelling, broke the door, beat his wife, mother and sister, dragged himself about the room and finally left him for dead. The house of another worshipper was entered by forty soldiers who ransacked the whole place and snatched an infant from its mother's arms and trampled it to death."

The Christian converts in his mission showed the same heroic spirit under persecution which made himself so conspicuous a figure. In a private letter dated August, 1875, he writes: "Some of them slept in dark dens with me and roamed through the woods among savages with me. Some of them stood by me when the heathen threatened to break my head. Some of them waded through torrents of water and scaled mountains and braved many perils by my side."

Regarding Dr. Mackay's method of working the mission field, it is needless to say that he departed from the course usually adopted by foreign missionaries. In a private letter dated, January, 1874, he says, "I determined from the first day I came to Formosa to give my attention to the training of young men who would embrace the Gospel so as to have them at hand to go forth whenever the Lord would make an opening. This no one advised me to do, and I saw no one doing it."

But there was a practical difficulty in the way. How could he conduct a school in which gifted young converts would be trained for the ministry and still continue to make his frequent dashing movements as itinerating missionary all over the north of the Island.

He solved the problem by simply taking his students with him in his various tours and teaching them by the way. His plan

resembled that of the Great Teacher Himself. While he and his students would be walking from place to place, or resting or eating their rice together, under cover or in the open air, he would be imparting to them instruction of the most important and practical kind. No one now questions his wisdom in pursuing this course.

Further, while Dr. Mackay's special work was preaching the everlasting Gospel to sin-sick souls, he did not forget to relieve bodily sufferings. "Heal the sick" was a part of the commission of the Great Healer. Even before the erection of the hospital there, he and his native helpers dispensed medicines to thousands of patients every year. A small hospital soon became a necessity. A more commodious, and substantial building was erected in the year 1879. Through the generosity of Mrs. Mackay of Windsor, Ont., the funds for the erection and equipment of the "Mackay Hospital" were furnished, and in February, 1880, it was in full operation.

The work in all its departments had now attained to such proportions that the assistance of an ordained medical missionary became necessary even before the erection of the Mackay Hospital. The Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., who had just graduated in theology as well as in medicine, offered his services, and they were gladly accepted. He landed at Tamsui in January, 1875. Dr. McKay's joy knew no bounds when joined by a Christian fellow-laborer from Canada.

Dr. Fraser's first impressions of Dr. Mackay and his work were most favourable, as may be seen by an extract from one of his letters, dated a few weeks after his arrival. He says: "Mackay was delighted to see us, and no wonder. I suppose no one will ever, or can ever know through what he has come during the last three years. He will never tell the story with his own lips, but piece by piece I am picking it up from one source and another and marvelling that he is alive and of a sound mind." At the time of Dr. Fraser's arrival just three years after that of Dr. Mackay, there were six chapels opened and two more on the way.

Dr. Fraser's valuable services were not destined to be of long continuance in Formosa. Before the end of his third year, he was suddenly bereaved of his beloved wife

and helpmeet, and compelled to return to Canada with his motherless children, the youngest a mere infant.

Early in 1880 the Foreign Mission Committee invited Dr. Mackay and his wife to come to Canada for a year's rest. At this time Queen's University conferred on him the well deserved degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Mackay visited his native land presumably to enjoy a period of well-earned rest. But rest was foreign to his nature. He travelled almost incessantly throughout the bounds of the church, advocating the claims of the benighted heathen, especially those of his beloved Formosa.

He was greeted with immense audiences wherever he appeared. Scores of thousands in Canada were thrilled with his electric appeals and were made to feel ashamed of their own apathy and lukewarmness and of their small contributions for the enlightenment of the heathen. As he appeared before audiences of average professing Christians, who were just as responsible for evangelizing the world as he was, and spoke to them in that pungent, fervid, fearless manner which showed that the fire of heaven was glowing within him, his eyes flashing and his whole frame all a quiver with emotion, the effect was thrilling and almost magical. A fresh missionary spirit was awakened throughout the church and it bore immediate fruits in greatly increased liberality. The money at the disposal of the Foreign Mission Committee was more than doubled in two years.

Another of the fruits of Dr. Mackay's visit to our country was the munificent gift from the Presbyterians of his native county (Oxford) of a sum sufficient for the building of "Oxford College," a commodious and substantial edifice with all the appliances for a seat of learning which the circumstances then required.

In December, 1881, Dr. Mackay with his wife and child arrived again in Formosa. He was rejoiced to find that all the converts had proved faithful during his absence. His return was the signal for general rejoicings throughout all the twenty stations of his mission field. It gave fresh impetus to the work. About this time the news was flashed over the wires that "two thousand Aborigines cast away their idols

and expressed a desire to follow the God of Hosts."

But a dark cloud was gathering over Formosa. In 1884 the French were at war with China. In October, French soldiers bombarded Tamsui and Kelung. The complication of affairs which followed the invasion caused an additional strain upon the missionary's already overtaxed constitution. A short cessation from labor and a change of climate became a necessity. As he himself says;—"There was a burden laid upon my soul which only He who knows all can ever know." He left for Hong Kong, expecting to get back by the same steamer on her return trip.

This proved to be impossible. Tamsui was blockaded and he could not by argument or persuasion induce those in authority to allow him to return. He was obliged to be absent from Formosa for several months. He writes:—

"The work had never been in a more prosperous condition than in 1884, just before the bombardment of Kelung. There were thirty-five chapels with as many native preachers, twenty-six students in the College and thirty-seven girls in the school at Tamsui. Upwards of one thousand had been baptized and on the whole the people were never more friendly and well disposed. The arrival of the French changed the whole aspect of affairs. At once converts became objects of suspicion and hatred. Head men who had concealed their hatred before, came now to the front and stirred up the masses. Villains living on the border-land near the savages combined to plunder, and almost with the first outbreak levelled seven chapels to the ground, looted the houses of the converts and beat many of them."

But the heart of our missionary was undaunted, and his faith in God as firm as ever. He wrote, "Let there not be in Canada a single word of discouragement, not one word of fear or sentimental pity. Rather let there be a healthy, robust and vigorous faith in Him who leads forth to victory. God, our God, will do His part. Then let us pray and do our best, waiting for the salvation of the Lord."

The cloud soon disappeared. The prayers of the missionaries were answered, and they were enabled to return to their work.

They were overjoyed to find that all the converts had proved faithful throughout the trying ordeal. All the Stations were soon visited. Chapels were rebuilt and damages repaired. It is worthy of mention that through Dr. Mackay's influence, the Chinese government granted the sum of twelve thousand dollars to compensate the losses sustained in the war.

Since that time the work has prospered even more than before, as the following figures will show. While in 1881, the year which Dr. Mackay spent in Canada, there were twenty chapels and three hundred church members, and in 1884, at the time of the bombardment, there were thirty-five chapels and one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight church members, five years later there were fifty chapels, nearly three thousand church members, two native ordained pastors, fifty native preachers, besides "Oxford College," the Girls' College, and the hospital, in full working order. For all this let God be praised, and not Dr. Mackay and his fellow workers. Such was his desire as repeatedly expressed in his private letters. A few extracts will show the spirit of the man:

January, 1874: "I tell you my dear brother, I feel ashamed when I think of the little I am doing for Jesus. I feel ashamed when I think of the imperfections and spots of every day's work. But the Lord is good and will forgive all our sins and short-comings."

August, 1875: "Tell me, dear brother, if God has not blessed my poor services. I know He has. Let Him be praised! Let Him be praised! I am nothing but a poor miserable sinner. God forgive me for unfaithfulness. He will forgive and accept me, though unworthy."

January, 1876. "It is not I who accomplished it. No! I feel every day how unfaithful I am. Still God blesses. It is all of free grace."

January, 1879: "The work here has prospered greatly in my hands, but don't, oh don't, I beseech you, do me the injustice to think that I accomplished it. I think less and less of myself every day."

— These quotations from private letters will suffice to show that our senior missionary in Formosa desired to put the crown upon the right head and that, self-distrustful,

he labored in his Master's strength for his Master's glory. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

In 1895, Dr. Mackay and his family revisited Canada on furlough. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the church. The highest honor in the gift of the church was bestowed upon him in his being elected by the unanimous voice of the presbyteries as Moderator of the General Assembly.

Before returning to resume his arduous labors he published a book, entitled, "From Far Formosa," which will long be regarded as a classic, in the missionary literature of the Church.

But during the Doctor's absence, unexpected changes had taken place in the East. War broke out between China and Japan, one of the results of which was that Formosa was ceded to Japan. During the war much confusion prevailed in the Island, and the church had again to pass through the furnace. Many Christians suffered martyrdom. "During 1895 and 1896 the mission suffered by death and removals, a loss of seven hundred members."

When Dr. Mackay and his family returned to their beloved Formosa great was the rejoicing throughout all the mission stations. He says: "Everywhere we received an unbounded welcome from the Chinese and Pe-po-hoan converts and non-converts. In several places bands of music met us long distances from the villages and towns and escorted us into them."

Not long after Dr. Mackay's return he began to feel symptoms of a throat affection which caused little anxiety at first, but which became chronic and ultimately developed into malignant ulcers. All that medical skill could do failed to effect a cure. A cablegram received on June 2, 1901, announced the death of our devoted missionary. So closed the splendidly successful career of one of the foremost missionaries of the nineteenth century. His record will be read with deep interest for centuries to come.

It is worthy of mention that Dr. Mackay's wife, one of his earliest converts, is a devoted, heroic Christian woman. Her assiduous efforts in teaching in the Girls' College and in her visiting tours among the

stations have been of great value. She and their two daughters and one son survive him. The two daughters are the wives of two native ministers. The son is now in training in Knox College, with a view to taking up missionary work in his native land.

Various elements contributed to Dr. Mackay's success. He thoroughly identified himself with the people, adopting as far as he could, their mode of living, in dress, food, etc., and treating them as equals whom he respected and loved. His intense zeal and flaming devotion and constant self-sacrifice on their behalf at first amazed them and then won their confidence and affection. This, by the blessing of God, helped to secure a way for his Gospel message to their hearts.

When they saw that lone man, away from home and friends, travelling under the broiling sun or torrents of rain, or wading through floods of water, often at night having to sleep in the open air or in a hut, frequently suffering from fever or privation and for a long time exposed daily to a martyr's death, they could not but see written of his character in letters which needed no magnifying glass to read them, "Not of this world." But above all the elements contributing to his success must be placed his unfailing faith in the Saviour who commissioned him. He felt that God's Word would not return to him void and that success was as sure as the promise of God could make it. Therefore out and on he went, glowing with Apostolic fire, knowing and making known nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Let this paper close with an opinion expressed by an unprejudiced witness who was on the ground. Mr. Thomas Paton, working in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society, wrote from Chefoo, North China: "Dr. Mackay is one of those men who appear like meteors at long intervals. His work is tremendous. His success is no more than might have been expected; for a more determined, persevering and enthusiastic character I never met. His work is simply marvellous and worthy of every support."

"They that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN FORMOSA.

BY DR. J. Y. FERGUSON.

In my first attempt at addressing the natives from the pulpit in their own tongue, any benefit from it was confined to myself. Out of Chinese politeness, they were of course, forced to say that they understood every word, but knowing their weakness and also the deficiency of my linguistic powers, it did not increase my vanity to any dangerous degree.

First mistakes in speaking the language seem to stick to missionaries like nicknames at school and college. If mine are not too ridiculous I may tell you later.

Another first experience was the first night spent in a Chinese farm house. Although interesting it was not very restful. I stayed up as long as I could, and was then shown to my room which I was assured was very clean.

In spite of the assurance, the odor that greeted me at the door was very much that of the cattle barns in the home land. There was no floor in the room. Overhead was a kind of scaffold on which was stored old boxes and refuse of all sorts, carpeted with dust for the convenience of the rats which were no insignificant portion of the population of the place.

Under the same roof, and in apartments quite close to mine, the cattle and pigs were comfortably housed; while the hens seemed to have a general roving commission.

I often try to picture to myself what a sense of loneliness must have taken possession of Dr. G. L. Mackay, when he came single handed to lay the foundations of our mission work here. Our day is different from his. We face these scenes a day, a week or a month or two, at a time, in our touring, and then we have our plain but comfortable home at Tamsui, to return to, where we have friends to help bear the burdens and to consult with regarding our work.

There is a great tendency here for the magnitude of the work to paralyze ones efforts. We have to limit ourselves and select the most important things for each day, and shut out from our minds what we cannot overtake.

But great as it is, it is one with your work at home, and there is no way to success in either, but by the way of the cross.

Pulpit and Pew

"WHAT LACK I YET?" MATT. 19-20.

A SERMON BY REV. ROBERT CAMPBELL,
D.D. MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLY.

You will remember what John says in his Gospel, by way of apologizing for the brevity of his narrative: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written," which is just an oriental way of intimating that it would be impossible for the mind of man to grasp, or his pen to compass, a complete estimate of the words and works, the mind and heart, and will of Jesus Christ during the period of His sojourn on earth

On what principle then was the selection made, of events in the Lord's life which the evangelists have recorded? You will recall Christ's promise to His disciples: "The Holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance all that I have said unto you." The reminiscences of their Master which they have given in the Gospels, we may therefore assume, were deemed specially important, as bearing witness to the life work of the Redeemer. And the divine prompting promised by Jesus to the Apostles, doubtless acted on the peculiar turn of mind of each of them, and whatever in the Lord's doings had made an outstanding impression was that which they would be likeliest to record.

This interview between Jesus and the young ruler is given in detail in the synoptical Gospels, as Matthew, Mark and Luke are called, and we may therefore regard it as among the important things to be known by the students of our Saviour's life. It is a subject that all may profitably occupy themselves with; but it is specially instructive to Christian teachers, as revealing their Master's method in soul-dealing.

(1) Why he came to Jesus?

I take it that He came to our Lord with views and feelings which were in the main creditable to him. He had been occupying himself honestly, if not very profoundly, with the highest things; and his going to Jesus to see what help he could obtain from that quarter was a tribute to Christ, and showed what a reputation the man of Nazareth had acquired as a prophet, whose verdict on great questions it was desirable to obtain.

Those, it seems to me, miss the mark, who gather from the narrative that this was a conceited, self-righteous youth, whose enquiry at Christ's hand was not sincere, and only showed a desire to extract a compliment from a celebrated rabbi, which Christ was held to be. The young man evidently took himself seriously, and accordingly Christ treated him respectfully. Not thus did Jesus answer the captious scribes and pharisees, who came to Him with their insincere questionings.

I take it that he was an ingenuous youth who was truly interested in that greatest of all problems, what good thing he should do that he might inherit eternal life. He was a sincere religious enquirer; for if he had been merely playing a part, our Lord, who abhorred shams and unmasked pretence, would have treated him very differently. If he was not an anxious enquirer of the type desired by some, he had at least been conscious of soul exercises which had left him not wholly at ease. He was not quite sure that he was on the right road to eternal life, and he would like to have this matter, which was of the first consequence to him, once and for all settled by so expert a teacher as Jesus had the reputation of being.

(2) Christ and Individual Work.

Christ showed Himself ready to listen sympathetically to any one who came to Him in trouble, either of body or soul. He

did indeed, on occasion address multitudes, but the best recorded results were in His dealings with the few: Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, Nathaniel, the sons of Zebedee. Paul's gréatest recorded successes were along the same line; as instances, Timothy, Philémon, Lydia and the Philippian jailer. Peter's great soul-winning effort, with the thousands at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, is our encouragement to expect large results from the public proclamation of the truth; but I take it that as a rule it is now as of old, getting into close quarters with men in personal dealing is most effective in obtaining spiritual results.

(3) The Restless Heart.

I think we shall not be far astray if we regard, as the great object lesson of this interview of the young ruler, with Jesus—in which he may be regarded as typical of all, both young and old—the fact that he was ill at ease in heart. The narrative shows that the youth did not understand himself or know what was the matter; only he felt that there was something wrong, he could not tell exactly what.

There is, indeed, much variety in the spiritual state of men; scarcely any two being exactly alike; but there is this common feature of resemblance that among them all that there is a sense of something lacking. They may have a good opinion of themselves, as this young man had. They too, would resent any charge of grossly immoral conduct, any open breach of the ten commandments, claiming to be unjustly aspersed, as this young man did.

But, however strongly people will fight off attacks upon their reputation from their fellowmen; when left to their own meditations, and to the candour of self-accusation, they, too, like the youth of this Gospel story, are sensible of unsatisfiedness with their own condition. They are conscious of a lack somewhere, although perhaps unable to say precisely what it is.

We know in a general way, what is the matter. The heart of man has strayed away from God in whom alone its true life consists, and so it is ill at ease until it gets back again, "Lord," says St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee." The true joy and felicity of the hu-

man soul is in harmony and fellowship with God, its Maker; and so long as it continues alienated from Him dispeace is inevitable.

It was when the prodigal son came to himself by beginning to recall what he had left behind him in the old home, that the first step was taken in his reclamation. The filial spirit returned; he would arise and go to his father, and again be a son to him, ready to subordinate his will anew to him, provided the father were willing, of which he should not have entertained a doubt. And so there must be a return to their Heavenly Father, on the part of the erring children of men, before their hearts can be at rest. There will ever be a sense of something lacking, until men's hearts find rest in God.

But as we shall see, he did not regard deliverance from the sense of lack, which after all was only vague and did not distress him much, as the most important concern in life. His possessions were more to him. Others have at different times grappled with the question more seriously than the young ruler did. The agonized cry of the Philippian jailer showed how awful the problem was to him; as it was to the thousands who were pricked in their heart, after listening to Peter's pungent sermon on the day of Pentecost, and cried out "What shall we do?"

Your presence here signifies that this problem also interests you, although it may be in varying degrees. No matter what the measure of spirituality reached by you may be, you are conscious of short-coming of which you would fain be rid, you have a yearning, feeble it may be, yet genuine, after God, the Living God. There is in you a measure of heart hunger.

This sense of something yet lacking, explains especially the phenomenon of the thousands that gather to the services of men like the late D. L. Moody, who have acquired a reputation for skill and success in putting their fellowmen on the road to soul-rest; as well as people's readiness to sacrifice ease and money to attend the ordinary services of the Lord's house each Sabbath day. The great quest of humanity is to get peace with God, and the apostle Paul asserts it to be the right of Christ's disciples to arrive at it: "Being therefore justified by faith, let us have peace with God."

(4) The Great Physician.

This young man did what restless hearts always and everywhere should do, he went to Jesus for counsel and direction. Whatever the underlying motive was, his action at least was right and wise. Jesus was an expert in soul treatment, and like a skilful physician he easily diagnosed the case. He did not enter into a controversy with the young ruler, as to his claim to have observed the commandments. There was a more excellent way. Taking the youth's own estimate of himself Christ proceeded to deal with him and laid bare the weakness in his moral condition. Like the dentist, finding a nerve with his probe, our Lord put his finger on the diseased spot in the young man's spiritual frame.

He had asked, "What lack I yet?" either expecting a compliment from the great teacher, or honestly desirous of knowing the truth. In either case, the Lord turned the flash-light of His spiritual discernment upon the enquirer, revealing the youth to himself. The world had entwined itself around his heart in such a way that he did not apprehend that this was the cause of his dispeace, but when peremptorily challenged, the young ruler virtually admitted the truthfulness of the Lord's charge against him, by refusing to make the surrender demanded of him, and departing sorrowfully from the Saviour. He was not prepared to have the lack made up according to our Lord's prescription.—"If thou wouldest be perfect, go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me."

I am not minded to accept the views of those who argue that our Lord's dealing with this young ruler ended in failure. The youth disappears for the time being, disappointed because unable to accept the conditions laid down by Christ; and his attitude in his refusal to make immediately the surrender demanded of him, afforded Christ the opportunity of commenting upon the special hindrance which riches interpose between man and the kingdom of heaven; but it does not follow necessarily that this conversation Jesus had with him was in vain. The case is not followed up; nor does the evangelist pretend to offer to us the full biography of the young ruler. We may well believe that no word

spoken by the Saviour was without effect; and it is allowable to think that what Jesus said to him, although he shrank from accepting it at the moment, set him *athinking*.

It is not the thing which pleases us most that it is best for us to hear. That which is unpalatable may be wholesome. Not that which it is easy for our minds and wills to accept does us most good. Rather what is startling, which runs athwart our preconceptions, which we do not like, and have difficulty in accepting, sets us on enquiry.

Those who are of emotional temperament for instance, like appeals to the emotions, and the intellectual incline to that which gratifies the reasoning faculty; whereas those who are emotional would be the better of being braced by thought, and the intellectual by having their affections stirred up. It is, therefore, entirely likely that our Lord's words addressed to him would prove like leaven which would ferment in the youth's mind and conscience and lead him ultimately to reconsider his position.

Be that as it may, what the Master said of the effect of great riches in debarring men from eternal life, invites our most serious attention. If the interview between Christ and the youth before us did not result better immediately, the fault was not in the demand made of him, but in the tremendous handicap with which he was weighed down by his great possessions.

This is a hindrance lying in the way of the religious life that stands out by itself, in the common observation and experience of mankind, as well as in the teaching of our Lord. Christ spoke of the deceitfulness of riches as a special influence in choking the growth of the good seed of the word in man's soul. Constituted as human nature is, wealth throws a glamour over multitudes, giving them a false view of what is worthiest of their pursuit. It enfolds in its toils young men especially; and it was no exaggeration for the apostle Paul to say that the love of money is the root of all evil. * * *

The remarks made by the Saviour on the young man's unwillingness to give up either himself or his worldly means are startlingly strong, and yet not too strong to set forth the truth, as to the special temptation which wealth offers, and the

bar which it raises against the religious life: "Verily I say unto you, It is hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, and again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

I do not know that it would be correct to say that the age in which we live, more than previous ones, is chargeable with this fault, that love of money is its besetting sin, but we may at least truthfully say, that it has manifested itself in some new directions in our time, which has for instance invented a word, "graft," to describe unlawful robbing of the public for the promotion of the interests of individuals. The desire to make money quickly, at whatever cost, has been always the aim of the selfish; and in spite of the progress of the Gospel, it is not less rampant to-day than in any former period. Eagerness for gain is too apt to become with young men a consuming passion, leaving no room for the growth in them of the higher elements of life.

The worldly temper may and does show itself in many and various forms, but the desire for riches, on the part of those who are ambitious of the power which they believe the possession of wealth would give them, and the absorbing effect of it once it is possessed, preoccupy the heart as no other human desire does.

What do you think of the young man's determination, brethren? "An unwise choice," I am sure at least all those who have been themselves untempted by the possession of riches, will say. There was in him an exaggerated estimate of the worth of his estate; and although the young man would evidently have been glad to have both riches and eternal life; yet the latter was to be had at too high a cost, if it could be had only by the surrender of his wealth, and of himself as well. That great surrender he was not prepared to make, at least on the spur of the moment, whatever conclusion after thought may possibly have brought him to.

In this incident, and the moral and spiritual uses to which our Saviour put it, we have the same great issue brought into clear light which He set forth on another occasion—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life? or what shall a man give in exchange

for his life." "A great miscalculation he made," I hope I hear you saying each to himself. Well then, take care that in passing such a judgment on this young man you do not also condemn yourselves. The surrender the Lord challenged him to make is that which all have to make who will inherit eternal life; first, they must give themselves to Christ, by becoming His followers, and then lay upon the altar of His service, to be held in trust at His disposal, all that He has made them temporary owners and stewards of.

It was, after all, a shortsighted policy the young man pursued. His great possessions not only must fail to fill up the cravings of his soul, of which he declared himself conscious when he enquired, "What lack I yet;" but he might be stripped of them at any moment, and certainly he would have to leave them all behind him in a few years at most. Whereas the profit of the surrender the Lord asked him to make was to be at once satisfying and endless.

Not in self-seeking, but in self-sacrifice, not in holding but in giving, is true soul comfort to be found. Such is the assurance which Jesus Christ emphasized in His comments upon the young man's sorrowful departure, on declining the terms laid down for him, in the closing verses of the chapter; "Every one that hath left houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life." When the whole round sum of life and its full issues are kept in view, the young ruler's choice was a foolish one.

See, brethren, that none of you make a similar miscalculation. Make sure that you choose the better part which cannot be taken from you. Not every one craves riches as the chief good. Worldliness and selfishness, however, in some other form may possess the hearts of those who do not care for money. There may be some other besetting sin, the cherishing of which clogs the spiritual wheels of your nature. Surrender it along with yourselves if you would inherit eternal life.

And do so at once. In the thought of charity, we consider that it was not impossible but that the young man of our text in the long run accepted Christ's terms and so made sure of eternal life—the

words of the Saviour continuing to echo through the chambers of his soul—but of that we have no assurance. What is sure is that he was a fool not to respond at once to the Saviour's appeal to him.

Possibly he may have thought with himself—"I am young, my great possessions give me influence with my fellowmen, I would like to make use of them for some years at least to minister to my pleasure and gratify my love of power. When I have tasted of the sweets of the earth which my riches can command, later on I may take this whole matter into consideration," like Felix, putting off the great question to a more convenient season. See that none of you, my hearers, make a similar mistake. Delays are dangerous. Put yourselves in his position and fancy the Lord saying to each one of you to surrender everything that interposes a barrier between you and Jesus Christ and at once to rise and follow Him.

PREACHING TO THE UNCONVERTED.

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

I am convinced that, with happy exceptions, there has been a decline of direct, pointed, faithful and persuasive preaching to the unconverted. Too many discourses are addressed to nobody in particular; preaching to Christians has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone.

I do not mean denunciations that only irritate, or mere exhortations that are often a waste of breath. I mean that the preacher should hold up the ugliness and the doom of sin before the sinner's eye so that he should feel his own guiltiness, and so present Jesus Christ that that sinner should flee to him as his only Saviour.

"Warn them from Me," is God's solemn injunction to every minister. He has, therefore, no more right to cap Sinai or conceal hell than he has to hide the sin-atoning Cross of Calvary. In short, I mean logic set on fire by love.

Ministers ought to go back to the fountainhead, and remember that Jesus Christ "began to preach, and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." They ought to remember that Peter began the great apostolic campaign by preaching repentance to the unconverted, and Paul ceased not to warn night and day with tears.

They ought to remember that the most successful preachers, from Whitefield and Wesley on to Spurgeon and Moody, were

men whose chief aim was to awaken the unconverted, and to lead them straight to Jesus Christ.

Spurgeon never had any "revivals" in his great church; and for the good reason that there were no spiritual declensions to be revived from. He sowed the gospel with one hand and reaped conversions with the other. His church was like the orange trees I saw in California; there were white blossoms on some limbs and ripe golden fruit on some other limbs. Unless a minister intensely loves souls and longs for souls, he will never save souls; if he does, and uses "the right means seasoned with prayer, God will give him souls converted as his rich reward.

In my own experience of forty-three years of pastoral work, I delivered hundreds of discourses to the impenitent, and did not limit them to seasons of special pourings of the Holy Spirit.

My Bible gave me abundant ammunition in such texts as "choose life," "come for all things are now ready," "Jesus only," "quench not the Spirit," and that piercing passage, "past feeling."

Preaching to the unconverted is not easy work; it costs more mental labor than any other sermon work—except during a great descent of the Holy Spirit, and at such times all sermons make themselves. Preaching is a luxury when every stroke echoes in converted souls.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

Some years ago my wife and I visited a friend who had four beautiful children. One day Horace, a boy of six, called out to his mother from an adjoining room:

"Mamma, I want a lead pencil. Won't you please find one for me?"

Before the mother could reply, the father called out, a trifle sharply:

"Horace come here!"

Instant obedience was such a fixed rule in the home that the little boy came at once.

"What is it, papa?"

Taking the little fellow on his knee the father said kindly, but seriously:

"Horace, do you forget that I do not allow you to ask your mother or me to do things for you that you can easily do for yourself. It isn't polite, it isn't gentlemanly for a boy to ask his mother to wait upon him, excepting when he is sick, and then she loves to do it. But it is a boy's place always to wait upon his mother. Don't you really think now that you'd better find your own pencil?"

There was not the least rebellion or resentment in the little fellow's voice when he said, "Yes, I do, papa."

That boy was being reared in a way that

promised well for his future. There was no selfishness in that home, no spoiled children. There are so many spoiled adults—husbands and wives who can date the unhappiness of their dispositions to the selfishness, the willfulness, the weak dependence upon others instilled into them in their own homes by their own parents.

Many a mother who feels that she is "absolutely devoted" to her children, and who is regarded as "so unselfish" because of this utter devotion that is really slavery, is surely doing her children actual and lasting harm by a form of unselfishness that engenders the worst form of selfishness in them.—J. L. Harbour, in the Congregationalist.

CONCENTRATION.

By THE REV. P. M. 'ADAM MUIR, D.D.

When Mr. Gladstone was asked what he considered the main secret of his power, he always answered, "Concentration." "Steady practice of instant, fixed, effectual attention, was the key alike to his rapidity of apprehension and to his powerful memory." Each topic that he had to deal with completely occupied him for the time being. It was through this absorption in the present duty to the exclusion of everything else that he could undertake so many things apparently incompatible with each other.

He had learned, what it is so difficult to learn, that not a few subjects, most attractive, most admirable in themselves, must be rigorously left aside by him who would attain to perfection in any sphere of achievement. Even the ablest cannot possibly excel in everything. He is wisest who understands his limitations and sets himself to work in accordance with his actual capacity and bent, renouncing all that is extraneous and distracting.

The secret of the failure of many men is simply that they attempt to do too much. Their ability is undoubted, their earnestness is intense, their character is irreproachable; but they lack unity of purpose. The highest gifts, the rarest advantages, are rendered null by the dissipation of interest and of effort.

"I think of too many things," is the confession of Philip Wakem in the "Mill on the Floss," "sow all sorts of seeds and get no great harvest from any one of them. I'm cursed with susceptibility in every direction and effective faculty in none. I care for painting and music; I care for classic literature and mediæval literature and modern literature: I flutter all ways and fly in none."

A multiplicity of aims, even of worthy aims, has a weakening effect upon the character. Most of us, as we look back on

our youth, have to lament that we did not throw ourselves more heartily into some particular study or occupation, that, wandering hither and thither in the realm of knowledge at our own sweet will, we lost the habit of steady application, the invaluable gift of fixing and concentrating the mind. Hence it comes to pass that, like Philip Wakem, we are always fluttering but never flying; our susceptibility is highly developed but our effective faculty is well-nigh extinct.

The direction of force to a single point makes up for the absence of many brilliant qualities, but no brilliant qualities can make up for the absence of this direction. The most splendid endowments may be nullified by dissipation and distraction, the most meagre endowments may be glorified by concentration and fixity of purpose. To take up the duty which is feasible, to confine ourselves to it as if no other were waiting to be done, is the dictate of wisdom.—"Church of Scotland Magazine."

A LAYMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A layman recently addressed the following letter to Bishop Potter of New York:—

"To-day I attended a certain church. The solemn and lovely choral service was perfect, almost the entire service was exquisitely rendered.

And then a curate got up and 'preached' about the financial panic, ending with some original reflections as to honesty being the best policy, and spoiled even the force of that maxim by his callowness.

"I could, I think, have endured it to-day. But as I have now had about seventeen years of it in this very church edifice, I am almost driven to address you this letter."

Concerning the above, an exchange remarks:

"We know how easy it is to become a critic, but we feel in this case the demands of the critic are just. We are amazed at the themes of sermons that come under our notice from time to time. One would almost think that the newspaper was the textbook in some pulpits rather than the Bible. This is starvation diet, and 'the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.'

"Would it be far wrong to say that the reason why so many are disaffected from the Church is because the pulpit has overlaid its chief duty of preaching the Gospel with subjects that smack of the newspapers?"

A small scar may mar a beautiful face, a slight rent a priceless canvas; a trifling stain a great marble; a tiny flaw a precious gem; a little fault a noble character.

THE FATHER'S CHILDREN.

Why do we weep and cry
And sore bemoan our dead who quiet lie:
Their placid faces hold a soft caress,
Their folded hands rebuke our wayward-
ness!

"Nay, nay!
Do not lament for us!" they seem to say.)
No more they know our fears,
Nor taste the weariness of added years;
Theirs is no bitterness, theirs no heart-pain,
They do but sleep that they may wake
again

We say "cut off!" and "lost!"
Not so He sayeth who hath loved them
most.

They sleep serene
Beneath the fragrant coverlet of green
Which tender hands have drawn above
their breast!

His was the gentle voice that, sweeter far
Than all the mother-lullabies that are,
Hushed them to slumber when their day
was o'er,

In their green chamber; He who closed the
door

Speaks to us Fatherly, says to our weeping,
"Ye are my waking children: these my
sleeping!" —Selected.

SELF-SACRIFICING MOTHERS.

A friend from Ohio writes she has received quite a shock because she "lately met a young woman who acted as though she was ashamed of her mother."

This writer seems to blame the daughter. She says: "The mother makes her daughter's beautiful clothes; denies herself all the comforts of life to keep the girl in school; does all the laundry work of fine skirts and white gowns, often sitting up late at night to do this; and the daughter is not only seemingly thankless, but also heartless, treating her mother with no token of respect. What do you think of such a daughter?"

"I think such a girl sows to the wind, and will reap the whirlwind. I never knew a case where a child ceased to honor the self-sacrificing mother, but such a one, at some time in her life, bitterly repented her unthinking and selfish words and deeds," answered the wise one to whom the letter was read.

"I am not sure that the daughter is wholly to blame," added an up-to-date woman, who also heard the letter. "If a mother begins her life of a mother by being a servant to her child, what can she expect when the child grows older? A woman who is looked upon as drudge by husband and children cannot expect to be honored as though she were friend, companion, guide. A woman who will run at every whim and whimper of husband and

child, may at first, enjoy self-effacement, but the time will come when this sort of abasement will clothe her in sack-cloth and place her on the ash-mound."—Christian Observer.

JUST PLEASANTNESS.

"Why not do it pleasantly, since you are going to do it some way," said the nurse to the novice. "If the patient asks you for a drink of water when you can't give it, don't say sharply, 'I can't stop now,' but quietly, 'I'll get it as soon as I can.'"

Impatience to a sick person may result seriously, and no matter how tired you are, you must be pleasant." This is a lesson which a nurse must learn, and well it would be were it as severely enforced in all work.

Most of us perform obvious duties but palliate the irksomeness with complaints. We allow ourselves the most leniency in this regard in the matter of family chores. The mother intends to mend the torn flock, the father to forgive the son's wrongdoing, the boy to run the errand, the girl to give up a forbidden pleasure—but each is tempted to grease the hardness of the job with indignation. Pleasantness is a better lubricator.

When it is not so much a duty to be performed as a kindness to be bestowed, care is still necessary to allow no irritation to creep into the tone. A request curily acquiesced in leaves a hurt; a favor ungraciously granted loses its sweet flavor. Nothing is gained and much is lost by impatience; nothing is lost and much is gained by pleasantness.—Congregationalist and Christian World.

THE HELP OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

It is a mistake to imagine that you can be as good a Christian out of the church as you can in it, or that you can be a secret Christian. The instinct of a new heart is to acknowledge God. The change effected in a true Christian experience compels confession before men.

If one should propose to keep his experience of God's grace secret, he would falsify the very nature of Christian piety. Therefore Christ said, "Confess me before men" "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

There is no encouragement given to the notion of salvation by secret piety in any Scripture teaching or example. David pathetically exclaimed: "I have not hid my righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." The Master said: "Let your light shine before men."—Ex.

TELL OTHERS.

Have you found the Saviour yet,
 O my brother:
 Then if you the Christ have met,
 Tell another.
 Do not fail to make it known
 That the Saviour is your own,
 Do not keep your joy alone;
 Tell another.

Has He given life anew?
 Tell your brothers;
 Of the peace he brings to you,
 Speak to others,
 From the heavy bonds of sin,
 You will never one soul win,
 Until you shall first begin
 Telling others.

Tell of Jesus by your deeds
 To your brother
 Your step going where He leads
 Draws another,
 Then in all you do and say,
 Faithfully His word obey
 And rejoicing every day,
 Tell some other.

If the Saviour is your friend,
 Tell all others,
 Letting your confession blend
 With your brothers'.
 For if you will Him confess,
 He doth ready stand to bless,
 And to give you happiness;
 So tell others.

—The Missionary.

STIRLING SONS AND FATHER.

At the close of the service a prominent business man of the village stood in the back part of the church, talking with some excitement to one of his acquaintances.

"It isn't right!" he declared. "Mr. Stirling ought not to do it, and we are more than ungrateful if we allow it."

"What do you mean?" asked his friend.

"Just this," returned the other. "Mr. Stirling has been with us a week, holding services every day and every evening, and the good results of what he has done will be seen here for years. Think for a moment how he has helped our young people.

Why, my own—my own boy has been moved to adopt a wholly different life during these meetings. And yet, after all the good he has done, we are letting Mr. Stirling go away without saying a word about paying him for his services. As a matter of fact, they cannot be measured in terms of money. He has done for us what we can never repay. But he is growing old, in spite of his energy and youthful spirit.

Preachers are not men who accumulate much money in their profession. I think it is criminal to let him go without a good,

generous collection, and I am resolved he shall have it!" declared the man of business drawing some rustling bills from his pocket. "Now," he demanded "you put something with this, and I will go round among the other men, and we will soon have a good sum."

But the other merely smiled, and laid a restraining hand upon the arm of his friend.

"Wait just a moment," he said. "I happen to know the reason why Mr. Stirling does not charge anything for his services, and why he does not wish to be paid for them. He has been a minister and an evangelist for many years, and you can see that his heart is in his work. He has two sons. I have an idea that when these were boys, he had a strong desire in his heart that at least one of them should become a minister, but that desire was not gratified. The sons appreciated and honored their father, but neither of them felt called to the work of the ministry. They wanted to be business men, and their father, without making too much of his own disappointment, encouraged and helped them in fitting themselves for a business life.

"As the years passed on, these sons prospered greatly, and at last they said to their father:

"Father, we know that you were sorry that neither of us was inclined to be a minister, but we did not feel that we were adapted for that work. But we love and honor you and the work that you have done, and now we want to go in with you, as silent partners.

"We will attend to the entire financial part of the work. Go where you please, stay as long as you think you are needed, never stop to think whether the people can pay you or not. We don't care whether you hold your services in a rich city church, in the slums, or in the remotest country church; we will pay all your expenses, and give you a large salary in addition. Perhaps in that way we can help to do more good than as if we had become ministers ourselves."

"So for a number of years John Stirling has been conducting his meetings on that basis; going where he is most needed, and leading hundreds of lives out of darkness into light."

The man of business slowly folded up the bills which he had in his hand and returned them to his pocket.

"Well," he said, "I certainly will never do anything to disturb a scheme like that. It is the finest partnership I ever heard of, and I don't know who is drawing the most desirable dividends, John Stirling, or his sons—or the rest of us."—Youths' Companion.

The Children's Pages.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting-room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

"Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treated her shamefully only last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it."

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard, bitter lines in her sister's face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting to them, and replied:

"I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight. But lately—"

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

"Agnes," began her aunt, severely, "how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you. Mrs. Brown told me—"

"Stop, aunt!" cried Agnes, putting her fingers in her ears. "Please don't repeat it. I do not want to know."

"Why not?"

A moment's silence. Then a brave face was lifted to the stern one above it.

"Because, aunt, I am learning to swim." Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

"You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim. My head would go down, and I came up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said, 'Keep your head up and your mouth closed, and you will be all right.'"

"So, auntie, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed and my head up I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time."

"Humph!" said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly.—Youth's Companion.

No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man who offers it.

CIGARETTE BLOOD-POISONED LEECHES.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your rundown condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then, all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor, dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb.

"Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

An the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it."

"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches, thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—West Virginia School Journal.

"The minister who is a minister first and a man second is not a minister at all."

It is a sin when low things, however good in themselves, stand in the way of high things.—Rufus Ellis.

A SUMMER GIRL.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

A flutter of pink muslin, a gleam of floating pink ribbons, of a summer hat wreathed with roses, and a charming earnest girl face looking out from under it, and all the piazza people at the great hotel said, "That must be Rosamund Ellis, the college girl whose coming has been talked of so long."

And every one in the house soon knew, by the cordial greetings extended by old friends and the admiring glances of those who met her for the first time, that to Rosamund Ellis fairly belonged the fame of belle of the Mountain House.

The great, fashionable hotel crowned a height in the centre of a New England village, lately found out and occupied as a summer resort by a somewhat unique circle of city people. At the head of the little company was a cultured, highly intellectual man whose fame as orator and writer has gone the world over. With him came a college professor or two, a poet and a novelist, each attracting a little coterie, and all exulting in the rare beauty and healthfulness of the hills. The real denizens of the town, whose ancestors had transformed the wilderness into a habitable place, were, in the main, intelligent, God-fearing farmers, in whose eyes the pretty white church, with its slender spire pointing heavenward from the village green, represented the true meaning of all life, material as well as spiritual.

The new city comers, however, secretly despised the plain little church and its plain service, and often used the words "narrow" and "bigoted" in speaking of its worshippers. And quite naturally the village people who were outside the church, and especially those whose gains were increased in the service of the new-comers—all those whom the church longed to win to Christ—were dazzled by the glitter of the gay city people and readily adopted their sentiments.

Sweet Rosamund Ellis had found nothing in her home life to help her onward in spiritual ways, but at college her pure nature yielded to religious influences, and she had, early in the course, given her heart and soul loyally and earnestly to the service of her Saviour. From being a day to be spent in idleness and social pleasure, the Sabbath had become to her a day to be joyously given to spiritual things. The hours for communion, for reading the Word and meditation, for helping others on in the upward way seemed all too short. She not only revered and carefully observed the day; she loved it.

So it happened that when the young girl came down to breakfast the first Sabbath morning after her arrival at the hotel,

looking as fair as a spring blossom in her fresh, white gown, and with her face shining with the joy of early Sabbath morning thoughts, the chatter of the hotel company jarred painfully on her heart.

"We are off for a horseback ride to Whitecap," said a jolly young fellow, "with dinner at the new Mountain House, and a ride home by moonlight. What do you think of that?"

It was not an easy matter for the girl to assert her position in the face of their careless talk. She particularly despised cant and self-righteousness. The young men and maidens clustered around her, laughing and planning. Some of them knew her ideas about Sabbath-keeping, and looked on with eager curiosity to see what she would do.

"But what about the morning service, if we all go horseback riding?" she said at length, lightly, but with a little quiver, as she faced an audience so thoroughly out of sympathy with her manner of keeping the day.

A volley of answers, just such as she expected, met her little venture. "It was too warm to go to church; the pastor didn't know how to preach; the choir didn't know how to sing; it was vacation time, let church-going have a rest with other duties of the year;" and some one breathed that ancient, sophistical platitude about "worshipping God in nature."

But Rosamund quietly held her way.

"When I was in the mountains last year," she said, "I heard some one say to the old pastor of the town, 'What a fine thing for your Church and the place, to have this brilliant company of men and women come here for the summer; it gives new life to the old town, and must be a great incentive to the young people.'"

I shall never forget the old man's answer:

"Better, a thousand times better, if the brilliant men and women had never seen our little town. They openly despise the worship of God's house and all that goes with it. They draw away from its service the boys and men who must care for their horses, and drive them about on their Sunday excursions; they teach them the use of wine and tobacco; they profane every Lord's day all through the summer, and the fact that they are cultured, intelligent and highly esteemed in the world outside, adds terrible weight to their bad example.

The Lord's day was with us a quiet, sacred, happy time until they came. Now all the preaching of the year cannot wipe away the effect of their evil deeds. The church feels the influence most keenly. And when, at the close of the season, all the gay guests unite in an entertainment for our benefit, they think they are doing an act of

charity. Far greater charity," said the old man, "if they would remain away; or, better, if they would show at least outward respect to the day which we honor, and which we are trying to teach our children to honor.

"Some of these same visitors are members of Christian churches at home, I am told. How can they answer to their God for the long summer violation of His command to reverence the Sabbath? They excuse themselves by saying that I cannot preach as well as their city pastors; that I do not deny. But surely God's Word is powerful, however feebly it is set forth, and there must be some thought in any honestly-prepared sermon which should reach and help a true Christian, however lacking in eloquence the preacher may be. I do my best," said the old man, humbly.

"Now," said Rosamund, still lightly, "if any of you feel like adding to the burdens of that good old man, I am not one of you. Every Sunday this summer I shall go to church morning and evening, God willing, and not once shall I go riding or take part in an excursion of any sort. And I shall count as my particular friends those who do the same. It is the Lord's day, not ours you know; and I truly believe," she added softly "that we can make the Sabbaths among these hills beautiful memories for all our lives."

The little company gradually dissolved away from Rosamund's side and formed in groups on the piazza, in the parlors and in quiet corners to talk over the situation. In a half hour, the horses were brought gaily up to the front door, and a party, much smaller than the original one, galloped away over the plain. A few quietly walked across the green to the little church, and the old pastor noted their coming and wondered much what had brought them.

By degrees Rosamund won the day. She talked to the fishing young men so effectually that they gave up Sunday sport; and the small boys who usually attended them on their excursions had a chance to go to Sunday School. She interviewed all sorts of Sabbath-breaking people and won many to her way of thinking. She added her fresh, well-trained voice to the choir, and sang solos to attract the music-lover. She induced a city musician to preside at the little organ. She made friends with the old pastor and his wife and warmed their hearts by her earnestness and Christian sympathy.

And when the Lord of the vineyard cometh and reckoneth in that little village, then, but not till then, will be known all that Rosamund, the prettiest summer girl in the mountains, wrought for His kingdom.—By Helen Marshall North; for the "Woman's National Sabbath Alliance."

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

1. The careless way. To give something to every cause that is presented, without inquiring into its merits.

2. The impulsive way. To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt.

3. The lazy way. To make a special offer to earn money for benevolent objects by fairs, festivals, etc.

4. The self-denying way. To save the cost of luxuries and apply it to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacency.

5. The systematic way. To lay aside, as an offering to God, a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third, or one-half. This is adopted to all, whether poor or rich; and gifts would be largely increased if it were generally practised.

6. The equal way. To give God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditures by our gifts.

7. The heroic way. To limit our own expenditure to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income.—Selected.

THE PART OF SYMPATHY.

We crave sympathy; it is part of a true soul, and so great is the heart's craving for sympathy that the temptation is very great to impose our calamities on others. Into the sacred sympathy of a chosen few we can pour the struggles of our heart-agonies, and let those close friends rejoice to share our burdens, but it is blasphemous intrusion to let the outer world, through our sad faces and sadder voices, enter the sanctuary of our sacrificial sorrows.

The sorrows, the trials, the disappointments of life are the most exclusive and sacred elements of human experience, and only the chosen few must walk in the midst of them. When these personal and sacred things become stereotyped into habitual sadness and mourning we have profaned their sanctity and stolen from other hearts their gladness. It is impossible for those about us to be glad when we are sad, and it is better to steal a man's money from his purse than to steal the music from his soul.—Baptist Commonwealth.

SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile,

It is not much to give,

And the little gifts of life

Make sweet the days we live.

The world has weary hearts

That we can bless and cheer,

And a smile for every day

Makes sunshine all the year.

A BOY OF BURMA.

Thousands and thousands of miles away from here, on the other side of the world, is a country that is called Burma. If you could go there you would find yourself in a very strange place. There is never any Winter—no frost or snow—but one long Summer.

You would see strange-looking people, not white like yourselves, nor black like the Negro, but a dark brown, and their language you could not understand.

Everywhere you would see queer sorts of things—tall buildings like great pyramids, some white, and others covered with gold. At the top you would notice an umbrella-shaped thing fringed with little bells, and when there was a gentle breeze you would hear, high up in the air, the tinkle of the pagoda bells.

At the base of these mounds there is a place hollowed out in which is hidden an image, and to these places the people flock daily, bringing their offerings and bowing down before the image in worship.

Sometimes they build a large temple over the god. They decorate him with flowers and tinsel, fasten umbrellas over him to protect him from the rain or shield him from the fierce rays of the sun, and often he is covered with gold.

God has said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," and "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them;" but this is just what these people are doing, because they have never heard of the one true God.

Away up in the north of this same country, living in the mountains, is another race of people who speak another language from those in Lower Burma. You see no idols in their village, but instead are little baskets swinging from the branches of trees, or from the tops of long poles.

Or you will see what look like bird cages fastened up on poles. These are altars, where they place their offerings to the nats, or evil spirits, which they believe are all about them and always wanting something from them.

Some years ago there lived among this people a little boy whose name was Ning Krang. He lived with his parents in a large village on the flat side of a mountain. The houses of this village were not large and beautiful, with nice cool verandas, but were long, dark, cheerless huts, with no windows, no soft, comfortable beds or easy-chairs.

Ning Krang's mother never sang to him or rocked him to sleep. She never told him of Jesus, for she had never heard of Him. He wore a few old rags that were never washed. He did not know what soap was for. His hair was never combed, but

was all shaved off except a little patch on the crown of his head, which was sometimes gathered up and tied in a knot, or more often left flying.

When rice was plenty he had two good meals a day of boiled rice and salt, and a little dressing of stewed leaves which were gathered in the woods; but when rice was scarce he could have only a small amount, and no matter how hungry he was he could have no more than just that tiny portion.

When he lay tossing with fever on his hard straw mat, with only a coarse cotton blanket for a covering, if he could not eat the cold rice that was brought to him in a banana leaf, he had to do without anything, for there was nothing else.

He had no toys or books. He was taught to lie, to steal, and to do many other very wicked things.

While he was still a very little boy he was required to work in the fields, caring for the growing rice. At night he would sit with the men and women around the fire in the middle of the room, and listen to their stories.

These were not by any means fairy tales, for they talked of murders and robberies, planning how they would attack and plunder small villages, or the large caravans that must pass through their country on their way from China to the plains of Burma.

Then they talked in frightened whispers of the nats, those evil spirits that were ever ready to send sickness and death among them whenever they were displeased about anything; then of witches, who bit people, and caused them months and months of suffering.

All this the little boy heard but never a word of the dear Christ. He did not know that God loved him, or, indeed, that anybody loved him; for his parents, though not positively cruel, never showed him any affection.

By and by a missionary came to them and told them the old, old story that God so loved the world that He gave to it His only Son, and if they would believe in Him He would take away their sins and give them a new heart.

The little boy heard; he listened and believed, and his whole life, henceforth, was changed. His fear of the nats was gone, for God loved him and would take care of him; and now, instead of doing all those wicked things, he was eager to know what God wanted of him.

He was never weary of listening to stories of the Christ-child. He accepted Him with all his heart, and gave his life in loving service to Him.

Eager to learn more of the new and wonderful things that were told, he left

his father and mother and went with the strange teacher to the city. Always studious and obedient, he never needed punishment of any kind, was always ready to pray or speak for Christ, and was never afraid or ashamed to let it be known that he was a Christian. He learned to read, to sing hymns, to be clean, and to be helpful to others.

Once when he went back to his village during his vacation he was the only one in the whole place who could read, so every night he would call the people together for evening worship. First he sang a hymn, then read and explained to them a chapter from the Bible, and then prayed. The result was that fourteen people from that village gave up their heathen customs and declared their faith in Christ.

Ning Krang has now grown to be a man, and is still preaching and teaching, and we know that many have come to love Christ because he has known Him.—Around the world.

A CITY OF TEMPLES.

Its Priests and Its Pilgrims.

In North China, ten thousand feet above the sea, stands Wu Tai Shan, the Five Peak Mountain, with its city of temples. To this city of Wu Tai at certain times of the year, gather thousands upon thousands of poor Mongol pilgrims to worship at the shrine of Buddha.

There are temples everywhere—some large, some small, some ruined and forsaken, but each standing in its little grove of trees. And each temple has its priests, hundreds upon hundreds in number, "mostly," says a missionary who lately visited the place, "a very dirty set of men, with shaven heads and low brows." These priests live upon the offerings of the poor pilgrims who come to visit the city of temples.

There are many praying wheels in this city of temples; indeed they are to be seen on every hand. A number of prayers, written on paper, are placed in a cylinder which swings on an axle. All that the pilgrim has to do is to give a turn to the cylinder, and this is supposed to send all the prayers to Buddha. In one place there is a long row of little praying wheels and the worshippers march round and round, giving a turn to every wheel as they pass. And this is what they call praying!

There are stranger things at Wu Tai than praying wheels, however, for in one little house hangs a big bell, about six feet high, before the image of a Buddha who is supposed to have power over hell. Now and again a priest strikes this bell, and those poor people fancy that each stroke

sends a gleam of light down into the dark realm of the lost.

Then in another place, on a platform, stands a great lotus flower made of wood.

In the middle of the flower sits another image of Buddha, hidden by the great closed petals. When a worshipper comes with a prayer or a petition, or to be healed of his sickness, he has to promise a certain amount of money.

If he does not promise enough, nothing happens; but if he offers a good sum, the lotus slowly opens its wooden petals and the hidden Buddha shows himself. The wonderful flower is really worked by machinery, and this is set in motion from beneath by one of the priests.

Many of the worshippers at Wu Tai walk round and round one of the temples, believing that a certain number of these little journeys will cure diseases. Then in one place there are some smooth boards, raised a little at one end. Some of the pilgrims are to be seen throwing themselves down on these boards, sliding down them on their hands, and then rising to do the same thing again. They believe that if they do this a great many times they will be healed, and there is no doubt that the exercise itself does them some amount of good.

The priests themselves are not so foolish as to do all these things. One of them mentioned to our missionary that he had a "ping" (an illness). "Then," said the missionary, "why don't you use those boards or walk round and round the temple as those pilgrims do? Doesn't that cure them?"

"Oh, yes," said the crafty priest, "it does. That is all very well for those Mongols; but when I am ill, I like to lie down and do nothing. Besides, my "ping" is a different kind from theirs."

How we pity those poor pilgrims with their city of temples, their praying wheels, and their cheating priests! Yet nothing can be done for them until our missionary societies are able to send more men, and yet more men, who will be able to bear the gospel light and gospel healing even to the thousands who travel to the city of temples on the Five Peak Mountain.—Juvenile Missionary Herald.

The open Bible has been the foundation of British character: a character whose chief charm is its love and duty. It has made England the nation she is; it has made America the nation she is. If it is kept open and believed as a spiritual guide, it will go on making both nations greater than they are now.—The Rt. Rev. Arthur F. Winnington Ingram, Gishop of London.

THE WORK GIRL AT THE FARM.

Monday was always a busy day at the farmhouse. On this Monday morning Katie Bean, the little work girl who slept over the kitchen, woke up early. When she knew that she was really awake she remembered what it was that she had been thinking about the night before.

It was what Miss Charlotte had said in Sunday school on Sunday afternoon. Miss Charlotte was the nicest Sunday School teacher in the whole world, Katie thought. She certainly did teach the loveliest lessons; anybody could understand them.

"Yesterday she said," Katie reminded herself, "that Jesus Christ was always watching for something that he could do for somebody. And when he found it he he was always glad. He liked to help."

Katie lay still and thought about it for a little.

"Miss Charlotte said," she went on presently, "that we ought to try to be that way, too. She said of course nobody could do better than get into Christ's habits. And of course they can't."

Katie dressed and went downstairs to get the kindling ready before Mrs. Holt came in to make the fire. When this was done she set the table as carefully as she could; for Mr. John Holt and his family were spending a week at the farm, and they were very rich.

"When she has company Mrs. Holt likes everything to be nice," thought Katie, as she set the fern in the middle of the table on a clean centerpiece.

Katie sometimes forgot the fern and left it on the sideboard.

"It isn't to eat. I don't see much use in making such a fuss over it. When a person's in a hurry you can't always stop to think of just ornament."

But to-day she thought of it.

"Katie, me darlint," said the washwoman, "couldn't ye shlip down to the store for some soap for Bridget, that's wan o' your bist friends? Thats the good gurril!"

Katie went, and she went to the post office with a letter for Mrs. John Holt. When they were all at breakfast she took little Jack Holt into the sitting room, and was a locomotive, and a bear, and a grasshopper, so successfully that he never cried for his mother once.

By hurrying she finished all her chores before school time, and told little Mary Holt a story, and helped Tom find his ball besides.

When Katie returned from school in the afternoon she found Jared Holt, Mrs. Holt's youngest son, warming himself by the kitchen fire. He had on his overcoat and his hat was in his hand.

"You have a bad cold now, Jared," his mother was saying anxiously. "I wish you wouldn't go out again. It's too late in the day. Wait till to-morrow."

"I can't do it, mother. I promised the doctor to take his book back before to-morrow. And, you know, he doesn't like it if things aren't done right on time. I must go. It's worth a fellow's while to keep in with the doctor."

Katie thought of how hard Jared coughed at night and in the morning. He was not strong.

"I'll take it back for you," she said slowly.

Mrs. Holt's face cleared.

"Will you?" said Jared. "Thank you ever so much. That's jolly. You're a good little thing."

"Are you going out, Katie?" asked Mrs. John Holt. "Would you mind getting these spools of silk changed for me?"

This reminded Katie that Mr. Holt had said that he must remember to get a package that had been forgotten at Miss Lanning's on Saturday. Should she say anything about it? Why had she thought of it? Miss Lanning's was out of her way.

"But only a square and a half. That isn't much. It bothered Mr. Holt Saturday when he forgot it. He'd be pleased if I went after it. He's a very kind man."

When supper was all over Katie sat in the clean kitchen at the table with her books. She felt a little dull.

"It must be nice," she was thinking, "to be one of the family and not just the work girl. I'd love to have a whole lot of folks, a big houseful of them like the Holts, and for all of us to sit in the front room evenings and talk from one to another and laugh and enjoy ourselves together. You needn't ever feel lonesome then."

By and by Alice Holt, who was Mrs. John Holt's oldest little girl, came out into the kitchen.

"Katie," she said, "I've been watching you all day. You have done a lot of different favors for different ones; you must be tired. Uncle Jared says you are very obliging, and grandmother says you are very faithful. We all like you so much!"

"When she told me that," said Katie to Miss Charlotte afterwards, "I felt just rested. A person doesn't mind doing things, if they know anybody notices it and cares."

Miss Charlotte was delighted.

"Katie dear," she said by and by, "this ought to help us to remember that there is One who always notices whenever we do right, and always cares."

Katie did not speak, but in her heart she meant to try not to forget.—"The Morning Star."

WHAT GOD DOES FOR BOYS.

God *wants* the boys, all kinds of boys,
To love him, serve him, do his will;
He wants those boys that make a noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God *calls* the boys; yes, every one—
Those that are in and out of school;
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,
He leaves none out; that is his rule.

God *loves* the boys of every kind,
The rich and poor, the short and tall;
Even for wicked ones you'll find
His grace is given to one and all.

God *gives* the boys a tender heart,
And says just so they all can hear,
"Will you not choose the better part
Just now, while Jesus is so near?"

Christ *died* for boys; he knows their need
Of all his precious blood can do;
The "Bread of Life" their souls will feed,
And gives them "living water," too.
—Standard.

A BOYS' PRAYER MEETING IN KOREA.

During one of a missionary's country trips in Korea he found some boys holding a prayer meeting between the Sunday school and church service. The boys had been in school and had taken back to their homes the lessons of prayer which they were carrying out in this meeting. The boys are from 12 to 14 years old and took it turn about leading.

One little fellow, about eight years old, was a great chum of the missionary when the latter went to that place. Whenever the missionary went there the boy took up his abode with him and was a great teacher as well as a great pupil. He would tell the missionary all that had been done in the community since his last trip, and in turn would learn a great deal of the gospel.

At the close of one of the boys' services the missionary said to the little fellow:

"And I suppose you will be leading when you get a little bigger."

The little fellow straightened up and said: "I led last Sunday."

The missionary very much surprised, said: "You did? What did you talk about?"

"Well," said the boy, "I read that passage about straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it."

"And what did that mean?" asked the missionary.

The boy answered: "That bothered me just a little; I did not know just what it meant, but I told them that beyond the straight gate is heaven, and beyond the

broad gate is hell, and we had better go the straight way."

The boys from the school had carried back the fire, and this incident was a little of the glow from it. May it light up all Korea.
—Ex.

THE STORY THE PENNY TOLD.

I've been in such a funny place! Guess where it was. It was in Charlie's pocket. At first it was very dark down there; but before I came away I was acquainted with many friends; a string, five buttons, a piece of chalk, six marbles, a firecracker, and a match. There were others that I did not have time to be introduced to.

Yesterday Charlie went into a candy store three times, and each time I felt a fat, warm hand feeling 'round among the marbles and string until he found me. He squeezed me pretty tight. I heard him say something about birthday penny and thank-offering to himself, then he let me drop back to my friends again.

Once he put me on a counter, but picked me up quickly, and I heard him say: "I was seven years old yesterday! Guess I'm not going to buy any candy with it!"

To-day Charlie brought me to Mission Band with six other pennies. They said they were going 'way, 'way off to help build a school in China. I like the looks of those pennies, and I guess I'll be glad to go with them and help. Good-by.—Selected.

CHINESE PECULIARITIES.

The Chinaman shakes his own hand, instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blacking them.

He rides with his heels in his stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits.)

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says west north instead of north-west, and sixths four, instead of four sixths.

His favorite present to his parents is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning color is white.

To bore a hole he uses an instrument that works up and down, instead of around.

The children of a Chinese school study out loud.—The Junior Herald.

THE BIG VOICE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"Be careful, little girl; 'small things talk loud,' they used to tell me when I was a girl at home," said the aunt of the young lady who was to her even now but a little girl.

"Now, what have I done?" was the smiling question, for the 'little girl' did not mind being told of things that she might mend in her ways, when they were told in her aunt's sympathetic way and voice, with the kindly, loving eyes smiling down into her own.

"It was a little slip of the tongue that time—a tiny bit of slang that I do not like to hear on your lips. It is so easy to take up the newest use of some word or phrase, to join in with the majority in airing the latest fashions in slang, and so hard to remember that these smart expressions are not worth learning and using; and that to the cultivated ear they are things that, while small, talk loudly of a lack of breeding and training.

"There are other small things that speak loudly, too, when we come to think about it. The little careless habits of dress or person, the small, slipshod ways that are easy to fall into, and hard to get out of, the slighting way of doing the duties and tasks that come to one; the letting down, even a little bit, of the bars between ourselves and the things and companions that will do us harm rather than good; all these things speak with voices out of the relative importance of things.

"Perhaps it is a blessing, after all, that it is so. When they shout their warnings to us we can hear and heed better and more quickly than if they whispered."—Young People.

A YOUNG AFRICAN GIRL.

A young convert on the west coast of Africa, saved out of the most horrible savagery, came into the house of God on Christmas Day to offer a gift on the Lord's birthday—for they observe Christmas Day there not by giving their best to each other, but by bringing their best gift and offering to Christ, Whose birthday is being celebrated.

At the close of the service they came in a procession to the front of the church, each offering the gifts they had brought for the Saviour. They were so very poor that most of them only had a handful of vegetables to bring and some only a bunch of flowers to show their good will. If anyone could bring a coin worth a penny or two it was counted a particularly valuable gift.

But here came this girl, sixteen years of age, and just saved out of paganism, and

from under her old dress she drew a silver coin worth 3s 6d., and handed this to the missionary.

He was amazed at the magnitude of it he at first refused to accept it, for he thought she must surely have got it dishonestly; but lest he might create confusion he did take it, and called her aside at the close of the service to ask her where she got such a fortune as that.

She explained to him very simply that in order to give to Christ an offering that satisfied her own heart, she had gone to a neighboring planter and bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life, and had brought the whole financial equivalent of her life of pledged service and laid it down in a single gift at the feet of her Lord!—London Chronicle.

BOTTLES AND RAGS.

"Bottles and rags! bottles and rags!" called the rag man, as he plied his calling.

"Why do you always put these words together," asked a passer-by. "Because, madam," said the rag-man, courteously touching his hat to the lady, "wherever you find bottles you find rags."

Shrewd philosophy! It is a pity that our statesmen cannot see the thing as clearly, and that, for the good of prosperity, to say nothing of the moral happiness of the people, they stop the accursed liquor traffic instead of putting in the way of Christian workers all sorts of handicaps.

Remember the shrewd words of the rag-man, who sees things as they are: "Wherever you find bottles you find rags." And if you wish to save people from coming to rags, you will banish the bottle. Let us all say we shall not give over the fight until we succeed.—Angelus.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

My young friend, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do.

It doesn't pay to try to pass yourself off for more than you are worth.

It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong book. A liar needs a better memory than anyone is apt to possess.

It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

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Next day, while I sat in the pulpit waiting until the hymn was ended so that I might begin the address, Satan came and whispered "You are going to become quite famous as a result of these meetings." I instantly prayed that the same Almighty Spirit who was working through me might keep me always in the condition pleasing to God. I said "Satan, I am willing to be as insignificant as the smallest atom which floats in space if only Christ may be glorified.

During the address there was a deep spiritual hush over the audience; even the coughing seemed to cease. The building seemed full of His holy presence. Afterwards several prayed. Among them an elder's son, who, in agonized weeping, confessed to adultery and other sins, and then fell to the floor, crying as if his heart would break.

While this was happening, it was seen that the elder who had cried out so on Monday night was in agony. Then he cried out again "Won't you let me have a chance to speak." With streaming eyes, and trembling from head to foot, he said "There were two men who opened shop to sell meat dumplings. One was rich the other poor. The rich man tied a big fierce dog at the entrance to the poor man's shop and though he sold good dumplings no one dared to go and buy because of the ugly dog. In consequence the poor man was starved out.

"I am that ugly dog. I am an elder, and the devil has used my sinful life to hinder men from entering Christ's kingdom. I have committed adultery. On three different occasions I have tried to poison my wife."

On hearing this, his wife, who was in the audience, gave a fearful scream. I passed her after the meeting was over. She was still on her knees praying. The floor was all wet with her tears.

He held up a handful of his elder's cards. "See these are my cards with 'elder' printed on them. How unworthy."

He ran to the stove and flung them in and said "All you who may have any of my elder cards, burn them as soon as you go home." He pulled off his gold bracelet and gold ring and said "Sell these for the church," and promised that he would hereafter give a tithe of his income. Then he fell to the floor, weeping bitterly.

It is impossible to describe what followed. It was as if the judgment was set. Men and women everywhere were screaming, wailing, falling to the floor, beating the floor, sometimes with head, sometimes with hands. What agonized looks! What heart-piercing cries for mercy! Though confessions were made with loud voices quite near me I could not catch a word, so mighty were the cries which filled the building. Among the hundreds present perhaps no eye was dry, no soul unmoved. As soon as a lull came I closed the meeting.

The Wednesday evening meeting was quieter but there was much weeping and confessing. The women confessed bad temper, hatred toward mothers-in-law, disobedience to parents, neglect to teach their children about the Saviour, and failure to live the Christ-life before husband, friend and neighbor. The men confessed to covetousness, overreaching in business, adulterous thoughts, failure to testify for Christ by word and deed, and withholding time and money from God.

A man who had once been a deacon confessed to having made away with charity funds, of having cheated a man out of some land, of having enticed his neighbor's wife to sin with him, and of having reviled and beaten his own wife. The mystery is how God ever can use the church at all in which such sins exist.

The noon address on Thursday was used by the Almighty Spirit to deepen conviction so that when the evening came the meeting led itself. I could not deliver the intended address. Hundreds wanted to confess and pray. It seemed as if the meeting would have gone till midnight if we had let it.

The leading elder confessed that he got money for a church building which was never put into it, and to show how minutely the Holy Ghost searches out sin, He said a friend had got him to buy an article up the street, but in returning the change he had wilfully kept back a copper, and even that copper kept back peace, until confessed. Now, to crucify his covetousness, he promised to contribute seventeen hundred dollars to the church.

Another prominent Christian, in great agitation of mind, said his sin, unconfessed, was like hell in his heart, for two years, and that he dared not face the real hell of the future, so must confess and be cleansed by the blood of Christ.

A christian tailor, who had cheated the hospital out of nine yards of cotton, while making garments for the assistants, confessed, with strong crying and tears.

The native pastor's son, now at the head of one of the big drug stores of the city, wept bitterly and confessed that he had stolen a thermometer while acting as assistant at the hospital.

The Friday noon was wonderful for its spirit of prayer. Prayer was asked for all teachers, medical assistants and native pastors. The missionary in charge added, "and for us missionaries, too. None need divine help more than we do." It seemed as if it were impossible for one to wait for the other, so mightily was the spirit of prayer upon the people, therefore the audience of about seven hundred instantly united in one great volume of simultaneous prayer.

Again the pastor, with great pathos in his voice, said: "We must needs have church discipline, but would that there was some

way to bring back those we have cast out and restore backsliders." With one mighty voice the whole audience prayed. There were tears in that wondrous voice. It was as the voice of a mother pleading for her prodigal whose face is still turned away from love and home.

Then a man came forward with intense earnestness in look and voice, saying: "Not many of our west suburb people have attended these meetings. They remain cold and unblessed. Do pray for them." That mighty voice again pleaded with the God of heaven to revive the needy church.

The address was then given. Such wondrous listening! All seemed to long for the gracious infilling. Many more afterwards eagerly confessed, anxious to have clean hearts for Christ's Spirit to dwell in.

Friday evening's address was "Power for life and service." The prayers following were full of a new purpose. Such regrets for a misspent past! Such longing to live in the power of God for the future! Such longing to save others! The audience of seven hundred, even the boys and girls, seemed fired by a new and heavenly purpose.

The wife of that elder who had made the awful confession came and put all her jewelry on the table, saying: "Sell it for the church, I can't wear it any more, and a little girl came and timidly put a bracelet on the table, saying "It is the only precious thing I have got and I love it very much, but I want to give it to Jesus."

The missionaries were all swept along by the rising tide and were humbled and melted by the mighty manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power. Some say it is Scotland of 1859 repeated in Manchuria. The missionary in charge said he had never hoped in this life to see such wonders of Grace.

The Spirit's Power at Kuang Ning.

In the early morning on Saturday, with a band of about twenty elders and deacons, he accompanied me to the railway station. He tried to find an empty car in which to hold a prayer meeting. Failing in that, we talked until the train pulled out and then he led the band in a rousing hymn.

Saturday night, after five hours by train and seventeen by cart, I arrived in Kuang Ning. Mr. and Mrs. H. . . . have been there for about thirteen years and have over one thousand baptized members. Miss Dr. Beaty has been there about a year.

They at once told me that it was vain to expect any such outward manifestations as at Liao Yang and Mukden. One of the missionaries laughingly remarked: "We are hard-headed, North of Ireland Presbyterians and our people take after us. Ours are such a staid people that the most we have seen produced after several days of special meetings was three or four voluntarily leading in prayer."

Replying, I said, "We may not dictate to God how he may manifest His power. He is going to glorify His holy name in Kuang Ning. Of that I am certain. It may be similar to the other places and it may not, but He will have His way." "But," said one, "We can't believe that our elders or preachers are as bad as that which has come to light at Mukden." I said "Don't be too sure."

On Sabbath, there were over four hundred present at the morning service. All the preachers were in and every outstation was represented.

After the talk on Korea, I called for prayer, but strictly warned all who had not the leading of the Holy Spirit to refrain from leading in prayer. To the surprise of the missionaries eight or ten readily led in prayer.

At the close of the evening address many led in prayer. Some while praying broke down and wept.

During Monday the Spirit was revealing hidden things and making consciences tender. Dozens wanted to pray the prayer confessions.

On Tuesday the irresistible prayer spirit seemed to have been poured out on the people. During the noon meeting Mrs. H. called my attention to the fact that the women were not getting a chance because the men prayed in turn so quickly. Many of them were standing up to get a turn but failed. I said that I didn't care to interfere. I wished the Holy Spirit to have charge. Then the women got a start and in quick succession for about fifteen minutes they held the prayer on their side.

After the evening address prayer continued for fifty-five minutes. The prayers were short. Even little boys and girls were praying. The people were so eager to pray that the amen of one prayer had not been said before another was started. Each heart seemed to see its own sin and confessed it. There was a deep feeling but little of uncontrollable grief.

That evening Mr. H. remarked that the preachers were strangely silent. He said that at the meetings held on Friday and Saturday before I came they did about all the praying.

I at once said "Mr. H., if your preachers are not praying you will find the hindrance is with them."

Owing to the press of work in our own field I had only promised two weeks of special meetings in Manchuria, one at Liao Yang, the other at Mukden.

But Mr. H., on hearing of the proposed meetings, urged so strongly that I had agreed to give him three days at Kuang Ning. At Mukden a very strong impression came to me that I ought to add two more days. Now we were at the end of the

three days. The people had the prayer spirit but the preachers had not.

Wednesday noon I preached for more than an hour. The attention was most intense. The Spirit was mightily searching every heart. Here and there were agonized faces. So great was the spirit of prayer it was three hours before we could draw the meeting to a close.

More mightily still the Spirit seemed to convince of sin during the evening address. Afterwards the people prayed half an hour without a pause, then I motioned Mrs. H. to start a hymn.

The custom is to stand during prayer, but at the close of that hymn I noticed many going down on their knees so I told them all to kneel.

Then elder Yong asked if he might have a chance to make a confession. He said he had a bad temper. It was a great hindrance to Christ's cause and a great annoyance to his brother elders, especially to Mr. Tsui. He publicly asked forgiveness of elder Tsui.

Mr. Tsui, who was in the choir on the platform, said "Mr. Ying, don't talk like that. We have many sins worse than yours only we are too proud to confess them."

Just then a man started to pray. I had noticed that his face had had a very troubled look for several days past. His prayer began thus:

"O Lord, thou hast pierced me through as with knives these days. I hold the prominent position of helper. I feared man and dared not uncover my sins, knowing what disgrace it would bring upon myself and family. My wife and sons and daughters are now in this building; I now only fear Thee and dare not meet Thee with my polluted soul. Thou knowest that I am guilty of adultery, that thirty-five dollars of indemnity that the pastor sent me to give to a certain man (the man did not want it), I and another helper divided it ourselves and never told the pastor, and Thou also knowest that this fur garment I am wearing was given me by a brother who had sinned and didn't want me to tell the pastor on him."

With this he took the garment off and flung it from him as if it were infected, saying "I can't wear it any more." He continued praying. Men, women and children were crying aloud all over the building and increasing in number and volume with every sentence he uttered.

That extraordinary prayer! Each sentence seemed to come direct from the Spirit of God. The agonized wails grew louder. Many with faces on the floor crying "God pity us," "God forgive us." All were praying. We were all crying. We couldn't help it. Yet his voice of prayer always kept clear and strong above all other sounds so that each sentence could be distinctly heard.

Mr. Keers, who had just arrived from Chin Chou in time for the meeting, said that the house seemed so filled with the presence of God that he could not have been surprised at any happening.

Mr. H. said that some young men from the street who came in out of curiosity were also mightily moved. They too were down on their knees crying, and seemed to be praying also. When they came Mr. H. feared that they might disturb the meeting and so put them in seats near the door.

Mrs. H. had just that morning got a letter from her son attending school in Belfast saying he had been converted, but Mrs. H. in tears said: "I rejoice more over what has happened to-night than I did the day my boy was born." The meeting lasted over four hours and yet while it was in progress no one seemed the least bit weary.

But that night, the Holy Spirit was working elsewhere than in the church building. There was an elder named Chi who lived outside the north gate. He is a big, generous fellow. Some people from the distant parts of the field who had animals feeding at the inns were getting anxious about the expense. Mr. Chi soon set them at rest by getting up in meeting and saying "Don't let any one go home and miss these meetings on account of the cost. Just bring all your animals out to my place for it will cost you nothing."

Because of the mounted robbers the city gates are closed each night at sundown. Therefore elder Chi could not attend the evening meetings. When the Spirit came upon us in power that night, Elder Chi got into great agony and thought he was going to die. He thought of all the sins he had been guilty of since he had become an elder and got his son to write them all down, then he made his son promise that he would take the list to church next day and read it out as Elder Chi's confession before he died. He believed he was surely going to die that night. The report of this next day made a very deep impression upon the people.

That same night, Elder Ying's wife had to be home with her children. Some neighbor women came in and they had a prayer meeting. The same Almighty Spirit was present and they were moved to weep over and confess their sins.

On Thursday morning the audience was a third larger, for the revived ones went and hunted up all backsliders and friends, hoping to have them moved. At that service there was intense interest and a longing to get rid of everything which might offend the indwelling Spirit.

A Bible-woman had taken a dollar more for travelling expenses than was her due. She was heart-broken over it, confessed and returned it.

A helper said "I took a half dollar more

for expenses than was my due. These days that half-dollar was burning down into my conscience like a red hot coal. I can't stand it any longer. I must give back double." He put a dollar down on the pulpit.

A servant woman who had taken things in the house was convicted, confessed and restored.

One of the school boys had stolen twenty cents from Mrs. H. He was convicted and brought it back.

There were dozens of confessions which I could not catch owing to loud weeping and many confessing at the same time.

The noon meeting lasted three hours. There were many soul-moving intercessory prayers.

The evening meeting Thursday lasted five hours. There seemed to be no possibility of stopping it. As one of the missionaries remarked, it seemed as if the saved suddenly realized that the way to the throne of God was now open and each was eager to get the burning request in as soon as possible. As soon as any one asked prayer for a father or mother or son or sister or friend or outstation or Manchuria or native land, it appeared as if no one could wait for another but the hundreds with one voice pleaded mightily with God in prayer.

For fifteen or twenty times that evening the whole congregation thus prayed. Many promised to tithe hereafter. Many promised service free. Volunteer bands under the leadership of helpers or elders are going out all over the field to tell the good news. Students in the schools promise to give their Saturday afternoons and Sundays for preaching on the streets and in the villages round about.

Two men publicly decided to be preachers. One of them has an income now of about \$40 a month. As helper he starts with \$8 a month. The other has fine business prospects but foregoes them all that he may preach the gospel.

Such union! Such love! I never saw the like. The Irish missionaries say this is just like a repetition of the great revival of 1859 in Ireland.

When I was coming away, Mr. H. said: "I am as one in a dream. I can scarcely yet realize all that has come to pass."

During those days there was much prayer among the Chinese. Our foreign prayer meetings were times of quiet, precious power.

At the close of each address in all three centres I said, "O blessed Spirit! The meeting is now in Thy hands. Let me rest. Let the people be as clay in the hands of the potter. Have Thy way, cleanse Thy temple. Exalt the glorious Redeemer."

I never was anxious. I never had to do any urging. I sat still and truly saw the glory of God.

OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

LETTER FROM REV. W. R. MACKAY.

Kongmoon, Feb. 20th, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott.

As it is some time since I have written to you, I think I must send you a few lines to let you know how we are doing since removing our headquarters from Macao to Kongmoon.

By the way, the designation, "Macao Mission" is scarcely applicable to us as Macao is not an important part of the field. Some such title as "South China Mission" or Kwong Tung Mission" would be much more appropriate.

The District of San Ui, which we occupy, is a large and populous one. From a hill about a mile from our home we have counted as many as forty-five villages, some of them containing many thousands, besides the city of Kongmoon. Many of the people of this District have been abroad and have brought back much money. This accounts for the substantial appearance of their villages, the houses being built of good burnt brick instead of mud or sun-dried brick as in many parts of China.

As we have not yet succeeded in buying land for the erection of Mission houses, we have had to find temporary quarters at Pak Kai, where the Imperial Customs station is situated.

This is about two or three miles from the city. Although it is not very convenient to be so far from the centre of population, yet this was the best arrangement which could be made for the present as there are no houses, which could be used by foreigners, to be obtained in the city even if the people were willing to rent them, which so far they are not.

As, however, we are so closely surrounded by villages, the people of which are generally more accessible than those in the city, the situation is not so unfavorable as might be supposed. We have opened a chapel here which is well attended. Dr. Macdonald and Dr. MacBean are also giving a few hours a day to dispensary work, and this is gradually breaking down the suspicion and opposition of the people.

This district, together with the adjoining district of Hok Shan and that of Heung Shan, where we already have two chapels, will constitute one of the most interesting and hopeful fields which could be desired.

We were very much gratified at the enlargement of our staff last Fall, but now with the addition to our field there is need for larger numbers still. There ought as soon as possible to be stations with resident missionaries in the important centres, Shek Ki and San Ui, and we hope that before the end of the year sufficient men may be appointed by our church to make this possible.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Mar.
Home Missions.....	\$2,891.23
Augmentation.....	255.85
Foreign Missions.....	1,375.68
Widows' & Orphans'.....	64.61
A. and I. Ministers.....	107.30
Assembly.....	78.39
French Evangelists.....	141.65
Pt-aux-Trembles.....	986.15
Knox College.....	44.15
Queen's College.....	7.65
Montreal College.....	7.60
Manitoba College.....	38.50

Received during March.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Woodstock, Chal.....	60	Strathlorne, c. e.....	2 50
Bristol, Que.....	24 10	Langley, b. c.....	16
Durham, Ont.....	5	Alliston, Burns.....	2
Bethel, Ont.....	1 60	Rev W. A. Mason.....	7
Stirling, St. And.....	17	Zephyr, ss.....	3 25
Brucefield, Union.....	25	Rosseau, St. And.....	4 75
Brucefield, Union.....	23	Beverly, ss, and b. c.....	10
Woodstock, Chal.....	63	Blenheim, St. And. ss.....	10
Tor., Dovercourt.....	60	Mrs. T. Graham.....	1
Ham, St. John's.....	39	London, Chal.....	38
Crinan, Argyle.....	20 50	Kenville, Man.....	15
Stirling, St. And.....	10 45	Essa, Burns.....	3
Woodville, Ont.....	171	Brucefield, Union.....	26
Woodville, Ont., ss.....	25	"Tenth Giver".....	2
Embro, Knox.....	65 65	Alexandria, c. e.....	1 70
W. Flamboro.....	22	Cobalt.....	50
Napanee.....	40	Ladysmith, ss.....	15
Bethel, Ont.....	2 25	Rosburn, Man.....	1 50
Midhurst.....	19	Penticton, b. c.....	40
Rev A. Leslie.....	8 13	Vancor St. And. c. e.....	4
Rev M. A. McKenzie.....	7 90	Beaverdale, Sask.....	5
Rev E. G. Walker.....	18 50	Tantallon, Sask.....	1 45
Rev A. D. Sterling.....	22 05	Rev J. B. McLaren.....	1 25
Rev A. S. Stewart.....	7 65	Rev J. Valentine.....	10
South Bay Mouth.....	3 50	St. Ann's, Ont.....	10 18
Enniskillen, St. John's.....	6 75	Dorchester, Ont.....	32 50
The Maples.....	4	Burgoyne, Ont.....	2
Grand Mere, ss.....	75	Laskay, Ont.....	35
Rev A. MacVicar.....	8 60	Lenore, Man.....	30
Rev John Frazer.....	8	Rev Arpad Govan.....	17 30
Kintail ss.....	5	Collingwood.....	15
Cornwall, Kx, ss.....	20	Rockwood, Ont.....	6 96
Rev M. J. Keith.....	8 13	Maynard, Sask.....	5
Tor., Dovercourt.....	131	Coaticook, Friends.....	6 25
Rev Dr. Tufts.....	7 41	Big Lake, Ont.....	10
Rev D. McDorm.....	8 50	Gore Bay, Ont.....	13 41
Rev R. C. Tibb.....	8	Rev A. O. MacRae.....	7 90
Chatham, St. And.....	46 06	Smithville, Ont.....	13 44
West Arran.....	10	Bishop's Mills.....	9 85
Claremont, Ersk.....	40	D. McKee.....	5
Rev Wm Forbes.....	6 65	Teeswater, Knox.....	303
Tor., Wmster.....	250	Streetsville, St. And.....	25
Vernon, B. C.....	10	Theodore "M. McK.".....	10
Tor., Old St. And.....	250	R. N. Walsh.....	18
Smcoe, St. Paul's, ss.....	17	Rev. G. A. Sutherland.....	8 49
Ivy, Ont.....	33	Midville, Ont.....	22
Nottawa, West.....	2 70	Chippman, ss.....	1
per James Allan.....	18	Mont., Stanley, ss.....	50

McGregor, Beaver.....	25	Friend.....	45 55
Belgrave, Knox.....	53	N Erin Kx.....	7 50
Pt. Fortune, St. Col.....	7 33	Kenfrew, St. And.....	2 70
Wpg. Wmster.....	200	ctta, St. And. ss.....	187 24
Geo. McFarlane.....	3	Peterboro, St. Pa.....	102 27
Torbolton.....	1 50	Ospringle, Ont.....	18 20
Pr. Kv. W. Cruikshank.....	61 50	Ayr, Kx.....	53 03
Hartney, Man.....	49 30	Vernon, St. And.....	10
Rev N. Waddell.....	14 13	Alton, Ont.....	8 50
Rev A. McL. Sinclair.....	18 43	Ottawa, Bank.....	19 50
Seaforth, Ist.....	25	Manville McQ., mem.....	8
Que. Mr., Mrs. Young.....	62 50	Crandall, Man.....	57
Holland, Man.....	10	Wes port Ont.....	19
Mont., St. Gabriel, ss.....	80	Gravel Hill, St. Jas.....	21 50
Edmonton, 1st ss.....	100	Rev A. S. Stewart.....	1 86
Rainy Lake.....	5	pr Rv. A. D. Menz es.....	200
Carleton Pl, Zion.....	36	Petrolea, Ont.....	1 8 83
Edmonton, 1st y.p.g.....	1 62	Normanby, Kx., c. e.....	5
Thamesford, St. And.....	2 54	Margaret Craig.....	50
Georgina Linn.....	5	Dunns, Ont.....	17
Welwyn, Sask.....	4 80	D. Smith.....	5
Truro, St. Paul's, c. e.....	1 80	Crysler, Kx.....	24
Ft William, St. A.D.....	80	Bethesda, Ont.....	2
Norman, Ont.....	3	Deer Park, Ont.....	100
Fernie, Knox, ss.....	50	Mont., (res. Chin.....	60
Rev C. McKinnon.....	17 09	Pr. Kv. J. E. Menanen.....	100
Rev E. J. Rattee.....	8	Rev. J. Valentine.....	20
Hunter's Mt., c. e.....	1 35	Rev D. McGillivray.....	8 30
Rev Geo. Millar.....	14 45	Holland, Kx.....	31 65
Rev R. G. Fisher.....	9 60	Beauharnois, St. Ed.....	85 20
Airle, Sask.....	7	Drayton, y.p.g.....	3
S. Kinloss.....	3	Orillia ss., cl.....	5
King, St. And.....	20	Rev. Gordon Pringle.....	9 55
"Quatre".....	4 75	Kempt, ss.....	3
Ladysmith, 1st.....	15	Kem, t. c. e.....	3 70
Orono.....	1 76	New Wmstr, West	
Kenora.....	40	ss.....	25
Drummond Hill, ss.....	10	Souris, Man.....	111
Red Willow, Alta.....	2 50	P. la Prairie, Kx.....	6 6 40
Fergus, Ont., St. And.....	5	Carluke, c. e.....	1
Trail, b. c.....	20	Tor., Chinese.....	42
MacLennan.....	26	Dresden, ss.....	9
Lancaster, Kx.....	67 70	St. Paul's, Beth, c. e.....	20
Middleville.....	35	Scotch Settlement.....	95 18
Rev D. McRae.....	35	Pilot Mound.....	94 20
Hawkesville, St. A. ss.....	1	Leeburn.....	7
St. Helen's, b. c.....	10	Goderich, Union.....	10
Ashburn, Ont.....	20	Rev D. Ritchie.....	10
Strang Memorial.....	250	Victoria, 1st, ss.....	10
New Hillsdale.....	5	Dunwich, Duff's.....	44 20
Hartney, Man.....	90 75	Mrs. R. H. Gould.....	145 63
Kv. W. A. Cunningham.....	7 15	Fairlight, Sask.....	8 69
Kv. C. C. MacIntosh.....	8 50	Wpg., St. And., c. e.....	4 35
Revelstoke, St. A., ss.....	37 60	Pakenham, St. And.....	20
Arnprior, ss, Miss		Peterboro, St. And.....	
McIntosh's, cl.....	3	Dauts Erin.....	85
Gibraltar, Kx.....	25 15	Claudeby, ye, Man.....	11
Colborne, Ont.....	57 50	St. Andrew's E., Que.....	70
Port Hope, St. Pa., ss.....	25	Moore Tp., Burns.....	16
Nairn, Ont.....	43	Albani, b. c.....	6 55
Mont., Ersk., jr. m.s.....	350	Mrs. Patterson and	
Kenora, Ont.....	13 75	Mrs. McIwen.....	150
Neepawa, Kx., m. b.....	16 50	Beechwood, St. And.....	3
Melvin, Man.....	6 15	Pertu, Kx., ss.....	50
Canmore, Alta.....	3 70	Saskatoon, Kx.....	100
Per Agent, Hx.....	111 45	Carman, St. And.....	6
Eden Mills.....	3 60	Ashcroft, ss.....	10
Virden, Carmel.....	57 15	"Peterboro".....	2
Alice, Petawa.....	55	Carlyle, Sask.....	6 80
Rev. Rod. McKay.....	4	Millbrook, Man.....	12
Wychwood Park.....	55	Rev. Dr. R. Hamilton.....	10
Hastings, Ont.....	5	Tor., Wmster, ss.....	140
Tor., St. Jas Sq., ss.....	208 54	Per Miss Jamieson.....	68
Melbourne, Ont.....	20	Rev. J. M. MacLennan.....	13 36
Hon. Judge Forbes.....	10	Dr. C. A. Webster.....	8 58
Mary McLeod.....	6	Woodstock, Chal.....	73
Westboro' w. a. & m.		Norwood, Que.....	10
cl.....	5	Peterboro, St. Pa.....	503 60
Rev. A. R. Ross.....	7 45	Mrs. J. W. Simpson.....	5
Bird's Hill.....	2 35	Webwood.....	30
Kearney, Ont.....	2 75	Magnetawan.....	23 50
Novar, Ont.....	5	Bleakmore, Sask., & c.....	6 75
Gertrude R. Smith.....	9	Rev. F. M. Dewey.....	6
Mont Crescent mems.....	100	Rev. Wm. Hodnett.....	8 13

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isaiah 26:3.

The double reward of kind words is the
happiness they cause others and the happi-
ness they cause ourselves.

The man who would keep all his religion
to himself generally needs it.

"Even scandal knows how to be quiet.
Like Peter's cock, it crows when one falls
and is silent when he gets up."

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Mar.
Foreign Missions.....	\$890.01
Home Missions.....	114.49
Augmentation.....	432.75
College.....	98.28
A. and I. Ministers.....	15.00
French Evangeliztn.....	18.00
Pt-aux-Trembles.....	5.00
For North West.....	—
Children's Day Col.....	10.37
Assembly.....	5.00
Bursary Fund.....	192.00
Library Fund.....	—
Manitoba College.....	—
Widows' & Orphans'.....	—
Temp. Moral Reform.....	—
Total.....	1,780.90

Received during March
at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Pugwash.....	185	Blue Rocks.....	12 30
W. River, Bethel.....	10	Mr., Mrs. J. C. Davison.....	18
G. D. McCollum.....	1	St. John, Calvin.....	10
Boulardarie, co.....	5	Interest.....	6 86
Alfreda Foster.....	5	Truro, Berachah mb.....	100
Westville, Carmel.....	2	Helma A. S. Wark.....	15
Gide Head &c.....	40 87	Walton.....	13
Escuminac.....	43	Kempt, Walton.....	13
Hespler.....	50	Pictou Presby.....	50
Rev. J. S. Carruthers.....	22	"A Friend".....	5
W. F. M. S. Moncton.....	71	Port Hood.....	12 63
For. St. And. s.....	15	Amherst, Knox.....	7 23
New Glasgo, Jas. s.....	70 20	Sale of Map.....	1
New Glasgo, Jas. ss.....	200	"A Friend".....	100
"F. C. S.".....	8	Mid. Musqdbt.....	37 50
Clyde, Barrngtn.....	15	E. M. Hepburn.....	1
Bedford.....	10	Richmond Bay W.....	25
Bedford, ss.....	20	Oxford.....	13
"A friend".....	50	Brookfield.....	33 85
Elmsdale, 9 mile riv.....	48	Litt.e Narrows.....	10 23
Dorchester.....	14	Hx., Park.....	10 50
Salt, Springs, ss.....	50	"Friends".....	4
Sackville.....	5	St. John, St. Davids.....	125
Interest.....	6 55		
Refunds.....	251 16		
Rev. R. G. Fisher.....	45		
		Total.....	1,780 90

The Presbyterian Record

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.
Editor and Manager, E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

Price, seventy-five cents, yearly.
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When the gentle word is easy,
And the kindly mood is sweet,
Why not make the dull day brighter
For the folk you chance to meet?

Why not, e'en though troubles thicken,
Face the trial, dare the worst,
With a look so brave and buoyant,
That you rout it from the first?

In the world through which we're passing,
We may make the feeble strong,
We may cheer the lonesome pathway,
With the gladness of a song.

We may vanquish fears and troubles,
If the fight we deem worth while,
By the valiant front of patience,
And the magic of a smile.

THE GREATEST WORK.

Work for children is the greatest work
in the world. Phillips Brooks said: "He
who helps a child helps humanity with a
distinctness, with an immediateness, which
no other help given to human creatures in
any other stage of their human life can pos-
sibly give again."

Are we thinking of this, day by day, as
the opportunities for serving his little ones
crowd upon us? Are we careful to show,
and to be, only our best selves before them?
The gain of helping such a one into char-
acter is hinted at in Christ's description of
the millstone penalty which is preferable to
causing one such to offend.—Ex.



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BRANDED ON HIS MEMORY.

There is a corporal in one of the best infantry regiments in the regular army who has one lesson branded on his memory with words of fire—the lesson that no excuse can be framed or uttered by any soldier for being untidy or unclean.

The colonel was going down the line on a tour of inspection and noticed a corporal with soiled gloves. He said: "Corporal, that is setting a bad example to the men, wearing soiled gloves. Why do you do so?"

"I've had no pay for three months, sir, and I can't afford to have washing done."

Taking a pair of beautiful white gloves from one of his pockets, the colonel handed them to the corporal, saying:

"Put on these gloves; I washed them myself."—Pittsburg Post.

A GOOD USE FOR IDOLS.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary; "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

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"The deeper spiritual life cannot exist without prayer.

Gold with God is a blessing; gold as gold is a curse.—G. S. S.

No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man who offers it.

There is a difference between conversion and religion. One means to start right and the other to keep on going."

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor
And reap a harvest-home of light."

"Liberal theology, so far as we have been able to understand it, is an effort to reach heaven by some other route than the Ten Commandments."

"How much wiser would we be if we could view life from the vantage point that we will occupy when our years are spent. How many mistakes we would avoid."

"A long journey should be well prepared for. Yet the longest journey of all, that through the limitless stretches of eternity, is given less thought by many persons than a trip across the country."

When, a few years ago, the saloonkeepers of Chicago made a declaration of their business, as required by State law, five thousand out of eight thousand stated that they were "agents of breweries."—Collier's.

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. and then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, how your oil is split.—Phillips Brooks.

"Wherever we have failed to be loving, we have also failed to be wise; whenever we have been blind to our neighbor's interests, we have also been blind to our own; whenever we have hurt others, we have hurt ourselves much more.—Charles Kingsley.

A century ago there were one hundred Protestant missionaries on the field; to-day there are 18,000. A century ago four-fifths of the world was closed to the gospel; now all the world is open. And with the open door comes a tremendous responsibility.

"There is a great deal of railing against Christians for inconsistency and hypocrisy. But a man whose temper is sweet and whose life is helpful to others is seldom one of the cawing chorus. He knows that the vast majority of Christian people are worthy of confidence."

If the water be too pure, fish cannot live in it; if people be too exacting, fellow-beings cannot stand beside them.—Japanese proverb.

"All problems relating to man's eternal and present blessedness are solved in the great privilege of the Divine indwelling and control. God enthroned is the supply of every want, the filling of every void, the essence of all good and the glory of every life."

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—Andrew Bonar.

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your kind sayings through life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.—Thackeray.

"I must confess that the most rabid illiberalism I have ever known has been among those who boasted that they were of the liberal school in theology. An intolerance that is based upon contempt for the old view of things is just as bad as an intolerance that is based upon fear of the new view of things."—Rev. A. J. Haynes.

In this world, the sweetest, deepest, purest joy of life is that which we find in doing good, in serving others. This was Christ's own sweetest joy. He came to earth to serve. He loved, and love's deepest joy always comes in blessing, comforting others. He bequeathed His joy to us, and so we find our holiest joy, as He found His, in serving.

Mr. Robert E. Speer in his book, "The Marks of a Man," tells of a brave Swede who was urged by his friends to give up the idea of going as a missionary to India, because it was so hot there. "Man," they said to him, "it is 120° in the shade!" "Well," said he, with noble contempt, "we don't always have to live in the shade, do we?" There is no replying to a man who can argue that way!

The most inward desires, the purest affections, the loftiest aspirations, that stir our blood—all that is tender in us and all that is strong, all that is sacred and all that is enduring—pain and loss, love and death, repentance and fear—as each in turn through all this solemn discipline of life has its hour of trial or of triumph—cry out for the living God and bid us worship the Father in spirit.—Bishop Huntington.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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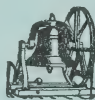
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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII

JUNE, 1908.

No. 6

"THE ELECTIONS."

An all absorbing subject at the present time in Ontario and Quebec is the provincial elections. Some men are interested from purely selfish reasons. The result means personal gain or loss in some way to themselves.

Some are interested from party motives. They will spend freely of time, energy and money that their party may win. This is a very much higher type of interest than the former: It means unselfish devotion to something beyond self, something which, as a rule, is sincerely believed to be for the good of the country.

Others again take a broader outlook. So far as possible they judge representatives and governments by their history and their deeds rather than by the party they belong to.

It is very difficult for the great body of the "sovereign people" to judge correctly of public matters, because, for the most part, they receive their information from the party press, which seldom sees, and more seldom prints, the evil of friends or the good of opponents. Each side does the praising of its own and the condemning of the opposite party, leaving the other fellow to do the same.

Thus it is that most party men, getting their knowledge from party leaders and party papers, sincerely believe their party to be right, and the best for the country.

The best way is for men to seek, not opinions, but facts, so far as they are obtainable, and to form, as far as possible, their own opinion of men and parties, judging them by their works.

It is vain to trust to a so-called independent press. There is some of it that is honestly independent, and some that under the name "independent," serves its party better than it could under honest party colors.

Which is the honestly independent and which otherwise, must be left to the judgments of their readers. One good test of an independent press is when it uses a similar

tone and similar language towards the similar good or ill of government by either party.

But all the above is more or less by the way. The one thing that should be emphasized, always and everywhere, is that the ballot is a sacred trust.

"All power," all government, is of God, but God does His work for men both in Church and State, by human agency. The man who has a vote is honored by God, in Providence, with a share in that government. His vote is helping God to govern the country.

If all voters and candidates realized this great fact, there would be fewer stay-at-homes when duty calls to the polls, there would be no buying or selling of votes, governments would be true to their country, the prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come" would be in so far answered.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

What Parliament is to the Country, the General Assembly is to the Church. We send our representatives to the former to legislate for matters of State for the year. We send our representatives to the latter to legislate for affairs of the church for the year.

In some respects the two parliaments are essentially different. The former commands, the latter persuades. The former legislates as to what it thinks best for the country and bids its constituents conform to the legislature. The latter legislates as to what it thinks best for the church, and asks its constituents to help carry out the legislation.

But both are alike in that they are parts of God's plan for the betterment of the world. Every church member has an interest in the Assembly and a duty towards it, as has every citizen in the parliament of the country. Prayer should be alike for both, that wisdom may be given, that both these departments of God's work may, in all things, be done according to His will.

OUR SYNOD FAMILY.

Last Record made mention of two families, one belonging to our church, the other related to it,—viz:—the College family, numbering six, the eldest, with its four score years, in Halifax, the youngest, in its first year, in Vancouver, the others of varying ages, holding the fort at different strategic points along the intervening three thousand miles;—and our newspaper family, the eldest, "The Presbyterian Witness" with its three score years, in Pictou, N. S.,—the youngest "The West Land" printing its first volume in Edmonton, while in Ottawa and Toronto "The Dominion Presbyterian" and "The Presbyterian" are working for the uplift of church and country.

Another family is that of the Synods. It numbers eight. As with the afore-mentioned families, the eldest is on the Atlantic Coast, the two youngest, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are sturdy two-year-old prairie twins. The remaining five, of varying ages, cultivate the territory between and beyond.*

The Synod family has steadily grown for many years. Other families reach their limit, and after that the children grow in age but not in numbers. Our Synod family has nearly reached the limit as to number, perhaps quite so. The members of the family will grow in years, and will "fill out" but they have attained their height and reach.

The acquaintance of the Synod family, and of the Synod's families, the Presbyteries, the grandchildren, sixty three of them altogether, may be made in every issue of the Record, where all their names are given, with the dates of their family gatherings, so far as notice of the same is received

THE MARITIME SYNOD.

The eldest of the family, settled in the Maritime Provinces, has seen the snows of ninety winters, or better, the suns of ninety summers, for it is ever sowing and harvesting. Its winter comes in spots, both as to time and place.

It has its own family of presbyteries, a fairly large one, eleven, including Trinidad, with 27,445 families, 43,050 communicants, and a Sabbath School enrolment of 30,447.

Some of its presbyteries are older than itself. In the ecclesiastical family, the children are the parents, the higher and larger

courts owe their existence to the lower and smaller.

Widely separated from the rest of the family, historically and geographically, this Synod carries on its own departments of Home, Foreign, College and Augmentation work. This gives to its meetings a greater importance. It joins with its sisters farther west in French Evangelization and North West Missions.

Its next meeting will be held in Truro, the first Tuesday of October.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Following the sun, in the course of this family visitation, we come to the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, with its family of six Presbyteries. 19,791 families, 40,889 communicants and a Sabbath School enrolment of 27,263. It includes the province of Quebec, and Eastern Ontario beyond Brockville.

It has just held its Annual Meeting in Lachute, 12-15 May. Its next meeting will be in Pembroke, the second Tuesday of next May.

TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

Still Westward and the Synod of Toronto and Kingston gives us greeting. It fronts on "Old Ontario's Strand" from farthest East to West, from Kingston to Toronto, with all the hinter land to the north. It has a healthy family of twelve presbyteries, 37,619 families, 76,951 communicants and 52,321 enrolled in its Sabbath Schools.

It always meets in Toronto the second Tuesday of May.

HAMILTON AND LONDON.

The Synod of Hamilton and London fills all the great fertile peninsula between Lakes Huron and Erie. It has eight presbyteries, with 26,816 families, 57,206 communicants, and a Sabbath School enrolment of 33,215.

Its last meeting was in London, the last Monday in March. It meets next year at the corresponding date in Hamilton.

MANITOBA.

Leaving the East, passing the Great Lakes, four hundred miles of water and wilderness, we find the four remaining members of the family, practically coterminous with the four great provinces of the West. These four Synods are young,

like the farms, the buildings and many of the people, the youth and strength of the East and of other lands pouring in, to people the "great lone land."

The first to greet us is the Synod of Manitoba, reaching from the head of Lake Superior to Manitoba's western boundary, nearly six hundred miles. It has eight presbyteries, 11,807 families, 18,725 communicants, and a S. S. enrolment of 16,693.

This Eastern Synod of the West, like the Eastern Synod of the East, meets in the Autumn. Its regular time and place of meeting is the second Tuesday of November, in Winnipeg.

SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA.

Saskatchewan and Alberta, the youngest members of the Synod family, with seven presbyteries each, are coterminous with the provinces whose names they bear, and divide about evenly between them, by the provincial line from north to south a territory some seven hundred miles square, nearly fifty thousand square miles. Saskatchewan has 5,964 families, 6,607 communicants, and a S. S. enrolment of 4,832. Alberta reports 4,169 families, 3,931 communicants and 4,002 enrolled in S. S. and Bible classes. Saskatchewan meets in the Autumn. Its last meeting was in Moose Jaw.

The above figures, in all cases, are those reported to last Assembly. The reports to be presented this year will doubtless show considerable increase in the newer Synods.

The Synod of Alberta held its Annual Meeting in Edmonton, the last Wednesday in April, and meets next year at the same date in Calgary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Into the mountains and we enter the Synod of British Columbia, with the smallest number of presbyteries, only four, but covering a larger territory than any other Synod in the world, extending from the summit of the Rockies, four hundred miles to the sea, and over a thousand miles in length from Vancouver to Dawson city. It reported to last Assembly, 4,956 families, 6,033 communicants, and a S. S. enrolment of 6,953.

In these Western Synod meetings one would expect to find the practical, not merely dominating, but almost excluding

and else. The fact is that no Synods of the church give so much time to the discussion of great religious questions from their theoretical side. Not that the practical is ignored, far from it, but having given care and effort to that, they take two or three days to the discussion of great questions; secular and sacred, corresponding to the Alumni Conferences of the East.

The Synod of B. C. held its last Annual Meeting in Vancouver, the first Wednesday in May, and meets at the same date next year in Victoria.

A multitude of figures sometimes confuses, hence but few have been given above. It may not be amiss to add a few more here as to what was received by the Church Treasurers, during the year reported to last Assembly for the various Funds of the Church.

SYNODS.

Maritime Provinces.. . . .	\$50,965
Montreal and Ottawa.. . . .	73,137
Toronto and Kingston.. . . .	102,785
Hamilton and London.. . . .	72,537
Manitoba.. . . .	31,084
Saskatchewan.. . . .	8,133
Alberta.. . . .	3,570
British Columbia.. . . .	9,265

THE VISION OF THE SOUL.

BY IAN McLAREN.

Blind Marjorie Robb found only room for gratitude.

"Na, na, ye're no tae think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if he dinna gie me ae thing he gies me mony things instead. And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that might have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

And she said confidently one day to her elder, Donald Menzies, in the tone of one voicing a long-cherished secret:

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' his goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't, for I'm no worthy."

"What is that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said the elder.

"He has covered my face wi' his hand as a faither plays wi' his bairn, but some day sune he will lift his hand and the first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be his ain face."

And Donald Menzies declared to Burnbrae on the way home that he would gladly go blind all the days of his life if he were as sure of that sight when the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

THE LAYMAN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

In has touched the leading centres of our country from Halifax to Sarnia, the extreme East and West of old Canada. We hope later to hear something about large undertakings in the farther west.

A few facts, brief, but with much in them, are the following.—

Halifax, the men of the different Protestant churches are planning to raise two and a half times as much as last year. The givings were then \$17,700, this year they are aiming at \$40,000.

St. John, N.B.—The men of the Protestant churches are planning to raise twice as much as last year. Last year their churches gave \$16,000. This year they are aiming at \$32,000.

Montreal.—The givings of last year to Home and Foreign Missions, were \$100,000. They are planning to increase to \$250,000 a year, within two years.

Ottawa is planning more liberal things. Aims are not yet definitely given.

In Brockville, Cornwall, Kingston, Belleville, Peterboro, Stratford, and Petrolea, mass meetings of men are being planned.

Toronto, is working for about three times as much as last year, the Presbyterians alone of that city aiming to increase from about forty thousand last year to \$125,000, this year.

In London, Brantford, and Hamilton, meetings have been held and resolutions passed, pledging themselves to work for two and a half times as much as last year.

In Woodstock the Presbyterians are aiming at \$4,500 for the year.

In Sarnia, both the Presbyterian congregations held banquets and are aiming at twice as much for missions this year as they gave last year.

Several other smaller towns have been reached and stirred and it is expected that the coming Autumn will see a deepening and spreading of the movement, as the men of the church realize their responsibility for the world's evangelization.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart the work that God appoints. Jean Ingelow.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

By REV. T. R. SHEARER.

For the Record:

Few Christian people have any conception of the extent to which the distribution of immoral and suggestive literature is carried on in Canada. An Officer of the Canadian Detective Bureau recently brought into the office of the Moral and Social Reform Department a number of samples of post-cards and other literature, the like of which for vulgar indecency the writer has not hitherto seen. Some were cunningly suggestive, others brutally immoral in the lowest degree.

This trade is carried on by some news-agents, tobacconists, barbers, or bar-tenders, and is to be found throughout Canada. The worst of the samples are printed in the U. S. A., and smuggled in. They are sold secretly of course and are not offered openly to the general public, but to those who ask for them or who are known to the vender as likely to appreciate them.

They are moreover distributed free by some commercial travellers and are not infrequently sent by young men to innocent young girls.

In a Northern Ontario town of 4000 or 5000 population, a tobacconist, (father and son) were, through the instrumentality of the Moral and Social Reform Department, brought by officers of the law before the Magistrate, convicted and fined twenty five dollars and costs for selling some of the vilest of this literature.

Our friends should be on the lookout for this lowest of money-inspired villanies, and where found it should be mercilessly rooted out and the criminals punished.

Thieves or thugs are angels by comparison with such wretches, and the law recognizes the heinousness of the crime. The maximum penalty is two years' imprisonment.

Masters wanted for the Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools: Two (French preferred) qualified to teach Public School subjects; one (English preferred) to teach matriculation subjects. Applications may be sent to the Rev. S. J. Taylor, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal, Que.

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Maritime Synod, Truro, 1 Tues. Nov.

1. Sydney, quarterly, Sydney, 26 May.
2. Inverness, Port Hastings, 30 June, 12.30.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, New Glasgow.
- . Wallace, Spring hill, 18 Aug.
6. Truro, Qrtly.
6. Halifax, Windsor, 7 July.
8. Lun, Yarmth, 8 Sep. 8 p.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 30 June, 11 a.m.

Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2 Tu. May.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 23 June, 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 7 July, 11.30.
14. Ottawa.
15. Lan., Renfrew.
16. Brockville.

Toronto & Kingston, Tor. 2 Tu. May.

17. Kingston, Kingston, Cooke's, 1 July.
18. Peterboro.
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 21 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 14 July, 10.30.
23. Barrie.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, 14 July, 11 a.m.
25. Algoma, July.
26. Owen Sound, Chatsworth, 7 July, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, (7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph.

Hamilton & London Ham., last—Mon. May.

29. Hamilton.
30. Paris.
31. London, London.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 July, 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia.
34. Straford.
35. Huron.
36. Maitland.
37. Bruce, Southampton, 7 July, 11 a.m.

Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tu. Nov.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-Prairie.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minedosa.
45. Brandon.

Saskatchewan, Indian Head, 1 Tu. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Crowstand, July.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda.
49. Qu'Appelle, Ellisboro, July.
50. Regina.
51. Prince Albert.
52. Battleford.

Alberta, Calgary, last Tu. Apl.

53. Edmonton.
54. Vermilion.
55. Red Deer.
56. Lacombe.
57. Calgary.

British Columbia, Vic. 1 Wed. May.

60. Kootenay, Fernie, September.
61. Kamloops.
62. Westminster.
63. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

A REASON OF FAILURE.

"The reason of our failing is because we are trying too hard. We strain too much. Why? Because the strain is unbelieving earnestness.

There is such a thing as earnest unbelief. It is as if God had nothing to do with the matter, as if it were all on our side; as if it were all "up to us."

The man who had learned the secret of the elimination of strain most effectively of any man I have ever seen was the late Hudson Taylor. Nearly twenty years ago it was my privilege to spend an hour or two with him, and the impression left on me was of the utter absence of all strain—his conversation, his prayer, everything was that of a free man, a natural, spontaneous soul, who realized that behind all his weakness was Everlasting Strength.—Sel.

Oh, how true this is. Would to God we would stop our "trying," our often "unbelieving earnestness" and "not presume to do in our weakness what God stands ready to do in His might.—Sel.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from.

Prescott, Ont., to Mr. N. D. Keith, of Wick.

Knox Church, Hamilton, to Mr. A. E. Mitchell of Ottawa.

Braeside, Dewars and Sand Point, Ont., to Mr. J. S. Dobbin, of Bryson.

Fort Massey Church, Halifax, to Mr. R. W. Ross, of Knox church, Guelph. Accepted.

Marshfield, P.E.I., to Mr. John Hawley. Accepted. Induction first week in June.

Brooke and Cruikshank, Owen Sound Presbytery, to Mr. J. Logan McCulloch, Accepted, Ordination, 19 May.

Haliburton and Cobocok to Mr. James Ross.

Henley, Sask., to Mr. Wilson of Balgonie, Sask. Accepted.

Inductions into.

Kildonan, 20 April, Mr Hugh Hamilton, called from Rathwell, Man.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., 30th April, Rev. M. Joliat.

Harrow and Kingsville, Ont., 14 April Mr. T. A. Patterson.

Chippewa, 21st May, Mr. W. A. McKay.

Bradford, Barrie Presbytery, 7 May, Mr. C. H. Cooke.

Morningside, Alta, 28 April, Mr. Thos. Smith.

Orwell, P.E.I., June, Mr. D. B. McLeod, Cavendish, P.E.I., 28 May, Mr. John Sterling, ordained and induced.

South Gut and Englishtown, C. B., 28 May, Mr. J. C. McLennan, ordained and inducted.

Leitch's Creek, C. B., 18 May, Mr. W. S. Galbraith, ordained and inducted.

Grand River, C. B., 20 May, Mr. D. Macdonald, called from Dominion No. 6.

Maitland, N.S., 7 May, Mr. A. H. Foster B.D., called from St. Matthews Church, St. John, N.B.

Noel, N.S., 8 May, Mr. J. C. Meek, ordained and inducted.

Gairloch, N. S., 19 May, Mr. A. V. Morash.

Waterville, N.S., 28 May, Mr. A. D. Mackinnon, ordained and inducted.

Union church, Hopewell, N.S., to Mr. Hugh Miller licentiate.

Resignations of.

Dunbarton, Whitby Presbytery, Mr. W. C. Wood, Orangeville, Mr. A. L. Burah, moderator, Mr. S. Robinson, Caledon.

Waldemar, Mr. L. W. Thom, Moderator, Mr. D. T. McClintock, Grand Valley.

Haynes Ave., St. Catherines, Mr. D. B. Macdonald.

Gore and Kennetcook, N. S., Mr. C. D. McIntosh.

Musquodoboit Harbor, N.S., Mr. James Rosborough.

Vacancies.

Gleuvale, Harrowsmith and Wilton, Moderator, Rev. Dr. Mackie, Kingston.

Obituaries.

REV. A. M. McCLELLAND, M.A., D.C.L., Died in Winnipeg, 18 April. He was born in Toronto and was educated at Upper Canada College, at Toronto University and at Knox College. He was settled for some years at Havelock, Ont., but was, from ill health, compelled to resign. He lived for some years in Toronto, and for the last four years in Winnipeg.

REV. DONALD MCDUGALL died at Glace Bay, C.B., 4 May, ult. He was born at Whycocomagh, C.B., seventy years ago, and received his training for the ministry in the Free Church College, Halifax, and the Seminary, Truro, graduating in the Spring of 1865. He was licensed by the Presbytery of P.E.I., on the 14th of June in the same year, and on the 15th of November was ordained and inducted as pastor of New London South and Granville. Accepting a call to Cow Bay, C.B., he was inducted on the 26th of February, 1868, where he labored for eleven years, until called to West Bay, C. B., in 1879, where he was pastor for thirteen years. In 1892 he accepted a call to Baddeck, C.B., labouring there for fifteen years, until 30th Sept., 1907, when, at the age of seventy, he resigned his charge and retired from the work of the ministry.

The "light affliction" is, to many people, a heavy burden and a cross! To others it is an "eternal weight of glory." It all depends on the character of the one who is under the weight.

THE MORMONS IN ALBERTA.

The Mormon community in Southern Alberta is as sober, peaceable and industrious as most others, more so than many. It has brought greater intelligence and means and skill to bear upon nature's waste places than any one body of settlers in the West, changing, by irrigation, a semi-arid region into fruitful fields; and yet there has been more objection made to it than to perhaps any other body of strangers coming to share our great domain.

This objection, as is natural, it does not approve, claiming, as do friends in its behalf, freedom of religious opinion, assuming that this is the ground of objection.

Now the Mormons and all others have a right to individual liberty of opinion in religious matters, and nothing unkind should be said about them or about any other, because of their religious opinions.

But it cannot and should not be forgotten that it is not a matter of individual religious opinion; that Mormonism is not merely a system of religious doctrine, but an organized community, under control of a hierarchy which claims civil as well as spiritual authority, which makes civil laws for its followers, which controls their vote, and avowedly uses that vote for the benefit of its own organization; that one of the main tenets, taught by it is polygamy, which the laws of our own and other civilized lands condemn as a crime; that in the U. S. A., whence this community comes to us, the Territories are controlled by the Central National Government, while the States make their own laws; that a few years ago the Territory of Utah, where the Mormons are in the majority, applied to be admitted as a State; that the Mormon authorities solemnly pledged themselves to do away with polygamy; that Utah was admitted on that promise; that when she became a State the promise was not considered binding; that a man with several acknowledged wives was sent as a representative to Washington; that through natural increase and an active propaganda in other lands the system is rapidly spreading; that it has now control in several States of the Union; that at the present rate of progress it will soon be impossible for the National Government to command the two-thirds majority of States necessary to alter the Consti-

tution and bring the marriage laws under national control; that then, polygamy may not only be winked at but made legal in any State where Mormons have the majority; that if political parties are at all evenly balanced in Alberta, the Mormons will hold the balance of power there; that the avowed policy of their leaders is to use their power everywhere for the gain of their own community before the general good of the country.

It is not a matter of the religious opinions of any man but of alienating large tracts of territory to an organized community, controlled by its priesthood, a community with the Mormon record and aims and claims; the establishment in our country of an "imperium in imperio" which claims its right to be the "imperio"; it is this that many well-wishers of their country view with a foreboding which even our Mormon friends themselves must see is not an unkind or unreasonable one from a Gentile point of view.

Meantime, while national problems must be wrought out by those whose work it is, the duty that is clear to us as a church, is the distribution among them, as among all others, of that Book which has ever been the charter of individual freedom; in the hope that it may lead many of these people to assert their right to independent thought and action as free citizens of the nation, rather than yield unquestioning obedience to a priesthood that claims rule over them.

A man brought up in a Christian home and community, and a regular attendant at an active church, had always refused to give his heart to Christ. When business removed him to a community where Christ was not honored, the contrast was so great that he threw himself in with the missionary and the other few standing for the Gospel. He appreciates now how much the Gospel means.

"I have the reflection of the shadow of the ghost of the molecule of a suspicion that that man is not just what he ought to be." It was not a very tangible or definite arraignment; but it was enough. It settled some things that perhaps should not have been settled just that way. The reflection of the shadow of a ghost of the molecule of a suspicion can consign an innocent man to infamy if only it is exploited sufficiently.—Ex.

CONFERENCES FOR LEADERS.

For six years the Young People's Missionary Movement has conducted summer conferences. The one outstanding purpose of these conferences is to provide trained leaders for the educational campaign for missions which is being conducted by the mission boards and societies of the United States and Canada. The demand for trained leaders is so great that the Movement has been compelled to add two conferences this summer, thus making seven conferences in all. This includes the conference on the Sunday School and Missions, held at Silver Bay, Lake George, N.Y., July 15-23.

The one of the seven conferences that meets in Canada, will be held in Whitby, Ont., July 2-8.

The exercises open each morning at eight o'clock with a meeting for all those who are deeply interested in the choice of a life-work. The claims of both home and foreign missions are presented, though no pressure is brought to bear upon the delegates to decide for either of these forms of life investment. It is a meeting seeking to help young men and women to see light on their personal problems.

The next period lasting an hour and a quarter, is devoted to mission study. The whole conference is divided into small groups, each in charge of a trained leader in mission study. The courses of the Movement, both in home and foreign missions, are used. The aim of these classes is not only to interest and instruct but definitely to discover, encourage, and train leaders of classes for the coming season in the home churches.

This is followed by a period devoted to the practical consideration of the problems of conducting missionary work in Sunday schools, young people's societies, and other organizations of the church. The last period each morning is a platform meeting at which missionaries, from many fields, and others give their messages to the conference.

The afternoons are devoted to rest and recreation. A competent director is in charge of all these recreative features.

Two sessions are held each evening. At the first this year there will be given a series of lectures on the general topic,

"The Bible a Missionary Book." These lectures will be largely expository in character, and aim to show that the Bible is designed to be a book of missionary effort, not incidentally but essentially.

This will be followed either by an address on some missionary or devotional topic, or by a series of denominational meetings. The latter seek to gather up the lessons of the conference and apply and adapt them to the peculiar needs of each denomination as worked out by the various mission boards.

To these conference are invited all those who are vitally interested in missionary education and who desire to combine a splendid vacation with preparation for a life of real service for the Master.—Com.

W. M. F. S. WEST.

The Thirty-Second Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Western Division, met in Westminster Church, Toronto, May 5, 1908. Over four hundred delegates, from outside Toronto, were present.

The numbers of Presbyterials reported was 32, an increase of 3; Auxiliaries 805, an increase of 39; Mission Bands 392, an increase of 36. The total membership, including Mission Bands, 27,154; total contributions from all sources, \$68,557.56, an increase of \$2,883.41.

"Foreign Missionary Tidings" the official organ of the Society has reached a circulation of 21,650.

The Ewart Training Home had a good year; nine students were in residence.

The meetings were full of interest and helpfulness. The public evening meetings were very large.

The Venerable Principal McLaren, who may be called the father of the Society, and who was present and gave an address, must have realized, as he surveyed the large gathering and the great work that is being done, a little of Simeon's gratitude at the fulfilment of cherished hopes.

Among the missionaries present were Dr. Chone Oliver and Miss Jessie Duncan of India, Mr. and Mrs. Gauld of Formosa, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Dr. Jean Dow of Honan and Miss Gunn of Victoria.

The next meeting is appointed for Ottawa, May, 1909.

A recent private letter from Miss Blackadder, of Tacarigna, Trinidad, who has returned there after her furlough to Nova Scotia, says:—

“All the mission families are well, so far as I know but I have only seen the Mortons yet. I live away from all, in this village. Last year was a very trying one for them all. The Mortons did a kind and a brave act when they took Mr. Keir into their own home, from the house in which Mr. Frith had died of yellow fever after a few days' illness. Dr. Coffin had been in poor health for some time and has gone north for medical aid. Dr. and Mrs. Grant are much missed from the place where they have wrought for so long.”

In the above paragraph, Miss Blackadder speaks appreciatively of others, and only incidentally mentions herself, as living away from the others. But it is well worthy of mention to those who may not know, that for many years this brave, bright, cheery little woman has wrought the outpost of Tacarigua alone, teaching her school and doing her mission work, holding the fort at a station some distance from any of the other missionaries.

“A poor little waif ten years old, picking up stray bits of coal, was run over by a car and had to have his arm amputated at the shoulder. The next day after the operation he was found sitting up in his bed, eating his bowl of food, and in about three days he was running about the hospital ward. He made a rapid recovery. Having no home to go to, he has been admitted to school here. His is one of the many examples of the wonderful vitality of these people.” Thus reads a paragraph in the past year's report from our station at Weihei, Honan. As one of the Doctors there wrote last year, “It is good to be able to help these poor people.”

“OPPORTUNITY written in capital letters is the one word which characterizes the medical work during the past year”—is the report of the “Men's Hospital” at Chang-te fu, Honan. “The wards have always been well filled, while for long periods they were crowded far beyond their natural capacity, and patients had to be hurried away before they were properly convalescent. The average was much beyond anything we have

ever had before, reaching nearly one hundred treatments per day. And grateful patients have given gifts which meant a great deal to them, mingled with a real gratitude both to God and man.”

The seven stations of our Central India Mission, with their communicants and Sabbath School scholars, are as follows,—

Station.	Com- municants.	S. S. Scholars.
Indore	186	122
Mhow	175	255
Neemuch	115	335
Rutlam	111	150
Ujjain	52	102
Dhar	128	200
Amkhut	175	267

Last autumn when the Presbytery of Corea was organized, and the first native men ordained as ministers, one of their number, which was seven, was sent as a missionary of the Presbytery to Quelpart, an island off the south west coast of Corea. As this man, Rev. K. P. Lee, became a Christian and lived a number of years in Wonsan, where he is well and favorably known, the congregation take a deep interest in his work and contribute with pleasure to his support.

From Corea Rev. W. R. Foote writes to the “Record.”—“On Sunday, the 22nd of March, at Wonsan, Corea, the Sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper were administered. Forty-four persons were baptized, and with one other who had been baptized in infancy, sat for the first time at the Lord's table. At the same service five children were baptized, thirty-six catechumens enrolled, three elders elected and an offering given for foreign missions.

It is a matter of deep regret that Dr. Coffin should be compelled, from ill health, to retire for a time from the work in Trinidad. We, in our invigorating north land, fail to realize the heavy toll, in health and strength, paid by our missionaries in tropical and sub-tropical climates, to the work they love, their work and ours.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie and wife, our newly appointed Missionaries to British Guiana, have reached their destination. Their centre of work is to be the city of Georgetown, the capital of Demerara.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE AND WORK.

EXTRACTS OF PRIVATE LETTER BY MRS.
DR. W. J. SCOTT, HONAN.

The First Honan Convert.

At a welcome meeting, the oldest Christian in the Mission, Chou (pr Joe) Hsien Sheng, got up and said a few words, told about how he had become a Christian. You would have been delighted to see him, an old man, eighty years of age, tall and straight, with long grey beard and hair.

He said he came to Hsun-hsien fair, the large fair at which the foreigners preach each Spring, saw Mr. Goforth and Dr. McClure there. He had cataract in both eyes and could not see. He came and asked Dr. McClure if he could do any thing for him. Dr. McClure said "yes" next year he would be coming back.

"Oh yes" said Mr. Chou "they're just like every one else, just put you off with their small talk and you'll never see them again."

"But," said he "next year I went again and sure enough, there they were, Mr. Goforth and Dr. Smith, and they fixed my eyes. Now I can see and thank God all the time for his goodness to me."

We foreigners felt like clapping him. I could hardly keep still. But the Chinese would not understand, so we held our peace and our hands.

A Tender Spot.

Dr. McClure had a good illustration in one of his addresses. One of the helpers had been speaking on "Profitable methods of spending the Sabbath" Dr. McClure got up and said.

"Here is a man coming to the hospital. He says he has a sore hand. You touch him on the finger, no pain; on the wrist, no pain; farther up the arm, 'ugh! ugh!' There it is. That is the place where the trouble comes in with regard to keeping the Sabbath. Men are willing to accept Christianity where it does not hurt, but touch them on a tender spot, where a little self-denial comes in, 'ugh! ugh.'" You could just hear a grunt of satisfaction from the people when he said that. They quickly see the lesson of such a word picture.

Kept Away from God.

Dr. R. P. Mackay used a very apt illustration. He was speaking about people keeping some worldly thing between them and their Saviour. He said that in South America the people catch monkeys by putting a lump of sugar in a rather narrow necked bottle, tying a string to the bottle and holding one end of the string, while they conceal themselves near. The monkey comes along, puts its hand in, grasps the sugar, but cannot get it out with the hand closed. It won't let go of the sugar, and the hunter gradually draws the bottle nearer, the monkey following the sugar, and is caught. He said they would never come right with God until they had done away with these hindrances.

Teaching them to Pray.

Out here Chinese Christians are given to making very long prayers. They have a good many set phrases that they use before they really begin to pray at all. Dr. MacKay told them one day that if Peter had used as long a prayer as that when he called to Jesus, he would have been at the bottom of the sea before he got through.

Peculiar Etiquette.

One little incident of a Conference will give a sidelight on customs here. A great big Chinaman got up to speak. He placed his manuscript on the table, smoothed his hair, cleared his throat, and then expectorated right off the platform down onto the floor in front, coming within about two inches of my skirt. He seemed relieved and went on with his address. I was relieved that it did not come on my dress. I hardly know how I would have felt if it had. Dr. Jean Dow said I'd have held it out to him and said "tan tang pu chi"—"it is too great an honor, I cannot receive it."

How one longs to be able to do more to help the poor women here who have so little to brighten their dark, sad lives. But little by little it will come; and China's women will have better homes and brighter outlook, something to live for and something to hope for, in this life and beyond.

"Unto them that sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."

TRAINING INSTITUTION, NEW HEBRIDES.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ANNAND, PRINCIPAL.

• Tongoa, Santo
19th February, 1908.

At present there are forty-two students in the Training Institution. Fifteen of these are married men, and have their wives with them; while two more have left their wives at home. One couple has four children, another has three, and three couples have two each, and another three, one each.

The students come from the different islands as follows, from Tanna one; Aniwa one; Erromanga three; Nguna and Emae three; Tongoa five men, one woman, and a child; Epi seven men, six women, and six children; Paama eight men; Ambrim two men, two women, and one child; Malekula five men, and one woman; N. W. Santo seven men, five women, and eight children.

Of these, three men, three women, and five children return to their homes on Epi by the first steamer. Two of them take second class certificates, and one a third class. The women get no diplomas. Seven others will also complete their four years' course in August and October of this year.

Mr. and Mrs. McAfee, our assistants, are enjoying good health, and they seem to appreciate our beautiful tropical weather.

Since the middle of last month a bad form of influenza, with fever, has been prevailing here. However the worst of it appears to be now over.

The summer so far has been a pleasant one. December was unusually hot here, the thermometer running up to 92° and 94° almost daily under the shade of a dense mango tree. Since the new year came in there has not been much excessive heat. Occasionally the mercury has risen to 92°. The rainfall in January was 13.74 inches, but this month we have had only 5.12 up to date. The rainfall for last year was 88.34 inches.

Our near neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie, are at their out station, Tasiriki, for three months, so we shall not have their company until the end of March.

Things are moving along pleasantly at South Santo. School work is somewhat irksome during the hot days, but we are hoping for cooler weather before long.

Our health is such as to allow us to attend to all our duties with some degree of pleasure. Perhaps I ought to except from pleasant duties the work of making a roller for inking the type. We have to fall back upon the old plan of boiling glue and molasses. With the latter bad and the heat great the result is stickiness. Twice I have had to remould it before I can print this letter.

WELCOMES BOTH WARM AND HOT, IN HONAN.

REV. JOSEPH A. MOWATT.

Under date 24 March, Rev. Jos. A. Mowatt, of Hwaiking fu, Honan, in a private letter, from which we have been kindly permitted to make some extracts, writes as follows—

"We often, in the loneliness and heat, think of the home land and at times even long for it, just to see the woods and grass and streams. Even the fences would have a new beauty. I don't want you to feel that I would go back and choose work at home. Not at all. We like our work and would consider it a real hardship to leave. I know of no place in the world where one can make one's life count for more.

A Warm Welcome.

I had a good contingent of helpers with me on my last tour as I needed them to deal with the large crowds that I expected to have.

We were delighted with our welcome at one village. On our very first arrival there seemed a spirit of inquiry, and our sale of Catechisms was unusually large. I always like to sell the Catechism as it is by far the best book we have for giving an intelligible idea of the Gospel. In a single day we sold over twenty of these and generally to those who seem anxious to know the truth. One man sent for a preacher to go to his house, where twenty or more friends, and the women of the house, were gathered to hear the doctrine.

Everywhere the helpers went questions were asked. A vacant store was freely given for our meetings, and night after night, from seven o'clock till half past ten, we had gatherings of over one hundred. We always had to send them away at the close; they wanted to hear more.

I had planned to remain there two days, but, owing to the deep interest, I remained for seven days, and promised an early return. The last night we cleared the room twice but back they came and wanted more.

Next morning I heard that they had had a talk among themselves and that sixteen had promised to observe the Sabbath together.

The village where we were, Chang Shang (pr. Jong Shong), has some fourteen hundred families, say seven thousand or more of a population. On all sides there are villages even larger, and with walls around them; the people are so numerous that the country is very poor. During our stay we were able to go out to several other villages in the neighborhood.

A Hot Welcome.

After several days' touring we came to a place ten miles from Chang Shang, and put up at an inn. I left my bicycle there and walked with three of my men to a large fair that was being held to the south of us, in a large town. It is really six large villages grouped together and surrounded by a long wall.

On the gate in the wall as we approached we noticed the characters "An hwai tsai" which means "peace loving market place."

At fairs it is always advisable, as far as possible, to choose ground that has good backing, such as a building or a wall. This enables one to keep the crowd in front, and if the ground on which one stands is somewhat elevated he can avoid a good deal of pushing.

As we passed through the large gate we could see the crowds only a few hundred yards away. After walking among them in search of a standing place for our work, we saw at a distance what we thought would be suitable. On reaching it we found it impossible, and so were forced into a rather open place.

We had not said a word, but had just raised our books to show for sale, when suddenly one shouted. "Don't dare buy." With that a large lump of hard clay whizzed passed my head. The crowd then surged towards me and pushed me over a small declivity. From the bank they began to shout "kill him, kill him," and started to throw clay or whatever they could reach, while I backed away, facing them and warding off as best I could what was thrown.

When they began to work in from behind I thought the time had come to shake the dust off my feet, and did a pretty fair hundred yards dash for the gate with the mob in full pursuit. It must have been a comical sight for an onlooker, but that was not exactly my position in the game. In fact I was very much of a participator, and, as you may judge, tried to do my part as well as I could. Fifty or more followed me for a few hundred yards, but the farther we got from the gate the fewer they were. Two caught up to me but when I turned on them they drew back.

In the melee my helpers and I were separated. One tied his books under his coat and so escaped detection. One was knocked down and trampled and would doubtless have been fatally wounded but for an old man who stood over him and helped to save him from their hands. As it was his clothes were torn, his books stolen, and he was badly wounded and bruised. My other helper got a bad eye, cut face and bruised body.

The trouble was evidently planned, and was probably started by members of the "Sword Societies" who are very strong in that village.

I wrote a letter to the official merely stating what had taken place. He has written to say that he has placarded the place and ordered a strict inquiry.

We plan to return there day after tomorrow and expect to find everything satisfactory.

Later.

On our return the soldiers were there waiting to escort us when we arrived, one of them mounted on a fine white horse. The head men of the village had a room decorated for us and everything was very grand. The official has the affair in hand.

What makes time short to me? Activity.

What makes it long and spiritless? 'Tis idleness.

What brings us to debt? To delay and forget.

What makes us succeed? Decision with speed.

How to fame ascend? One's self to defend.

—Goethe.

SOME LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

LETTER FROM REV. JAS. MENZIES, M.D.

Hwaiching fu, Honan.

Dear Dr. Mackay—

We have had some good times recently, and I think there have been tokens of the Lord's presence among us. Missionaries have a new earnestness, and a new hope in work. The Chinese Church is longing for blessing, and in increased labors for their brethren are shewing that their quickening is real.

Here at Hwai Ching fu we have felt very thankful. In about a month's time, we received here at the station and in the city, over twenty-five catechumens, and one very pleasing thing was that nearly all were young people.

From the boys' school I received seven boys, and not long after might have received all the rest, but they are waiting for a time as some of them are young yet. All our thirteen boys are Christian, and more than that, since our school opened ten months ago, we have recorded five of the parents or guardians, and now all, with one exception, are believers, though not yet church members.

Not only so, but the fact of our having a school here has brought the parents to church again and again.

You will be interested to hear about the man whose idol you received. Not long ago we had the joy of receiving as catechumens, his wife and all his family. I wish you could have been present when we were examining the children. They were very bright and correct in their answers, and shewed evidence of remarkable training.

Not many months ago his wife was very bitter against Christianity and said she would rather see her husband an out and out profligate than have him become a Christian.

Prison Cruelties.

Mr. Li and I have been together in an awkward matter lately, but it has been in the Master's work, and good will come of it. A postal courier who was once our gateman, and when here stole money from me—foolishly, after receiving the mail from the office, gave it to another man to carry to Honan Fu. This substi-

tute decamped with the mail, and, of course, Mr. Wu was promptly seized and put in jail "till he caught the runaway." Bail was offered, but refused, and the man was beaten six hundred blows with the heavy bamboo and shamefully treated.

Whether the official in charge was to blame or the Post Office authorities, I do not know, but between them they had the man just about done to death, with abuse and torture, when I felt it my duty to step in, and sent to the Post Office a cheque for \$200, and had him released and brought to the hospital here. He could not have lived much longer, as clothes given him were torn off; food supplied was stolen from him. He was naturally a stronger man than ordinary, but now he could neither stand nor eat. We pulled him through after some time and he is now well again.

The Post Office returned my cheque today, but Mr. Li and I have made up the value of the lost mail, seventy dollars and some cents. But the man's life was saved.

The Chinese rightly call their prisons "hell" and not many men can stand the cruelties and live.

A New Woman.

Let me tell you about something pleasanter. One of my teachers was once a Mohammedan. He is very earnest, though he has little learning. His boy is in school doing well.

His wife has been noted for her laziness and slovenly appearance, and was a great hindrance to her husband. Well, there is a woman in the city just now, who is out every day selling books or preaching to the people, visiting in the homes, attending the sick, regularly attending every meeting here, clean, tidy, bright, kind, and it is the same woman, yet so changed. What a joy she has in her new life. One can see it in her face.

Her little boy, nine or ten years old, says to her, "now ma, you go out and preach to the women. Remember I'm at home and I'll look after the baby."

You know what our city wall is like, thirty feet high. Well, one Sabbath lately she was coming to church and her little boy took sick on the way, and she had to

return home with him; and then for fear she would be late if she went around by the city gate, she cut across and climbed down the face of the city wall, and that with her poor deformed feet. I would not dare attempt it.

Oh, it is a glorious Gospel which we have for these people. It works the same miracles here that it does in Canada; and, perhaps we notice the miracle more here than we would at home.

We are glad to hear of the half million for missions resolved upon in Toronto. Surely the consecration of wealth will mean spiritual blessing.

THE STRUGGLE OF AN OPIUM SMOKER.

LETTER FROM DR. J. Y. FERGUSON.

Tamsui, Formosa.

Among those who received baptism recently was the wife of an opium smoker from Lam-O, a village about ten miles distant. Her husband also became interested, but learned that accepting Christ meant that he must part with his opium. He sought the help of the young preacher whom we had sent to them and learned enough of the Gospel to enable him to understand that Siong-te (God) would help him give up his vice.

He decided to come to Tamsui for medical assistance, although he understood that the victory depended largely on himself. He left his opium outfit at home. Up to this time he had been using a dollar's worth of opium a day, so you can imagine the misery he experienced before he reached Tamsui, being without a smoke for two days.

I gave him medicine to alleviate his suffering somewhat, and put him in charge of the students of the Theological college, with strict command to guard him closely night and day. Late at night, I visited him and found him in agony, calling on Siong-te (God) to help him, at the same time searching his pocket in vain for a grain of opium. I never before realized the keenness of the battle of life, as I did when standing in the presence of that poor ignorant hakkeh, struggling with his vice.

There is an exhilarating influence in pioneer work, imparted by the strenuousness with which men, touched by the spirit of God, grapple with their darling sins,

which one misses in the calm regular atmosphere of more advanced work. It is in the presence of this struggle, one forgets about the ignorance, fifth and degradation of these people and recognizes in them his brother men. No time, thought or energy is too great to expend on one who is capable of such a struggle, to bring him to a knowledge of the Truth.

To finish my story! He remained at Tamsui less than a week; then announced that he must return to his home. I strongly protested, but in vain. The only choice left was to advise the student in charge of the field to keep close watch upon him and never to allow him to go out alone. He assured me that he had no intention of returning to the vice, but I doubted it very much.

A month afterwards, however, I visited his native village in company with Mr. Jack and Mr. Gauld, to open a new chapel. One of the first to greet us, was our friend the opium smoker. His happy countenance gave sufficient evidence that he had been as good as his word.

That day when we were leaving not only in the presence of the Christians, but of a large crowd of heathen who had gathered around us, he presented me with his opium outfit, which I have now in my possession.

The last report we had of him was that he still remained steadfast in his good resolution and was greatly improved in health. We pray that so he may be kept through his simple childlike faith, throughout his journey of life, and be instrumental in bringing many of his degraded brethren to the acceptance of Christ, their only Saviour.

I have had a considerable number of opium patients, but this is the only one in which I saw anything like good results. If one has a proper place in which to isolate them it is not a hopeless task.

We have fitted up a small front room in the college as a dispensary. The number of patients is steadily increasing. This afternoon, I treated over fifty patients. I am afraid we will not be able to continue without wards, as a number of very serious cases come from a distance, and no place to put them. Again in this climate we can only give three days medicine. More would not keep, and to come every three days from a distance would mean time and expense. We greatly need a hospital.

SCENES IN SOUTH CHINA.

EXTRACTS OF PRIVATE LETTERS FROM OUR
MISSIONARY, MRS. DR. McDONALD.

Kong Mun, S. China, Feb. 1908.

We have just returned from a walk over the hills. The bracing air reminds one of the month of November at home.

For a short distance we followed the path through the rice fields. At this season they are covered with grass and stubble and mostly under water. From the base of the hills the fields descend in terraces. Innumerable trenches full of water are found everywhere. From these the water is pumped to the highest level and then is allowed to flow to the lower levels.

We mounted the highest hill and from the summit could see seventeen villages all within walking distance. On our return we stopped at one of these villages. From the door of a temple we saw the keeper attending to the light and incense. After washing a glass he filled it with water, then poured oil on the surface. A lighted candle, supported by a wire frame, he fastened to the glass, which was then hung before the altar. On either side of the entrance were small stone images decorated with pieces of red cotton. In front of these burning joss sticks were stuck in bowls of sand.

In a field near by we saw a still stranger sight, a poor old woman in the act of worship. The poor creature, crouched on the ground before burning candles and a bowl of food, was chanting mournfully. Some leaves from a dish were placed on the ground and water sprinkled around. Rising from this stooping posture the woman waved a twig of leaves in every direction; then burning joss paper was placed on the ground.

Our teacher, who was just returning from a walk, told us the woman was trying to drive the devils away from this spot. Possibly her child was sick or had received some injuries at this particular place. These are some of the sights we see every day.

A canal runs a short distance in front of our houses through the fields. A few days ago the water was pumped from the end of this and a dam was built to prevent it running back. The water is drawn up by means of a native pump kept in motion by

hands and feet. All this labour was expended in order to procure the fish, the majority of which were not much larger than minnows. The natives, knee deep in the slime, gathered but a small basket full of fish for all their labour! Great poverty is the cause of this seeming waste of work.

A few days ago I went with Mrs. McKay and the Bible woman to visit the neighbouring villages. Our first stop was at the hut of a poor old blind woman for whom we have great hopes. Frequent visits have been paid her and she is very interested though it is hard to know how much she really grasps. It was pitiful to see her groping around to find places for us to sit, finally clearing off a low table. The neighbours flocked around the door, but as there was only room for four in the house we spoke later with those outside.

The curiosity about the foreigner has not yet worn off. We first asked them if they would like to hear about the doctrine, to which they consented willingly.

But when Mrs. McKay began speaking to them their whole attention was given to examining our clothing, frequently interrupting to ask the quality, price and many other questions.

We crossed the river to another village and were shown into the home of a well-to-do Chinese woman. As usual the first thing we had to do was drink tea. For the first time I saw a foreign cup in a Chinese home, with the words "Think of me" written in gold.

The women who had invited us to this village were in an adjoining house playing dominoes and gambling, a pastime much indulged in during the festive season at Chinese New Year. We adjourned to this house and again were offered tea. We gathered a crowd of eight children and four women. One remained in the next room, too indifferent to leave her dominoes. Here again it was no easy matter to hold their attention, the least disturbance attracted them.

A girl was seated at a table preparing paper for worship. The piece I enclose was given me as a great favour. This is attached to a piece of stiffer paper somewhat larger. The ends of this tissue paper are folded over the other, then placed on a rough stone and hammered, thus making small punctures which keep the two together.

At worship this is used as a tray, the

burning joss paper being placed on it. The worshipper holds this in his hands all the while bowing down before the shrine.

The entrance of two men put a stop to our visit. We returned home praying that some of the seed sown would bear fruit.

It is truly "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little" to enable these people to grasp the truth; and even then it is a miracle, for only the power of God enables them to cast off the old life and take their stand as Christians.

Last Saturday afternoon Dr. Jessie McBean, Dr. McDonald and I walked to a village three and a half miles distant, to see a patient on whom they intend to operate in three weeks' time.

A Chinese road consists of a path of one, and sometimes two stones, 6 feet x 1 1-2 feet. The beaten path at the side is a great deal less tiresome to walk on.

The path over the hills and through the rice fields was beautiful. A relative of the patient acted as guide. As we drew near the house we saw a crowd of men, women and children, who had heard we were coming, anxiously waiting our arrival. We entered the house and were treated with great deference by the family.

As you doubtless know, the majority of patients in heathen countries have eye trouble. The patient in question was being treated for her eyes.

While there, four others were brought in, hoping for recovery, however slight. A little baby had ruined its eye by falling on a stick. A boy of about twenty was almost blind, he asked us to go and see his mother. So after this eye clinic we forced our way through the crowd at the door and were led through the city to the home of this woman. We were followed all the way by crowds of noisy children calling out "Foreign Devil."

Though we thought we were out of sight when we entered the mat shed we saw inquisitive faces peeping through the holes in the walls.

Of the six cases seen that day two were hopeful, the rest were beyond help. The great trouble is these people allow their sickness to go so far before coming for treatment. They certainly have great power of endurance to stand the pain for so long.

A few days after we took another long walk, and I had my first sight of a Chin-

ese funeral. Such an uncommon sight as white apparel can only betoken a funeral. The women and children wore white and sack cloth or canvas. They were gathered around the ancestral halls. Then, with immense paper lanterns with characters on came towards the temples similarly attired. We did not wait to see the proceedings lest we should offend them. These were doubtless hired mourners and showed little grief. In the few cases that we have come in contact with, the grief of friends, for the departed, has been very genuine.

Our meeting yesterday afternoon was the largest yet. Usually the men are in the majority. Our own native preacher, a young fellow who is in training, and a preacher from another mission, held their attention for one hour. It is no easy matter to speak to such an audience—though they are very orderly—considering what a novel thing it is for them to gather thus.

The children rarely leave their service without yelling at the top of their voices. But this is only to show they have had a good time.

One of our Honan missionaries, in a private letter to Dr. R. P. Mackay, writes:—

"I trust that you are having the same blessing in your work at home that accompanied your tour here. There has been a new note in our work ever since last Fall. There have already been results.

Our native Christians are more active. Every Sunday afternoon they go out in bands preaching through the surrounding country. Yesterday nine went from our native helpers are always encouraging, more people than before come to the street chapel, and they listen more attentively.

In regard to the future, also, we feel that we have faith enough to plan for greater things than before.

"To take a book with great thoughts, noble impressions, divine life, and bring it into contact with my own heart so that the noble thoughts will pass into my brain, the noble impressions into my heart, the noble life into my life, and I have come in contact with that life hid behind the printed page—that is reading, and there are a great many men and women that know the alphabet that do not know how to read."—Lyman Abbott.

PROMISE IN HONAN.

LETTER FROM REV. J. A. SLIMMON.

Hwaikingfu, March, 1908.

Dear Record,

I feel sure there are many of your readers who make it their practice to pray for the work they read about in your pages, and I would like very specially to ask their prayers for Honan at this time.

As a mission we feel that this is going to be a very different year from any that has gone before. We entered the year with this conviction, and already have had proof that the conviction was the work of the Holy Spirit.

I don't know that it is specially necessary to call attention in any detail to the present "crisis" in Chinese affairs. There is danger of using this word so frequently as to weaken its force, but as things have gone in China for the last few years no other word would really describe the position.

Any westerner who is accustomed to look on our civilization as the only civilization, will probably be ready to admit that China is at last taking her place among civilized nations, but they will make a mistake if they think that because she is doing so, that she does not look with pride on the civilization she has enjoyed all these thousands of years. If she is laying it aside we may be sure it is not because she considers it really inferior to that which she is adopting.

"Expediency" will probably explain all her feverish anxiety to learn everything western nations can teach her. The Chinese have tried in vain to get rid of the foreigner, and, having made up their minds definitely that it is impossible to do so, they are now going to do the best they can to fight him with his own weapons, and "stoop to conquer."

That they are not unlikely to succeed in doing so by this new method might perhaps be proved by the recent victories they have gained in the diplomatic world. They have defeated the Pekin syndicate, which is the wealthiest British syndicate in China.

Previous to 1900 the Shansi officials sold certain mining rights, and for the last three years the Chinese have been demanding that the concession be cancelled, and, in spite of the stiff front shown by the syndicate, the concession has been bought back

for a sum of money which in no way represents the profit which might have been made by working it.

There was a good deal of "bluff" used on both sides, but a few months ago when they got down to real business, the British minister in Pekin practically told the syndicate that he was powerless, and that they had better accept the best terms they could get.

The same thing happened down south in the case of the policing of the Canton river, which swarms with pirates. Britain sent a few gun boats to police the river, the Cantonese vigorously protested, and again, Britain has had to back down as gracefully as possible.

Another British concession in Anhui is fighting for the conditions on which it is to give back the concession, but China is going to get it back on her own conditions.

One could go on indefinitely to quote case after case, large and small, which would prove that China has come to her own at last, and that she is able to win "in the game she did not understand."

There is no need to quote those who are looked upon as "yellow peril alarmists" even though they are men like Sir Robert Hart, who have been living at the heart of things Chinese for scores of years.

We have already seen what a little nation like Japan can accomplish when she is awakened. All the world wondered at the marvelous speed she showed in forging her way to the front when once the awakening came.

But it would be easy to show that she was a very tortoise for speed as compared with China. In the matter of educational reform alone it is impossible to put on record what is being done. There are no records, for the simple reason that before they could be collected they would be out of date. If we would take our own little corner of China we would find that whatever we might write just now about the number of schools and colleges, the quality of the teaching the students, and the teachers, it would all require to be written over again six months hence.

One might go over the entire field and show what has been done, in the way of reform, say in methods of government, drilling her army, starting new industries,

etc., etc., and it would be seen that we are living in a new China.

What then, we must ask, is to be the position of missions in this new China? Humanly speaking, we will find the ground cut from under our feet, our present privileges will be more and more curtailed, new and more effectual hindrance will be placed in our way, and a fully civilized, highly educated, aggressive heathen nation will be at war with all Christian nations. But (and thank God there is still room for that "but") the opportunity to evangelize this great nation is still before us, and it is for this that I want every one who knows how to pray, to do so mightily.

Last year some of us began offering special prayer for a revival in Honan, and the answer we have already received has stirred us up to still greater earnestness.

You have already heard about the wonderful time of blessing we enjoyed at our conference at Weihui while Dr. R. P. MacKay was with us, and you will soon hear about a still more wonderful movement in connection with the special services which Mr. Goforth has been holding in Manchuria. I will not forestall him by telling you anything of what I have heard, but watch for the news. The movement in Wales and Corea is the only thing that resembles it.

Three Answers to Prayer.

But I may tell you of the special answers to prayer, or rather the answers to special prayer which I have seen in my own field, in connection with the prayer for the revival in Honan which has been going up day by day for the last six or seven months.

Some have been praying for the tens of thousands in Honan who have heard the gospel. They have read our books, listened to our preaching and know enough of the truth to save their souls if they would only accept it. But for one reason or another they have not done so, and in the majority of cases the fear of man which bringeth a snare is what is keeping them outside. They are longing to enter in, but having counted the cost, they fear to pay it.

We can do nothing more for them but pray, and keep on praying, keep on "insisting that the will of God be done" as S. D. Gordon has put it. The ground has been tilled, the seed sown, and now we need the fertilizing shower from above.

This is a work which can be done quite as well at home as in China. God knows all those who have heard the gospel, He knows all that is hindering, and a mighty stream of earnest believing prayer will bring victory out here.

Let me tell you of three instances I have seen in the last three months of prayer, and prayer alone, helping those who were hindered.

The first is a young man of perhaps about twenty-five. At the Chinese New Year, when it was holiday season and he was free to go where he willed, he came to our chapel at Hsiuwu hsien and told us that three years ago he had listened to our preaching on the streets of the city, bought some books, took them home and began studying them. The truth laid hold of him and he began to pray. He wanted to come to us for further instruction. His father heard about it and forbade his doing so, but he kept on reading and praying in secret, and his heart was full of joy as he told us that at last he had found courage to disregard his father's commands and come to our chapel.

The second is a man I saw first about a year ago at a series of open air meetings I was holding in Hsiuwu hsien, in connection with the station class. Every afternoon the members of the class went with me to the street and told their fellow citizens about the Saviour they were learning to worship.

I saw this man on the outskirts of the crowd, and, seeing that he was interested, sent one of the Christians after him to try and get him to come to our indoor meeting. He declined the invitation, saying it was no use, as he was a grain merchant, and the crookedness of that trade was such that no man could be a Christian and remain a grain merchant. Again and again I sent, always with the same result.

But on one of my recent visits my heart gave a great shout of joy as I saw him come quietly in and take his place among the worshippers. In conversation with him afterwards I found that he had come prepared to be a Christian, and he is now learning to pray.

The third is an old man near seventy. His home is away among the hills north of

Hsiuwu Hsien, but being a village elder he sometimes has occasion to visit the city. Two years ago, on one of these visits, he heard the gospel, bought a New Testament, a Catechism and some other books. On my last visit there he came in from his home bringing these books with him, worn to tatters through much usage. He could repeat all the prayers in them, and quoted from them freely.

He laughed with joy as he told us how he had found the truth and how it had made a new man of him, and how he had got the victory over the opposition which had arisen in his own home. His grown up son and other members of the family took his books from him and hid them, but he packed up his bed and threatened to come and live with us altogether if they were not given back to him. He got them back and has had perfect freedom to study them ever since.

It would take too long to tell you half the interesting things he told us, but surely even the bare fact of these three men, in one of our outstations, having been helped to confess Christ, and come to us in spite of all opposition, will be sufficient to draw us out in real prayer for the many thousands who are still being hindered just as they were.

Our Youngest Mission

Is to the Jews in the city of Toronto. It was authorized by the Assembly and placed under the care of the F. M. Com., a sub-committee of which, with Rev. J. McP. Scott as convener, has charge of it. Mr. S. B. Rohold, who was for eight years a very successful worker, as superintendent and missionary in connection with the Bonar Memorial Mission to the Jews in Glasgow, Scotland, has accepted the call to take charge of it. He was born in Palestine, educated as a Jew at Jerusalem, and afterwards, as a Christian, in Scotland, and comes highly recommended. Mission premises have been secured at Elm and Teraulay St., Tor., and, with the assistance of Miss Tasker, who has been working for more than a year among Jewish women and children, there is good hope of successful work.

By act of the Assembly, it is made a regular department of the work of the Church and is to be extended to other points as

means for its support are contributed. Contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Somerville, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

"A New Note."

One of our Honan missionaries, in a private letter to Dr. R. P. Mackay, writes:—

"I trust that you are having the same blessing in your work at home that accompanied your tour here. There has been a new note in our work ever since last Fall. There have already been results.

Our native Christians are more active. Every Sunday afternoon they go out in bands preaching through the surrounding country. Yesterday nine went from here, besides the students from Mr. Clarke's school. The reports that come in from our native helpers are always encouraging. more people than before come to the street chapel, and they listen more attentively.

In regard to the future, also, we feel that we have faith enough to plan for greater things than before.

A Formosan Cornelius?

"We have a Chinese tea merchant at one of our stations who gives one hundred dollars, Mexican, a year towards the support of the preacher there, yet neither he nor his household have been baptized; in fact seldom attend church.

I get letters from him occasionally, filled with Christian sentiment. He has no idols in his house and claims to worship God and to believe in Christ, yet he will not seek baptism.

Through the illness of his wife, I have come into closer contact with him this last month, and have been hoping that when she gets strong again, they will both, before long, take a decided stand for the Master."—Dr. J. V. Ferguson, Formosa.

"To take a book with great thoughts, noble impressions, divine life, and bring it into contact with my own heart so that the noble thoughts will pass into my brain, the noble impressions into my heart, the noble life into my life, and I have come in contact with that life hid behind the printed page—that is reading, and there are a great many men and women that know the alphabet that do not know how to read."—Lyman Abbott.

OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA.

BY REV. ANDREW THOMPSON, WEIHUIFU.

(Mr. Thompson, while one of the missionaries of our church, is generously supported by the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal. Rev. Dr. Johnson, the pastor, has kindly forwarded to the RECORD the following letter received a short time since, as setting forth very clearly the great door of opportunity in that vast Empire, that opens to the Christian Church.—Ed.).

"We were pleasantly surprised to find that the transition from life at home to life here is not so abrupt as we had supposed. Most of our missionaries (not all) now reside in houses built after the style of those at home, which secure both comfort and privacy.

In former years, and that not very long ago, the best accommodation was renovated Chinese houses. These afforded very inadequate protection from the heat and dampness of the Honan summer, and the number of missionaries who were forced to return home broken in health, as well as the many little graves in the burial grounds are the evidence of the effect of this way of living upon the health of Western people.

Formerly also the missionary was exposed to the curious gaze of crowds of people who came all day long to see the foreigner. That, also, is largely a thing of the past. The novelty of the presence of the foreigner, in the larger centres at least, is wearing off, and he is able to attend to his affairs without interference.

The changed conditions contribute much to the advantage of the newcomer; he is able to give himself uninterruptedly to the work of acquiring the language. This is indeed no easy task. The Chinese language has no affinities with ours, its words are hard for the ear to catch and for the tongue to pronounce, and the variations in sound, of different words, are so slight that absolute accuracy is required in order to be understood.

However, the student now has for his aid a most valuable series of graded lessons, and is provided with the services of a Chinese teacher, so that a good ear and a fair amount of diligence will put any one of ordinary abilities on the high road to intelligent speaking.

The difficulties of learning the language

have this compensation: they afford a splendid discipline. The one who patiently and resolutely accomplishes this will probably carry through successfully the undertakings of later years.

A question that may be of interest to all, and of special interest to young people is, how far are the expectations of the newly arrived missionary with regard to the need and opportunity realized?

I can for myself say that I have found that there has been no exaggeration either of the need of the work or of the opportunity. One is not long here before he sees the contrast between the best non-Christian civilization and that which is under the influence of Jesus Christ.

The "tender mercies" of heathenism.

Let me give you an incident as an example: About two months ago, while a gravel-train at Weihweifu station was being unloaded, a young man about seventeen years of age fell between the cars and was run over, both legs between the thigh and the knee were crushed.

Should a similar accident occur at home, we know how prompt and how sympathetic would be the help given. But what took place here? The accident was seen by many; not only were there the employees engaged in ballasting the road, but also there was the usual crowd to meet the morning passenger train.

But all the pity of all those people amounted to lifting him from the track and laying him down in a field near by. The accident occurred at daylight, and the day was cold and drizzling, but he was left lying on the ground without any kind of protection until about ten o'clock, when he was carried over to the mission hospital. He was still fully conscious, but nothing could be done for him, and about noon he died.

This may serve as an example of the selfishness and cold indifference to the needs of others of the heathen conscience.

Changed by Christianity.

But there are signs of change. China is beginning to learn from the foreigner. In 1900 she was rudely awakened from her dream of splendid isolation, her pride has been humbled, and she is acknowledging the superior civilization and life of other nations.

The power of Christianity, steadfastly proclaimed by word of mouth and printed page,

and practically demonstrated by hospitals, famine relief work and countless other benevolent institutions, is being increasingly felt, and the national conscience is being aroused. Officials are making an attempt to ameliorate the miseries of that so large class of China's population—the beggars; everywhere native anti-foreign societies are carrying on an active propaganda, and the government is seriously taking in hand the opium question.

But not only socially and politically is China making advances, but intellectually also. We had an example of the old order of things a few months ago. On the fourteenth of that month a partial eclipse of the sun was visible here. At our mission compound, a mile from the city walls, we could plainly hear the sound of the beating of drums and every kind of utensil that would make a noise, to scare off the dragon that was devouring the sun!

Great Educational Change.

It is only a matter of a short time now until such ignorance passes away. As recently as 1902, the old system of higher education that had obtained for hundreds, if not thousands, of years, was still in vogue. That year an alteration in the curriculum for the degree of Bachelor of Arts was made: an essay on some subject of Western learning was substituted for a thesis on the Chinese Classics.

In November, 1905, however, the whole old system was abolished, and one based entirely on Western lines was adopted. Everywhere colleges are springing up, and the old time school buildings are being torn down to make way for the new. The Government not only supports the new, but also pays part of the cost of the students who attend them.

The far reaching consequences of this radical step may be judged from the fact that the obtaining of a college degree is an indispensable qualification for Government service. The literati of China are her administrators. This means that in another generation the whole of China will be under the control of the students now studying in the Government schools.

In influencing these young men, the Christian Church in this and the next decade has its opportunity. The Government schools are avowedly non-Christian. Why should not the Church take the lead in the Re-

naissance of China by supplying its students with schools and colleges that would be equal and superior to those of the Government, and at the same time secure to the young men attending them the benefits of a Christian education?

Our Work in Honan.

Now what is Honan Presbytery doing in view of the special needs of this time? In past years the way was not open for doing educational work, but a beginning has been made. Primary boys' and girls' school work is well under way. A theological college for the training of a native ministry has just been begun, Rev. H. M. Clark having been appointed Principal.

A further step was taken, at the request of the Young Men's Christian Association. There are now some fifteen thousand Chinese students studying in the Imperial University in Tokio, Japan, some of them supported by the Chinese Government, though most are there at their own expense. Rev. A. W. Lohead, was appointed for a time to go to Tokio, and assist in the work of winning these young men for Christ.

We are again making an appeal to the home Church for more workers. We have definitely set before us as our ideal "The evangelization of our part of Honan in this generation." We are asking for one missionary for every one hundred thousand of the population. That would require altogether eighty missionaries. At present we have eighteen, all told.

It is now one hundred years since the Protestant Church began work in China, and about twenty since our Church entered Honan. Those past years were years of hard uphill work. But they witnessed the planting of the Church in the soil of China.

The eruption of 1900 was itself an evidence of the strength of the movement the headway it was making called forth the active resistance of the antagonistic forces in an attempt to stifle the light that was beginning to shine.

But the Boxer outbreak has left the Church stronger than before, and to-day the coast is clear. How long it may remain so it would be rash to say, it is sufficient that for the present it is so. The pioneer work has been done and the Church now has no other difficulty than the extent of the opportunity.

The claims of the need are never exaggerated, the opportunities of the hour are not over-estimated. To-day, surely, the wistful words of our Lord in regard to the situation in His day apply with ten-fold force to our own: "Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest! behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the field that they are white already unto harvest."

We, who are privileged to come to China now as missionaries have the advantage of the work accomplished in the past century to start upon. In a very real sense, Christ has sent us to reap a harvest whereon we "have not labored," and as an incentive to faithfulness we have the evidence of the past years that "he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit into life eternal."

THE EAST COAST OF FORMOSA.

(Extract of letter from our missionary, Dr. J. Y. Ferguson, to St. Paul's Church, Hamilton.)

"When Mr. Jack and I visited the eastern plain we went by train to Keelung, on the N. E. of Formosa, thence by Japanese steamer down the east coast, to our most southerly mission station, which is on the border of the savage territory, and is well guarded by Japanese and Chinese soldiers.

From thence we made our way northward on foot, visiting the stations on the way. At night we slept in the chapels. Beds were constructed by placing several of the chapel benches side by side and spreading upon them a pair of blankets. A mosquito net was then hung by the four corners from the beams above our heads, to keep off the mosquitos and other pests that infest floorless, damp chapels.

The natives often tell of how little sleep Dr. Mackay used to require when making such journeys. I can quite understand how he wished to rise at 3 a.m. More than four hours a night, on such a bed, was punishment to me, and many a time he would have considered one half as good a luxury. On rising, however, he always felt refreshed and ready for the day's work.

We held meetings in every chapel. After service we questioned the preacher and people according to a prepared list of

questions and took their answers down in writing for future reference. It corresponded to a Presbyterian visitation of a congregation at home in Canada.

Our work on the East Coast is carried on almost entirely among the Pepohoan civilized aborigines. They are an easy-going, unsteady kind of people. Leading them to accept Christianity was a rapid process, but teaching them to understand and assimilate Christian truth is a slow and tedious one. But they are a lovable people, simple in their manners, and their speech reminds one of the Gaelic.

In this beautiful plain on the east coast of Formosa, there are three important cities inhabited largely by Chinese, who refuse to accept Christianity because they think it is the religion of the despised Pepohoans.

This plain is difficult of access from Tam-sui, and we wish to do more aggressive work here we have departed from regular procedure, and the Presbytery has ordained a native pastor to work in these cities and to supervise the work of the preachers in these Pepohoan villages, and to report regularly to us. This man accompanied us on our trip and showed such zeal and wisdom that we considered him a suitable man and appointed him for two years.

We have now six native pastors. The formation of a native Presbytery has been a great factor in bringing to the front men who will be leaders in the native church in the future. One of them, Rev. Tan Ch'eng is moderator of the Presbytery.

The dispensary work is still carried on in a little room, ten by fourteen feet. We sincerely hope the F. M. Committee will see their way to authorize us to build a hospital this Summer; if not the medical work will be seriously handicapped.

In connection with the creation of the new Presbyterian church in Korea by a combination of all the Presbyterian missions of that land, seven native preachers were ordained. One of these was sent as a missionary to the Island of Quelpart. An interesting fact in connection with this man is that fifteen years ago he stoned through the streets of Pyeng Yang the missionary who has now ordained him.

Young People's Societies.

* TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
April—Mackenzie of Korea.
May—Mackay of Formosa.
June—Norman Russell of India.
July—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerar.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Con't'n. a Miss'y. Organization.

TOPIC FOR JUNE.

REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL, B. A.

'A Missionary to India's Villages.'

By REV. R. G. MACBETH, M. A., PARIS, ONT.

It was in 1889 that I first met Norman Russell. We were both entering our second year in theology in Manitoba College. He had been there for his first year while I had been in Princeton.

He was a young man who would readily attract the attention of even the passer-by, if the passer-by was at all interested in theological classes and their work both in and out of the class-room.

Norman was a tall, slight, wiry lad, erect and swift in his movements. He was by no means averse to the diversions of the athletic field but his heart was much more in his studies, which, both in class and outside of it, he pursued with a zeal and enthusiasm rather dangerous to health.

He was eager for information upon his life work, and when any pastor or missionary visited the College, Norman would get a personal interview and secure all the facts and opinions which had a bearing on the work of the field either at home or abroad.

It was all a little new to me, coming from the study of law, but Norman had been in the swing of the work for some time.

By degrees I learned his history and came also into close acquaintance with his parents, brothers and sisters in their home in Fort Rouge, south of the Assiniboia River, the choicest suburb in Winnipeg.

They had not always lived in Winnipeg. They hailed from Ontario which was then a sort of terra incognita to me, but it was associated in my mind with large educational advantages and general culture in the higher arts of life.

There in Toronto Norman had been born in 1864, and there he had utilized to the utmost the facilities for education which distinguished the capital of the premier Province. Public school, Collegiate Institute Model school, the great University, they all came his way and he took them as a matter of course and with much distinction.

He entered the University when eighteen years of age and graduated well to the front of the class, which in 1887 left the halls of learning to enter the lists in the battle of life.

While passing through the University, Russell took an active part in the work of the Y. M. C. A., and came under the influence of the Student Volunteer movement which had just then taken rise in the colleges of the United States under Forman and Wilder.

The time was one of great religious activity in the Toronto University circles. Mr. Gale was sent to Korea by the students and alumni, and there was on every side the evidence of quickened spiritual life.

Accordingly when Norman moved to the West with his parents, he was prepared to pursue the course of study for the ministry to which his thoughts had been turned from early boyhood.

Getting into touch with the Home Mission problem he did good work on two fields, one on the prairie and the other in the new suburb of Fort Rouge where Sir Thomas Taylor and a few others began the present large work of Augustine Church.

Years before this, however, Norman, after reading a biography of Livingstone, had decided that he too would be a missionary to

* Correspondence to be addressed to Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston, Convener.

the heathen if the way opened. He had told his father and mother at the time and it is safe to say that they did not discourage him in his purpose. They are both living still, the father an optimistic Calvinist who would respect the call, and the mother an intense enthusiast as to missions in general.

The fact that three of their children, Norman and Frank and Jean (Mrs. Hall), went out to the field, the former two to India and the last named to the Philippine Islands, indicates a home where the missionary idea was kept to the forefront. It is not then surprising that these three felt impelled to go to the distant places of heathendom to do valiant work for the Master.

In the fall of 1890 Norman, being accepted by the Foreign Mission Committee, sailed for the Central India Field, and for ten years his work centred mainly around the station at Mhow. Mhow was one of the British army permanent camps and Norman became chaplain to the soldiers as well as missionary to the native villages.

In 1892 he was married to Miss Minnie Hodgins of Toronto, the marriage taking place at Bombay. Mrs. Russell was a devoted assistant to her husband in every department of life and much of his success he ascribed to her care and affectionate support.

Mhow was the centre of a wide area which teemed with populous villages and it was especially to the work amongst these villages that the ardent young missionary gave his life and choicest effort.

One who knew his work says of him "He went out into the native districts from village to village over a great extent of country, making friends with the headmen and officials, gathering crowds by day by his enthusiastic singing, and by night with his picture lantern, and on them ever pressing the claims of his beloved Master."

He had also great interest in the work of the orphanage of Mhow, and it is little wonder that after eight years his health gave way and that he had to come home to Canada for a short furlough. In reality his "furlough" was crammed full of work in the churches East and West, his sermons and addresses being delivered with intense and white-heat earnestness.

When the climate of his native land had restored his strength to something like its

former vigor he went back to India and threw himself with even more than his former ardour into his work owing to the immense amount to be accomplished.

But his physical strength was not equal to the willingness of the spirit, and in the hot July of 1902, he succumbed to a sudden illness, just a week after the death of his youngest son, two years and a half old.

As chaplain to the Forces, he was accorded the honor of a military funeral, civilians and soldiers, Church and State, uniting to do honor to one who had endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

His life of singular devotion to work, a book on village work which is the best yet published on the subject, and the orphanage village of Russellpura, near Mhow, are amongst the memorials of his work that remain to perpetuate his efforts for the Kingdom.

The outstanding characteristic of his life was the practically absolute devotion he manifested in his work, almost complete forgetfulness of self, in his burning eagerness to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom.

Speaking after the manner of men we say this probably shortened his life, but it is better to wear out than to rust out when a great conflict is being waged.

Norman died at his post and that grave on the field yet speaketh of the ardor of whole-souled missionary effort. Many will be thrust into the work by the voice of it.

WHAT A CHURCH DOES FOR A PLACE.

Two men on the back platform of a street-car were discussing a real estate deal that one had just closed. An occasional profane word showed that neither of them was a Christian. Possibly they were non-church-goers altogether. "I think you paid a pretty good price," said one. "I did," assented the other promptly, "but it was this way. I looked all around at various properties. Then I saw that one almost across from the church. Said I, 'That church settles the question. This is going to be a good residence neighborhood for a generation anyhow.' And I bought it. You know a church does that for a neighborhood?" "Yes, I know," assented the other.

Life and Work.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

New methods and new ideals concerning children have made men question the absolute accuracy of the Old Testament words in Proverb 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." I, nevertheless, intend to treat it as an inspired statement, as a declaration of truth.

The first thing I desire to say is that training involves an ideal. We are living in an age when even in the Christian Church the ideals we have for our children are very low. Too often the aim for our boys is that they shall be educated, gain a position for themselves, and "get on in the world." Too often for our girls we have the ideal that they also shall be educated, refined, and accomplished, and presently, again to use a phrase which, if I could, I would cancel absolutely from the thinking of Christian parents, "get settled."

These as ideals are anti-Christian and pagan. I am not undervaluing education. It is the duty of every man to give his children the best education possible. I am not undervaluing position. Let every lad be ambitious to be the best carpenter, the best doctor, the best lawyer in the whole district. Let our girls, in very deed and truth, be educated, cultured, and refined; but if these constitute the ultimate, then in what are we removed from pagans?

What, then, should be our ideal? That the child should realize Jesus Christ's estimate of greatness. A man is great if his character is what it ought to be. In the manifesto of the King not a single blessing is pronounced upon having, nor upon doing. All the blessings are upon being. The true ideal toward which we are to move in the training of our children must be the realization of the character upon which Jesus Christ has set the sevenfold chaplet of His benediction. That the boy may be a godly man, that the girl may be one of the King's daughters, is the supreme matter. To neglect that as the ultimate, to lose sight of that as the goal, is to ruin our children by a false love.

Next, the training of a child involves **personal discipline**. You will make your boy what you are, and not what you tell him to be. You cannot expect your boy to be a Christian athlete if you are weak and anaemic in your Christianity. If you neglect prayer, and if the family altar is a thing you can lightly lay aside, your boy

will not be likely to erect it in his own home. If I am to train my child, I must see the goal towards which I desire him to press, but I must go that way, too.

Then, again, training involves a recognition of certain facts about the child. First of all, account for it as you will—I care very little about the philosophy, but I care a great deal about the fact—there is enough iniquity in the heart of every child to effect the ruin of the race if it works itself out. I remember this also, that there is not a child born that is not born to the inheritance of the grace of God, and that is far mightier than the forces which are against them.

So I have these two things to remember in the training of every child, that there is in the child, first of all, the capacity for evil, but beneath it, deeper than it, truer than it, is the capacity for good, and at the disposal of the child for the realization of the good as against the evil, is all the grace of God.

I suppose it is necessary in these days that we should teach children in crowds. Would to God we could escape from it. Every child is a lonely personality, a special individuality. When God made you, he broke the mould, for no two men are alike. You cannot find in any one home two children alike. Train up your family of two, or three, or four, or five, on exactly the same lines, and you may hit the goal in the case of one and miss it in all the rest.

No, you must specialize. Every child demands special consideration. We have suffered in every way, socially, politically, and most certainly religiously, by the habit of imagining that we can deal with children in crowds, and treat them all the same way. It cannot be done. For the teaching of certain things which they must know, it is necessary; but when you are going to train a child it is a matter of education rather than instruction. There is all the difference in the world between instructing and educating. To instruct is to build in; to educate is to draw out.

Training must be twofold. It must, first of all, be positive. The children must be taught that they belong to Christ, and led to the point of recognizing this fact and yielding themselves thereto. In the second place the children must be taught that sin is their enemy, and therefore God's enemy, and it is therefore to be fought perpetually. Our first business is to bring the child into a recognition of its actual relationship to Christ, and a personal yielding thereto. Let it be done easily and naturally. Do

not be anxious that your child should pass through any volcanic experience, but as soon as possible the little one should be able to say, "Yes, I love Jesus, and I will be His." It should be as simple as the kiss of the morning upon the brow of the hill, as the distilling of moisture in the dew.

Now we must notice that it is only upon the fulfilment of the conditions enunciated that we have any right to expect a fulfilment of the promise made. We have no business to expect that our child will fulfil the true purpose of life if we neglect the training of the early days.

It may be asserted that the untrained must go wrong. Not necessarily. You may neglect your child, and some godly Sunday School teacher may do the work you have neglected. Or it may be said that the wrongly trained must go wrong. Not necessarily. It is not always so. There are children wrongly trained at home who yet at last have found life and its great fulfilment.

People sometimes who have been very careless about training their children in godliness, who thought of all things except the supremely needful things, when their children are taken from them, speak of the hope that they will meet them when they cross the border line. Yes, perchance, but your child, if you fed, clothed and educated it, and neglected its relation to God, will be more eager to meet the Sunday School teacher who led it to God than to meet you. Spiritual relationships are the final relationships.

With such an ideal, and such a training, and such a promise, the only fear we need have about our children is fear concerning ourselves. It is true that there have been great failures. Why? Children from Christian homes sometimes turn out ill because of the laxity which imagines that a child's happiness consists in self-pleasing, and in having its own will. There is all the difference between letting a child have its own will and training it in its own way. To train a child in its own way crosses the will sometimes. This, however must never be done with passion. Passion burns to destruction. Reason fires to construction.

Or, it may be, on the other hand, that there is the sternness which forgets the needs of young life. There is the method of the moral policeman. When it is adopted the boy crosses the threshold and with a sigh of abandonment plunges into every excess of evil.

Said a man to me some years ago: "How is it I have lost my children?" I replied: "I do not see that you have lost your children. They are sitting round your board, most of them, and they respect you." "Oh, yes," he said, "but there is not a boy round my board who trusts me."

Then I said to him, more for the in-

struction of my own heart than with the idea that I could help him: "What do you mean?" "Why," he replied "there is not one of them who makes a confidant of me." I looked the man in the face and said: "Did you ever play marbles with them when they were little?" At once he replied: "Oh, certainly not." And I said, "That is why you lost them."

We do not lose our children when they are seventeen. We lose them when they are seven. You are a good man, and a hard man, and your children know it. They respect you, but they do not trust you, and you lose them. There may be a laxity that is too gentle, a love that is anaemic; but there may be too much iron in your blood, too much sternness.

How shall we find the happy medium? Be very much and very constantly in comradeship with Christ. If we are going to be so severe as to be true, and so tender as to hold, we must know him, the Man who could look right into the soul of a Pharisee and scorch it with His look, and into the eye of a little child and make the child want to come and play with him. We must be much with Christ, if we are to be with children. If you do not know Christ keep your hands off the bairns."—The Sunday School Chronicle and Christian Advocate.

USING ONLY WHAT WE HAVE.

Living within one's income is not a question of the size of the income, but of the attitude and the habit of the individual. One who chronically spends just a little more than he has from a small income is likely to feel that if the amount of that small over-draft were added to his income he would then easily avoid debt. On the contrary, his debt would be likely to increase with his income.

If he has not acquired the habit of living within his income when both his receipts and expenditures are small, why should he expect that habit to become suddenly his when receipts move to a larger scale? Expenditures are sure to go up accordingly. Habit is not changed in a day, though incomes are. The man who, on a thousand dollar income, regularly runs from fifty to a hundred dollars into debt, would be likely to run at least five hundred dollars into debt on a five-thousand-dollar income.

The only remedy is resolutely and rigidly to refuse to spend what is not yet in hand. If everything is foregone except such necessities as one's present, not future, resources will buy, then one is not likely to go into debt. It takes determination to do this, if one has formed the other disastrous habit. It takes costly self-denial. But nothing costs as much as debt.—S. S. Times.

WRETCHED OR HAPPY, BOTH EASY.

Wouldst thou be wretched?

'Tis an easy way:

Think of but self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy
care,

All that thou hast to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of thy good, thy pleasure and thy
gain,

Think only of thyself, 'twill not be vain.

Wouldst thou be happy?

Take an easy way:

Think of those round thee—live for them
each day;

Think of their pain, their loss, their grief,
their care;

All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their
gain;

Think of those round thee—'twill not be in
vain. —Selected.

"ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

Edwin, with blouse torn and face and hands generously covered with soil, ran breathlessly toward his pretty young mother, who in crisp daintiness of fresh summer attire, sat on the hotel porch embroidering.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "they're digging a well near the stable and it's more fun. May I go barefoot?"

"You look disgraceful enough already," said his mother as she carefully drew her white duck skirt away from his rather muddy shoes. "I am ashamed of you. There's no use buying anything nice for you to wear. That handsome blue linen blouse is ruined. How did you tear it?"

"I was climbing a little ways on the wind-mill. I am sorry, mother," was the meek reply; "but mayn't I please go barefoot?"

"I suppose so; but don't come near me—I don't like pigs." She turned from the dishevelled little fellow in disgust, and he walked slowly away, all his eager buoyancy departed.

"Wasn't he a sight?" she said to the elderly woman near her. "Do you blame me for being annoyed?"

"Since you ask me, my dear, I must admit that I do." The old lady's voice was gentle and her manner was almost apologetic, but the little boy's mother flushed under the mild gaze. "I was sorry that you sent your son away feeling that he was in high disfavour. One can't expect healthy little boys to stay clean in the country, and clothes will tear now and then."

"I wish my son to be a gentleman," said the mother, coldly, as she took up her fancy-work and set her needle in precisely. For a few moments nothing was said, and then

the elder woman softly touched the hand of the younger one.

"May I tell you a little story?" she asked.

"Why, yes, certainly."

"I used to have very little patience with my little son when he would soil or muss his clothes, and I would often scold or punish him for being careless. Now, when I remember his baby cheeks streaked with dirt over which had coursed the tears that my harshness had caused, my arms ache to hold him, and I long to ask his forgiveness.

"He was a manly little fellow, and he did try to please me, but one can't expect perfection of a four-year-old. Late one afternoon he came in almost completely covered with mud. He had been sailing a tiny ship in a puddle in the yard. I was heartily ashamed of him, and I told him in no uncertain terms what I thought of his appearance, and I put him to bed early as a punishment.

When he finished his usual evening prayer, he added, 'And, dear Dod, make me a dood boy, if you possibly tan.' I smiled, for I thought my severity was having its effect and the pathos of the petition, which has wrung my heart ever since, didn't touch me then.

"It was twelve that night when a croupy cough started me from my sleep, and at three o'clock in the morning, the doctor, who had worked over my boy for two hours, told me there was no hope. I took my darling in my arms, and, choking back my sobs, told him as best I could that he was going to Heaven.

"I isn't dood 'nough,' he gasped. That was the end. My baby, my only baby, went from me feeling that he was not worthy to enter the home where little children are so lovingly bidden."

Two frail old hands were suddenly clasped in two strong ones, and eyes whose tears were long since shed looked kindly into those that were now overflowing.

"I didn't mean to make you cry, my dear. I just wished to help you—to help you to understand your little son."

"You have helped me. Come with me, won't you? I wish to find him, and kiss him, dirt and all."—Advance.

"There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use to the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We cannot all dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead; but there is always a chance that we can save a child."—David Starr Jordan.

THE LAW OF THE KINGDOM

"There is no gain, but by a loss;
We cannot save, but by the Cross.
The corn or wheat to multiply
Must fall into the ground and die.
Oh, should a soul alone remain,
When it a hundredfold may gain!
Who saves his life, or cross doth shun,
Loses, a hundred, holding one.

"And he who fain his life would spare
Keeps from the multitude there share.
Whenever you ripe fields behold,
Waving to God their sheaves of gold,
Be sure some corn of wheat has died,
Some saintly soul been crucified;
Someone has suffered, wept and prayed,
And fought hell's legions undismayed."

JUST WHAT TO DO.

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"What must I do to be saved?" You are right in emphasizing that little word "do;" for your Saviour having already done his mighty work of providing an atonement for you, the next thing doing must be on your side. If anybody tells you to do nothing at all but simply trust yourself to Christ, he or she may only confuse you.

Jesus himself never gave any such advice. He said, "Follow me," and that means, go where I lead you, and do what I tell you. In Peter's case that meant the quitting of his nets, and his fishing boats, and in Matthew's case it meant the leaving of his toll-booth; and in both cases they did it to please the Lord Jesus. No waiting for more feeling, you observe; no bargaining with him for an easy time or any reward. They obeyed Christ. That was their decisive step.

Now, in the very first thing that offers itself to you, so act as to please your Saviour. Consult conscience. Jesus speaks to you through the conscience. It is your moral telephone, listen and obey.

Last evening a young lady friend who is very thoughtful about her soul's salvation, was invited by a friend to a social prayer-meeting. She had also been invited to a party.

The party was not in itself a sinful place of entertainment, but her conscience said within her, "The prayer-meeting is the safest place and the best place for me to-night." She was more likely to meet Christ and to get needed help for her soul among his people than among a merry company of pleasure-seekers. Her going to the house of prayer was a decisive act; it was a following after Christ rather than after a worldly indulgence.

Did she do that in order "to be saved?"

Yes; because she wanted to be saved from frivolous, soul-dissipating influences and from reproach of conscience; she wanted to put herself distinctly on Christ's side, and she did.

Her step was like casting a ballot on election day; it showed which side she was on. The prayer-meeting could not convert her soul, but her act of going there was an evidence that she was being converted, for conversion signifies a turning round toward Christ.

We have cited the above case as an illustration of what is implied by "following" Christ. The same principle may be applied in a hundred different directions; every right step taken in obedience to the voice of an awakened conscience is a step toward salvation. Christ speaks through the conscience. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

Very quietly the Holy Spirit often opens the heart. What is done by that awakened heart commonly settles the great question.

Lydia opened her lips for Christ and opened her house for his servants, and proved that she had admitted Jesus into her heart. What she did was a decisive step on her part, because she did it in trust and love in order to obey and honor her divine Saviour. If she had done the opposite, who supposes that Lydia would have become the first convert in Europe, and have found her place among godly women? Her actions spoke louder than words.

"What makes our Fred so wonderfully kind and obliging this week?" inquired a wife of her husband. "I don't know unless he was converted by that sermon last Sabbath." The husband was right; the youth had been quietly changed in heart under the influence of a faithful sermon, and began at once to act differently. That boy's conduct at home was his way of "following Christ;" his conversion proved itself by his acts, and has lasted ever since. The result proves that God's hand was in it.

Salvation is a joint process; it is all free grace on the side of the atoning Saviour, it is all free obedience on our side. Jesus works, and you must work—he in you and you in him. Doing nothing at all is the damning sin.

Just observe what answers Peter and Paul gave to the question: "What must we do to be saved?" Peter's prompt, pithy answer at the time of Pentecost was: "Repent!" Repentance is more than shame or sorrow for sin; it is a turning from sin with a full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience to Christ. This means doing, not mere feeling.

My friend A—— repented of his sin of dram-drinking when he signed a pledge and forsook his bottle. It would have been absurd for him to say that he was penitent

and trusting Christ while he was yet taking sly drinks out of that decanter. It would in his case have been a quenching of the Holy Spirit.

An awakened inquirer once said to me: "My besetting sin is to swear." Then I replied: "Confess your sin to God, and stop swearing. At whatever point the Holy Spirit convicts you of sin, there is the point to yield and to repent. Repentance proves itself by acts."

Paul's answer to the question was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." This was also an act, and a very impressive one. Trusting, in the jailer's case, was not a babe falling asleep on the bosom of a mother—as some people define faith. It was a resolute step, into which he put the whole energies of his soul—as I would put all my bodily energies into grasping a rope if I fell overboard from a ferryboat. His was the quick cleaving to Jesus; God was working in him, and he in turn was "working out his salvation with fear and trembling."

My friend, your faith must be a laying hold on Jesus Christ and a cleaving fast to him. That is your doing. He will cleanse you, strengthen you, and hold you to the end. That is his doing.

Finally, the whole question of your salvation must be settled between you and your Saviour. Go to him, go with your Bible, go on your knees, go and surrender yourself to him. *One hour with Jesus* is worth years of sermons or inquiry meetings. No pastor, no friend, can save you; Jesus can. Whatsoever he bids you do, as he speaks to your conscience, do it.—The Philadelphia Presbyterian.

MORAL VALUE OF GOOD TEMPER.

A reader of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Letters' says they show how well he practised in everyday life the gospel of courage, of the high moral value of good temper, and of the crime of gloom and despondency. A fit of irritation was to him a thing to be ashamed of, and he apologizes for being occasionally cast down by his ill-health.

One cannot fail to be struck by the buoyant and joyous note in Stevenson, whose life was a struggle with disease. By pure will power he prevented physical pain from mastering his spirit. He felt that a man's duty was to be cheery and helpful, for the sake of others and that it was a miserably poor thing to let one's suffering shadow others' lives. Hence this heroic soul in weak body was a happiness-maker, both in his home circle and in the larger circle touched by his books. He cultivated good temper because he realized its moral value.

When it comes to be recognized more generally, as it ought to be that good temper

is not only cultivable, but a Christian duty, and that one has no moral right to inflict gloom and despondency upon the home members or the community we shall doubtless see a marked change for the better.

Doubtless a sunny disposition is natural to some, and not to others; but all may acquire this, as well as any other virtue; and its possession is one of the strong recommendations of one's religion. There is no reason why one member of the family—say the unselfish mother—should supply all the sunshine for the home.—The Watchman.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE ANOTHER.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these; but we may also make the best of one another.

We may forgive even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place.

By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us; and life will become a pleasure instead of pain, and each will become like heaven, and we shall become not unworthy followers of him whose name is Love.

There is a story of a German baron who made a great Eolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready, he listened for the music. But it was in the still air; the wires hung silent. Autumn came, with its gentle breeze, and there were faint whispers of song. At length the winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic music.

Such a harp is the human heart. It does not yield its noblest music in the summer days of joy, but in the winter of trial. The sweetest songs on earth have been sung in sorrow. The richest things in character have been reached through pain. Even of Jesus we read that he was made perfect through suffering.

The child of poverty and vice has still within him, however overlaid by the sins of ancestry, a germ of good that is capable of growth, if reached in time. Let us stretch out a tender, strong hand, and, touching that poor germ of good lifting its feeling head in a wilderness of evil, help it to live and thrive and grow.—Dean Stanley.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight."

"A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER."

BY SYDNEY LANIER.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him;
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo him
last,
From under the trees they drew him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last,
When out of the woods he came."

EYESIGHT.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men or women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print, and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.—Dr. Hall.

HOW TO LIVE TO "LIVE."

Life must be lived on the mountain heights in unceasing relation to the Spirit, Who is the One and only interpreter of Christ.

Some years ago I met in the south of England a dear friend, and looking at him, was filled with sorrow as I saw 'at once he was in the grasp of an insidious disease which with deadly certainty saps away the life.

After a long interval, when I was in Colorado, I saw him again, and hardly knew him. The rare air of the mountains had given back his old strength, and had made impossible the spread of his disease.

He told me, however, that while feeling perfectly well, it was necessary for him to stay upon those mountain heights, or the old trouble would return.

Let us keep ever in the mountain air. If we descend into the old valleys, the paralysis of the past will come again. We must live in the atmosphere of the Spirit, high on the mountains of vision, and there the appetite for the bread of heaven will be strong, and feeding upon Christ, we shall "grow up into Him in all things."—Dr. Campbell Morgan.

THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT

Of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey?

But to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this is the best way of practicing, viz.—to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis de Sales.

PERIL TO THE CHURCH.

John R. Mott says the gravest perils threaten the church, if she neglects to press her present unparalleled advantage, in world-wide conquest, by a great forward movement. In the foreign field missionaries will be broken down by the very success that has come to them in the ingathering and opening of doors.

The sin of unfaithfulness, hypocrisy, the debasing influence of luxurious and selfish living, God's withholding His Spirit through our disobedience to the demands made by our opportunity. All this is ours and much more, if we fail to go forward."—Ex.

WHEN THE BOAT COMES IN.

Outstretching forms, strained eyes and eager faces

On fast-advancing deck and waiting shore;
Nearer and nearer grow the parting spaces,
The two will meet in just a moment more.

A wondrous scene—this seeking recognition!

It flashes on me what the look must be,
The voice, the gesture, at the great transition.

When we are moored beyond the Unknown Sea.

Love, joy and pathos in the salutation

Of all these hundreds, as they find their own;

But of whatever class, whatever nation,
The joyous "Come at last!" was in the tone.

What goodly companies are daily landing,
From mortal shores! and, at the heavenly pier,

Celestial hosts all-eager must be standing
To welcome home the souls they hold so dear.

—Selected.

THE MINISTER'S COMFORTER.

By IAN McLAREN.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk of Drumtochty that the minister would sit in the pulpit after service till the church had emptied. As the people streamed by on either side none of them would have spoken to him or shown any sign of recognition, for that would have been bad manners. But their faces softened into a kindly expression as they passed, and they conveyed as by an atmosphere that they were satisfied with the sermon.

If the minister on his part had descended from the pulpit, and stood below in his gown and bands shaking hands with all and sundry and making cheery remarks, the congregation would have been scandalized, and would have felt that he had forgotten the dignity of his office. He was expected to keep his place with gracious solemnity, as a man who had spoken in the name of the Lord, and not to turn the church into a place of conversation.

If he rose and, leaning over the side of the pulpit, asked a mother how it fared with her sick daughter, or stretched out his hand to bid a young man welcome after years of absence from the glen, this rare act was invested with special kindness, and the recipients, together with their friends, were deeply impressed.

Carmichael, the youthful clergyman, was in the vestry after the morning service, utterly crushed and humbled, for he had realized that he was no preacher. He determined to resign.

While he was meditating upon the step he was about to take, one of the elders of the kirk appeared in the vestry. He had come with a message from a body of elders, who usually met to discuss the morning's service under the big beech tree in the churchyard.

Amid all his suffering, Carmichael could not help admiring the courtesy and consideration with which Angus presented the message of the session, which he was perfectly certain by this time was a suggestion that he should resign. He asked Angus to declare at once all that was in his mind.

"So the elders considered that the full time had come for their saying something to you, and I was charged by them all to wait upon you in this place and to say unto you, on behalf of the elders of the flock and all the flock which is under your care" (and now it is impossible to imagine the tenderness in his voice) "that we are thankful unto God that he sent you to be our minister, and that we are all wondering at the treasures of truth and grace which you will be bringing to us every Sabbath, for we are being fed with the finest of the wheat.

"Oh, yes, it is not the chaff of empty words, but the white bread of God which is given unto the people, and the very children will have their portion, and will be saying pleasant words about the minister as they go along the road."

THE STRANGER.

The loneliness and helplessness of the stranger, his unfamiliarity with new ways, new places and new people, and his shyness and general "strangeness," make his condition a peculiarly appealing one to the sympathies of all brotherly persons. There is manifest fitness in the way Jesus identifies himself with the lot of every stranger and says, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

In truth, he knew to the last drop the bitterness of the stranger's lot. He walked a solitary way among men. From the hour before his birth, when there was no room for him in the inn, to the dark day when he was laid in a hospitable stranger's tomb, he was a victim of the cruel heedlessness, disregard or active hostility which the world displays to those who are not of its own.

Never a pilgrim walks the weary road of loneliness and misunderstanding but can say, "This is the way the Master went."—Ex.

It is an awful thing to be lost. What a hopeless word "lost" is. A passenger on an ocean steamer drops a coin overboard. It is lost. What makes it lost? Separation from its owner. The soul that is separated from God is lost.

THE LITTLE TIN BANK.

Miss Lawrence glanced idly into the pretty open drawer of her friend's toilet table. She was waiting while Mrs. Armstrong was dressing to make a round of calls with her.

Among the lace-edged handkerchiefs and dainty ties was a jewel box. Mrs. Armstrong opened it, and taking out several small, enameled pins, began to fasten her waist.

Miss Lawrence leaned forward a little to look at the ornaments, but immediately uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"O Jennie!" she cried, "Why do you keep that old battered tin box in there?"

Mrs. Armstrong paused, and took from the casket a child's worn tin bank. "Because it is priceless to me. It belonged to my baby Nellie," she answered tenderly.

"Forgive me, dear," said her friend, "but she had gone before I ever knew you, and I sometimes forget about her."

"And I never forget," replied the other, softly. She turned it, and the sound of silver followed.

"You have never taken out the money?" said Miss Lawrence, curiously.

"No, I never could find anything I wished to do with it. Theodore, my husband, has asked me once or twice, why I did not use it to buy a keepsake with, but it seemed too precious to buy things with, some way. You see, it seemed to be particularly hers, because we always saved all the money that came into our hands whose date was the same as the year in which she was born."

She held the bent side against her cheek for a moment, then laid it away with a sigh.

A few minutes later they were on the street.

"We are early," said Miss Lawrence. "Let's go to the mission meeting. They have a letter from Mrs. Stanley, and I would like to hear it read."

After a few minutes the president read the letter referred to.

It was from a missionary in China, and told how a poor mother had brought her little baby girl to the mission house, to save its life, when it was only a few hours old, and implored them to keep it for her.

"The poor heathen woman was half dead with misery and fatigue, but to bring it to us was the only possible chance of saving it, and she counted her own suffering as nothing if only she might save her little one," wrote Mrs. Stanley, "but we have all we can possibly care for, so I write this, hoping your mission circle may have a little spare fund to help us with."

There was a silence. These Christian mothers felt they must help this other poor

mother, and their hearts and eyes were full for her.

"We cannot say 'No' to that appeal, but we have so much on our hands I dared not promise more until I had talked it over with you. I have prayed and prayed over it, and this morning when I opened my Bible, I read these words, and they seemed like an answer to me, some way—this is the text, 'And I will give my angels charge concerning thee.'" The president spoke hopefully.

Almost before she had stopped, Mrs. Armstrong stood up. Her voice trembled and once it broke, but she went on bravely.

"You know," she said, "my baby girl has gone to stand before the King.

"We have never used the money in her little bank. It has seemed too precious. But now I feel as though I had found a fitting use for it.

"There is enough to provide for this little, sorrow-born child for a year.

"We used to save all the coin that came into our hands, with the date of Nellie's birth-year upon it. We will resume the practice, and if that is not sufficient for the purpose, we will make it up as time goes on.

"I want to believe, because it seems true, somehow, that I have received a charge from my angel baby to care for this little one that she may be led in the sweet and beautiful way that leads to God."—"Children's Missionary Friend."

A WORD TO FATHERS.

A preacher complimented Dr. Burt one day on his good disposition.

"You never growl about anything," he said. "No matter what kind of a meal is set before you, you eat it cheerfully. If you are feeling poorly, you conceal it. How did you manage to acquire such a fine habit of good-humoured tolerance and resignation?"

"Maybe the remark of a child I once overheard helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible," said Dr. Burt. "I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described as his favorite dish.

"And what do I like, Nancy?" he said laughing.

"You," said the little girl slowly—"well you like most anything we haven't got."—Exchange.

The Children's Pages.

A SCOTTISH LASS.

BY REV. C. MERRYLESS, GLASGOW.

About a mile from Polwarth Church, Berwickshire, there is a fine mansion called Marchmont House, much celebrated in that countryside for its lovely gardens. On the spot where this house is built there stood in the seventeenth century Redbraes Castle, the home of Sir Patrick Hume, one of those Scottish patriots who in the troublous times of the persecution suffered much for their adherence to the cause of religion and liberty.

In this old castle, one wintry day in 1665, there was born a little baby girl who was destined to win for herself a high place among the heroines of Scotland. She was baptized Grissel.

When only twelve years old Grissel was sent to Edinburgh by her father to deliver a letter to a dear friend of his who was in prison; and although this man—Robert Baillie was his name—was narrowly watched, she managed to get into his cell and to deliver her message. That was a memorable journey for her, as we shall afterwards see. But she was to do braver things yet.

In 1683 her father, after having twice suffered imprisonment in Edinburgh and Dumbarton Castles respectively, found it necessary to withdraw from his home to escape imprisonment again.

But the important question was, "Where could he hide?" He wished to get to Holland, the kindly home in those sad days of persecuted Scots. But he was aware that every port was being closely watched; and he dare not remain in hiding in the castle, for all the servants would, he knew, be questioned very frequently by the enemy.

So it was decided that he should hide in the burial-vault beneath Polwarth Church. Therefore one night when it was very dark he slipped into this dreadful place of refuge. There were only three people in the secret—Lady Hume, his faithful wife; Grissel; and a true-hearted joiner, James Winter, who used to do repairing jobs at the castle.

With the help of James Winter, a bed and bedclothes were carried to the church to make Sir Patrick as comfortable as possible. And every night when midnight came, this brave girl stole from her home and crept through the church-yard to carry food to her father and to cheer him with her talk. Beside him she stayed until the sky grew gray with the coming dawn, when she crept home to bed.

It was a terrible ordeal for a young girl, for she was naturally afraid to go through

the churchyard in the dark, and often she stumbled and fell over the gravestones.

She was in constant terror, too, lest she should come on any of the dreaded soldiers who were searching for her father, or be seen by any one who chanced to be early astir. But these very trying journeys she kept up for a whole month.. ,

She had great difficulty in getting food at home for her father without exciting the suspicions either of the servants or of her brothers and sisters. And many an amusing tale she used to tell afterwards to her own children of her strange experiences.

One day, when there was sheep's head broth for dinner she resolved to get a nice piece of the meat for her father, who was fond of this dainty. So when the young ones were busy at their broth she slipped the greater part of the sheep's head into her lap.

She had done that kind of thing often; but this time she was not to go unchallenged, for when her little brother of nine, called Alexander, looked up from his empty broth-plate and saw that the sheep's head had nearly all gone, he cried out, "Mother, will you look at Grissel? While we were eating our broth she has eaten up the whole sheep's head."

This outburst caused great merriment at the table, and that night Grissel made her father laugh with the story of Alexander's disappointment.

In this dark abode, which was only lit by a streak of light coming through a chink, Sir Patrick beguiled the weary hours by repeating the Psalms of David.

After a month of this hiding among the graves and bones of the dead, Lady Hume and Grissel contrived another refuge nearer themselves. Beneath a drawing-out bed in a room on the ground floor of the castle, this brave girl resolved to dig a hole, in which she could put a great box, with air-holes bored in the sides and lid.

Accordingly she set to work, and not being able to use a spade because of the noise, she dug it with her hands! Ay, with her bare hands she tore up the earth, which was so hard that it broke every nail on her fingers. But it was for her dear father she was working, and love made her suffer cheerfully.

At length she accomplished her task, and so got him near to his loved ones again. But soon the water oozed into the box, and this hiding had to be abandoned.

There was nothing for it now but flight. So one day, disguised as a wayfaring man, Sir Patrick left Redbraes, and succeeded, after a perilous journey, in reaching Hol-

land in safety. Here the family joined him—Grissel being the good angel in their exiled home—and here they stayed until happier days came, and persecution ended, and they returned to their old home in Scotland.

Now the rest of the acts of Grissel, the beloved daughter of Sir Patrick Hume—how she was married to George Baillie, who had fallen in love with her when as a girl of twelve she had visited his father in the Edinburgh prison; how she brought up a large family in joy and in piety; and how she wrote some beautiful Scottish songs—are they not all written in the many books about the persecuting times in Scotland?—"The Children's Missionary Magazine."

THE PAIR OF SKATES.

Early in the spring Uncle Jack made his annual visit at the Nickerson home-stead. The week previous to his coming to Colfax he had stayed over night with an old college friend, now a prosperous manufacturer of cutlery and skates.

"Say, Nickerson," called Mr. Winthrop, stepping back into his warehouse, the morning Uncle Jack was leaving, "take a pair of skates to that nephew of yours whom we were speaking of last evening. Here's the best grade we manufacture, the IXL Nickel. Needn't tell him I sent them; they're yours to give, mind you."

"One nephew," pondered Uncle Jack, as he drove away from the big brick building. "It isn't one, it's two; and nearly the same size and age. I call this a dilemma. By rights I ought to have two pairs; but offering to buy an extra one would merely have seemed to Winthrop like a polite suggestion to give them to me."

But on the way to Colfax Uncle Jack planned what he'd do. And this was, to promise to give the skates, in the fall, to the nephew who should be the taller at the end of the summer.

"I declare, I don't know that there's a hair's difference now!" he exclaimed, standing the boys back to back, the morning he disclosed his scheme. "It may be that Phil is just a trifle taller; but I don't know! We'll wait until fall and see."

"But I'm older," said Phil, "and of course I ought to be a little taller!"

"I—I don't know," and Uncle Jack "measured" them again, to make sure.

"If he is older," argued Tom, "I'll be bigger by fall. I'm growing like anything now! I know I'll get the skates. But," suddenly, "I'll let you use them part of the time, Phil."

"I guess I'll be the one to say who'll use them," replied Phil.

All summer long the two boys kept an

anxious watch over their growth; and hardly a day passed that they did not stand up against the shed door, and measure their height. But long before autumn it was plainly evident that Tom was gaining on his brother. Even Phil acknowledged it as "just a bit."

The skates were to be given on Thanksgiving day.

"There usually is good skating at that time," reflected Uncle Jack. "Then, too, 'twill be a good beginning day, you will be out of school.'"

Three days before the "Turkey Thursday," as Grandfather Mason called it, Phil went to a neighbor's. When he came back he had a small package hidden under his coat. This he left in the shed until he had a chance to take it to his room, without being noticed by the family.

"They'll make me—taller," he confided to himself, but with a strangely guilty feeling. "But I'm the older, I ought to have them!"

Early Thanksgiving morning Grandfather Mason was to give the boys the final measurement for the skates. It was impossible for Uncle Jack to be there at that time of year.

"I—I guess they're—Phil's! Yes; he's a lit-tle taller!" was their grandfather's decision, measuring the boys the third time, just to be sure.

"But you can take them some of the time," promised Phil, turning to Tom, after unwrapping the beautiful present.

"I don't see how Phil got them!" thought Ted Wheeler, that afternoon. Ted was the boy from whose house Phil had come with the package three days before. "I—I just believe he wore them—my cleated football shoes, when they were measured! That's why he was the taller. I—I didn't know he was going to use them for that!"

As soon as they had finished skating, Ted, Phil, and Tom walked home together. Mrs. Nickerson had promised the boys that they might make some candy before supper.

While this was cooling, Ted said soberly, "I think there was a mistake about those skates. Stand up, Phil and Tom, and see!"

Phil flushed guiltily, and reluctantly stood up with his back against Tom's.

"Yes; Tom's the taller!" declared Ted. "I—I thought"—

And then Phil acknowledged that he had worn the borrowed shoes while Grandfather Mason was measuring him.

"But I—I wouldn't have used the skates long—before I'd have told," confessed Phil tearfully, "for they—they hurt aw-fully—having them on when they didn't belong to me! I've really not been happy since I put on Ted's football shoes."—"The Morning Star."

GUESTS AT THE KING'S DINNER.

The following touching incident is reported in the *Christian World* by Rev. Harvey Wood:—

He was standing in the open air in High Barnet, one of the suburbs of London, on Sunday evening, July 13, 1902, listening to an earnest appeal that was being made by the canon of the Anglican church, when the latter related the following incident that occurred eight days before:

King Edward gave a dinner to tens of thousands of poor in commemoration of his coronation. All London and the country for miles around had been scoured to find the guests for the King's dinner. Royal princesses, princes, dukes, lords and ladies, officers of the army which had just returned from South Africa waited upon the king's guests. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Among the royal guests were an old man and his wife, who had come up to partake of the king's hospitality, from one of the rural districts. It was learned that the aged couple had just managed to keep body and soul together long enough to partake of the king's dinner, after that they intended to enter the poorhouse. They had sold their household effects in order to keep from starving.

Among the waiters upon the table at which the old couple sat was a fine looking young officer from Australia. As he helped them to food the old man whispered to his wife:

"My, ain't he like our Ned."

The officer overheard them. Presently he came again to help them to some more food, when the old man spoke aloud to him.

"My, but you are like our Ned."

"Indeed, am I?" said the officer.

"Yes, you are."

"Well, what is your name, and where is your Ned?"

"Oh, he went to Australia over thirty years ago, and we have not heard from him in over twenty-one years."

It was now the young officer's turn to talk, the tears were running down his manly face as he said:

"Well, my name is Ned, and if you are Edward B—, I am your Ned's son. My father died twenty-one years ago, and on his dying bed he made me promise that if ever I visited England, I would try and find his father and mother. I have spent three weeks trying to find you and had given up in despair. Where are you going when dinner is over?"

To the poorhouse," replied the old man!

"Oh, no, you are not," said the young officer. You are going with me now to my hotel, and you will sail with me on Satur-

day next for my home in Australia. Come grandmother give me your arm," and he took them to his hotel.

There was not a dry eye in that vast audience as the reverend canon told of another Father, who sent His Son "To seek and to save the lost," to tell them of a home in Father's house, "Where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, nor the sun lights them, or any heat; of the King of kings who has prepared a great feast, and has bidden all mankind, and His Son bids everyone come, for all things are ready.—

KINDNESS TO HIS HORSE.

The wagon was heavily laden with great bags of metal, too heavy for a single horse to draw, one would have thought.

It turned into a side street and half way down the block again turned into an alley at the rear of a livery stable. It required considerable tugging on the part of the horse to pull the load up the incline of the alley driveway, but he did it, and the driver looked pleased when the back wheels had made the rise and settled down to level ground.

At the barn door it was necessary to turn the wagon around completely and back in. Surely one horse could not do that. The turn was made easily enough, but there remained.

"Back him up, Jim!" said the man, pulling lightly at the reins.

The horse braced his fore feet and shoved.

The wagon didn't move.

The man got down from the seat and went around to the back of the truck and pulled.

"Back!" he commanded. The horse put every muscle to the strain. "Back!" The wagon moved, this time at least a foot. Two more, and the back wheels would be over the threshold of the barn door.

"Back!" The command moved the horse to exert his greatest effort. There was a crunch of splintering wood and the wagon rolled back.

Not a blow had been struck the animal. Only gentle words had been spoken, and the horse had done the rest.

And when it was all over the man did not go on unloading the wagon, without a further thought of the great, obedient animal standing still between the shafts. He went to him and took his nose in his hands and patted him between the eyes and said: "Good, old Jim! You did do it, didn't you? I knew you would."

And the horse rubbed his nose against the man's check.

It is pleasant now and then to see such things.—Selected.

THE LATE MORRIS.

Uncle David named him. "My nephew, the late Morris Bright," he once introduced him, and Morris had wondered why people laughed. It had made him blush, himself; he did not like to remember how many times he had been late to school, to church, to breakfast, dinner, supper. And, of course, he did not want other people to find out. It was unkind in Uncle David to tell them, like that.

After that he was often called the Late Morris, and, of course, he was often late. It was a great trial to mamma and the girls and the cook.

"Will he ever outgrow it?" sighed mamma.

"He's a perfect nuisance!" the girls complained.

"An' shure it's me illigant dinner is sp'ilt intirely wid waitin'!" lamented the cook.

But really it was poor little Marjorie who suffered most. Marjorie was the Late Morris' twin sister, and usually planned to go to school and church with him. But it was harrowing work. She waited always until the last safe minute, and then, if he did not appear, ran all the way to keep from being late herself.

"Oh, Morry, why won't you be ashamed!" she mourned often. "Mamma says that the discouragingest part of you. If I was ever late—oh, I don't know what I'd do if I was late! It would most break my heart."

The twins were very fond of each other and proud of each other, too. Marjorie was proud of Morris' handsome face and of the way he could add up long columns of figures and of his being pitcher in the Nimble Nine—but, oh, how ashamed she was of his being so often late! Morris was proud of the whole of Marjorie, from the tip of her little smooth head to the ends of her little shining kid toes; he was, a little oddly, very proud of her never being late.

"You're early enough for both of us," he said, when she gently scolded him. "When you get to being late I'll promise to be early."

"Cross your heart?" laughed she. It seemed a funny idea.

"Yes—see me!" Morris in his turn laughed.

Then he promptly forgot the funny idea. But not Marjorie—she kept thinking of it. It had suggested something rather startling to her; it was something she would much rather not think about.

"The idea!" she said to herself, and now it was not at all a funny idea. She laughed at it, to be sure, but scornfully. As if she would ever do what it suggested! Even for Morry—

"Oh, I love him—of course I love him!" she cried, as though the idea were there in the room and had spoken.

"But not enough to take my advice?" suggested the Idea. "Not enough to help cure him? You don't love him like that, I suppose?"

"But—but it would be so awful to be late. And I was going to get the Prompt Medal—I've got the blue ribbon all ready to wear it on. I know I'd have got it because Cora McAndrew was the only other perfectly prompt girl and she's got the measles. I couldn't bear to lose the med!"—

"Good-bye," the Idea said, interrupting her, and he seemed to be going out of the room. He seemed to be at the door now.

"Oh, wait! Come back, come back!" Marjorie cried. "If you think he truly would!"—

"He promised."

"Then he will. Morry's a promise-keeper. He did promise, and so he will do his part, and I'll do mine," she said brightly. Now she had decided she felt happy. She felt like hugging the Idea in her arms.

The next day she stood at the foot of the stairs waiting for Morry. It was almost school-time.

"Go ahead—needn't wait for me, Marjo," he called down; but she waited. She would not look at the clock. Her feet, at this late minute, ached to run; but they stood quietly at the foot of the stairs and waited—longer and longer. Oh, where was the Late Morris? He came clattering down at last. The unexpected sight of Marjorie quietly waiting filled him with astonishment. He had supposed her, by this time, half way to school. Supposing she had waited a minute too long—

"Quick!" he cried, grasping her hand, "run!" For Marjo must not be late! No—no—no! Morris was suddenly very anxious. He could not run, could not drag Marjorie, fast enough. They sped silently down the long street.

"Faster!" gasped the boy-twin; and boy-twin and girl-twin raced frantically along. How many minutes had they? If they could have just five—even four, three!

"Nev-never mind, we can't do it," breathed Marjorie, coming to a sudden stop. She held up a hand for him to listen—Morris heard the city clock strike nine.

"Oh, why did you go and wait?" he groaned. An awful sense of guilt weighed him down. He had never minded being late himself, but to have Marjo—oh, it would break Marjo's heart! Morris was not sure but that it would break his. He was ashamed at last.

Marjorie put a small brown hand on his jacket sleeve; her face was a little white. A blue ribbon seemed to have slipped from her neck, and she could almost hear the soft clink of a beautiful medal on the pavement at her feet.

"You promised, Morry," Marjorie said gently.

"Promised?" He did not understand.

"Yes, don't you remember? You said when I was late you'd begin to be early. You crossed your heart. And—and here I am late."

She drew her breath in with a little sound like a sob, but her eyes were steadily on the penitent face of the Late Morris. And now he understood. He was only eleven, but he knew the meaning of "sacrifice" in the dictionary. All his boy's sense of chivalry was aroused, all his love for the little twin-sister, all his shame and regret.

"You promised—you're a promise-keeper, Morry."

He threw back his shoulders.

"I'll never be late again if I can help it," he said loudly, as if that would make the vow more valid. Then his voice dropped and broke: "Oh, Marjo, what made you wait? 'I'm so sorry! I'm ash—ashamed!'"

To his astonishment Marjo laughed a soft little tremulous laugh.

"I'm so glad you're ashamed!" she cried.

"That's the promisingest part. Now, we'll go on. To-morrow we'll go to school together, and walk all the way."

"And get there in time," supplemented the boy-twin.

A few weeks later Uncle David invited the twins to a little party in his beautiful grounds, and they arrived bright and early. Marjorie's eyes were mischievous and triumphant as she looked all the long way up into tall Uncle David's face.

"Let me make you 'quainted with your nephew, the Early Morris Bright," she rippled. "The Late Morris is dead."—In Congregationalist and Christian World.

MARRYING A DOLL.

A Lahore (India) paper gives this instance of Hindu superstition:—

A man lost two wives in quick succession and was about to contract a third marriage when he received the following note from the relations of the bride—

"We are told that when a man has already lost two wives, his third also dies very soon. In order to satisfy the Angel of Death you are requested to marry a doll, and thereafter come and marry our daughter, who would be your fourth wife and not your third."

The man did as he was told. He married the doll, then gave out that she was dead, buried her with great pomp, and proceeded to marry his fourth wife.

We are to go to the next world soon. Sunday is the day for learning its geography and its language.—Amos R. Wells.

WAIT FOR THE MUD TO DRY.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham, full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—Exchange.

"I AM WITH THEE."

I read the other day of a little girl who repeatedly awoke in the night, and was terribly frightened with the darkness. At such times she always insisted in coming into her mother's room and bed. Nothing else would satisfy or soothe her.

One night her mother aid to her, "You should not do so, Olive, for there is nothing to be afraid of, and it is just as dark in this room as in your own room."

Then, nestling up beside her mother, the little one replied, "Yes, mother, but you are in this dark room."

The mother's nearness made all the difference in the world to the child. When will we learn to disarm the soul's fears and soothe its sorrows by an implicit and abiding trust in our God? "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—Ex.

HOW TO PRAISE GOD.

One of the grandest ways of praising God is not by singing psalms and hymns; that is a very sweet way of praising Him, but a grander way is by being quite calm in time of trouble, quite happy in the hour of distress; just dwelling with God, and finding all your grief assuaged in His blessed presence.

How really and truly a child praises his father when he just bears anything from Him! "It must be right for my Father does it." And I believe that when a child of God says, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good," he is praising God more than he could with the cornet or the high sounding cymbal.—Newness of Life.

BOB'S APRIL FOOL.

"Rob" was what the boys called him. His mother always said "Rob"; oftentimes sorrowfully, to be sure, sometimes reproachfully, but always with an undertone of love in the kind voice.

"My Rob," she would say tenderly, when he happened to do some little needful thing without request, and when she kissed him that night. She said it, too, sometimes, when he sulked over his arithmetic, declaring he could not and would not do the old sums.

Poor Rob! He was neither handsome, nor gifted, nor good. What a pity! when he might so easily have been the last had he but tried, and when so much of his mother's heart was done up in his sturdy self.

Things had been getting worse of late, too, which was unnecessary, since they were always bad enough as far as Bob was concerned.

Perhaps it was because Annie was away from home. Annie was Rob's only and older sister. But she was gone, and Rob felt forced to wreak his ill-humour on the remaining members of the family. He slammed the doors, filled the coal pan too full, and then banged it down on the hearth with such force that some of its contents fell on the floor, soiling it.

His teacher complained that he was mischievous and idle; the neighbours, that he stoned chickens and broke windows, and it really seemed as if all the evil that could be put into one boy was present in Robert Fulsom.

Yet he never meant to be bad, he was only after a little fun.

"It's your fault, Maria," said Grandmother Forbes, one day, to her daughter. "You begin by spoiling him, and he will end by making a fool of himself and you too."

Bob was all wrong and uncomfortably conscious of it to-day. For with everything else had come a letter from Annie which had stirred his conscience a good deal.

"My own and only brother, how I love and miss you!" it began. That touched a tender place in his heart. But that was not all. Ere long she went on! "The first of April is near, and I am so afraid of what it may bring. Couldn't you, please—just for my sake—give up playing a joke on old Uncle Dobson this year? and, like the best brother in the world, promise me not to try to fool mother and grandmother?"

Rob snorted over this, and might have forgotten it but for the closing words of the epistle: "There's so much I am proud of in you, Rob, and so much that would make a splendid man; but I am afraid sometimes, that what you call 'fun' will spoil it all. And it isn't fun, after all, is it, brother? You're not sure that it's even right, sometimes, and quite sure that it is wrong at other times; but you want to do

it, and I know the temptation is very great. Why don't you ask God to take the want out of you? He can. It's the only way to real victory; I've found that out by trying it myself."

Rob put the letter in the fire without showing it to his mother, but he didn't forget what it said, though he puffed and whistled whenever it came into his mind.

He did not enjoy anything that afternoon, and when Alfred Dwiney asked him how he was going to celebrate April Fool's day he snapped out, "Nohow," in a very ungracious fashion.

"Aren't you going to put a string to old Dobson's shutter, or take the door off Gommery's barn?" asked his confederate in astonishment.

"No, I'm not going to do a single thing. Everything is gone through. I'm fool enough myself, without trying to make any one else one!"

Two peculiar Bible verses were in the lesson read at family worship the next morning, and, strangely enough, they both fell to Rob to read.

"If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise." Rob looked it over again while his mother and grandmother were reading, and had to be reminded when his turn came. The word "fool" had caught his attention. The next emphasized his interest:

"We are fools for Christ's sake"—Rob stopped short. "Who's 'we'?" he asked, looking up with a flushed face. "Who's the fellow ing this, mother?"

Mrs. Fulsom was taken by surprise, but she answered: "Paul—the Apostle Paul."

"Hum!" commented Rob, and finished the verse without further remark.

"Fools for Christ's sake." The words stuck to that uncomfortable memory of his. He sat dreaming over his book in the village school that morning.

"There must be two kinds of fools," muttered Rob, so nearly aloud that his teacher looked up sharply.

That was a thought, a brand-new one to him, and it filled him to the exclusion of all else.

"I'll do it," he commented to himself, and his eyes shone with something like triumph.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I've made up my mind to fool the whole lot of them as I never did before," he wrote on a post card to his sister, and chuckled all the way to the post office at the thought of how he was fooling her.

He waxed confidential to his special friend as they walked back. "I'm planning the greatest First of April joke that ever was known; better than a dozen of the old kind. I've got money enough and I'm going to get old Dobson a wheelbarrow in place of

the one we spoiled last year—a brand-new one—and a poster with his name and 'April Fool' in big letters on it. There'll be no end of fun in seeing him walk round it, afraid to touch it for fear it will fall to pieces at a breath.

"Then there's mother—well, I'm going to fool her completely by—by—turning over a new leaf—" And Rob broke suddenly into "The British Grenadiers."

To turn over a new leaf was no small undertaking for a boy whose tendencies all seemed to run in the wrong way. But there was a streak of stubbornness in Rob which, once started in the right direction, would wonderfully help. And he looked very determined as he said under his breath: "I can do it, and I will."

He pondered the matter still more that night after going to bed; and that perverse memory of his served him a good turn by bringing back his sister's advice: "Why don't you ask Jesus to take it out of you so you won't want to do wrong?"

"I believe I will," he said, and blushed in the dark.

He got out of bed rather sheepishly and knelt. He didn't say much, but he meant a good deal: "Lord Jesus, I—I want to be different—I must be; and if You'd make me the kind of a fool that Paul was I'd like it, For Christ's sake. Amen."

He tumbled into bed again. "Mother says He always answers when we mean it, and I never meant anything if I don't mean this."

When Mrs. Fulsom rose next morning she had forgotten it was the first of April. Had she not, she would still have been surprised to find her fire burning briskly, the kettle boiling, the ashes neatly removed. On peeping into the little dining-room adjoining the kitchen her wonder grew. Had Annie come home in the night? For the table was set as nicely as any girl could have done it.

As she turned again to the outer room, the door opened and a fresh boy face peeped in. It was Rob, who had been out early, watching the effect of his joke on old Uncle Dobson.

Something thrilled in his mother's bosom, and something glistened in her eyes as she put both hands to the ruddy cheeks and drew her son's face toward her own for a kiss.

"Whom have I here this morning?" she asked, tenderly.

And there was a little break in the voice that answered: "Your fool, mother, but I'm Paul's kind."—"Messenger for the Children."

No life is a failure which is lived for God. and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—F. W. Faber.

THE YOUNG DEVIL PRIEST.

BY REV. C. W. PORNETT, IN ILLUSTRATED
MISSIONARY NEWS.

As you looked at the bright young face, almost hidden beneath the long masses of dirty-matted black hair coming down to his knees, you might have seen the village chief go up to him, and, opening his mouth, examine his teeth! The old man was looking to see whether the lad was grown strong enough to be initiated into all the vile ceremonies which are necessary for the initiation of the devil-priest of twenty-four villages. It is no mean position, for he who holds it has the first claim to a large basket of rice from every field in every one of those four-and-twenty villages.

It was to examine the strength of his teeth that the old chief had looked into his mouth, for at the time of his initiation he must first tear to death with these teeth (unaided by any knife or weapon) a struggling sheep, and whilst the sheep is still in its death throes, its warm blood is gathered in a bowl, and is sprinkled and poured upon the young "King of Cattle" or of "Black Buffaloes" as he is derisively called, being hereditary Priest of the Outcastes.

I have witnessed this horrible initiatory ceremony three times since I came to India, and it is indeed the most ghastly thing that I have seen.

Such was the doom of this young lad, and until the last few days it was our dreadful fear that, in spite of all his declarations and protestations, family pressure might be too strong for him, and he might, against his will, be driven through that terrible initiation. His teeth were pronounced strong enough, and all the other members of the priestly caste from forty other villages had begun to assemble, and the anxious parents, fearful of Christian influence, had kept him within the house and allowed no Christian to approach him.

Christ, however, had done His own work and won His own victory, and there was no need for our fears. The lad had been, though the devil-priest of the village, a regular attendant in our village school for many years and every day he had joined in the worship of Christ.

At first it had been by stealth and then more openly. His family had starved him as a punishment in order to keep him away from the school, but our Evangelist's wife, finding this out, had taken care to feed him, and gradually his relatives had become accustomed to the school, and the boy was allowed to go on with his reading without interference.

It was soon apparent that he had brains of a higher order than the majority, and the heart of his teacher was so drawn to him that soon a great love sprang up between the lad and the young teacher.

About this time it became common amongst the boys to tattoo their names or their friends' names upon their arms, and our young devil-priest asked if they would tattoo upon his arm the name of Christ, his friend, that it might be an everlasting sign that though his hair belonged to the devil, his heart and his arm and his strength were Christ's.

A year or two later he became the senior boy in the school, and to-day we have not in any village any boy who is more proficient in the knowledge of the Bible and of the life of Christ than the young devil-priest of Serjana. His parents began to take alarm, as they saw him constantly reading, and tried to take away his Bible, but it was all in vain, for he answered boldly, "You may take my life, but you shall not take my Bible."

The critical moment, however, was still to come, for no boy of sixteen, with any filial love at all, would find it easy to take the step which would mean worldly ruin to his parents.

I had talked about the matter often to him, and he always wept at the thought of the loss it would entail upon his old and feeble father. He delayed his baptism on this account up till the very last, though he promised me faithfully saying: "When the day of my initiation comes, I will never tear the sheep to death nor become the devil-priest, for my heart is Christ's, though it is true my hair belongs to Satan."

I did not feel that it was right to make the test any harder than was possible. Knowing his age and all that it meant to him, knowing also the filial affection which is so marked in all Indian families, heathen as well as Christian, I wished to do everything I could to make the ordeal easy for him.

My first step, when I found the other priests gathered together for the horrible initiatory ceremony, was to invite them all to a great feast and durbar (Council of Elders). There, by a little kindness, I managed to secure their willingness to give the boy his choice and to allow him to become a Christian without their causing any great uproar and without any fighting or bad blood between the Christians and the heathen.

This proved to be a splendid move, and I very greatly hope that it may be the means of introducing Christianity into the homes of many of those heathen priests.

The only difficulty now was the financial one. Who was to provide for the feeble and aged father, whose receipts would all be cut off and whose land would be lost when another priest was appointed in the place of his son.

Long and anxious were my thoughts over this, but at last I felt it right that I should make some provision for the father, and for

£25 I have secured for him a small annuity. I wished to provide cattle and materials for the farming, but I found the old man was far too feeble for any such thing, and there was no alternative but a small and regular allowance.

After this was settled amid all the chiefs and elders, and in the presence of all the devil-priests of his caste, the young boy fell at my feet in gratitude, and at once offered there and then to be baptized. I thought it better, however, that his baptism should take place before all the Church, and that as many as possible should see it, for though he has lost the emolument of his position, his influence in the future will be enormous, especially amongst those villages where he had the right to take tithes.

I wondered as I saw the crowded Church whether our little hero would tremble and be afraid to publicly make a confession and to have his long hair cut off, but again I had no need for fear. I asked him, as he stood before all the congregation, whether he was willing to lay aside all the profitable priestly tithes from his twenty-four villages, and his answer to the surprise and joy of us all was made in clear and ringing tones that all might hear:—

"I have made my choice and for ever. Years ago I asked to have the name of Christ tattooed upon my arm, and now I freely and joyfully give Him my life."

"What of the tithes of twenty-four villages?" I asked.

"I willingly resign all those, but I want to be prepared and then go out into those villages of mine and teach the people not to give their rice to us, the devil-priests, any longer, but to give it all to Christ."

And then he quoted, turning round to the whole congregation, the Telugu words for:

"O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do."

I then cut off his long matted hair and baptized him "Yesu-Rajah-Dass," no longer "The King of Cattle" but "The slave of King Jesus." And the whole Church as if with one inspiration rose whilst the angels were rejoicing and together we repeated, "Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High.—Amen."

A century ago there were one hundred Protestant missionaries on the field; to-day there are 18,000. A century ago four-fifths of the world was closed to the gospel; now all the world is open. And with the open door comes a tremendous responsibility.

World Wide Work.

THE MISSIONARY STATESMAN.

None of the great names of British history occupy the place in the bosom of the common people than did the sainted Earl of Shaftesbury. Why? Because no man ever loved or lived for the people as did he.

Every time we think of Shaftesbury, we think of a scene that occurred in the House of Lords. It was the last speech the venerable philanthropist made.

When he arose, a silence fell upon the House like the hush of Eternity. They saw before them for the last time the man who had done more to remedy the physical distress and social degradation of the poor and the outcast—more to elevate women who had been brutalized, children who had been crushed, and the toiling masses who had been hopelessly enslaved, than any other man, dead or alive, had ever done.

And the sight of the aged man trembling upon the verge of the grave, rising for the last time to lift his voice in behalf of the poor people of England, touched every heart and filled almost every eye. He began his address in these words, "My lords, I am an old man. When I feel age creeping upon me, and know I must soon die, I am deeply grieved, for I cannot bear to leave the world with so much misery in it."

That night, feeling the chill of the coming change, he called his daughter and whispered, "Read me the words, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,'" "and while she read a gentle smile came over his face, and the great man had crossed that bourne from which no traveller e'er returns."

Three days later, a plain hearse with four carriages drove from his home, through such crowds as London had scarcely ever seen, to Westminster Abbey.

When the hearse approached the costermongers, one of their number raised a banner with these words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Then the waifs he had rescued came from the ragged schools and waved a flag with these words upon it, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Then the working girls came forward carrying a beautiful silken flag they had made with their own hands, with this golden device, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," and the multitude was heard to sob as if it were a brother beloved who was being carried to the grave.

An hour later, the orator commenced his eulogy in these words, "To-day all England weeps. This man goeth down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor and the admiring love of the rich."

The next day, rising in Parliament, Salisbury said, "My lords, the reforms of this century have been largely of England and of one man." Then the silver-tongued Gladstone got up and said, "with tears in his voice," "The safety of our country is not in its soldiers or senators, its laws or its legislators, but in such Christian characters like unto that of the departed Lord Shaftesbury."

And again, when all England had tolled her bells of mourning over the newly-closed grave of the great philanthropist, the most persuasive tongue of Christian America said, "The secret of the greatness of this man was, he believed Christ, he loved Christ, he lived Christ. Lord Shaftesbury was the first great Missionary Statesman." —The Missionary Outlook.

RE-MARRIAGE OF A BRAHMIN WIDOW.

An event of great significance has recently taken place in Calcutta, namely, the marriage of a girl widow belonging to one of the best known Brahmin families in the city.

For a long time a large section of the Hindu community have freely expressed a strong sentiment in favour of re-marriage of widows, but Bengalis feel boldly long before they are prepared to act boldly, so it is a great thing that a Brahmin of outstanding position has at last taken the step.

To those who have felt the sorrow and evil of child widowhood, as every woman missionary must feel it, it is a matter for rejoicing and thanksgiving that one man has had the courage of his convictions, and that one little girl has been set free from a life of sorrow.

Many of the women are ready to acknowledge the evil of their custom in connection with child widows, and confess that it is putting a burden on a young life greater than it can bear, and that more often than not it drives a girl to sin within the household, or to an open life of evil. And yet so firmly rooted is the belief that she was the cause of her first husband's death, because of her "karma" in a former existence,

that no mother would willingly have her for her son.

The heroism in this case lies most with the bridegroom, who has consented to marry a widow. It is to be hoped things will go well with them; people will be so ready to interpret any misfortune happening to them as a token of the displeasure of the gods.

The opinions expressed regarding this re-marriage are various. In one extremely orthodox Brahmin house, the oldest lady would have dismissed the subject with "It is forbidden in the Shastras," but her daughter had more modern views, and thought it was a good thing.

A pundit who professes to be a Hindu of the Hindus, and who is a Brahmin of the highest rank, confessed that he was glad, and would like as a fellow Brahmin to tell the father so. Surely one is right in believing, that this growing tendency to defy customs that are hoary with antiquity, and to follow the impulses of humanity and mercy in defiance of them, is a direct outcome of Christian teaching.

Of course in the Brahmō Somaj, widow re-marriage has been practised for years, but the Hindus do not admire the Brahmō Somaj or desire to imitate its followers. It is simply that Christian teaching about the rights of woman and her place in society is irresistibly making itself felt in all directions.

The following is an account of a meeting held to show appreciation of this re-marriage, which appeared in *The Bengalee* of 4th March. It may be noted that the chief speaker, Babu Surendranath Banerjea, is at present the most popular prophet among the Bengalis, and his word will have great weight with the younger men at all events.

"The Hindu students of Calcutta Colleges mustered strong last evening in the spacious quadrangle of the Ripon College to express their appreciation of the moral courage of Mr. Justice Mukerjee in remarrying his widowed daughter, and congratulating the bridegroom on his marriage. Babu Surendranath Banerjea presided, and the gathering was a fully representative one.

Our readers are aware how, since the day of his daughter's marriage, Mr. Justice Mukerjee has been the recipient of numerous warm appreciations from the elders of the educated community in all parts of India; but it is a highly significant fact that young men who are about to finish their education and thus to enter upon their careers in the world with rich equipments to become the citizens of to-morrow, also thoroughly appreciate his moral courage.

For yesterday's proceedings at the Ripon College will certainly gladden the heart of the man who has set the ball rolling, with

the thought that the ball will roll on till the marriage of Hindu widows shall be a recognised institution in the land, and that there shall be a complete abolition of a custom that is socially and morally heinous.

"The meeting opened with an address by Babu Surendranath Banerjea, amidst loud cheers. He said:—

"That before he put the Resolution to the meeting he would like to say a word or two. He would like to make a request—an earnest request, an appeal if they would like to call it so—to the assembled students. He would like to see the resolution passed with unanimity and enthusiasm.

"Let it go forth from this great gathering of the students of Calcutta, that they were unanimous in recording their sense of appreciation, of unstinted admiration, of the moral courage displayed by Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukerjee in remarrying his widowed daughter. Let it go forth from this meeting that the students of Calcutta are in deep sympathy with an act of this kind which was a part and parcel of that progressive movement which they were witnessing around them.

"On the highest grounds of reason and expediency, the compulsory widowhood of our girls must be abandoned. No nation can live which does not adapt itself to its environments. That is the law of our being.

"He was a Hindu. He took his stand upon the ancient foundations. He looked around and he sought to broaden them and make their lines conform to their new surroundings. To him it was a matter of infinite delight to have listened to the note of progress which had been sounded at that meeting.

"A friend had told him that morning that the question of the re-marriage of Hindu widows did not concern the students. The speaker said that it most intimately affected them. They were students to-day. They were to be the citizens of the morrow. They must be equipped with sane and rational ideas about all matters affecting their welfare. He hoped that the vote of the meeting would be a unanimous vote, and he commended the resolution to the meeting in the full confidence that it would meet with their enthusiastic support."

"The motion was carried unanimously. Other addresses followed in a similar strain. The proceedings throughout being marked with great enthusiasm."—*Woman's Missionary Magazine*.

One's vocation is never some far-off possibility. It is always for the present the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings.—*"Scottish Reformer."*

IN A JERUSALEM DISPENSARY.

"If you want to see our work in the city itself you should come to the dispensary," said the doctor. "We are early birds. You must be there sharp at 8 a.m. But I think you would find the visit worth making."

As agreed, we set out the following morning for our inspection. After various wanderings in dark, narrow streets, we landed ourselves at the dispensary. We were only just in time. The doctor was sitting down at his desk to receive the first patient, and Mousa, his servant, was keeping the back door.

This back door led into a courtyard, and in the yard were a crowd of halt, maimed, blind, and generally sick folk, with their friends. There was a great hubbub, because each patient wished to have the first turn. Mousa struggled strenuously, and managed to keep on his feet, though it was as much as he could do. He was waiting his master's call to admit the crowd, one by one, when we arrived.

"Come along," said the doctor to his visitors; "squeeze yourselves into that corner."

We were ready to manage anything. The corner was small and the room was small, but the doctor was cheerful, and he cried to the doorkeeper. "Ready!"

There was a shout, and Mousa swayed upon his feet, but he remained triumphant and standing. The door slowly fell back, and the first patient came through. With great exertion Mousa closed the door, and the crowd talked freely outside. We wished we could understand what was said.

The patient was a young man who limped. The doctor pointed him to a stool by his side, and said some kindly word. He spoke in Arabic, which we did not understand, but the interpretation was given to us in an answering smile on the young Jew's face.

At another word the patient stretched out his leg, and the doctor unwound a bandage. There was approval on the medical face. "Yes," he said, "he'll do. This young fellow," turning round to us, "had an awful leg a week ago. He would not, or could not, come into the hospital, so I treated him here. His womenfolk had been doctoring him! I thought he would have lost his leg. He'll do now."

The doctor turned to his patient, dressed the leg and let him go. Before he went the young fellow bowed gratefully, took the doctor's hand and put it to his forehead. He intimated by this he was the doctor's obliged slave.

"When he first presented himself," said the doctor, "I gave him a box of ointment, and told him how to put it on his leg. He came to me at the end of two days. It was all gone. His mother-in-law had a pain in the head. She borrowed the ointment, and had covered her face with it.

She said her pain was cured. But I didn't give her a chance to try it on again. Now, Mousa, let in the next."

There was another struggle, fresh cries and expostulations, but Mousa was master at the door. A poor woman at last came through, sat down on the stool, and showed the doctor her baby. It was about eighteen months old, blind! The poor little creature lay on the mother's lap quite still, its eyelids closed—just a pathetic bit of human weakness.

The woman said nothing, but looked at the doctor with an appeal in her face that was more eloquent than many words. He turned to his desk, and quietly took an instrument, and laid the baby's eyelid back.

"It is a case of severe Trachoma," he said, turning to us, "with ingrowing eyelashes. It is quite simple, and I can save the sight. Snellen's operation on the lids will be performed, and the child will see."

Then he bent towards the mother, and there was a fine tenderness in his look. He gently touched the closed eyelids, and bade her be of good cheer. The baby should be made quite well, and would be able to see. But she must take it to the hospital tomorrow, and he would be there to meet her.

The woman seized his hand, kissed it, and rose and went out, her face radiant. As she wrapped her covering round the baby, and looked down on the little face, she smiled. It was a smile that almost brought tears to our eyes. The whole scene moved one greatly. It seemed a repetition of what is to be read in pages of our Gospels. One of the days of the Son of Man was come upon the earth, and we were privileged to see it.

Again the doctor called, and there was a really terrible struggle at the door. "No, Mousa, only one at a time. you know the rule."

"It is the wife of this man," cried the boy, "who wants to come with him."

"She must go round to the front door," said the doctor, "and wait there. Tell her so."

An old man, a Jew, with lengthy locks and unkempt beard, tottered into the room. He sat down and breathed heavily; indeed, he looked ill. The doctor asked him one or two questions. (Let me here remark on the doctor's gentleness with all his patients. His behaviour impressed us greatly.) Then he took his stethoscope and sounded his chest.

"Poor old fellow," he said to us, "he has got pneumonia."

There was at this moment a violent knocking and shouting at the front door, the door which opened directly on to the street. The woman had come round, and was making herself known.

"Go, Mousa, and see what she wants."

Mousa was amused. A vociferous chatter came steadily through the doorway.

Said Mousa: "She wants to know if you are looking at him.

"Yes, yes," laughed the doctor. "I am looking at him. Tell her he has a bad chest, and must go home and keep warm."

Mousa reported.

The old man then began to point to his arm. A fresh shout through the door evidently worked on his feelings. The doctor listened. "All right," he said; "tell her, Mousa, it is all right." Then he turned to us. "She is shouting to the old man to let me see a bad place he has by his arm."

The doctor tenderly drew back the *kamise*, and there was under the arm an enormous abscess.

"Well, you must let the wife in, Mousa, when we have dressed her husband."

Another minute and the woman was in. She was much younger than her husband, but full of concern about him.

"He was ill, ah! very ill"; and she proceeded to pour forth explanations of her husband's condition, prepared to give a history of all his ailments since she had married him. The doctor cut her short by the simple order:

"Bring him to the hospital. He must come in there." She wept and protested, but the doctor was firm. And finally she departed with the old man, declaring she would not let him go in.

"She is afraid of the rabbis," said the doctor. "Some of them don't like the hospital because we give Christian teaching there. So they stop their people when they can. But when cases are bad the people won't listen to the rabbis. I expect she will bring him in. . . .

"But you needn't stay." You have seen the sort of work we do here. It is among the poor. If you could only visit their homes, you would not wonder that we try to help them, or that they come. In sickness there is nothing more terrible than one of these ordinary Jerusalem houses.

"Good-bye. Think of us sometimes in England, and tell the people what you have seen. They may believe then that medical missions are wanted."

We rose to go. "How much longer shall you be here?" said one of the tourists.

"Till I have finished," said the doctor. "There are forty cases more. Then I have the hospital. Good-bye. The Lord be with you. Don't forget us."

We went out as Mousa let in the next case.

Said one of the party: "We have seen a sight in old Jerusalem that we shall not forget. Isn't it all like a bit of the Acts of the Apostles? Here in the very city where the Lord taught and suffered is His work still going on. We have seen Him this morning. His hands are working in that little room. His love and power manifest

themselves through that doctor. As of old, so to-day, the Lord is present to heal."

"I believe, he went on to say, "in our friend the doctor. Did you notice his face as he looked at the blind baby? Hadn't it a fine expression? It made my eyes smart. Fancy what that woman will feel when her baby looks at her and laughs! I tell you I never saw medical missions in the East before, but what I have seen this morning makes me a believer for life."—Medical Missions.

SCENES FROM MT. LEBANON.

Medical Missions among the Druses.

Let me tell you of one of our dispensary mornings, with a case or two from our hospital wards.

We draw our patients from over one hundred villages, some of which are at a distance of four or five hours from Baaklin.

On a fine summer morning the yard is alive with people, who begin to arrive from 5 a.m. Some make the journey on foot, others are brought on donkeys.

At 8.30 the dispensary doors are thrown open. The workers assemble in the consulting-room for a few minutes of private prayer; then the hospital round is made; after which the patients and their friends are gathered into the waiting-room, where a passage from the Bible is read, followed by a short Gospel address and prayer.

Then comes the busiest part of the morning. Each one of us is kept hard at work for the next three hours.

The ignorance of some of our patients is most pathetic, and sometimes very provoking. Let me give you one or two examples.

A woman comes in with a leisurely and measured step and eventually gets seated before you. Her face is all covered up excepting one eye.

In answer to your query, "What ails you?" (mother, aunt, or sister—whatever her age or position may suggest), she slowly puts out her hand for you to feel her pulse, and says, "How should I know, doctor? You know better."

Over some you often prevail, and make them speak out, by such a remark as this: "My aunt, you see I have no time for guess-work; so please hurry up and tell me what is the matter." But others will not yield, not even to threats of being sent away without medicine.

So you feel obliged to make a guess. If you hit it, you are a lucky man: you at once gain the confidence and good opinion of your patient. If not, your position is by no means to be envied, for it takes all your resources, patience, and ready wit to escape ridicule and regain some of your patient's confidence.

When it comes to the putting out of the tongue, or showing the colour of the face, so much time is taken up by coaxing, reasoning, and manipulation of the veil (in such a manner that you may not see any other part of the face except the tongue), that it becomes rather difficult not to lose one's temper.

A saucy young man is next admitted. The usual salaams over, he begins by saying, "You know, there are many doctors nearer us, but I prefer to come to you; although the last medicine you gave me did me no good." I look at him, and can hardly remember his face.

"When was it, my good fellow, you came to see me last? and what was the matter with you?"

"Oh, doctor! have you forgotten me? Don't you remember I had fever about two years ago come next fig season?"

"Do you still suffer from it, my friend?"

"Oh, no! but for three months now I have had such pain in my knees and back that I can hardly sleep at night."

Poor man! he expected too much from my poor medicine.

After a while H., a tall, massive farmer from the Bekaa'-Antilebanon—is ushered in. He is suffering from chronic dysentery.

Two dozen powders are prescribed, with milk and rice diet; he is told to take one powder ever four hours. This is gone over twice to prevent any possible mistakes.

H.'s face is a blank, and he will not budge, so he is asked if he has anything more to say.

"Please tell me again, doctor, what I am to eat, and how to take the medicine, for I am a poor, ignorant man."

And again the whole thing is repeated.

Then H. grunts and turns to go; but before reaching the door he turns back, his face lighting up for the first time with a semi-intelligent smile, and says:

"Doctor, you just told me to take one paper every four hours" (for that is what we usually call a powder in Arabic), "and you have only given me one paper; how is that possible, pray? Do you wish me to divide it into twenty-four equal parts, or to dissolve it in a certain quantity of water and then take some every four hours? Please be more explicit with a poor man like me."

"My dear friend!" I exclaim, "you are to do nothing of the sort; but take the prescription to the dispensary, and there you will get your twenty-four papers, the contents of which is the medicine I want you to take, and *not* the paper."

"Oh! may God prolong your days; now I understand." And he at last makes his exit.

Shortly after, the lady in the dispensary comes to me with a troubled look. "Please,

doctor, what is that man H. to eat, for he will not go till I tell him."

She goes back to him with full instructions, and H. pockets his medicine and goes out to the porch to eat his breakfast (for they always make a point of seeing the doctor fasting).

Breakfast over, again poor H. is in a muddle. This time he appeals to Miss Kitching, and begs her to allow him another interview with the doctor. Miss K. tries to dissuade him, and offers to take a message for him; but that will not satisfy him. So he is again introduced, accompanied this time by his wife.

"Sir, do not be angry with me; I am ill, and have such a short memory, and we come from far, so I have brought my wife to learn all the instructions. She will probably have a better memory than myself." His wishes are complied with, and he goes out quite satisfied.

The morning is over, and we break up, tired and hungry. My horse is waiting outside, and I ride home for dinner and a little rest. Alas! I see H. a little way ahead reasoning with his wife. He sees me coming, and halts. A broad grin and low salaams preface another request. He catches hold of my horse's bridle and says:

"My wife and I do not agree about the food question. Pray tell us, doctor, who is right." Well! . . . His grip on the bridle loosens at last, and away we go at full gallop, not daring to look behind for fear of further persecution.

Another case. Yousif suffered from a dirty wound on the leg, which he got in a fight a month before. The leg was inflamed and swollen, and the bone carious.

The inflammation and swelling went down rapidly under suitable treatment, and an operation for scraping off the dead bone was proposed. He refused at first, point blank, and could hardly be made to believe that we had no intention whatever of amputating his leg (people prefer to lose their lives rather than lose a limb). But under threats of being sent out from the hospital if he did not submit, he at last consented.

All was ready for the operation, and the man was on the table. Although trembling with fear, he firmly refused to have chloroform, promising to keep perfectly still under the operation. He again surprised us by not moving a muscle all through the operation, except lifting his head from time to time to reassure himself that his leg was still attached (for the safety of which, it at last transpired, he refused chloroform). His restless tongue, however, did office for the rest of his members, and was not a small hindrance. Poor Yousif did well.

Will you, dear reader, remember us out here in Baaklin, and the Druses of Lebanon, in your prayers? May the time soon come when they also will glorify the Lord, and love Him as He loves and cares for them. —In "Medical Missions."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Apr.	Rec' Mar. 1st to Apr. 30
Home Missions....	\$3,989.32	\$6,879.93
Augmentation....	368.68	624.53
Foreign Missions....	3,980.99	5,356.67
Widows' & Orphans'....	1,055.81	1,120.42
A. and I. Ministers'....	2,66.60	1,373.90
Assembly.....	93.20	171.59
French Evangeliztn....	613.27	754.92
Pt-aux-Trembles....	166.21	1,142.36
Knox College.....	53.08	97.21
Queen's College....	29.6	36.91
Montreal College....	5.10	12.70
Manitoba College....	37.89	76.39

Received during January.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Hymnal Com.....	\$3,000	Leaskdale, Ont.....	3 35
Tor., St. John's.....	10	N. Missouri.....	14
Egypt, Ont.....	12 8	Carleton Pl. Zion.....	17 56
Egypt, un, ss.....	75	Alice Pet. wawa.....	8
Winterbourne, Chal.		Athelstan, ss.....	12 71
c.e.....	1	Athelstan, c.e.....	35
Elsmore, Ont.....	7	"Miss M. M. R.".....	5
Wroxeter, Ont.....	7 25	Mrs. O. Over Braden.....	50
Tor., Bloor.....	930 60	Bathurst, S. Sierbk.....	20
Stirling, St. And.....	8 45	Bethel, Ont.....	2
Ottawa, St. Paul's.....	32 7	Amherstburg.....	7 50
Cedar Hill, Zion.....	5 50	Rev. W. A. Wyllie.....	14 35
Mont., St. Gabriel.....	30 6	Reb'te Ins. Ah saht.....	18 38
Maynard, Sask.....	3 50	Eglinton, y.p.s.....	5
Revelstoke, And.....	19 30	English Sett., Ont.....	12
Tor., Devereux.....	145	Springfld, ss. cl.....	8 60
Preston.....	15 21	Ladysmith, I-t.....	1 75
Mt. Forest, Wmster.....	154 21	Miss M. McIntosh.....	
Lachine, ss.....	50	Honan.....	50
Clinton, Willis, ss.....	13 80	Toronto, Bonar.....	69 55
Swinton Park.....	28 20	Bethel, B. C. ss.....	10
"E. H.".....	2	Ham, McNab.....	287
Pembroke, Ont.....	2 71	Winterburn, Alta.....	5
Kerah West, Ont.....	15 7	Ut.ca, Ont.....	15
Rev. W. L. Clay.....	10 80	Belleville, John.....	2
Rev. R. A. Mitchell.....		B. and J. Rowand.....	10
Honan.....	100	Robert Thompson.....	241 17
Grand Orange Lodge, Ont. W.....	150	Rev. M. D. McKee.....	10
Est. Jane Dickson.....	391 20	Bracefield Cn.....	20
Dr. R. P. MacKay.....	77 93	Nanaimo, St. And., ss.....	5 69
per Rev. J. Menancon.....	109	"Friend of Miss.".....	10
S. Plympton.....	20	per Rev. W. Gauld.....	20 16
Bedeque, P. E. I., ss.....	5	King, Ont., St. And. I.....	400
"Hired Girl".....	5	Wm. St. And.....	200
Mrs. J. G. Murray.....	5	Winchester, St. Paul's.....	139 76
Vancouver.....	1 25	Avoca, Que.....	7 20
Paisley, Knox.....	30 15	Up. Harrington.....	3 40
Rev. F. M. Dewey.....	2 05	St. Anne, Que.....	12 50
Chateauguay, St. And. ss.....	4	Laprairie, Que.....	3 50
Rev. D. M. Gillies.....	11 70	"Petite Cote, Que.....	5
Rev. D. McLaren.....	10	Port Credit, b.c.....	15
Rev. N. R. Sinclair.....	44 20	Campbellvil. St. Dav.....	175
Palmerston, Kx., c.e.....	40	Richmond, Milbrn.....	13
Mr. R. C. Steele.....	10	Mr. Mrs. Wm. C. x.....	5
Smithville, Sask.....	27	Stratford, St. And.....	35
Sudbury.....	6	Ornstown, Que.....	55 41
Per. Agent, Hx.....	53 37	Ornstown vil, ss.....	32 77
Mr. T. A. Dawes.....	750	Ornstown, c.e.....	6 06
"A Friend of Miss.".....	5	Carleton Pl. Zion.....	115
Daybreak, Man.....	1	Flesherton.....	13 50
Rev. Dr. Hamilton.....	10	Hillsdale, St. And.....	4 25
Honan Missionaries'.....		Exeter, Caven.....	2
rates.....	231 85	Rev. F. W. Mahaffy.....	9 60
Rev. C. C. Whiting.....	8	Lenark, St. And.....	45
"Mother and Son".....	5	Black Riv. Bdg., St. Ste. c.e.....	4 25
Viridon, Man. (Carmel.....	27 50	per "Missy Witness".....	36 50
Tor., St. Ench's.....	50	Rev. Dr. McDonald.....	12 75
W. F. M. S.....	1 04	W. F. M. S.....	44 000
Kilsyth, Ont.....	22 10	Ripley, Kx.....	13
		Meaford, Erskine.....	50

Holstein, Ont.....	42	Nottawa, Ont.....	2 35
Winterbourne, Ont.....	20	Alliston, Burns'.....	2 0
Mr. F. W. Moffat.....	75	High View, Sask.....	7
Emdale, Ont.....	12 56	per Miss Jamieson.....	41
Hyde Park, Ont.....	16	Queen's Miss. Assoc.....	73
Tarbolton, Man.....	16	Auburn, Knox.....	1
Friend of Miss.....	5	Riversdale, Ont.....	27
Tor. Queen, East.....	3	Shannonville.....	6 63
Tor., Knox.....	64	Lonsdale, Ont.....	8
Brussels, Mel.....	50	Campbellville, St. Da- vid's.....	50
Atwood, Ont.....	3 10	S. Nissouri.....	7
Kingston, Chal. y.w.s.....	15	Markham, St. And.....	25
Fergus, St. And.....	38 53	Rev. E. Smith, Cardign.....	61
Drunbo, Willis.....	37	Admaston, ss.....	9 21
Beachburg, St. And.....	22 75	Mundare, Alta.....	2
Truro, First, friends.....	8	Shelburne, Ont. Kx.....	28 55
Sault S. Marie, St. And.....	55 45	Zorra, Burns.....	24
Banff, Alta.....	1 53	David Currie, Westmt.....	10
Rev. J. A. Crawford.....	7 67	Admaston, Barrs etc.....	40
N. Kinloss, Ont.....	10	Alisa Craig.....	175
Brookdale, St. And.....	26	Carlisle, Ont.....	75
Kingston, Cooke's.....	80	Nassagaweya.....	58
Dracon, Ont ss.....	3	Rev. J. B. Edmundson.....	10
Rev. A. J. McGilvray.....	38 50	Oakwood, Ont.....	8 67
Aberarder, Ont.....	5	Soo, S. Marie, St. And.....	51 20
Pincher Creek, Alta.....	10	Weston, ss.....	31
Rev. A. D. MacKenzie.....	6 95	Dundas, Knox.....	164 30
Sarnia, St. And.....	5 50	Bas-wood, Man.....	5
Grandview, y.p.s.....	6	Santaluta, gld.....	1
Dunnville, Kx. ss.....	3 50	Mrs. Reikie.....	5
Ingersoll, St. Paul's.....	152 88	Rev. T. T. Reikie.....	5
Fingal, Knox.....	10	Owen Sd. Div.....	135
Mt. Pleasant, y.p.s.....	7 10	Port Hope, St. Paul's.....	40
Condie, Sask.....	6	Bridgeburg, Knox.....	14 11
Oak Lake, Man.....	51 80	Fort Erie, Ont.....	12
St. David's Man.....	401 20	Pt. Douglas, Man. ce.....	100
Rev. Edwin Smith.....	6 10	Oak Lear, Man.....	2
Tor., Cowan.....	118 55	Clanwilliam, Man.....	33 50
Largie Duff's.....	2	Rev. D. N. MacKae.....	6 65
Melrose, Ont.....	15 25	Tor., Cowan, ss.....	9 77
Ham., St. John's, ss.....	6 51	Coulson, St. John's.....	25 26
D. K. Finlayson.....	1	Arcola, Sask.....	100
Ottawa, St. Paul's.....	20 50	Athelstan, Que.....	26
Plum Coulee, ss.....	10	Lois McKinley.....	5
Woodstock, Knox.....	5	Rev. D. M. Gillis.....	50
C. McLaren.....	20	Mrs. J. A. Forbes, Hon.....	4 6 25
Pertli, Knox.....	35 25	Eng.....	5
Rev. D. McGillivray.....	2 50	Misses Dickson.....	5
Sarnia, St. And., ss.....	62 50	Mrs. Walsh, Mrs.....	5
Scarboro, St. And.....	35	Haslam.....	5
W. Tor., Victoria.....	150	Rev. J. B. Edmundson.....	60
Rocksides, ss.....	3 72	Grand Forks, b.c.....	38 75
Rev. J. H. MacVicar.....	25	Kenville, Man.....	2
Mont., St. Mark's, ss.....	10	Rockburn, Que.....	31 07
Ottawa, Knox.....	977 25	Victoria, St. Paul's.....	13 55
Uttersen, O. t.....	5	Rev. E. Thorpe.....	10 50
Swarthmore, Sask.....	11 70	Rev. J. R. Munro.....	14 85
Red Deer, Alta, Kx.....	3	Shuswap, b.c.....	4
Smith's Falls, St. Paul's.....	120	Olds, Alta.....	20 80
Alvinston, Guth.....	14 25	Tor. Old, St. And.....	100
Lucknow, ss.....	25	Oak Lake, Man.....	100
Tor., Cen ral.....	543	Woodville, ss.....	25
Cote de Leis e, ss.....	2	Nashville, Ont.....	17 70
Ch. f Scotland Col. Com.....	455 56	Sarnia, St. Paul's.....	20
Miss M. Lowry.....	3 50	Camlachie, Knox.....	10 30
Westmount, St. And.....	45 45	Dundas, Knox.....	113
Prospect, Man.....	7 20	Thamesford, St. And.....	30 25
Wpg. Wmstr.....	79	Woodstock, Knox.....	1
Port Albert, St. And.....	15	Woodstock, Chal.....	75
Brantford, St. And.....	50	Mitchell, Knox.....	41 35
London, St. And, un. mtg.....	8 25	N. McIntosh, ss. cl.....	3
Annand, Ont.....	18 70	Rev. J. A. Stuart.....	9 25
Dryden, Ont.....	59 74	Dunbarton, Erskine.....	19 35
Darlington, Man.....	10 15	Chigwell and Tees.....	2
Blake, Ont.....	24 48	Creighton Mines.....	3 75
Grand Bend Ont.....	2	Pevery River, Ont.....	11
Maple Lake, Ont.....	1 66	Beverly, Ont.....	27 30
Orville, Ont.....	2 14	G. uatraxa, St. John's.....	2
Tor., Chinese.....	10	Calcedon, Mel.....	15
Vancouver, St. John's.....	150	Genadian, Knox.....	36 83
Centreville, Ont.....	1 50	Scotdown, Sask.....	4 25
Waterdown, Kx.....	45 53	English Riv.....	30
Exeter, Caven.....	26 34	Kenyon, Ont.....	20 50
Chiselhurst.....	8 86	Fairbairn, Ont.....	13
Sherbrooke, St. And.....	25	Lake Road, Ont.....	37 50
Nanton, Alta.....	25	Perry Sd., St. And.....	44 30
Mrs. Thomas Oswald.....	20	Wroxeter, Ont.....	8 50
Tor., College St.....	310	Fait's Curs, Ont.....	32 55
Rev. G. R. Fasken.....	12 20	Johnson, Daywood.....	11 35
W. S. Leslie.....	3 10	Dr. Jeanie I. Dow, Honan.....	40

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Apr	Rec'd Mar 1 to Apr. 30-
Foreign Missions....	\$1,014.06	\$1,904.07
Home Missions.....	209.07	323.56
Augmentation.....	98.13	530.88
College.....	32.70	130.98
A. and I. Ministers..	10.00	25.00
French Evangeliztn..		18.00
Pt-aux-Trembles....	15.00	20.00
For North West....	43.00	43.00
Children's Day Col..		10.37
Assembly Fund.....	3.25	8.25
Bursary Fund.....	115.00	307.00
Library Fund.....	52.25	52.25
Manitoba College...		
Widows' & Orphans..		
Temp. Moral Reform.	5.00	5.00
Unallocated.....	32.95	32.95
Total.....	\$1,630.41	\$3,411.31

Received during April

at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Reported.....	\$1,780.90	Refund.....	7.25
Hart-vil. Mis. Soc....	60.50	Murray McNealy.....	40
Rog. Hill Centre, ss..	13	Senator McKeen.....	25
Clyde, Barrington wms..	5.50	Presby. Pictou.....	55
Newcastle.....	32.95	Bedeque.....	47
Refund.....	1.35	"A Friend".....	12.50
New Glasgow, First..	125	Hx., Grove.....	25
Harry Bros.....	2.50	Mabou.....	9.55
Lo. S. ewiacke.....	75	Port Hood.....	4.00
Windsor.....	21.73	Rev. John Salem..	11.70
Milford, Gays Riv....	100.47	Fres. College, ymca..	10
Milford co.....	10	D. Moser.....	5
Wm. Wells.....	10	Economy, 5 sds.....	18.51
Cape North.....	25	Kentville.....	46
Wm. Robertson.....	10	Long Riv.....	90
"C. G.".....	1	Clifton, New Lon.....	19.40
Pres. P.E.I. for Rev.		Musq., Hutor.....	8
A. D. McKenzie.....	325	C. H. Convocation....	45
J. P. Hogau.....	13	Hx., Park.....	29
Hx., Grove.....	10	Clam Harbor.....	3.70
Lizzie, Mary Cook.....	11	Lyons Brock.....	12.10
"Interested".....	2		
Woodville.....	7	Total.....	\$3,411.31
Hampton, &c.....	3		

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

Received by the Secretary.

Rev. Thos. Sedgwick, D.D.

from 1 March, 1907, to 29 Feb., 1907.

MINISTERS' RATES.

A. H. Foster	\$ 12	J. Morton, D.D.....	12
T. H. Boyd	5	H. H. Morton.....	12
J. A. Ramsay	12 85	A. W. Thompson	12
M. A. Mackinnon	12	W. R. Foote, B.D.....	12
F. Baird	11	K. Grierson, M.D.....	12
J. A. Crawford.....	12	A. F. Robb.....	12
J. Fowlie.....	5	D. Melae.....	12
R. G. Fisher.....	15	E. A. McCurdy, D.D..	12
A. W. K. Herdman.....	12	A. S. Stewart.....	6
J. A. McLean.....	6	D. J. Nicholson.....	12
J. C. Herdman, D.D.....	12	J. L. George.....	12
J. Robertson.....	6	E. E. Mowatt.....	12
J. K. G. Fraser.....	12	D. Fraser.....	12
J. F. McCurdy.....	12	W. A. Cunningham..	6
H. Dickie, D.D.....	6	A. J. H. Fraser.....	10
T. Cumming, D.D.....	18	M. J. Macpherson.....	6
D. K. Grant.....	12	A. J. Mowatt, D.D..	12
W. T. Bruce, M.D.....	8	R. Cumming.....	15
A. F. Thomson.....	12	K. Murray.....	15
R. H. Macpherson.....	12	T. R. Davidson.....	19
A. McLeod, D.D.....	8	J. Fitzpatrick.....	12
A. D. Archibald.....	12	A. Maclean Sinclair..	12
W. McLeod.....	12	F. W. Anderson.....	12
J. H. B. Onnell.....	7 50	A. L. Fraser.....	12
W. H. Smith, Ph.D.....	12	G. Smith.....	6
A. Gandler, D.D.....	12	D. McOdum.....	15
R. J. Douglas.....	12	J. G. A. Colquhoun..	6
Thos. Downie.....	5 84	D. C. Ross.....	13 20
M. S. McKay.....	15	J. H. Kirk.....	12
J. F. Dastau.....	12	A. V. Morash.....	13
G. S. Carson.....	12	D. A. Frame.....	6
S. M. D. Clarke.....	12	A. Craie.....	12
D. O. Gunn, D.D.....	12	J. Currie, D.D.....	12
D. H. Mackinnon.....	12	K. Laing.....	55 20
E. Scott, D.D.....	15	A. Rogers.....	12
J. W. A. Nicholson.....	12	F. W. Murray.....	12
J. C. Robertson.....	12	A. J. McNellie.....	5
J. Annand, P.D.....	12	T. Nicholson.....	8
J. W. McKenzie D.D..	12	R. Magi I, Ph D.....	12
H. A. Robertson, D.D.	15	W. Forbes.....	12
J. B. Cropper.....	12	G. E. Forbes.....	6
		A. Campbell.....	12
		A. M. McLeod.....	6

W. Stewart.....	6	T. Stewart.....	27
H. K. Read.....	12	G. M. Bar.....	12 60
J. D. Macfarlane.....	15	A. D. McDonald.....	7 70
W. P. Begg.....	15	R. Johnston.....	12 60
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ton.....		A. B. McLeod.....	12 24
G. S. Gardner.....	12	T. H. Boyd.....	5
J. S. Suther and.....	12	W. Dawson.....	3
W. J. Fowler.....	12	E. J. Rattee.....	13 20
A. Simpson.....	10	E. D. Millar, D.D.....	4
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C. MacKinnon.....	12		
D. McDonald.....	12		
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J. F. Polley.....	6		
A. A. Smith.....	6		
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M. H. McIntosh.....	15		
A. D. McIntosh.....	15		
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J. Wheeler.....	40 80		
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A. A. Smith.....	6		
J. Rose.....	10		
J. H. Cameron.....	12		
J. McIntosh.....	11		
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J. D. Murray.....	12 01		
J. Carruthers.....	12		
A. H. Denoon.....	12		
L. Beaton.....	7 60		
J. G. McIvor.....	30		
R. G. Strathie.....	12 20		
J. Rose.....	5		
F. Baird.....	6 20		
C. S. Lord.....	12 20		
A. L. Mackay.....	12 20		
H. G. Gratz.....	7 60		
P. M. McDonald.....	12 10		

DONATIONS.

Hx. St. Matthews.....	12
Strathalbyn &c.....	4 16
Sedeque.....	10
St. Peter's Bay.....	5
"A Friend".....	5
Parrsboro.....	5
Hymnal Com.....	10
"A Friend".....	5
Hx., Grove.....	2
Mrs. Alexina Keay.....	5
Dun Las, Annandale.....	2
Inver ess.....	1 12
Elmsdale.....	5
Beq. A. Fraser.....	250
Parrsboro.....	5
Broughton.....	2
Nashwaak, Stanley.....	2
Antigonish.....	15 02
Glenelg E. Riv., etc.....	1 50
N. River, N. Shore.....	5
Brookfield, N.S.....	3
E. River, St. Mary's.....	4 50
Renton, N.B.....	5
Lower Musqdt.....	4
Noel, ce.....	1
Cavendish, Stanley.....	2 8
Earlton.....	2
Cape North.....	2
New Mills, N.B.....	12
Lignit., ontrose, &c.....	5
New Dublin, Cong.....	5
Charlot, etn, St. Jas.....	5
M. ra.....	5
Mid. River, C.B.....	8
New Carlisle, Pt. Danl.....	2
St. Stewart.....	5
Strathalbyn.....	3
Murray Hrb. N.....	1
Marshfield.....	5
Long Riv., Kensington.....	3
Coldstream.....	10
Mid. Stewiacke.....	3

Loch Lomond, &c.	2	Black Riv, Napan. . .	3	Valleyfield	4	Harmony &c.	3 30
Stellarton, S. John's. .	1	Bridgewater	2	Whyoccomagh	5	St. John, St. David's..	5
W. Riv, P. E. I.	3	St. Peters	1 25	Glac Bay, St. Pa. . . .	5	Sydney Mines	5
St. John, St. Step. . . .	15	St. Stephen	7	St. Peters Bay	15	Chatham, St. An	10
Strathlorne	4 65	Port Hastings, &c. . .	3	West Bay	6	Chatham, St. Johns . .	2
N. Riv, N. Shore	4	Murray Hrbr S.	3	Orangeville	3	Chipman	3
Little Narrows	2	Un. Centre, L. chbr . .	1	Gore, Kennetcook . . .	2	Interest	6 3
Grand River	4	Dominion, No. 6. . . .	2	Noel	1		
Red Bank	3	Charlotten Zion	5	Acadia	5		740 64
Moncton	6 68	Millerton, &c	1	Truro, St. Pauls. . . .	10	Rates	1,781 70
Sussex	5	Trenton	5	Alexina Keay	4		
Belfast	10	Tabusiatuc, &c.	1	St. Croix, Eilershs. . .	5	Total	\$2,253 34
		Bathurst	5	Bloomfield, &c.	4		

The Presbyterian Record

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MONTREAL.

The man who loses his temper, or resigns,
or balks when opposed, tho he were absolutely
in the right,—which is unusual,—has
put himself absolutely in the wrong. Some
wise man has said that no man ever yet
accomplished anything by resigning; and a
yet wiser man has written that the "wrath
of man worketh not the righteousness of
God."—S. S. Times.

PICTURE OF A MONTREAL SESSION.

In "Taylor Church Tidings," published by
Taylor Church, Montreal, one of the elders
writes of the Session as follows:

"Taylor Kirk Session is now composed of
thirty-five members. The congregation has
been divided into thirty-one districts. It took
the Session three nights, working until eleven
o'clock each evening, to go over the
names on our communion roll, verifying ad-
dresses, making out districts, and part of
another night to equalize them.

"What's our Session like? Well, it is, no
doubt about it, a very representative one,
composed of real, live, working men, good
specimens of the horny-handed sons of toil.

"They represent the congregation to a dot,
in that some of them are long, very long,
and some of them are short, very short.
Some are fat and some are lean, just like
good bacon, well mixed. Some are very
grave and some are very gay. Some need
cheering up to face their work among the
people, and some need to be sat on to keep
them from boiling over. Some are level-
headed and some are feather-headed. Some
take things very seriously and are everlast-
ingly bordering on the humorous, and have
to be watched closely and handled with
care.

"Some are the salt of the Session, some are
the spice, and some are of the different kind
who now and then take the whole lot by
storm, replacing wrinkles with smiles, chas-
ing away all care for the moment, inculcat-
ing the old saw "laugh and grow fat." Some
are Scotch, and very much so. Some are
Irish, and everybody knows it. Some are
English and some are Canucks.

"That's our Session, and they are all jolly
good fellows, who have no time for quarrel-
ing or disputing, but go ahead with their
work, each in his appointed place, as best
they can.

"And, better than all, we believe they are
all earnest, God fearing men, anxious to do
the will of the Master and desiring of spread-
ing His kingdom in this end of the city."

"Good manners give so much happiness
and comfort to those with whom we come
in contact that they are worth acquiring at
any cost."



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 219

HOW PROHIBITION WORKS.

IN KANSAS.

One of the strongest arguments for prohibition is furnished by Kansas City, the metropolis of the State of Kansas, a city with a population of 100,000. A year ago they had 256 saloons, 200 gambling dens and 60 houses of prostitution. To-day they have none of either.

After one year of prohibition the Assistant Attorney-General reports that bank deposits have increased a million and a half dollars and merchants have to hire additional clerks. The charitable institutions report a reduction of two-thirds in demand for aid. The expense of prosecuting criminals has been reduced by \$25,000 per annum, and cost of police force much less. For the first time in 25 years the court of common pleas opened without a criminal case. People are paying their bills instead of being sued for them.

A year ago they were planning to build a new jail, to-day they have rooms to let in the jail they have. Every banker and merchant of the city is in praise of the new regime.

IN MAINE.

Here are some significant results of Prohibition in Maine:

In 1855, there were only five savings banks in Maine, with less than \$90,000 deposited.

In 1902, there were 57 savings banks, 22 building and loan associations, and 37 trust companies with deposits aggregating more than \$113,000,000.

The figures for crime in Maine show that the commitments to the jails and prisons of Maine have steadily decreased from a total of 6,105 in 1896, to 4,483 in 1906, a shrinkage of more than twenty-five per cent.

Of the 9,350 murders and homicides in the United States in 1906. Maine furnished but three!" The Congregationalist."

A CAPTAIN'S BLUNDER.

The Italian barque, "King Alfred," set sail from Junin, in Chili. She carried a cargo of nitrate, and a captain who took things for granted.

This captain, as he sailed away from Chili, looked at his outward manifest to see whither he was to take his cargo, and read that he was to go to "Charlestown." Simply that; no State was named.

Well, the captain had heard of Bunker Hill, and so he knew of Charlestown, Mass. So without deigning to ask any advice, to Charlestown, Mass., he directed his course.

It is a long voyage, a long and tedious voyage around Cape Horn and up the eastern coast of South America, and through the West Indies and along the coast of the United States to Massachusetts; but the barque crawled steadily onward, weathering bravely the winter storms of the North Atlantic.

At last, with stiff sails and hulls sheathed in ice, and a half-frozen crew, the "King Alfred" entered Boston harbor and found wharfreom under the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument. She had spent 135 days on the voyage.

And then, going ashore, this captain so full of confidence in himself, learned that his nitrate was not intended at all for Charlestown, Mass., but for Charleston, South Carolina! He had sailed right by his destination, plowing through all those storms to no purpose, and had needlessly prolonged his journey nearly two thousand miles!

Chagrined, the blundering captain was for setting out again straightway; but his crew—small blame to them!—insisted on waiting till they and the "King Alfred" had recovered from the effects of the storms through which they had passed.

Many a soul navigates life's seas without taking their place of destination into account. WHITHER BOUND?—Nashville Christian Advocate.

"Manners are the lesser morals of life."
Aristotle.

One who sets out to master others needs to have himself well in hand.

Conversion is but a beginning. It turns one about, but does not complete the journey.

Sudden rebellion of reserve forces at home is the most fatal hindrance to conquests abroad.

The essence of self-mastery is in self-subjection to Jesus Christ.—Philadelphia "Presbyterian."

The soul is dyed by its thoughts: we must be careful, then, on what we allow our minds to dwell.

The best man is the one who wishes best. His ability to do may be limited, but he touches his restrictions.

The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause others and the happiness they cause ourselves.

He who would rule well his own spirit will require knowledge of some unexplored territory in his own soul.

Purity of purpose, purity of thought, purity of speech, these are gems which any one can be pardoned for wearing with pride.

"The heart that loves sets no time limit to its service, nor stays to measure its gifts: for Love must serve, and Love must give."

Our first father lost his grip very early in the game. No son of his has since regained it save by the power of the second Adam.

No small man can be a missionary. He must have a great heart of love, broad sympathies and a wide vision of heaven's harvest-field.

No real life is measured by days or months or years, but by deeds of helpfulness to those in need and of Christian kindness to all.

Self-mastery is the highest demonstration of the reality of spiritual life. Only a divinely inbreathed spirit can control the passions of human nature.

The man who now and then "lets himself go" knows well which direction his unrestrained impulses will take. The road is broad and humanity crowds it.

Believe me, the world is a mirror—it reflects back to you the face you present to it, and you get out of the world just what you put into it. If you do not sing out, can you get an echo?

The true test of character is where what is borne or done must remain unknown, where the struggle must be begun and ended, and the fidelity be maintained, in the solitary heart.—Ephraim Peabody.

It is a high, solemn, awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Thomas Carlyle.

To have had a noble ancestry seems to many to be sufficient type of nobility, but to the ordinary, every-day man, honest uprightness that goes its way day by day, harming none and helping all, is better than title or decoration.

We often pray as if the Lord were the main obstruction to our salvation. "Give us thy Spirit" is the burden of so many Christians, forgetting that the Spirit is ever being offered without reserve. Better ask that we be made receptive.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful, both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.

There is always a margin just outside—something that the wisest doesn't know. Ignorance has its mission as well as wisdom. There are rounds upon the ladder on which our feet have never stood. These we call ignorance. Wisdom is but a reaching upward.

"All Gaul is divided into three parts," an old Roman once wrote. But he did not know. He had never been one of three speakers at an evening banquet, each of whom was to have a half-hour, and the first of whom spoke for an hour and a half. That man had all the gall in the world, and it was not divided.

Companionship is the one thing in the world which is absolutely essential to happiness. The human heart needs fellowship more than anything else, fellowship which is elevated and enduring, stronger and purer than itself, and centered in that which death cannot change. All its springs are in God. Without him life is a failure and all beyond is a blank.—Henry Van Dyke.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The

PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII

JULY, 1908

No. 7

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Letter I.

Winnipeg, Wednesday, June 3, 1908.
Dear Record,

Here again, for the third time in its history, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is to meet this evening in this central city of the Dominion, about midway between Halifax and Vancouver. Twenty-one years ago, in 1887, the thirteenth General Assembly met here. It was followed ten years later, in 1897, by the twenty-third Assembly; and now after another eleven years by the thirty fourth.

The changes in the West have been so great that they tempt reminiscence. Less than forty years ago the city was not. Old Fort Garry, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Co., with its few wooden buildings and their dwellers were the only break on the expanse of prairie. Only thirty-eight years have passed since General Wolseley led hither his long and weary march by stream and portage, to quell the Red River rebellion. Near the same time, Mr. Sanford Flemming, now Sir Sanford, and his party crossed the Continent on a preliminary survey of the C.P.R. and pitched their tents here on Saturday night.

Rev. George M. Grant of Halifax, the late Principal Grant of Kingston, was one of the party and we remember well his four lectures, "from ocean to ocean," that he gave in Halifax on his return, and his word picture of reaching Fort Garry after night-fall, and looking out of the tent door the next morning and getting a first view of the prairie, the sea of green, stretching away to the horizon, flecked with its flowery foam.

Even when the Assembly first met here only twenty-one years ago, it was like Zoar of history, "but a little one," though nearing twenty thousand. In its streets paving had but begun, and Manitoba mud, at once so clinging and affectionate and so treacherous, was everywhere.

Apropos of the mud, it was current at the first Assembly that a weighty and dignified D.D. from the East, not aware of its

character, without his usual deliberation, suddenly measured his length in it.

And we remember well at the second Assembly, after a Summer shower, seeing an exquisitely dressed young lady tripping daintily along, and as she stepped off the sidewalk at a crossing, her foot slipped and she fell full length forward, with arms extended, into the soft, black, slippery, sticky Manitoba mud.

But that same mud is fat and fertile, and Dr. Robertson's prediction of a generation ago, considered fanciful then, that the time would come when the North-West would raise one hundred million bushels of wheat, bids fair to be more than realized this year, while a seven fold future yield is now soberly foretold.

But to return to the city; ten years later, at the second Assembly, in 1897, it had grown to a city of 37,000 souls. Now three times that many have their homes in the cosy cottages and stately dwellings that line its far reaching streets and broad avenues; while its business blocks, hotels, apartment houses, churches, etc., rank with those of the world's great cities.

In a booklet gotten out to welcome the Assembly the commissioner's are reminded that:—

"You are in Winnipeg, the third city in the Dominion, the central city in Canada. Already from it radiate eighteen distinct lines of railway. Here is the largest grain market in the Empire, the second in the world. Here are the largest flower mills in the Empire, the second in the world."

"These sidewalks run for 347 miles, the streets for 291 miles. Thirty seven years ago there was but one school, to-day thirty school buildings with a school population of nearly 20,000, besides a Collegiate Institute, six Colleges, and one University. These smoke stacks remind you that you are in the fourth manufacturing city in Canada; and rejoice that to-day in one hundred and fifteen churches the Gospel is proclaimed in this city."

Changes there are too in the church of the West. When the Assembly first met here in 1887, there was but one synod

west of the Lakes, now there are four; then but five presbyteries west of the Lakes, now twenty-six. Then our church had two hundred and seventy-four preaching places west of the Lakes, now one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven.

All these changes are causes for thankfulness and joy, but there is one change that has its note of sadness, the memory of faces and voices that are with us no more. In 1887, Dr. R. F. Burns was Moderator. Dr. James Robertson was in the beginning of his great work for the North West. Drs. Reid, Caven, King, MacVicar, Grant, Warden, were all there, and a number of others, since passed away. But the Church remains. They laboured and others have entered into their labors, and while there is the sorrow that comes when familiar faces and voices are no more, there is joy that the Lord is still in the midst of His Church, and that the work goes on, ever widening in its reach, as it seeks for Him universal dominion.

But I must not forget that these letters are not for history or sermonizing, but for telling about the Assembly, and that this, for introduction, is long enough.

Yours,

X

Letter II.

Winnipeg, Wednesday Evening.

Dear Record:—

The opening of Assembly has this evening come and gone in the usual way. And what is the usual way? A fair attendance of commissioners, a crowded church, a good sermon, the moderator's valedictory, the choice of his successor, the appointment of the hours of work for succeeding days, the benediction, the slow dispersion, mingled with glad greetings as old time friends forgather, the homeward way, the hospitable welcome, the ending of another day of life.

All these features of an opening night were in evidence this evening.

To begin with, there was a fair attendance of commissioners. The Assembly is made up as follows:—Each of the sixty-six presbyteries of the church, including Trinidad and Honan, can appoint, each year, one for every six of its ministers, as a commissioner to Assembly, and an equal number

of elders. If a presbytery has, say, thirty-three ministers, it can appoint seven of them to go to Assembly, and seven elders. The total number of commissioners which the presbyteries of the church were entitled to appoint, this year, was two hundred and fifty-five ministers and two hundred and fifty-five elders. There are present one hundred and ninety-two ministers and one hundred and forty elders, a total of three hundred and thirty-two.

The good folk of Winnipeg were out in force. There is not a better church going city in Canada, or a people more interested in the work of the church.

The sermon by the retiring moderator, Rev. R. Campbell, D.D., Montreal, was from a combination text. One part was John 18. 37, 38. "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, 'what is truth?'" The other part was Acts 1: 8. "But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be my witnesses." The sermon was strong and sound and was heard with the closest attention throughout.

The moderator then constituted the Assembly, and briefly reviewed the work of the year, with its many tokens of progress.

An impressive fact was that eighteen ministers of our church had passed away during the year, quite a number of them in a good old age, their life work well done. This roll call of the dead has its solemn lesson. Soon each of us in turn will be on it and most of us sooner than we think. May the time till it comes be well filled.

There seemed to be but one mind as to who should be moderator for the ensuing year, for the only nomination and the unanimous choice was the strong and sunny Dr. Duval, for the past twenty years pastor in the church in which the Assembly is meeting, insuring that, so far as the Assembly reflects the chair, the tone and temper of the days to follow will not lack the amenities befitting a court of the church.

One of the details of an opening night is that the retiring moderator lays on the table, replies to the loyal addresses which the previous Assembly sent to the King and the Governor General, and the Assembly in

due course will appoint another committee of phraseographic experts to say the same things over again in their best style this year.

One cannot but sympathize with royalty and vice-royalty if the church courts of the Empire find it their duty every year to send a conventional, complimentary roll of parchment, telling them how great and good they are and how great and good we are, imposing upon them in turn the burden of a conventional complimentary reply. The custom is a survival, whether of the fittest, may be questioned, but it is only a trifle, and there is no gathering, industrial or economic, social or fraternal, civil or military or ecclesiastical, that has fewer frills than the General Assembly. It is a time of close, earnest work, for the order of business which was one of the last items of this evening provides for morning, afternoon and evening sessions, while all the work of the various committees has to be sandwiched between.

But the Assembly has closed and this letter must do likewise.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter III.

Winnipeg, Thursday, June 4, 1908.

Dear Record:—

It is not merely a phylactory fringe when public gatherings in Church or State open with prayer. It is, for the most part, the recognition that God, great and good, is supreme, and that His guidance and approval are of first importance.

The devotional services that open each session of Assembly, and the prayer hour at the opening of the first business session, is token that the work is specially God's work, and that the wisdom needed to guide it comes from Him.

The first business of the first session is a kind of stock taking, finding out how many ministers are to be added to the working force of the church, and how many to be taken from it.

This subject of the supply of ministers is a vital one, for "whom shall we send and who will go for us," is one of the most insistent and persistent questions facing the

church as she looks out upon the great home field and the greater foreign field, with their ever enlarging opportunities, and then looks regretfully at her limited force of laborers.

The question is answered from several sources. It was answered the first thing this morning after the opening prayer hour, by the "here am I send me" of thirty-one men from other churches in Canada and the U. S. A., applying for admission to the ministry of our church, and the first business of the Assembly was the hearing of these applications.

All good men are thankfully welcomed, but at the same time the Assembly is very careful in making fullest inquiry into each case, and after hearing the applications, gave them, with all their accompanying documents into the hands of a specially appointed committee, to examine and report to a later session of the Assembly.

All good men making application are pleased with this careful reception, for it is, in its measure, a guarantee that those received are worthy.

Further answer to the great question came from different presbyteries asking leave to license men whose course of study had been shortened, but who for special reasons were deemed qualified for the work of the ministry. These too, there were only five of them, were referred to a special committee to examine and report.

And from still a third class came this morning, the "here am I"—from "minister evangelists," ten of them, who, having taken a prescribed course of study in Manitoba college, and having served in the home mission field for a specified time, now make application to be received into the regular ministry of the church.

Of course the main dependence of the church for workers must be the colleges, but if a sufficient number of good men come in year by year from other churches, in this or other lands, to fill the gaps made by age and death, the additions from the colleges will be so many workers gained.

Over against these additions was a reminder that the term of service is at best but short, for there were applications from twenty-one ministers for leave to retire. These were mostly on account of age, one of them having reached eighty years, with

forty-eight years of service in the church. A few had not reached the seventy, but failing health compelled.

The retiring roll, as well as the death roll, has its reminder, viz., that life's work should be done as we would like to look at it from the retiring line, if we get there.

Another reminder is that the church at large has a duty to those who have spent their strength in her service. This duty is embodied in the Aged Minister's Fund, which is worthy the cordial support of all, and which is not a charity or a benevolence but a justice, as life was given to the work of the church, and life is not yet ended.

But the Assembly has adjourned for lunch so farewell.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter IV.

Winnipeg, Thursday, p.m., 1908.

Dear Record.—

A pleasant interlude at the opening of this afternoon's session was a welcome greeting from the city of Winnipeg and from the Methodist church. Kindly things were said and kindly things replied, and, at peace with itself and the world, the Assembly resumed its stock taking, and took up the fourth and chief source of supply for its ministry, the colleges.

The subject filled the afternoon and the fragments left over may be twelve baskets and more, for the relation of Queen's to the church has large possibilities of opinion.

The colleges are like citadels at strategic points across the church, or, less militant, supply depots for the ministry. They used to begin at Halifax and end with Manitoba College, midway of the Continent. This year, a new one has been added from Vancouver, and, to the Assembly, reports were made from eastern coast and western, each near two thousand miles away, and from three between on the East—Montreal, Queen's and Knox. The western gap is space as yet, but a college at Edmonton is in the air.

The western infant has been duly named Westminster Hall, while the eastern, the oldest of them all, with its over four score well filled years, is still a nameless waif,

known only as the Presbyterian College, Halifax; simply, "somebody's bairn."

Good reports came from all the colleges, though uniformity of reckoning would be an improvement, for, while some report simply their actual students in Theology, others include Arts students at neighboring colleges or universities that have the ministry in view.

During the year just closed Halifax had in attendance thirty-six theological students,—Montreal, twenty-three,—Queens, thirty-one,—Knox, fifty-seven,—and Manitoba, nine in the regular course, nine ministers and students of the independent Greek church, and twenty-five in the minister evangelist course.

Of these there graduated for the work of the ministry, from Halifax, thirteen,—from Montreal, seven,—Queens, six,—Knox, twenty,—Manitoba, three regular and fifteen minister evangelist.

The infant of the college family was too young to report, but its sponsors reported for it an enthusiastic welcome, and a comfortable home provided by the people of Vancouver. It was duly named and the nomination confirmed of Rev. John Mackay, D.D., as principal.

Concerning this fourth source of supply of ministers the question is sometimes asked,—why maintain all these colleges and establish new ones when one large central college could be better equipped and could teach all the students.

Among the many answers given are three simple facts, which anyone may verify.

(1) The establishment of a college in any district or province always leads a number of young men to study for the ministry who would not otherwise do so. Probably one-half of those who have studied for the ministry in the Maritime Provinces would never have been led to do so if there had been no college there, and the loss to the church without these none can measure.

(2) Much of what is given to the support of a college in the province or city where it is established, would not be given to college or anything else outside, so that the burden upon the church for theological education would probably be as heavily felt if there were but one institution, while the returns to the church would be less by far.

(3) Every college supplies the home mis-

sion fields of its own district, where in its absence there would be many more vacant Sabbaths and churches. The future ministers of the church are thus brought into closer sympathy and touch with the work of the church than they would otherwise be, and the largest results are in this way attained.

Be it always remembered that the men who have borne a leading part in founding the colleges of our church have, as a rule, been men of deep piety and sound judgment, and have, as a rule, sacrificed more than any others to that end. The growing living church is the one that cares for its colleges and its missions, trains up of its membership and sends them out to win the world for Christ.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter V.

Winnipeg, Thursday Evening.

Dear Record:—

The attention that has all day centered on the workers, turned outward this evening to the work, the part of it that is nearest, our Home Mission field, the largest in the world, from Labrador to Yukon, and all between.

What a panorama, five thousand miles in length;—with its lonely hamlets, its frontier settlements, its dwellers by forest and plain and mine and sea made glad by the coming of the messenger of peace; its myriads of home-seekers from other lands and of many tongues, welcomed with news of something better than even Canada can give, and of which many of them knew little before their coming here.

This home mission evening cannot be summed up, a fact or two from it, in passing, must suffice. Taking first the Western Division, from Gaspé to the setting sun, there was raised last year for H. M. work, including what came from the E. D., \$162,636, or \$18,000 more than the previous year, while forty-seven new mission fields were opened, each with from two to five preaching places.

The Eastern Division has not the same opportunity for extension, but in caring for

missions in the Maritime Provinces, it is doing a good work for Canada, for from these provinces come some of the best elements that people and hold and mold our West land for truth and righteousness.

The speakers of this evening, after presentation of the report, have been Dr. A. S. Grant and Dr. John Pringle, and the Assembly is largely under the spell of the North-land, where multitudes seek for gold and the missionary seeks for men; where neither is daunted in his quest by hardship or danger, and where among both gold seekers and man seekers there is as large a percentage of strong, rugged manliness to the acre, as anywhere in the world.

Drs. Grant and Pringle have been identified with the Yukon since the early days of the gold rush, have been there longer than any other missionaries, and have probably done more than any other two men ever did to heal the bodies and bring new hope to the souls of the sick and sad and disappointed and disheartened, who had fallen by the way in the search for gold.

Dr. Grant was trained for both medicine and the ministry, and has wrought along both lines. He founded the Good Samaritan Hospital in Dawson city and for years was pastor of St. Andrew's church there.

Dr. Pringle established the Presbyterian Hospital at Atlin, and was pastor for a time in Dawson, but much of his work has been on the trail, visiting camps, holding religious services with the men, sweetening and purifying the life of the wilderness, or finding, now here, now there, a miner dying in his lonely shack and carrying him with his dog team many a mile to care and cure.

Many an old timer remembers with gratitude these two men, and many a mother far away has blessed them for news of her wandering boy.

And there has been many another laborer, less known, but as faithful and true, all along our Home Mission line, from farthest east to west, but for to-night we must bid the Yukon and the Assembly's Home Mission work farewell.

Yours, etc.

X.

No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—F. W. Faber.

Letter VI.

Winnipeg, Friday, June 5, 1908.

Dear Record:—

Varied have been the moods and subjects of to-day; light and shadow, sadness and cheer, thrilling address and dry statistic. The first greeting after the morning opening, was a telegram, telling the sudden death of Rev. Allan Findlay, D.D., superintendent of missions in Northern Ontario. By request the venerable Principal McLaren led in prayer for the bereaved widow and family, to whom also a message of sympathy was sent by the Assembly.

Then came consideration of the resignation of this same Dr. McLaren, of the Principalship of Knox College, after some fifty-nine years in the ministry; and thirty-seven years of that time in connection with Knox College, as professor and principal. Now, on the sunny side of eighty, he asks to lay the burden down.

All who know him, in church, college and Assembly work, and they are many, think with nothing but gratitude and love of the strong, calm, kindly, venerable man, and hope that for years yet he may be spared to the church on earth, his very presence a benediction.

Following the resignation of an aged principal came the appointment of a youthful one, Rev. John Mackay, D.D., of Crescent St. Church, Montreal, to the principalship of the new college, Westminster Hall, in Vancouver. May he see four score and his college a second Knox.

The biggest, fullest, dryest, most informing subject of the Assembly, twelve dozen packed pages of figures, nothing but figures, the Report on Statistics, was presented by Dr. Somerville. In so far as answers can be given in figures, one can readily find, in this marshalled host, an answer to almost every possible question that can be asked about any of the lines of work in any congregation or mission station throughout the whole church.

Ministers and elders will get a copy of the Assembly minutes with this report and should study the part of it that tells of their own congregation, with a view to profit.

The Report on Sunday Schools followed Statistics. It should have had a session to itself. How can ten packed pages be summed up in a letter. I will have to return to it some other time; merely noting here that the total number of Sabbath School reporting is 2919, of which 2578 are Presbyterian, a gain of 69, and 341 are Union Schools, a loss of 21; that the total enrolment is 23,011 officers and teachers, 194,334 scholars, an increase in teachers of 512, and in scholars of 6,959; that the number of new communicants from the Sabbath Schools is 6,249, and the total giving of all the Sabbath Schools for all purposes is \$162,531, a gain over previous year of \$9,715.

Following the Sabbath Schools came the S. S. Publications, which have had a good year and are each year gaining in favor, Dr. R. D. Fraser, reporting a circulation of all the different helps and periodicals amounting to a quarter of a million. These lesson helps are the best anywhere for the children of our church.

All these subjects, with an address by Dr. Chapman, the evangelist, filled the morning and afternoon. Twice the time could have profitably been given to them, but prairie time is as inelastic as any other and all too soon the days' sessions have come to a close.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter VII.

Winnipeg, Friday Evening.

Dear Record:—

The Assembly each year faithfully "begins at Jerusalem," and then "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Last evening it looked out upon the work in our own land. This evening it climbed higher and saw farther, to India, China and the Islands of the Sea.

Those who read the RECORD from month to month get practically all the facts and figures of progress given to-night, but the inspiration of sympathetic numbers, the story of the men from the field, of what they have seen and heard, always makes the Assembly's Foreign Mission night a thing to be remembered.

A dead outline of this evening would be

on this wise:—Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Convener, W.D., presented the F. M. Report in a brief address, telling of the progress and opportunities in India, China and Formosa, and telling too that although more had been given for Foreign Missions than ever before, yet, so fast had Providence opened the doors, that the accounts of the year, W. D. had closed with a deficit of some ten thousand dollars; Dr. E. D. Millar, Convener, E.D., moved the adoption of the Report in another address, telling of Trinidad, British Guiana, New Hebrides and Korea and having to tell too, for like cause, a like story of deficit, over twelve thousand dollars; Mr. James Rodger of Montreal, who has visited the mission field, both in Trinidad and China, seconded its adoption in still another address; Rev. W. H. Grant spoke of Honan; Rev. Duncan Macrae, of Korea, while Dr. R. P. Mackay told of his visit to the mission fields in India, China, Korea and Formosa. Such is the skeleton of the evening.

But who can put into cold type the living thing that these evening hours became, as that skeleton, responsive to each succeeding speaker, became instinct with a life which throbbed deeper and stronger to the close.

Foreign Mission night is one of the inspiring treats of the Assembly. It is to be hoped that ministers and elders who were present will carry the inspiration away and translate it into action, so that this year will meet the demands of an enlarging work and banish the deficit to the land of forgetfulness. Much is expected along this line from the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

Will each one please take heed that the above banishment of deficit does not take place till after payment.

Yours, etc.,

X.

Letter VIII.

Winnipeg, Saturday, June 6, 1908.

Dear Record:—

On Saturday, the Assembly sits in the morning only, but the short session had a big theme, Young People's Societies.

The importance to the church of the children and young people is being more fully realized. The great work of the church, where it is established, is to hold rather than to win, to hold its own and win

those beyond. The importance of doing this, and how best to do it, is receiving increased attention year by year.

Rev. Dr. McTavish, Convener, presented the matter to the Assembly. The number of Societies reporting is 359, an increase of 25. Of these 197 are guilds and 292 are Christian Endeavor.

The aim is to interest young people in the work of the church, to train them for it; to make them acquainted, by means of study classes, with its history, its men, its missions.

Missionary books are published, and articles in the church papers are prepared, expressly for them. The RECORD has, each month, an article of this kind, prepared for the Committee, by some minister in our church.

Some of those most deeply and actively interested, think there should be a specially appointed secretary who could give his whole time to promoting this work, while nearly all feel that it should receive increased attention.

After discussing the matter, the Assembly appointed a Committee to consider ways and means for the furtherance of its best interests.

Another important item of this morning was the appointment of a successor to Rev. Allan Findlay, as Superintendent of missions in Northern Ontario. The unanimous and natural choice fell upon Rev. S. Childerhose, of Parry Sound, who has already done much for Home Missions in that field.

Then as a pleasing conclusion to the work of the week came a greeting, borne by Rev. Dr. Christie Brown, from our big sister to the South, the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. The speaker impressed its bigness for he said that through him the 9,000 ministers, the 36,000 ruling elders, the 11,000 churches with their membership of 1,300,000, sent loving greetings to the Canadian Assembly.

He reminded us too that we were not only one in Christ, but of the same church family, and of the same sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, and interested in the same great missionary problems at home and abroad.

He told us also that they gave last year to Foreign Missions \$1,300,000, to Home Missions \$1,462,000, to the colleges, \$1,600,000 and to all causes, including self support, about \$22,500,000.

In happiest vein the Moderator gave him, to carry back the greetings of our church, smaller in volume, but no less cordial, and a pleasant morning session came to a close.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter IX.

Winnipeg, Saturday Night.

Dear Record:—

Nowhere is the Saturday half holiday more eagerly welcomed or more heartily enjoyed than by the Assembly, and the hospitable hosts usually have some special treat in store. Last year at Montreal it was ten mile trolley ride to the new Point-aux-Trembles Schools, and a meeting and greeting there that will not soon be forgotten. This year it was a pilgrimage of four miles by car to historic Kildonan, the oldest Scotch settlement and the oldest Presbyterian church in Manitoba, the former dating back to but a few years short of a century, the latter to a few years beyond the half century.

The church at Kildonan is the Mecca of Western Presbyterianism. In its little churchyard lie the remains of the pioneer missionary Dr. Black, and of a later pioneer, Dr. James Robertson, one of the greatest home missionaries, with one of the greatest fields, in the history of the Christian church.

Twenty-one years ago, the Assembly at its first meeting in Winnipeg made this pilgrimage, and again this afternoon. The beautiful day, the calm summer stillness, the simple service in the quaint little church, surrounded by its silent dead, were so similar that one could scarce realize a gap of twenty-one years.

But the visitors had changed. Few of the former time were here to-day and on these the years had left their mark.

But the sweet hours pass like the bitter and all too soon the sun slant reminds us of return, and rested, calmed, with new purpose and uplift, the shadows find the pilgrims again in the big, busy city.

One can understand better, after such a visit, the effect of a devout pilgrimage, when the pilgrim is led to realize that lesser things are left behind and, in the calm, as of a sacred presence, where the

dead seem to live again and speak to us, the unseen is near.

Good night, good dreams.

Yours, etc.,

X.

Lestter X.

Winnipeg, Monday Morning, June 8, 1908.

Dear Record:—

Yesterday was a pleasant Sabbath; pleasant to the members of Assembly, for many of them had a Sunday rest and were "my hearers," a privilege seldom enjoyed. They were perhaps learners as well, learning how other men preach, learning what it means to be in the pew, perhaps learning to sympathize. It was pleasant too for most of those who had to preach, for churches are usually well filled with attentive listeners at such a time. It was pleasant for the Winnipeg ministers for their places were filled; and pleasant to most of the Winnipeg congregations, for whether better or worse than the usual Sunday diet, a change, if fair to middling, is not distasteful.

The Assembly sermons were preached in the morning by Principal Gordon, of Queens, a former pastor of that church, and in the evening by Rev. A. Macgillivray of Toronto,

The Sabbath afternoon's communion was observed as usual.

Yours, etc.,

X.

Letter XI.

Winnipeg, Monday Evening.

Dear Record:—

Four leading subjects, with the smaller ones sandwiched between, filled the day and evening,—the A. and I. M. Fund,—the relation of Queen's University to the church,—the Report on Church Life and Work,—and French Evangelization.

It was a coincidence, in view of the history and progress of the Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund during the past two decades, that at the first Assembly here twenty-one years ago, when the rules governing the two Funds, East and West, were unified, that Mr. J. K. Macdonald was appointed Convener. He has given to it twenty-one years of earnest and suc-

Continued on page 329.

Our Foreign Missions

CHINA ASSERTING HER PREROGATIVE.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. W. HARVEY GRANT.

By the rules of International Law the right is conceded to each nation of governing its own people and its domestic affairs according to its own laws.

But in China the Romish hierarchy has for many years past assumed the position of disputing the right of the Chinese Government to exercise this power over Romish converts, and the priests have been constantly interfering with Chinese officials exercising the duties of their office.

There has always been on the part of the Church of Rome a desire to obtain from the Chinese Government, official rank for its priesthood; this meant power and influence among the people generally, but in the law-courts particularly, where they wished their power to be paramount.

Finally, after years of effort, Rome, through the kind offices of the representatives of the French Government at Peking, succeeded in securing the coveted prize. On Mar. 15, 1899, under stress of compulsion by the French authorities, Imperial assent was given to the memorial of the Tsungli Yamen (Chinese Foreign Office) granting to the Romish priesthood the official rank they so eagerly sought, with its accompanying power. Since that time bishops have enjoyed the rank of a viceroy, and the humblest priest that of a prefect; and they have in the law-courts exercised respectively the privileges which properly belong to these officials.

Many members of the hierarchy have not been slow to presume upon the power thus placed at their command, and the Chinese have been treated to the sight of these Italian, French, Portuguese and German priests, travelling in state in official sedan chairs, preceded by mounted outriders and official umbrellas, and followed by numerous retainers garbed in official uniform.

In the proceedings of the law-courts they have also been much in evidence. It fre-

quently even happened that the representative of Rome held the highest official rank of anyone present and accordingly took precedence over the Chinese officials, occupying the highest seat in court and the foremost place in any action taken.

All this was most humiliating to the Chinese, but they could not in their weakness help themselves so long as French power supported Rome in its pretensions.

The Chinese, with the intention of in some measure counterbalancing the power of Rome, voluntarily offered the same official rank to the Protestant missionaries; but in this hope they were disappointed, for the Protestant missionaries, in October 1899, unanimously refused to accept any official rank, holding that such is quite alien to the purpose for which they are in China and would be quite subversive of the highest interests of their Mission.

Now, however, circumstances have altogether altered since France has annulled her Concordat with the Church of Rome and no longer poses as the champion of Rome in China. The latest papers from China (Ap. 24) bring us the news that these prerogatives, wrested by the Church of Rome from China over nine years ago have been withdrawn, and that henceforth the priesthood of Rome will again become 'common men'. The 'Waiwupu' (Bureau of Foreign Affairs) has sent a circular to viceroys and governors throughout China stating that,—

"In March 1899, the defunct Tsungli Yamen made certain rules concerning the reception of Roman Catholic missionaries by viceroys, governors, taotais and other Chinese officials, according to their respective rank and title. Consequently some missionaries went so far as to use official sedan-chairs, umbrellas &c., until the ignorant classes were led to believe that missionaries were the equals in rank of Chinese viceroys and governors. Thus it is necessary to abolish these rules to enable ordinary Chinese officials to receive missionaries publicly as equals."

All lovers of freedom and right-thinking men will surely rejoice in seeing China thus asserting her legal rights.

The Honan Reports for the Past Year

REPORT FOR CHANG-TE-HO FIELD.

The year just closed may be regarded as one of great opportunity, varied experiences, and steadily continued service.

The numbers reached in the Dispensary Chapel have been unusually large.

The Preaching Chapel inside the walled city of Chang-te has been kept open uninterruptedly, three or four addresses being given there every evening. Twenty-six persons have openly declared their faith in Christ and purpose to serve Him. It is confidently believed that many others will soon follow their example.

The Boarding School has an attendance of fifty four and is over crowded. Twenty or thirty applications for admission have been refused for lack of accommodation. Teachers and pupils have worked faithfully. Several boys are doing high school work. Nine have been baptized and about the same number recorded this year.

In the Girls' Boarding School fifty eight pupils have been enrolled. Through illness, arrears in fees, marriage, and persecution, six of those enrolled have been prevented from attending and the year closes with an attendance of fifty two. Ten girls have been recorded and three baptized.

Chinese services have been held in the church each Sabbath. These are attended largely by the patients and the Christians. The Lord's Supper has been observed three times and participated in by Christians from near and far. The Chinese Christians meet at such times to confer regarding church affairs.

A Sabbath School with an average attendance of about one hundred and forty has been regularly held under the superintendency of Dr. Leslie, and in connection with it a bible class has been conducted by the missionary in charge. Daily worship with boys and girls in the schools, with Christian men and women also, as well as a weekly prayer meeting are held. The spiritual needs of all are in this way provided for.

Field Work.

Chang-te prefecture is divided territorially into seven counties by the Chinese officials, and for missionary purposes into four districts. For the sake of clearness these seven county cities may be briefly glanced at.

Lin Hsien—This city is situated among the mountains forty miles west of Chang-te Fu.

He Hsien—This is also a mountain city eighty miles north west of Chang-te Fu.

Wu An—This city lies in a hilly region fifty miles north of the Fu centre.

Lin Chang—Is distant from Chang to thirty miles to the north east.

Nei Huang—Lies to the south east of Chang-te city about forty miles distant

T'ang Yin—This city is nearest to the Fu, being only fifteen miles to the south.

An Yang—This is the name of the county of which Chang-te is the leading city, and it extends east, west, north and south of our mission centre for varying distances.

To Mr. Griffith has been assigned work in the prefectural city of Chang-te and also Lin Hsien county; She Hsien and Wu An counties constitute Mr. Bruce's field; Lin Chang county, part of An Yang, with the Department city of Tzu Chou, belong to Mr. Goforth; while to Dr. Mackenzie has been committed the Counties of Nei Huang and T'ang Yin, with part of An Yang. Occasional and more frequent visits have been paid to the leading Christian centres in all these districts during the year.

Three pastors with Chinese helpers and other Christian workers have been permitted to sow the good seed of the Kingdom of God in villages, towns, cities and hamlets, and the word sown will not return void. Covering such a large area many different types of Chinese character have been encountered.

The Christian workers too, present as varied types as are to be found among Chinese, and to this must be ascribed many of the strikingly varied details registered in the year's work. For example.—

In one district there is unusual readiness to hear the Gospel, while in another the church has been torn by dissension.

Here the church is like one large family, thoughtful for each other, with its members going to fairs and theatricals to preach to the heathen; there it is composed of a number of parties having conflicting interests and marked by little or no devotion to the work of evangelization.

Spiritual life and activity is the order of the day in this village, paralysis and stagnation are the rule in that.

The pastor's heart is strengthened by what he meets in one little church, he is always thankful if he has no fresh difficulty or complaint in the next.

He has the joy of recording men and women at every visit paid to this section, and in that the Christian community has not added one annually to its catechuminate in six years.

The people are here flocking to get their share of God's good gifts, and there they turn away indifferent to their own best interests and the Saviour's promises.

Notwithstanding this the encouraging

dominates all the reports. The facts are such as to warrant healthy optimism, and impart hope to the labourer's heart.

Facts and Figures.

A request came recently from a village in the She Hsien County asking for a teacher, as forty men there were ready to learn the truth. A Mr. Sun in the same county has undertaken the full support of a preacher. Now the same man has so arranged his business that he can give fifteen days to preach in each month.

At Kwan T'ai the Sun family have fitted up a place to be used as a chapel. In Lin Chang has set apart a fine room as a preaching hall and promises to give a larger room when needed.

An ex-mandarin's son has decided to become a Christian, influenced mainly by the fact that the missionaries returned to Honan after all they had suffered in 1900.

A noted Buddhist leader in the T'su Chou county yamen, who has been enquiring for years, has now declared himself on Christ's side. His conversion will influence others.

The Shii Yeh district has added 85 names to the catechumenate roll this year.

In Chang T'sun Mrs. Hu, one of the bitterest foes of Christ in that region, was lately received into the church on profession of her faith in Christ in baptism.

Seven places of worship in new centres and two in old have been opened in 1907.

Fourteen preachers have contributed more than enough to support one other preacher for a year, and the contributions are increasing over the whole field.

Health.

The year has been an exceptionally adverse one on the health of some of our workers. Mr. Bruce was compelled to return to Canada in the Spring on account of ill health. Late reports assure us of his gradual recovery and permit us to hope that ere long he may be enabled to resume his much loved work in Honan.

Through the continued illness of two of their children Dr. and Mrs. Leslie were reluctantly led to go to Canada in October, in their case too we rejoice that the change has been attended with the best results, and the Dr. is again at work in Chang-te Fu.

Some of the children in other families also suffered from illness. As the year closes we have cause for gratitude to God that all our workers are able to attend to their duties.

Change.

On the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie we were permitted to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Scott from Huai Ch'ing for a time to Chang te. Their presence with us has done much to brighten our lives and encourage in service.

Studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Eadie, Miss Thomson, with Dr. and Mrs. Scott have been most assiduous in their application to study of Chinese with gratifying results.

Women's Work.

Morning prayers have been held regularly with the women in the compound, Luke and Acts being studied and 1st. Corinthians read through. The weekly prayer meeting has been well attended by local Christians and in Spring and Summer seasons by many of the patients. Fifty women attended the Station class held in March.

New and old workers took part in the work at Hsün Hsien fair which was as full of hope and encouragement as in former years. Two new additional workers volunteered their services without remuneration.

Miss McIntosh and the Bible women have visited Lin Hsien, Chang T'sun, Hui Lung, T'ang Yin and Ho Pei. At Chang T'sun a notorious gambler and card player was converted during the visit. Her days were spent in studying and night after night she might be seen with two or three of her daughters-in-law eagerly listening to the Gospel story.

Mrs. McClure's presence and the valuable assistance which she rendered at the large and growing class at Chang T'sun were much appreciated.

A pleasing feature of the work this year was the readiness with which some of the Christian women in the city and near villages took advantage of the numerous fairs, theatres, and special days of worship in the temples, to testify for Jesus Christ. On Christmas day, too, a number of them dividing themselves into two bands, went into the city to sound forth the message of Peace through the advent of the Christmas child.

In November Mrs. Chang, our first Bible woman, after a lingering illness passed quietly and peacefully away. During the five years she was in the Mission employ she rendered faithful and efficient service. Her bright face and cheery ways are much missed by us all. Mrs. Tsung continues to show herself worthy of trust.

Mrs. Goforth has visited the out-stations of Feng Cheng, Shih Kuan, Tzu Chow and Lin Chang, the two places last mentioned three times. The number of women learning to read is steadily increasing, this being specially true of Lin Chang and Shih Kuang.

In Lin Chang there is a most interesting case of a family of twenty five members being won to Christ. Eight of these have been enrecorded and one gives promises of great future usefulness. Several instances of remarkable conversion have occurred and the evidence given by some of these of growth in likeness to Jesus Christ is fitted

to gladden and strengthen the hearts of those who knew what they were as heathen.

Women's Medical Work.

The order of work has not varied materially from that of former years. In the second month of the Chinese year a new apprentice, Mrs. Liu, was taken on. Defective vision impairs her usefulness to some extent but a warm evangelistic spirit and a happy temperament stand to her credit and make her influence valuable in the hospital.

The dispensary closed for a month at the busiest season of the year to permit of attendance at the Centenary Conference in Shanghai. During this time women were received in the dispensary for men and the hospital wards were filled to overflowing.

The lack was felt this year of an additional assistant in order to make the most of the tremendous opportunity for preaching and teaching provided by chapel and wards.

Valuable assistance in the instruction of patients was given by Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Griffith.

Four women were recorded as catechumens.

No satisfactory solution of the problem of following up patients after their return home has yet taken shape. The waste from this leakage should receive our serious thought.

Men's Hospital.

"Opportunity" written in capital letters is the one word which characterises the medical work during the past year. The wards have always been well filled while for long periods they were crowded far beyond their natural capacity, and patients had to be hurried away before they were properly convalescent, and the average was much beyond anything we have ever had before, reaching nearly one hundred treatments per day.

Our subscription has not had very heavy demands made upon it during the year but nevertheless grateful patients have given gifts which meant a great deal to them, mingled with a real gratitude both to God and man.

The closing of the hospital consequent upon the removal of the doctor for any other demands emphasises the undesirability of keeping working with a staff of the irreducible minimum as now exists in our mission. These things ought not so to be, and we hope that provision will soon be made in our mission so that work at all our hospitals may be carried on year by year and without interruption.

Number of patients treated during	
nine months	5,293
Total number of treatments during	
nine months	22,244
Receipts from Chinese patients,	
gifts, sales, fees cash 120,000 or ..	\$ 73 00

REPORT FOR WEI HWEI FU FIELD.

In a review of last year's work three events stand out prominently; the appeals for assistance from other fields, the bereavement and illness we have suffered from, and the visit of Dr. Mackay. Mr. and Mrs. Grant left on furlough in May; Mr. and Mrs. Lohead went to Japan in August to carry on work among the Chinese students in Tokyo; Mr. Clark was absent in the province of Kiang Su for most of April and May distributing famine relief.

In September, for the first time since 1902, the mission suffered bereavement, by the death of Mrs. Clark.

In May, Dr. MacKay arrived at this station, and after spending some time here went to the coast, returning in September for a complete tour of the field. At its conclusion, for the first time in our mission, the Christians of all our fields gathered together to discuss questions relating to their life and work.

The Evangelistic work, has been carried on so far as possible with our limited staff. Mr. and Mrs. Grant were able to devote the first four months of the year to touring in the country.

With this exception all the evangelistic work of this station carried on in an area comprising nine counties, with a population of two millions of people devolved upon one person, Mr. Mitchell, who had, as assistants, only seven native workers.

On account of the increasing number of patients in the Hospital the chapel services have been largely attended, making a larger building a necessity of the immediate future. On three nights of the week services were held in the rented street chapel in the city with an average attendance of about thirty.

Two classes were held for the instruction of Christians. The first, of nine days' duration, was in February, during the holiday season of the Chinese New Year. The second, which is the future Theological College of Honan in embryo, lasted for a period of six weeks. The native helpers and preachers of the three stations followed a regular course of study conducted by three members of the foreign staff, with set examinations at the end of the term.

The Christians for the support of the year's work have contributed about forty dollars. To put this in terms of Canadian currency is to misrepresent the actual value of this in China, where a day's work brings 100 cash, which is six cents. On the whole, one cash equals in purchasing value one cent at home, and to the Chinese this contribution really equals what \$622.51 would be to us. The number of baptisms for the year is eighteen, and of catechumens added twenty-six, making a church membership in all of seventy-seven baptized and ninety-two recorded.

The School Work has made advance over that of last year both by the addition of new buildings and increased attendance. For the first time the girls have had to write at examination, and have acquitted themselves well.

The new secondary school was opened in October. It is to carry to a more advanced stage the course of the primary schools. The subjects taught are Scripture, Arithmetic, Geography, Geology, Zoology, Physiology, Chinese Literature and English. Some of these subjects are taught by the missionary in charge, some by Mr. Djang, who after completing the Changte school course studied for two years in the American Presb. School in Peking.

The school opened with an enrollment of about forty; two thirds of whom are Christians. There is a residence for Christian students, who also have free tuition. The classes in English have a special fee.

Hospital and Dispensary.

The Medical Work has gone on much as usual. While the great majority of cases from year to year are the same yet with changing conditions we begin to get quite up to date cases, for example;—

An over zealous touter for a Chinese inn, attempting to board a moving train to seek customers, was thrown under the wheels and had his arm so mangled that it had to be amputated above the elbow.

Another poor fellow in going from car to car was thrown to the track and had his leg carfully crushed. None but Chinese were near at the time and the unfortunate young fellow was left lying on the side of the track in the cold of early morning until the train was unloaded when he was carried to the hospital, but of course it was too late to save his life.

A poor little waif, ten years old, picking up stray bits of coal was run over by a car and had to have his arm amputated at the shoulder. His is one of the many examples of the wonderful vitality of these people. The next day after the operation he was found sitting up in his bed eating his bowl of food, and in about three days he was running about the hospital yard. He made a rapid recovery. Having no home to go to he has been admitted to school here.

A woman from the country sought cure for a sore in her body as large as a man's hand and covered with thick skin giving out foul matter from so many openings as to suggest to the Chinese the name of Wasp's nest sore, and which they consider incurable. The whole mass was cut away and new skin grafted in. Time fails to tell of many such cases cured which command the gratitude and affection of this diseased, suffering people.

A half hour in the morning for devotion and instruction in Christian truth had been kept up during the year, for most of the time led by the physician in charge and during the rest of it by the Chinese medical assistants.

Daily, before the dispensary opens, and while the patients are being treated, the Gospel is preached to them by a foreign pastor when there is one at the station and by our Chinese preachers and helpers. The two who have given most time to this work during the year were supported entirely by contributions from Chinese Christians. The interest shown by the patients in the preaching of the Gospel has never been better, and numbers have professed faith in the Saviour.

The two senior medical assistants have continued to render faithful and satisfactory service and we are grateful for their help.

Help Given Outside.

The help given by this station to work outside our province calls for a word of explanation. In the Fall of 1906 a large part of the province of Chiang Su was inundated by severe floods, which destroyed standing crops, swept away houses and caused a great loss of life. In the interval before the harvest of the following Summer famine made its appearance. The pressure of the work of relief to famine sufferers upon the men in the field was so great that they sent us an urgent appeal for assistance. Mr. Clark volunteered for the work and was absent from the station for the greater part of April and May. We, as a mission, and he in particular, had the satisfaction of knowing that his work saved the lives of hundreds from death by starvation, and of thousands from suffering.

The other appeal came from Mr. Jno. R. Mott for assistance among the Chinese students in Japan. The situation there is that thousands of the most enterprising and intelligent young men of China are flocking to the Imperial University in Tokyo, as in the days of the Renaissance the students of Europe flocked to Florence. Fifteen thousand is the estimated number of those attending. They are the coming leaders in the new China, and the opportunity was such that missions, themselves short-handed, sent of their number to this work. Mr. Lohead was appointed by Presbytery, and in August he and Mrs. Lohead left for this work.

Work Among Women.

The work among the women has been full of encouragement. Mrs. Mitchell spent thirty-two days in evangelistic work in the country. Miss McIntosh made eight tours to outside points. There is an increasing number of women among the patients coming to the hospital. Mrs. McClure has devoted herself to these, receiving and teach-

ing them in her own home and in the hospital wards.

Our ladies report that there is an increase of anti-footbinding sentiment. There are at least two leading families in the city who have unbound the feet of their daughters. Everywhere our ladies meet with requests for literature on this subject.

They also report that they are increasingly meeting with cases where women would make an open profession of the Christian Religion if they were not opposed by their family.

Before we condemn them for lack of courage, let us endeavor to appreciate their circumstances. In China the family bond is very strong, and it is very difficult for one member of a family to act independently of all the others. The family is wider than with us. When a son marries, he does not set up a home for himself, but brings his bride to his father's house.

The mother is mistress of the daughter-in-law, the son is under the authority of the father, and it is no uncommon thing for a full-grown man to be flogged by his father. A wife or any younger member of the family who does anything so radical as accept a new religion without the consent of the others, not only breaks with all the family traditions, but also is regarded as unfaithful to the ancestors.

In case of persecution there is no redress. Within the home the authority of the father is absolute and no outsider can interfere. A son who becomes a Christian runs the risk of being beaten and disowned; a daughter, of being put on the street.

A few years ago a young man became a Christian. His father thereupon bound him to a tree in the courtyard of their home in the presence of a number of spectators, and fastened a burning incense-stick to his bare shoulder. The young man endured it patiently until released by his grandfather, who could do so by virtue of his having the authority over the father that the latter had over the son.

When therefore, the present suspicion and hostility on the part of the people as a whole has been overcome, and they have been won over to tolerate, even if they do not accept, Christianity, many will be found waiting for the opportunity to espouse openly what they now follow in secret.

As one illustration of the bondage of women to their idolatrous religion, we cite an incident that occurred last summer in the immediate neighborhood of our compound. Last Spring was very dry, and to secure rain the people resorted to special offerings and services to propitiate the gods.

On one occasion the women from a number of villages went in procession to the city god to prostrate themselves before

him, dragging behind them on the way thither, iron chains suspended from their necks.

When the showers still did not come, all the widows who had no sons, to the number of one hundred or so, gathered together and went to pray to him. When even this did not arouse his compassion, as the most pitiful of all appeals, the homes whose only child was a girl, sent her. A company of about twenty in all were gathered in this way.

A forward step in women's work has been taken by the opening of quarters within the city, in order to bring the Gospel within closer range of the women than its possible from the compound. A Christian woman was put in charge of the place, and Miss McIntosh gave about three days a week to this work. Since its inception, hundreds of women and girls have made visits and have heard the Gospel, and a number belonging to official families have been reached.

Two Special Events.

Before closing this report, some mention must be made of two events that will always be associated in the minds of many of us with the past year, and which lend a peculiar sacredness to it. Mention has already been made of the death of Mrs. Clark. She arrived in China only last February.

From the first, her gentleness and sweetness of disposition endeared her to the hearts of fellow-missionaries. The summer was an unusually trying one, and in August Mrs. Clark was taken ill, and gradually got worse. Early on Saturday morning, the twenty-first of September, she passed away. On Monday morning she was laid to rest beneath the cedars in the little cemetery. The last to join us, she was the first to leave us.

The little plot of ground is now doubly sacred, for there also rests all that is mortal of Thomas Craigie Hood, another young servant of fragrant memory whose work was laid down where it had apparently only begun.

The Conference of Nov. 13-17 will pass into the history of our mission as making a new stage in advance. This late date was set to allow time for Dr. MacKay to complete his tour of the field. For the first time in the history of the mission, the Christians of all the field has an opportunity of coming together at one time, and some four hundred in all, men and women, assembled.

The questions discussed were the problems arising from the establishing a new Church here. The speakers were both Chinese and Foreigners. Here are some of the subjects: "Personal Work," "Practical Methods of spending the Sabbath," "Church

Organization," "Christian Giving," "The Family and the Church."

It was a sign of the new day dawning in China when before a large assembly of Chinese, chiefly men, one of their own number pleaded for the instruction of wife and daughters and the observance of family religion.

All our field was represented at Conference. They go back to their homes, scattered here and there in the country, many of them the only Christian in their village, but they go back with a wider outlook, a new assurance, a stronger faith.

For the first time they have seen their strength, and now each one knows that though he is isolated from personal contact with other Christians by the heathen around him, yet that the others, scattered throughout the three prefectures of Chang te Wei hui, and Hwai Ching, are bound to him by a common sympathy, aim and fellowship, and that he and they are members of a movement which, as yet small, is inevitably bound to widen by assimilating to itself the now hostile elements, until it unites all into one body of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

REPORT FOR HWAiking FU FIELD.

Hwaiking Fu lies somewhat off the beaten track and can only be reached after a four hour's cart ride from the nearest railway station. Twenty miles to the South lies the great Yellow River which has gained for itself the name of "China's Sorrow" because of its frequent overflow. To the north of us, ten miles or thereabouts, may be seen a range of mountains almost bare of vegetation and utterly devoid of the refreshing springs we always associate with mountains in Canada.

And yet through these mountains wind two important little rivers which are carefully divided into twenty irrigating streams and so spread over the exceeding fertile plain which supports a dense population and comprises the major part of what we term Hwaiking Fu. At this centre four families are permanently settled and Dr. and Mrs. Scott during the period of language study.

Rev. J. A. Slimmon reports.

That at Hsiu Wu Hsien work has been steadily carried on. Encouraging open-air meetings have been held in which the young Christians freely took part. These meetings were opened with prayer, and large crowds were gathered by the singing of hymns. Earnest attention was given to the preaching by men who were known to be natives of the place, and the preachers gave evidence of having got a good hold on the principle of salvation through faith. They made good use of the parables and

miracles which they had been grounded in at classes held during the year.

An interesting proof of how the seed may lie in the soil a long time waiting conditions favourable for development may be found in the case of a village schoolmaster who had bought a Scripture portion ten years ago. Having his attention brought to it by our teaching he studied the book and then came to us for further instruction. He has not yet been recorded although he has made request for examination. Experience has shown that more harm is done by receiving converts too soon than by keeping them waiting until they have shown real signs of spiritual life.

Besides the work done by the two native preachers who assist me, I was able to pay five visits to the field under my care. Station class was held for eight days at Hsiu Wu Hsien attended by an average of twelve members. Three communion services were held at which eleven persons were baptised and twelve recorded. The books sold amounted to seventeen dollars (25,858 cash.)

Rev. G. M. Ross reports.

Brightening prospects for his section of the field. More caution than ever has been exercised in examining candidates for recording or for baptism—quality and not quantity has been particularly aimed at. This year five have been baptized and nine recorded. New and convenient premises have been rented at Ch'iao Miao and services have been fairly regularly attended. A school of considerable size will be started at the beginning of the Chinese New Year if a suitable teacher can be found.

During the year Mr. Ross was able to spend fifty days in touring towards the East of Hwaiking. In the Spring he was privileged to take part in famine relief work in the province of Kiang Su where he laboured for forty-five days. This work of relief is one of the most difficult kinds of work one can be engaged in and is also fraught with great dangers to the health of those undertaking it.

Rev. J. A. Mowatt reports;—

That during the year his field has been regularly worked by Chinese helpers, and three trips taken by himself. In these tours the field was marked out for a more complete occupation later on. In one trip among the mountains a number of rather peculiar experiences were passed through. After a tramp of twenty-four miles across mountains the preaching party arrived about six o'clock at a large town at the time apparently entirely given up to some idol processions. The helper who went on ahead to seek an inn had unfortunately forgotten to leave his bunch of tracts with us.

As soon as these were spied it was an impossibility to get anyone to harbour us for the night. One of our carriers refused to

go another step so nothing remained for us to do but to divide up the books and bound-les and carry them ourselves to another place six miles away in the mountains. After missing our way several times in the darkness we at last found a welcome in the home of a Christian.

During the year a number have been re-corded and a few baptized. The work is new as yet and the results are in the future. During the year the book-sales amounted to twelve dollars and eighty-seven cents (19,845 cash). Mr. Mowatt has now completed his third year course of study in the language.

Rev. James Menzies, M. D. reports.

That the hospital and dispensary have been open all the year for male and female patients and this year has been our best so far. In the dispensary there were 5,063 new patients treated and 14,141 return patients, a total of 19,204 treatments. Of the total 107 operations, 50 were on the eye; 16 hare-lip and 41 of other kinds.

A two-roomed building for opium refuge work was erected but only a very few pa-tients applied. The laws against opium-using are, so far as Hwaking Fu is con-cerned, a dead letter. Patients contributed \$26.50 and from the sale of medicine \$10.20 was received.

Evangelistic work among the patients has been encouraging this year. Books to the amount of \$9.92 have been sold and of the patients who were with us for some time fourteen were recorded, of whom ten were men and four women.

Two new branches of work were taken up this year, viz. Boys' School and Sunday School, for which Dr. Menzies reports. Our Boys' School with thirteen pupils, now closes its first year. Having no school build-ing we squeezed in between the Women's Hospital and the enquirers' rooms, upset-ting both considerably. Misunderstandings, riots, and troubles generally characterized the first few weeks, and one or two boys were invited to seek some more congenial sphere and another did so on his own ini-tiative.

Mr. Ch'ai has proved an earnest, faithful teacher and has won the respect and love of his pupils, all of whom have completed the work prescribed by the curriculum.

When the school was opened several boys whose parents were not yet church-mem-bers were admitted. This, it was feared by some, would injure the school but, we are glad to report, at the end of the year all the boys are Christian, one has been baptized and the other twelve recorded as catechu-mens and all but one (an opium-smoker) are believers. How shall we praise the Lord for his goodness.

The Sunday School was opened in June with seven classes, four taught by Chinese and three by foreigners. John's Gospel was

studied consecutively. Regular attendance and eager attention generally characterized the work of the school. The average at-tendance was seventy five, while the high-est attendance was ninety-two.

Work Among Women.

Work among women has been carried on with vigour and success. The married la-dies divided the work up among themselves and so were able to carry on work at the station and to some extent outside. In the Hospital work Mrs. Menzies has been ably helped by Mrs. Wang who is a member of Changte Station. Results have been al-ready seen in that four of the patients have been recorded. Many more have been taught to sing hymns and have learnt por-tions of Scripture so that no tabulated re-sults can in any way reveal the good done.

A host of callers has been received, many of whom have become earnest enquirers. Mrs. Ross was able to visit regularly one of the villages near at hand where services were held. As many as forty often came to these meetings and although Chiense women as a class are extremely illiterate yet notable progress in knowledge of the truth was observable. In the prayer-meet-ings more systematic study has been engag-ed in than heretofore. While the number recorded is not large yet what has been done fills us with great expectancy for the future.

Street Chapel

The street-chapel has been kept going during the day as well as night. The three foreign pastors taking it up in turn. Very frequently we have had scholars in at-tendance at the meetings and many opportu-nities have been given to discuss the Truth with them. Of late Li Ming has been sleep-ing on the premises and is thus able to give his entire time to that work.

Dr. and Mrs. Scott have done what they could in the general work of the station apart from the study of the language. For a month's time Drs. Scott and McMurtry took over the Hospital and Dispensary work, during the absence of Dr. Menzies at the Shanghai Centennial Conference.

To sum up we must confess the year has been one of real testing to us. Each mem-ber has had his own peculiar time of test-ing. We have had all to pass through the fire but we wish to acknowledge God's goodness to us. Though some have had to pass through the very valley of shadow yet we have come through with nothing but praise and thanksgiving to Him who has led the way.

Liberal theology, so far as we have been able to understand it, is an effort to reach heaven by some other route than the ten Commandments.

A TOUR IN NORTH HONAN.

LETTER FROM REV. GILLIES EADIE.

Changteho, North China.

April 21st, 1908.

I have recently returned from a two weeks tour in the Wu An and She Hsien districts, covering practically the same ground as I did last year with Mr. Goforth.

This year Mr. Goforth is up in Manchuria where he is being richly blessed in leading a revival amongst the churches there. On this account he was not able to visit the above mentioned district. He arranged with Rev. Mr. Slimmon of Hwai Ch'ing to do this work in his stead and I was invited to accompany him.

We left here early in the morning and took the train north to Tsi Chou, thirty five miles distant, and thence travelled by cart to P'eng Cheng some thirteen or fourteen miles farther.

As we left home the day promised fair, but when we reached the end of our Railway journey we were met by a North wind, cold and dust laden.

There were two animals hitched tandem to our cart, and the foremost one decided it was not a fit day for man or beast to be out.

With great difficulty we persuaded him to the contrary so he decided to make the best of a bad bargain and walk on. We resolved to walk also, at least for a distance until we were well warmed up.

I wish you could see some of our Honan roads. They have been worn down in places until they are twenty feet and more below the ordinary level of the Country. They are narrow and it is only in certain places that carts can pass one another.

With the constant passing of carts and animals, a great many of which convey coal from the mines, the road we travelled was deep in dust.

And such dust; a mixture of coal, brown earth and sand, which at every step was stirred up, and threatened to suffocate one. To escape this one might go up on the bank or side of the road, only to encounter the cold North wind, also full of dust.

By the time we had made half our journey, our best friends could hardly have recognized us for the dust we carried. They

certainly would have done so with difficulty if they had seen us eating our lunch in one of China's country restaurants.

Passing through one of the numerous towns on the road, we decided to descend from our carts, and get some refreshment.

Imagine if you can a low roofed, one room building, grimy within and without with the smoke and dust of years. It is open in front, resembling somewhat a refreshment stand at a fair grounds, only, instead of a counter is a row of black steaming pots, set on Chinese clay cooking ranges. In front of this are a number of seats placed for those who have time to sit down to eat their food.

We decided to go inside however where we found a square table and two chairs. There was no bill of fare so we ordered what they had. This consisted of egg soup and a kind of biscuit.

Our worthy host took two bowls off the table, went across to a dirty iron pot, containing water of a particularly dirty appearance, rinsed the bowls with this, wiped them out with a general purpose cloth, then filled them up with some sort of mixture called egg soup, and gave us each a rough wooden spoon with which to sup it. Well, it was "do or die," so we "did."

The P'eng Ch'eng region is noted for its potteries, as the clay suitable for that work is found there. The wells from which this clay is dug are some of them twenty and twenty-five feet deep. Six or seven men dig out the clay which is then hauled by a windlass to the top, and wheeled in barrows to the pottery some miles away.

In one of these small potteries I saw a man fifty or sixty years of age shaping the clay for bowls. He has been blind for over twenty years, but works away turning out between fifty and sixty bowls a day. He is paid one cash a bowl, so that he earns three or four cents a day.

Our object in visiting this section of the field was mainly to meet with the Christians of each centre, to counsel and admonish them, to record and to baptize those who on examination seemed to be worthy to be thus publicly received.

In each place to which we went we were encouraged by having some prepared for examination. Some were not received, as it seemed better to postpone this until they

had more knowledge, others passed very satisfactory examinations, and were received.

One young man twenty-two years old, who was baptized in Wu An, gives promise of turning out very well. He comes from a mountain home where he lives with his mother and elder brother. This brother first heard the Gospel while in the city and told the younger about it.

They have come in often to hear the Word since then and have learned to read a little, and now the younger has outstripped the elder, and has been publicly baptized after passing a creditable examination.

North of Wu An about seven miles is a village where we spent a day. There are quite a number of recorded Christians there, but many of them seem to have become cold because they could not get the missionary to assist them in law suits. These we did not see.

In one family however we had the joy of recording the mother, wife, cousin and another relative of the head of the house: The latter seems to have read a good many of the Christian books sold by our Mission, and to have been instructing his household in the truths of the Gospel.

In another village the Christians all belonged to the one family. We had a service with them in the evening and it was rather a strange sight. There were some fifteen of us altogether in the inn, some of whom were heathen. We had one candle set up on a box on the K'ang or brick bed. Mr. Slimmon and I sat one on each side of it while the men, some sitting, some standing, were grouped in front of us: one of the men had a paper lantern and the light was just sufficient to show the eager faces of the men around.

Mr. Slimmon's message was from John 21st, and as he applied the truth, especially dwelling on the significance to them of the command "Feed My lambs," the message seemed to find its response in the hearts of the men, and one felt, "Surely the Lord is in this place."

The next evening we were in another village, and the scene was a similar one, yet different. The Chinese inn is not provided with all the comforts of a modern hotel, but there is usually, in this district, a K'ang (a brick platform) to sleep on.

This guest room seemed to have been

used on rare occasions only, so the inn keeper had filled up both ends of the room with straw, leaving only a space about ten feet square in the centre, in front of the door. Opposite the door against the wall was the usual square table and two arm chairs.

On retiring for the night we spread our camp beds on the floor and thus utilized the remaining space. It was in this place we met with the Christians and others that evening. We occupied the two arm chairs, two or three benches in front of the table seated the Christians, while the remaining space in the room and outside as far as the crowd could see or hear was occupied by heathen.

We sang a hymn or two and then Mr. Slimmon took a hymn with the gospel message fully stated in it, and taught it to them. It was the method of drill, drill, drill. Each line was repeated over and over and over until learned, then the whole verse was repeated and its meaning explained and finally we sang it over and over.

There was no other preaching, but the message thus taught cannot but come back to the minds of those who heard it, and with the Spirit's blessing, bear abundant fruit.

In Honan Tien, our centre for She Hsien, we spent several days. This property has a front room opening on the street and here preaching is regularly carried on. In the evening the crowd gathers until the room is filled, and good attention is given to the speaker.

We spent a Sabbath here, and the Christians from neighboring villages came in for the day's services. After the morning service they were given John 3: 16; and the verses of a hymn, to learn, to keep them busy until the afternoon service, and these formed the subject of that service. The cause is going forward, but suffers from the lack of more constant supervision by a pastor.

Hurry means also worry, and haste is waste. Study to be habitually calm. "A meek and quiet spirit is," in the sight of God, "of great price." The rush of modern social life is especially fatal to the prayer-habit; for until the spirit is hushed and becalmed in His Presence, God cannot reflect His own image in our consciousness.— J. Hudson Taylor.

THE WORK IN FORMOSA,

For The Past Year.

BY REV. MILTON JACK, B.D.

In the Evangelistic work of the North Formosa Mission, one of the most important features of progress has been the opening up of six new out stations in different parts of the field. Two of these are in the South end of the field among the Hakkas, two are on the Gilan Plain, one on the Ail-lai Plain and one in a town not far from Taipeh, which in former days was famed as a resort of Chinese literary men. One of the new stations on the Gilan Plain is in Lotong, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants and second only in importance there to San-kiet-a-koe, the prefectural capital.

Of these six new stations, it might be mentioned in passing that the most of them were opened at the earnest request of the local Christians, who subscribed several hundred dollars to provide and furnish chapels. It will thus be seen that the leavening process of the Gospel steadily continues. What we need is more labourers to develop and conserve the results of this process.

The contributions from the Chinese Christians this year amounted to yen 4692.69, a still further increase of more than yen 400 over those of last year. (A yen is worth about 50 cents.) Of this amount 1302 yen were contributed to the support of preachers or pastors, 1389.09 yen to building and repairing chapels, 1503.03 yen for general expenses, 368.90 yen to assist weaker congregations and help the poor and the balance on hand is yen 129.67. During the year all the stations, with one exception, were visited by an ordained foreign missionary, and most of them were visited two or more times. At the same time, owing to the inadequate numbers of the staff, these visits had to be frequently very hurried ones, not allowing sufficient time for thorough supervision of the work in all its details.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the need of more men to supervise the work of the native evangelists. In our opinion, in order to ensure the most effective results, there should be an ordained missionary for every fifteen native evangelists stationed

in chapels. Such provision would allow for quarterly Sabbath visits and would also allow time to spend a few days in each station every half-year, visiting the homes of the Christians and carrying on special evangelistic work among the heathen. This means that at the present time there should be four ordained foreign missionaries devoting all their time to this work, as well as those required for educational and special evangelistic work.

During the year three native pastors were ordained, one to the self-supporting congregation of Twa-tiu-tia, another to the congregation of Sin-tiok, which also attained to the self supporting status in the early part of the year. The third of those who were ordained, was Keh Hisin, a preacher of many years' standing, who has approved himself in the work. He was appointed by the Mission Council to undertake the temporary supervision of the Gilan chapels, having his residence in one of the larger towns of the Gilan Plain. The increased interest and activity on the part of the Gilan churches since his appointment, have entirely justified the action of the Mission Council in appointing him.

Another factor which promises to be helpful in developing the work is the institution, during the past year, of conferences for native evangelists. They are held twice a year in three different parts of the field. At these conferences, the chief features are Bible study, mutual exhortation and prayer, reports of progress in the work, and discussion of means by which greater results may be secured. The first meetings were very successful and we hope that these conferences will prove very helpful in developing a greater earnestness and unity of purpose in the Master's work, on the part of all our evangelists.

In many of the stations, there has been a more manifest desire to study the Bible. This has been the case especially on the East Coast among the Pepohoans. The study of the Romanized Scriptures received a considerable impetus in several stations there, and the number of those in that locality who could read the Scriptures in this form, at the end of the year was probably double what it was at the beginning of the year. In many of the chapels of the West Coast also, there has been a marked de-

velopment in the interest taken in teaching the Romanized Scriptures and especially in Sunday School work for children.

During the first half of the year, there were 26 students in attendance at the Theological College. The teachers were Mr. Gauld, Glam Chheng Hoa and Koa Kau. The subjects taught were for the most part similar to those of previous years. Three of the students were granted graduating papers at the Spring examinations.

As we have already mentioned, the number of missionaries on the staff is inadequate to supervise sufficiently the native evangelists and the educational work. This is still more the case owing to Mr. Gauld's absence on furlough. It was therefore felt that it would be better to close the college for the session of 1907-08 and lay more stress on the evangelistic work. The opening up of several new stations, however, has given rise to the demand for more native evangelists. Hence it was decided to reopen the College in February, 1908, for a special three months' session. Thus it will be seen that, as the opportunities for evangelistic work develop, the need for more educational work also increases.

An examination was held for all evangelists in the months of November and December. The subjects were the Book of Amos, Old Testament History and the Life of Christ. With a few exceptions, the results were very satisfactory, and showed faithful study on the part of those examined. Such examinations are very helpful, especially to those of the evangelists who have not the opportunity of coming back to college for further study.

In the Girls' School, for the first half of the year, the work was similar to what it had been in previous years, i. e. instruction was given to the students' wives who were in residence with their husbands there. Mrs. Gauld and Mrs. Mackay were engaged in this.

In the latter part of the year, the work was of an entirely different character. The coming of unmarried ladies to this field, to devote their whole time to the Girls' School and Women's work, has made it possible to open the school along lines similar to those of the Girls' Schools connected with neighbouring missions.

A wall, seven feet high, was built enclosing the Girls' School and a piece of property surrounding it. The school building was repaired, painted and fitted up with suitable desks etc. The opening took place on October first and at present there is an enrolment of twenty-five students. We consider this a remarkably good enrolment for the first year and the prospects are bright for the future of the school.

The dissemination of good literature is such an important factor in educational work, that a room connected with one of the mission buildings, was set apart as a Mission Book Room during the year. The stock of books was increased and a large number of new books and recent translations added to those already in stock. A varied assortment of tracts is also kept on hand. The interest manifested by preachers and other Christians who come to visit the bookroom, justifies us in the belief, that an important aspect of our work is to develop the taste for good literature on the part of the Chinese Christians. To this end a good assortment of the best translations is provided, which they can readily purchase whenever they wish. The sales of literature for the year amounted to \$129.90. This does not include several thousand copies of Bibles, Testaments and Scripture portions which were sold for the British and Foreign Bible Society and reported direct to their Shanghai Branch.

The Rev. Duncan MacLeod and wife, formerly of Brandon, Manitoba, arrived at Tamsus, on November 29th, and were heartily welcomed. The day before their arrival, Rev. William Gauld left for Canada on furlough, Mrs. Gauld and family having gone home in June.

While the work of the mission has not been accompanied this year by as large results as we all would wish to see, yet we feel that there has been distinct progress. In every department of the work, there are aspects which are encouraging and a cause of definite thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father. Feeling this, we look forward hopefully to the time when the people of this whole island shall acknowledge Jesus Christ as their Lord and Master. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Living God.

THE FORMOSA MISSION.

Extracts from Individual Reports.

Rev. Milton Jack, B.D.

My time during the year was fairly equally divided between language study, itinerating, and the executive work of the mission, which demands a fair share of every missionary's time. In the month of April, I had the privilege of representing this mission at the Morrison Centenary Conference. The discussion which took place there of the problems of all phases of mission work, will be of lasting value, and the inspiration of those gatherings helps to impart strength for the many duties which confront us.

With the exception of the station on the Kilai Plain recently opened, which is more difficult of access, I have visited all the stations in the field and some of them several times. With but two years' study of the language, it is not to be expected that my attempts to address the congregations in their native tongue would be particularly edifying.

Nevertheless when visiting chapels, I have usually given short addresses in Chinese. I hope thus to become accustomed to speaking in the local dialect, and also that by the power of the Holy Spirit, some who hear may be helped.

My time has been so fully occupied that I have wished the days would not pass by so quickly, in order that it might be possible to meet the needs of the people more fully.

Dr. J. Y. Ferguson.

This year we have endeavoured to make the medical work secondary to the study of the language. Patients from Tamsui and neighbouring villages were not encouraged to come to the dispensary for treatment, and the preachers at the different institutions were advised to send only those who could not be persuaded to go elsewhere. In spite of this fact, a great deal of medical work had to be done, of which it is difficult to give a definite report.

Patients came not only to the dispensary but also to my house. Often it saved time to write a prescription, or prepare a bottle of medicine, rather than to attempt to convince them of the necessity of having time

for the study of the language. Many days were almost entirely spent in this way. Yet we do not consider this time wasted, as it afforded an opportunity for becoming acquainted with people from different parts of the field.

During the hot weather in July and August, there was a great deal of sickness, and the Japanese hospitals were crowded, so we decided to carry on systematic work for six or seven weeks. Mr. Koa did the dispensing with his characteristic neatness and cleanliness. One of the students acted as chaplain. The college not being in session, one of the class rooms was used as a dispensary, and some of the bedrooms were turned into hospital wards.

In this way we were enabled to relieve considerable suffering. Our prescriptions show that 258 patients received treatment more or less regularly during that period. About 90 per cent. of these patients were heathen. Some of them now attend chapel service regularly on Sundays—others come occasionally.

The number of patients increased so that some days we had to turn several away, as we had not help enough to attend to them.

During the year, I have visited all the outstations, except two or three small places. On these journeys I seldom took medicines, because I wished to devote my time to holding services and getting information. I gave, where necessary, medical advice, and, on several occasions, held consultations with native doctors. In almost every town of any size, there are Japanese shops, where a few western drugs can be bought, so that I do not need to carry them.

We must now make the best use of the meagre means at hand, and organize the medical work. The old hospital is being fitted up as a dispensary and "make-shift" hospital. We will be able to accommodate about sixteen patients. The building is wholly unsuitable for hospital work, and the surroundings are unsanitary. We hope and pray that, before another year goes by, the means will be forthcoming for the erection of a more modern building, on the beautiful site which we already own. Mrs. Ferguson will oversee the nursing department and Mr. Koa will take charge of the dispensing.

During the past year a great many visits have been paid to patients in their homes. During the coming year, we intend to do more along this line, as we consider it very profitable. As we learn more of their language and get more into the life of this people, their spiritual need more and more impresses itself on us. We are not praying for an open door in Formosa; the door is wide open; but we pray for daily strength and wisdom to faithfully do the work, which the Master has called us here to do.

Miss Kinney.

During the first part of the year, my time was entirely occupied with language study. It was continued throughout the year, but as other things crowded in, less time could be given to it.

In April, in company with Miss Connell, I paid a visit to the missions in Amoy and Chin-Chew, China, with a view of getting ideas and suggestions for organizing and carrying on Girls' School work. Close study of work as carried on by the three missions in those centres—the English Presbyterian, the London Mission and the American Dutch Reformed—has helped us to avoid some blunders and thus saved from consequent future worry.

Upon return, I began laying plans for the opening of the Girls' School. During the Summer months, under the supervision of Mr. Jack, a wall was built around the school grounds and the old building repaired and thoroughly cleaned and made ready for receiving the girls.

Circulars were prepared and freely distributed. These announced the date for opening, the aims of the school, and some rules regulating it, the subjects to be taught, and conditions and agreements for admission to the school. The subjects taught are the ordinary branches of elementary school work, including singing, in the vernacular, and Japanese. Provision is also made on the calendar for instruction in English, if desired.

In addition to this, in company with Miss Connell, I did some itinerating, with the purpose of awakening an interest in the school, and visited about a dozen of the principal stations. By making appointments be beforehand, that the people might assemble; and by spending a few hours, or

by passing a night in a place, and by visiting in the homes of possible students, in a few days we succeeded in getting several girls promised for the school. We also saw and heard of others that are possible students for another year.

On October first, the school was opened with twenty-three pupils. Later, two more were received. Handicapped with a very limited knowledge of the language as yet, the beginnings have been difficult and very imperfect; but yet some progress has been made. In the three years which each agrees to come, and in the six years, for which we make preparation, I hope the Chinese girls may be so educated and trained that there may be a decided improvement in the home life, greater activity in the church, and all uniting in bringing honour to our Father in heaven.

Miss Connell.

Of the two years in mission work in Formosa, most of the time has necessarily been spent in the study of the language.

This year, during the months of July and August, while preparations were going on for the opening of the Girls' School, I visited twenty-four of the out-stations, in some of the congregations visiting many of the people in their own homes and in this way met a number of the girls who are now in the school.

Since the opening of the school on the first of October, I have been giving part of each day to teaching. This, with the preparation for second year's language examination and Sunday School work, has fully occupied my time.

Looking back over the two years here, one feels that very little has been accomplished, but we are grateful to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of being here and for the health and strength we have enjoyed, thereby enabling us to continue the preparation for our part in His great work.

"The moment we forget that God meant this life to be a school, the puzzle of life begins."—Professor Drummond.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on —Isaiah 26: 3

Young People's Societies

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackay of Formosa.
May.—Mackenzie of Korea.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congtn. a Miss'y. Organization.

TOPIC FOR JULY.

REV. JOHN W. MACLEOD, M.A.

By REV. JOHN MORTON, D.D., TRINIDAD.

John Wilson Macleod was born at North River, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia, April 23rd, 1853. His mother died when he was twelve years of age. Her love and influence remained with him as a treasure all his life.

He was naturally reserved, but on his death bed he spoke freely of what he owed to his mother. "I was young when I lost her, but I have never ceased to be thankful for those few years with a good mother. And then as if tracing the influences that had brightened his early life, he said, "and I have a sister, a great sufferer, she became my second mother. I owe much to her also."

Some love to speak of the ministry of angels. Our best angels are such as these, "angels unawares."

Young Macleod, like many another country lad, where means are limited, had to fight his way forward. Of these things he never spoke; but later we catch glimpses of him as a successful teacher in summer and a college student in winter, taking the highest prizes in classics and mathematics. Later still we find him missing a year to teach in an academy.

He had already, in his soul's struggle "fought as it were with beasts at Ephesus."

Doubts and darkness assailed him and he was too brave and honest to shut his eyes to them. He faced and fought them till he saw the sun and the mists were gone.

Of these things he spoke freely the last few weeks of his life. He said, "Some books that were prized by others did not seem to suit me; but I got great good from 'Scott's Force of Truth' and 'The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.' And when books did not satisfy me I just threw them aside for the Greek Testament. One gets at the root of the matter there."

With his feet on the rock and his "call" clear he entered the Theological College. His professors and fellow students regarded him as a devoted student, an accurate scholar, and a man going his own way with indomitable perseverance.

On November 23, 1880, he was appointed missionary to Trinidad and was married to Miss Dowling of Lunenburg, whose acquaintance he had formed when they were S.S. teachers together. They reached Trinidad January, 1881.

He was then twenty-eight years of age, over medium height, somewhat spare, and with a slight stoop. As a student he took up Hindustani with zest and never seemed to feel it a task. I lately bought in the Hindustani dictionary used by him. On almost every page there are pencil marks to indicate the words best known in Trinidad, and foot and marginal notes which show the diligence of the student.

He was not a fluent English speaker and would always have been valued for his thought and teaching rather than for his eloquence. This deliberation led him to speak Hindustani with unusual correctness and if spared he would certainly have taken a first place among us as a Hindi scholar.

But Mr. Macleod was also a born teacher. He threw himself into the work of his schools and taught his workers as a pleasant part of missionary duty. And when he could no longer preach he continued to teach all our agents, as strength permitted, until a few months before his death.

Though naturally reserved, his people soon found that he was always accessible to them, entered into their feelings, and made great allowance for their infirmities. So they respected and trusted him.

One man from his field came to Funapuna, forty-five miles, to be baptized by me, because I had taught him, and he said he did not know Mr. Macleod. I refused and sent him back with a letter to Mr. Macleod assuring him that he would soon like his new pastor very much. When Mr. Macleod's health failed this same man showed his affection for him by buying a comfortable rocking chair for him to rest in when he came to the house. That man is still one of our most successful catechists and delights to speak of his regard for Mr. Macleod.

As soon as he was able to conduct Sabbath services in Hindi, he set himself to secure a central church at Princetown. For this he collected in Trinidad one thousand dollars. A brother missionary, home on furlough, collected another thousand dollars, and although his health was already failing, he never rested till he had collected—one wonders how—another thousand dollars and completed St. Andrew's church, Princetown.

Mr. Macleod had indications of tuberculosis before he had been two years in Trinidad. With indomitable resolution he refused to give up either hope or work. He spoke to me at times of the deepening shadow, of the incautious word "doomed" used about him by the doctor, and said, "It makes no difference, I will work and wait till my work is done."

This will-power was perhaps the most marked characteristic of Mr. Macleod. But it was exerted chiefly over himself and over his circumstances. Always polite himself, he resented disrespect, but he never lost his self-control, only quietly retired within his own self-respect. Though of strong convictions he held himself in till he understood the standpoint of others.

His zeal burned as a steady fire but it was "according to knowledge." At the foibles of others he smiled good-naturedly and we laughed at his and loved him all the better.

"Mr. Macleod was not a Carey. When that consecrated man was on his death bed

he is reported to have said to his fellow missionary, "Brother Marshman it would be a comfort to me, if you would promise not to let any one tie animals in my garden when I am gone." Mr. Macleod would not have been troubled by a horse in his flower garden. He would not have noticed it. Perhaps if he had lived longer he would have discovered the value of a garden to a missionary as Carey did—the trees and flowers, his friends, beguiling his wearied mind away from its one subject and relieving brain-fag. But Mr. Macleod was young, only thirty-three years when he died, and he never seemed to know what brain-fag was.

For two years after his first serious hemorrhage he seemed to be walking beside his own open grave. He was as cheerful as ever, and even more thoughtful for others, yet he kept all his work and business up to date, as if he felt the end near. He naturally wished to return to the homeland, and would have sailed a month later, but the call came April 1st, 1886.

A few days before that he said to me in the stillness of the midnight hour, "I was nine years preparing for the work of the ministry, and only five years in the service. But I am not sorry, and very happy years they were as I look back. Sometimes I seemed to be doing very little or nothing at all. But I see now that a good work was going on, and I see clearly that this Hindi work has done great good in all the districts—great good at which we may well be glad."

The night before he died he appeared to awake out of sleep with the remark "Oh I am so glad at the good news about a missionary for Princetown and I hope he will be greatly blessed. Very pleasant has our intercourse been, all these five years, and you will miss me, but I hope you and he will grow to like each other."

A few hours before he died he said: "'Because I live ye shall live also,' how good and sure that is."

Quite suddenly he said to his wife "Bess, it is getting dark," but he seemed to pass at once into a new light. His last words were "I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of God," and while we prayed he fell on sleep. And after twenty-two years we miss him still.

Life and Work

WOULD YOU BE A CHRISTIAN ?

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

I wish to say a few plain and affectionate words to those who are agitating the vital question, "Ought I to become a Christian? And if so how shall I become one?"

Yes, you ought to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and for three good reasons:

It is your duty, for God both commands and invites you. It is for your interest. If you choose Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Guide, you will be better, stronger and happier and more useful in this world. You will secure the salvation of your immortal soul.

Whether you become a Christian or not depends upon your own choice; no one else can decide for you.

A loving God says to you in his Word: "I set before you life and death, choose life." When Joshua submitted the alternative, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," he addressed his hearers as free moral agents, and such are you. When Christ said to James and John, "Follow me," he talked to them as rational beings, for if they could not follow him, why did he ask them?

You have the power of choice; choose life. By that expressive word in the Bible is meant the favor of God, the pardon of your sins, the sustaining strength to do right; it is the union of your heart with Jesus in this world and an unending heaven beyond the grave. "Death" is the absence of all these; it means the dominion of sin in this world and the punishment of sin in the world to come.

But you may say: "I am not choosing death; it is inconceivable that any sane person should deliberately decide to be eternally wretched when he or she might be eternally happy." I admit that people do not usually set success and happiness on the one hand and ruin on the other hand and then deliberately choose to be ruined. Yet it is equally true that multitudes are selecting and pursuing courses that must inevitably lead to their ruin.

Here is a young man setting out in life. Of course, his preference would be to become rich and prosperous. But he chooses to lead a career of indolence and thriftlessness, which inevitably brings him to poverty and keeps him there.

In like manner, my friend, when you decide to refuse that loving Saviour, who is

even now knocking at the door of your heart, you choose to risk the consequences. When you choose to continue on in sin, to follow the devices and desires of an unconverted heart, to refuse to be all that Christ would make you and to grieve away the Holy Spirit of love, you are deliberately choosing eternal death, for you choose the paths that lead to death.

You are not, and you cannot be in a position of neutrality. Not to accept Jesus Christ is to reject Jesus Christ and thus to throw away all the infinite advantages and blessings which he offers you. Instead of asking yourself the question, "Ought I to become a Christian?" you had better face the other question, "Have I refused to be a Christian?"

It is no unkindness to say to you that the only effectual hindrance to your becoming a Christian and securing eternal life is your own sins. Until you break off from them you cannot lay hold on Christ by faith and come into heart union with him and obedience to his commandments. No man can serve two masters; you cannot go in two opposite directions at the same time. Every day you spend away from Christ is a lost day. The longer you live as you are the harder will it be to become a strong, happy and useful follower of Jesus.

Some persons may tell you that it is a very easy thing to become a Christian—as easy as lifting your hand. Yes, it is an infinitely easy thing for the omnipotent Spirit of God to renew your heart in answer to honest prayer, and it will be a very simple thing for you to become a Christian if you are willing to cut loose from your old sinful self and fasten your hearthold on the divine Saviour.

Repentance and cutting loose from the dominion of sin must be attended with a cleaving to Jesus Christ. A single contact of the soul with Christ has made many a one a Christian. The first honest approach to him—the first sincere prayer for pardon—the first act to obey and please him—these have been like the touch of that woman who had the long malady; they had brought the blessing.

A man who had shamefully wronged a neighbour was brought under conviction of sin and could find no peace. Attending a religious service, where he espied his neighbor, he called him out into the vestibule and begged his pardon for the wrong committed. That was the beginning with him of a Christian life.

Conversion is the act of turning to Jesus as the only Saviour—the Saviour who died to redeem us. As soon as you begin to trust him and obey him the healing comes. You must understand that faith is vastly more than an opinion or a right feeling. It is a transaction; it is the contact of a person with a divine Person, of a weak, sinful, penitent soul with an all-sufficient Redeemer. You need to be shut up to this tremendous truth. Either Jesus Christ must save me or I am lost!

True faith puts your soul into loving contact with the loving Son of God. A touch is enough to begin with; it must be followed by a strong and constant cleaving. The graft that is inserted in the cleft bough of an apple tree must become united to the tree before it yields fruit. Abiding in Christ, and only through that abiding, will you be a vigorous, fruitful and joyous Christian.

And if you become such a Christian, your wonder and your sorrow will be that you never became one before. Men have lived to regret almost every conceivable step, but I never heard of a person who repented of loving, obeying and serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

WHAT THE PEW WANTS.

When Christ is left out of the sermon, then I leave the sanctuary hungry—unsatisfied. Do our preachers realize this truth, that Jesus Christ and him crucified, the one true and only sacrifice made for man's redemption, is the great foundation stone upon which our hopes are built for eternal life?

The poor, sinful and depraved woman at the well, when her heart was touched by the Christ, said: "I know when Messiah, who is called Christ, comes, he will tell us all things." And he said, "I am he," and then she became his disciple and preached Christ to her Samaritan neighbors.

Martha and Mary said: "Lord, if thou had been here my brother had not died;" and when the blessed Christ comforted them, they said, "I know he shall arise at the resurrection." "I am the resurrection," etc. The blessed Christ was with these sisters and in and a part of their lives.

Christ with the two journeyed to Emmaus, and they said. "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the way?" Do not our hearts burn in us as the minister speaks to us of the blessed Christ, and do not our hearts burn in us as we commune with each other of him who said, "I am the way, the truth and the life?"

Isaiah tells us: "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." If this is our Christ, to whom can we go for counsel except him? Men of God, who starved before the people Sabbath after

Sabbath, there are ever before you in the pews some hungering souls who want Christ preached to them, as nothing else will satisfy them.

Remember the command, "Feed my sheep." Preach my gospel, and be careful not to feed them from a table too high for the humblest to comfortably reach the food.

Paul has some good advice on this line. There can be no revival spirit in the church where Christ is not held up to the people as the only way. There is no other name given under heaven whereby we may be saved. If the gospel of the Son of God is the power unto salvation, then, pastors, give us this gospel, plain, straight and simple, for the common people heard him gladly, and they will always hear him gladly.

Sometimes we are entertained with grand sermons, but only entertained, not edified, not built up, because Christ was left out of the discourse.—Correspondent of St. Louis Christian Advocate.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

"I was on one occasion able, by a simple experiment, to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar, who was singing the praises of the 'ruby bumper,' and saying he could not get through the day without it.

"I said to him, 'Will you carefully count my pulse while I stand here?' He did so and said, 'Your pulse is seventy-four.'

"I then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so and said, 'Your heart has gone down to seventy.'

"I then lay down on the lounge, when he said 'Why, it is only sixty-four. What an extraordinary thing!'

"I then said, 'when you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different during the night; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke. it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night.

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes; and, instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruby bumper.'"—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise."—Dr Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson.

NUMBER TWO!

Chapter I.

A SMALL MEETING.

It was a cold wet night, one of those nights that make one listen to the patter of the rain upon the window panes and the shrieks of the wind in the chimney with a snug, self-satisfied feeling, as one leans back in a wellcushioned chair before a blazing fire.

The Rev. David Alister had just come into the Manse from a long, wet walk in the rain. He had been attending a committee meeting in the neighbouring town, and, not falling in with any kind neighbour who owned a trap, had walked the four miles uncomplainingly. He had been kept later than usual, and Mrs. Alister, who was a great invalid and rarely left her couch, looked up with a relieved expression as he entered the cosy little parlour.

"Here you are at last! Oh, how tired and wet you are! Have you changed your boots? What a dreadful night it is!"

The minister tried to look cheerful.

"Yes, it is a bad night," he said, checking a little sigh. "I don't know how it is, but our Fridays are generally wet nights, I have noticed. No, my dear, I have not changed my boots. I shall be going out again in half an hour's time. I am rather tired, but a cup of hot tea will refresh me and set me on my legs again." He threw himself into an easy chair, and stretched out his damp boots before the cheery blaze of fire.

"I really do not think you are called upon to go to that prayer meeting David. For three successive weeks you have had no one but old Mrs. Batty. Our people will not turn out such stormy nights as these, so why should you? You have been hard at work all day, and deserve a little rest. Let me send a message to Mrs. Batty, and you stay at home with me. Come, I do not often ask you to keep me company, but I want you to-night, and we will read that new book from the library together. It will do you all the good in the world!"

Mrs. Alister rose as she spoke, and, with her hand on his shoulder, pressed a soft kiss on her husband's brow. These two were very fond of each other; no child had ever brightened their hearth, but after fifteen years of wedded life they were lovers still. The minister looked up and hesitated; then he shook his head.

"Don't tempt me, little woman! I shall never give up that meeting as long as one of my parishioners attends it. Did I tell you what Mrs. Batty said to me last Friday? She saw me give rather a hopeless look round the empty room, and then at the door: 'Eh, sir, dinna ye be discour-

aged. *Twa* of us can have the A'mighty in our miast, and ten thousand couldna mair!'"

"She's a dear old soul," said Mrs. Alister with a tearful smile, "but I'm wicked enough to wish she would not be so regular; then perhaps you might drop the meeting for a time, and start it afresh again with better numbers. I only wish I were strong enough to attend it myself. Why is a prayer meeting so unattractive to them, I wonder? It ought not to be."

"It is my fault," said her husband gloomily; "there is no life in a church that does not produce praying members. I feel as if I am a failure here. They come to church, and pat me on the back after my preaching, and say how much I help them, and then go home, and I never see them till the following Sabbath. If it is not one excuse, it is another. They are full of apologies when they meet me. As if I want their apologies! Do they come to pray to *me*?"

"Well, well, dear, don't distress yourself. You have only been here two years. It certainly was very different in K——; but we had such an earnest band of workers, and they were so enthusiastic and whole-hearted that there was no chance of our meeting flagging. These good people may take a long time to stir up. You must remember your predecessor never attempted prayer meetings! Now let us have our tea and forget our troubles."

Half an hour later and the minister sallied out, buttoned up to the chin in his great-coat, and struggling through wind and rain to protect himself with an umbrella.

Let us look at one fireside that evening. Old Mrs. Batty, with the aid of her widowed daughter, kept a small general shop at the corner of the village. She was a hearty, round faced, happy old body, and her Christianity showed itself more in deeds than in words. Her back parlour looked quite as cheerful as the minister's, and her daughter was expostulating and scolding in one breath as she presided at the tea tray.

"Yell jist lay yersel' up, mither, and then hoo shall we get along! I'm sure life is a struggle as it is. It isna a fit nicht for a dog to be oot!"

"Janet, wha looks the stronger, the minister or me? An' will he be enjoyin' his comfort this night? For certain, no! I've never missed a prayer meetin' yet; an' as lang as the Lord keeps me in health and strength I never will!"

"Granny," asked the fair-haired little lad just five years old, her special pet and darling, "is ye goin' to say yer p'ayers agen wi' the meenister?"

"Yes, ma bonny bairn, an' we ha'e muckle tae thank for, as well as tae beg. We pray for those wha winna pray for themselves, an' there's a deal to talk over wi' the

Almighty. My heart's jist full the nicht! I wish at times there were mair suppliants, but the meenister an' me are keepit busy, an' the Almighty jist surroonds us wi' His gracious, holy presence till I maist feel mysel' in heaven!"

The old woman's faded blue eyes were shining with a glad light; her daughter turned away with a shrug of her shoulders, but Robbie stuck his fat finger in his mouth and regarded his grandmother with awe.

"Tak' Robbie to see A'mighty, granny!"

Mrs. Batty stooped to kiss the rosy dimpled face.

"Ay, ma pet, when ye get bigger ye shall come wi' your auld granny, but not for a while yet."

In a few minutes the old woman, with pattens on her feet, a shawl over her bonnet, and skirts well tucked up under her arm, was fighting her way through the raging elements to the little schoolroom where the minister was already awaiting her. Is it surprising that minister and parishioner returned to their respective homes that evening with glowing hearts and radiant faces after a time of close communion with their God? They could, with the two disciples of old, exclaim—"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?"

Chapter II.

GRANNY'S SUBSTITUTE.

A few Fridays after this Mrs. Batty met with a serious accident. In coming down the steep little stairs that led to her back parlour she missed her footing, and fell heavily down the whole flight. She was picked up unconscious, and when the doctor came he found that her right leg was badly broken. Her daughter was nearly distracted, but a neighbour at once offered her services in the sick room, and in an hour or two Mrs. Batty was quite herself again, though suffering great pain. Just after tea the chubby face of her little grandson peeped in at the bedroom door.

"May Robbie see poor grannie?" lisped the child.

"Let him come in," murmured Mrs. Batty.

"What a mercy it's the auld woman's leg and not the bairn's that is broken!"

Robbie came up to the bedside and patted his granny's outstretched hand with his soft baby one. Then with round eyes he demanded—

"Wha's goin' tae say p'ayers wi' the meenister the nicht?"

"Eh, dearie me!" groaned Mrs. Batty in real distress. "It's hard tae lie here an' think o' the meetin'. It's the first time I'll have been away, an' I fear 'twill be terrible disheartenin' tae the guid meenister."

"Ane wad think the meetin' depends on yersel," said Mrs. Crake, the neighbour, with a good-natured smile. She was a kind-hearted woman, too busy to be 'ower releegious,' as she expressed it. She had heard of the Friday prayer meeting, but like many others, took it for granted that the members who had more leisure than herself attended it.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Batty, "I fear it will miss me sairly. The promise is—"If twa o' ye shall agree on airth, as touchin' anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them o' My Faither wha is in heaven.' I've been number twa for ower sax weeks noo, an' there'll be naeboddy to step into my shoes the nicht, I'm thinkin'."

"To think o' that!" exclaimed Mrs. Crake. "Are ye the only prayin' ane in the village?"

"There'll be jist a few wha find their ain firesides a preferable place tae dae their prayin' in, nae doot," said Mrs. Batty charitably. "It's no' easy for all, or convenient, tae gae oot at nichts, but the meenister an' me ha'e had graun' times in yon cauld wee schoolroom, an' I'm sair vexed he'll be alane the nicht."

"May be someone will turn up. Dinna fret yersel."

The door closed as softly as it had opened, and Robbie's rosy face had disappeared. His mother was busy in the shop. No one noticed the little fellow as he struggled into his great-coat. His lips were muttering determinedly—

"The meenister no' be alane. Robbie 'll go an' say his p'ayers wi' him;" and out into the dusky street trotted the baby. He knew his way to the schoolroom, but half way up the street he was stopped by a burly farmer hurrying home to his tea.

"Weel, laddie, an' what may ye be doin' at this time?"

Robbie looked up, and holding his head in the air, said with great self-importance in his tone, "Robbie's goin' to say his p'ayers with the meenister the night astead o' granny!"

The farmer scratched his head, and stood looking at the child in astonishment.

"Ay, ye'll be Mrs. Batty's dochter's bairn," he said slowly; "an' hoo's yer granny? Is it true that she has broken her leg?"

Robbie nodded gravely.

"Granny's in bed, an' Robbie's gaen' to be number twa, an' then the A'mighty will come. He aye did when granny went, 'cause He said He would!"

He trotted on, leaving the farmer gazing after him stupidly.

And then, after a few moments' thought, Peter Quirls followed the child's footsteps. He paused when he came to the schoolroom. Robbie, after a frantic struggle with the latch, had opened the door and gone in.

Peter stepped into the porch. Partly out of curiosity, partly out of shame, he peeped through the door to watch the scene. How often he made up his mind to come to the meeting, and how often had his good resolutions melted away under the excuses that so easily presented themselves before them!

The minister was there. One dim oil lamp was burning, and the child's nailed boots clattering up the room resounded through the building.

Mr. Alister looked at the little fellow in wonder as he approached him. Then a smile of recognition lit up his tired face.

"Mrs. Batty's little grandson! Have you come with a message from her, little man?"

Robbie shook his head.

"No, I've come masel."

"But isn't ye granny comin'?"

"Granny tumble all the way downstairs," said the child, with grave round eyes; "she b'oked her leg, an' she wented to bed, and the doctor came!"

"Dear, dear! How very sad! I must come and see her." Then with a little sigh the minister looked round the empty schoolroom. He had hoped so much that this room might prove a little Bethel to his congregation. He had pictured it full of praying men and women; himself coming to it when tired and despondent, and going away gladdened and refreshed by the bursts of praise and prayer that rose from its walls.

Was this to be the end of it?

He was in the act of turning down the lamp, when Robbie's voice arrested him.

"Isna' th' A'michty here the nicht? I s'pect He will come noo when he sees me here."

Mr. Alister started.

"Why?" he asked the child, only half understanding his speech.

"Granny says He promised if ther was twa, to come, an' I've comed masel.' I's number twa astead o' granny!"

There was silence; the innocent upturned face of the child brought the tears to the minister's eyes; and Peter Quirls from his post at the door felt a strange lump rise in his throat.

"Have you come to pray with me, Robbie?" asked the minister, laying his hand very tenderly on the flaxen curly head.

Robbie nodded solemnly.

"I can say ma p'ayers, an' ye can say yours, an' then the A'michty winna go 'way dissappointed' cause naeboddy wanted to p'ay tae Him!"

Without a word the minister dropped on his knees, and with a little fuss and clatter the child did the same, steadying himself by clutching hold of the edge of the table with his two fat hands. Peter Quirls stepped inside, and knelt down by the door.

He heard the minister pouring out his soul to his Maker above, perfectly oblivious of the child's presence after the first moment or two. He heard him pleading in agonised accents to be kept from being discouraged and disheartened in his work; for quickening power to be given to the sleeping souls in his charge; for a return of their former love those who were entirely engrossed in wordly pursuits; and a conviction of sin to come upon the unawakened and godless.

He prayed for the sick, the tempted, the weak, the suffering, and also for the self-satisfied, prosperous members of his flock. Not one was forgotten; and Robbie knelt on, his blue eyes alternately glancing from the minister's earnest face to the roof of the school-room, where in his childish fashion he was vaguely expecting to see signs of the 'Almighty's' presence.

The minister paused. Robbie uttered a fervent and hearty "Amen," and then, glad at last to take some active part himself, lifted up his baby voice, and in soft reverent tones repeated his simple evening prayer. That was the last straw to Peter Quirls.

When he heard the lisping, childish voice, and realised that of all the minister's flock only one baby of five years could be found to take part in the intercessory prayer meeting, he rose to his feet, stumbled awkwardly up the room, and in broken, humbled tones added his prayer to the others.

When they rose from their knees he grasped the minister's hand.

"Ye'll never see me absent frae this pray-in' agen meenister!" he said huskily, and then, without another word, he hurried away.

Robbie looked after him with wondering eyes.

"There was anither number twa," he said; "come and tell granny!"

And later on, when Mrs. Batty learnt that her broken leg was the turning-point in the history of that small meeting; when she had sufficiently recovered to be able to take part in it again, and found herself in the midst of twelve or thirteen others; when she heard that the story of her little grandson's act had spread through the village, and shamed every member of the church, she lifted up her voice and sang in the fulness of gratitude and praise—

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Peter Quirls was never tired of telling his experience that Friday evening; and he would always conclude with these words—

"The arrow that pierced my heart through and through was the words o' the weep laddie, 'I can sav mv p'ayers, an' ve can say yours, an' then the A'michty winna go 'way dissappointed' cause naeboddy wanted tae p'ay tae him!'"

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its need
 I do not pray,
 Keep me my God from stain of sin
 Just for to-day.
 Let me both diligently work,
 And duly pray;
 Let me be kind in word and deed
 Just for to-day.
 Let me be slow to do my will
 Prompt to obey;
 Help me to sacrifice myself
 Just for to-day.
 Let me no wrong or idle word
 Unthinking say;
 Set thou a seal upon my lips
 Just for to-day.
 Cleanse and receive my parting soul
 Be thou my stay;
 O bid me, if to-day I die,
 Go home to-day
 So for to-morrow and its needs
 I do not pray,
 But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
 Just for to-day.

"JOINING" THE CHURCH.

There's a difference between joining the church and belonging to it.

A small thread will tie a twig to a tree; only grafting can make a vital union.

A mere "joiner" cannot be fruitful; abiding in the vine is the only means of fruitfulness.

Joiners sap the strength of the church. Their fruit is nothing but leaves and not always many of them.

It is a fatal mistake to ask a man to join the church before inviting him to be united to the Church's Head.

One belongs to the church because he belongs to Christ. He belongs to the Master by right of purchase. He belongs to the church as an element of its life.

The church-sponge does not truly belong to the church. He is a parasite and a poisoner.

It is the joiner who complains that he doesn't feel at home, and that the church is unsocial. He is not at home and therefore cannot feel so. He is himself unsocial and therefore finds the church so.

The joiner looks for what he is going to receive. The believer thinks how best he can serve. Consequently the believer is the one who does receive. To him that hath, and useth what he hath, shall be given.

It is of those who belong that the Lord can say, when he maketh up his jewels, "These are mine."—"Philadelphia Presbyterian."

POSITIVE PREACHING.

BY IAN McLAREN.

If a preacher with the Bible in his hands is not positive, he has fallen short of his vocation. It is within his function to instruct and to defend, but he is chiefly a prophet with a message to the world from God.

He is a witness to the supremacy of the soul, the reality of the unseen, the glory of the religious life—affirming with unfaltering voice those things which all men wish to believe and which they hold dimly in their minds.

For the preacher of the Gospels the first qualification is not that he be learned or eloquent, but that he believe; and whatever be the case with other men, he must believe with the marrow of his bones.

If this be impossible, let him become anything he pleases, but not a preacher; and if doubt settles upon him, let him face and master it in secret—in the wilderness with God, and stand before his fellow men with unclouded face.

There are enough men to ventilate doubts without the preacher's assistance. From him the world expects faith, and the dynamic of one man believing with all his mind and all his heart is incalculable; it is a reservoir of life in the midst of a bloodless and worn-out society. Doubt can be got anywhere; faith ought to be supplied by the pulpit.

W. J. BRYAN ON PREACHING.

"I desire my minister to preach every Sabbath the simple Gospel. The 'old, old story' never wearies the average congregation, if it comes from a devout mind, with preparation in the message.

"My ideal sermon is one which has an appeal to the unconverted and a spiritual uplift for the Christian. I want my minister to be abreast of the times on all new theological questions and research, but I do not want him to bring them into the pulpit.

"I have found certain fixed views of Christ, His Gospel, and the inspiration of the Bible, from a careful reading of that Book of books, and of the Shorter Catechism, and it will not make me a better Christian or profit my spiritual life to unsettle these views by a discussion in the pulpit of new theories of Christ and the Holy Scriptures.

"Finally, I want my minister to act upon the belief that Christ's Gospel is the surest cure of all social and political evils, and that his best method of promoting temperance, social morality and good citizenship, is to bring men into the church. In a word, I want my minister to emphasize in his life work the declaration of the most successful preacher, Paul: 'It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.'"

WHAT IS DEATH ?

'Tis but the folding of the quiet hands
Upon the peaceful breast;

'Tis but the closing of the tired eyes
And sinking down to rest;

'Tis but the stilling of the pallid lips,
The smoothing of the brow;
'Tis but the staying of the way-worn feet
That may not wander now;

'Tis but the hushing of the weary heart,
Life's fitful fever o'er;
'Tis but the short and fleeting breath that
bears
The spirit home, no more.

'Tis but the waking to a better life,
Freed from all sin and wrong;
'Tis but the dawning of a brighter day
After a night of storm;

'Tis but to meet again our loved and lost,
That left us one by one;
'Tis but to answer to the Master's call,
To know our work is done;

'Tis but to learn that God's dear word is
true:
He giveth his beloved,
To those that bear the cross in Jesus'
name,
A recompense above.

Father, I pray thee guide my erring hands
to work,
That I may fold them so,
And teach my blinded eyes to read aright
The lessons I must know,

And make my lips to utter naught but
truth,
"Thy will be done" to say,
And draw my straying feet within the path
That leads the Heavenward way,

That when Thy messenger shall reach my
side
And silent beckon me,
I shall not shrink from his approach, dear
Lord,
But trust it all to Thee.

—Selected.

AN INCIDENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Sunshine everywhere about the mission station, but inside a deepening shade.

"Another year! O God! another year!" The sick man moaned and tossed upon his bed. "Just twelve months more to testify for Thee, and I will do it as I never did before."

"O how I should glory in the privilege of twelve months more!" The fever-burnt sufferer was seeing life as it looks on the

brink of eternity, yearning for another chance to "buy up the opportunity"—to redeem the time. But the death angel waited in the shadow calm and inexorable.

"O God! forgive me, forgive! I said it before—I said I would testify for Thee as I had never done—but I did not carry it! O for another chance—one more—just six months more, and I will, I will!"—

Soothing words were said by comrades watching near, in whose eyes he had been "faithful unto death"; but the dying man heeded them not; he was fighting for life—for one more chance to live for God and souls.

"Just six more—I should testify for Thee as I never could have done before, for now—O God, wilt thou—in mercy!"—

The presence that never fails to hush the storm was there, and the tempest-tossed spirit grew reconciled at last.

"I believe," he said slowly and emphatically, as the end was drawing near, "that this day I shall see—Thy glory magnified—in the land of the living." He paused, and again the yearning flitted over him—"O that I had more, more wherewith to crown Jesus! . . . Don't delay!"—

When the sun set that night his day of life was ended, closed in a perfect calm, as with the words "Peace, . . . peace with God," he passed beyond earth's opportunity of serving Jesus Christ.—Ex.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Once there was a brier growing in a ditch and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it, and lifted it out, the brier said to itself, 'What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old worthless brier?'"

But the gardener took it into the garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said, 'What a mistake he has made, planting an old brier like myself among such rose trees as these!'

But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife made a slit in the brier and, as we say in England, 'budded' it with a rose, and by and by when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier.

Then the gardener said, 'Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you.'

This is just what Christ is doing all the time with poor human lives. They seem to be of no use, with no hope that they will ever be of use.

Then Christ takes them in hand, pours his love upon them, lifts them up out of the dust, puts something of his own life into them, and by and by they begin to be like him, little branches of his own beautiful life.

WANTED! BIGGER MEN!

The world likes big men; and its measurements are fairly accurate. For lack of better knowledge it may at one time have judged a man solely by his physical powers; but it soon outgrew that folly. It takes more than muscle and bone to make a man. It is wise to take all possible precautions against physical degeneracy, but the mere athlete can never occupy the first place in the government of the race. Mind is ever mightier than muscle.

And yet the mind itself does not meet all the requirements of greatness. It is possible for a man to be a mental giant, an intellectual Hercules, and this mental mastery may be so pronounced that the whole world seems to sit at his feet, and yet he may, after all, be a very small man. Big men must have more than muscle and brain.

We want men who are too big to lie. We want bigger politicians, men who will not lie even to win an election. We want bigger business men, men who will not lie even to achieve a fortune. Lying is the refuge of little men. When a man is too small to face poverty, too weak to brave the storm of popular disapproval, too short-sighted to see far ahead, too weak of faith to trust in God, there seems nothing for it then but to lie.

The man who lies forfeits the approval of his conscience; and, whether his lie wins or loses, his soul has shrunk; he is a smaller man.

We want men who will be too big to be mean. We want men in politics, in business, in professional life, everywhere, who will be too great to be mean, either in spirit or in act.

We want men of wider vision. Bigotry and intolerance belong to little men who do not realize their littleness. The struggle for a wider vision, even if not wholly successful, is a sign of greatness.

We want men who are too big to spend life fighting their own battles. The patriot loses himself in his country. The Christian loses himself in his Lord. The man who has grown big enough to be both a patriot and Christian will not spend all his time, or much of his time, in seeking to vindicate himself. Men should outgrow the enlarged ego. It is a disease of lesser men. True greatness is unselfish.

The man whose own interests are always in plain sight is too small for his work. The burial of the lesser self always precedes the resurrection of the greater self. Self-abnegation is really the beginning of greatness. Surely in the church and in the world in this sense we want bigger men!

There are strange anomalies here! Sometimes, the bigger a man gets, the smaller he becomes. The higher the office he reaches in church or state, the lower

the point his manhood touches; while, on the other hand, it sometimes happens that the smaller a man grows, the greater he becomes; the less space he occupies in the eyes of the world, the more he really fills.

After all, this is no trifle. Lessened manhood is a crime against God, society, and self. Manhood is of greater value than power or place; it is more precious than gold or lands; and if its price be poverty, isolation, failure, or death, it is still worth having.—The Guardian.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A well-known church member in Philadelphia, who was a moderate drinker, once stepped into a saloon and took one drink and walked out again. A young man of the same church unknown to him saw him. He said to himself, "If Mr. So-and-so can drink, so may I." He soon became a frequenter of the saloon. But he had not the will power to drink moderately, and in three years filled a drunkard's grave, the result of an influence exerted unconsciously.

We never know who sees us, and therefore our lives should ring true at all times. We may not only injure others, but God sees us at all times and will hold us to account for evil doing, whether seen or unseen.

But we may influence men for good as well as for evil. This should be our constant aim. A father took his little boy into a saloon. He was about to order a glass of whiskey when the bartender said to the boy, "My little man, what will you take?" He promptly replied, "I'll take what father takes." Then the father said, "I'll take a glass of water." For once at least the boy influenced his father to the good.

Good lives are always uplifting mankind. We may think that men give little heed to what we are, but we are mistaken. Many a person has been led to the Christian life by the actions of Christians, and it is sad, but true, that many others have been turned from our religion by the inconsistencies of Christians. It should not be so. Christ, not Christians, is our ideal. But it is true, and perhaps naturally so.

In trying to influence others from evil to good, it is well to remember that severe reproof is not always best. A pastor was once thanked heartily by a woman for having done her a great favor. He did not remember having done so. Yet he had. Her husband was a very intemperate man. In calling at the home, the pastor often found him drinking. But he said not a word, but looked anxious and sad. One day, after a visit, the husband asked his wife to clear the rum-jug with boiling water. "Why?" she asked. "I am done," he said. "I can't stand that man's face any longer. Had he scolded me, I should have been worse—but his look has conquered me."—Exchange.

The Children's Pages.

THE BIBLE AND THE ROBBERS.

A native Christian teacher in Persia was overtaken by night while traveling and attacked by a bank of ferocious Moham-medan robbers. When these men found that the captive taken in the dark was poor, they were inclined to kill him. One of the robbers bawled out. "He is a Gue-ber; let's kill him anyhow." In a mo-moment the fifty men had drawn their swords to purge the earth of such a wretch.

The frightened Christian had no weapons. But he had a Bible which he had been taught to regard as a sword for spiritual warfare. Drawing his Bible from his bosom he cried out:

"Men, you make a great mistake! Do you see that I am a man of the Book? This is the book that your prophet repeatedly declared to be true."

The flash of the light on the gilt edges of the Bible caught the gaze of the men; light seemed to blaze from the book. The swords dropped and several of the robbers came closer to examine the volume curiously, without daring to touch it. At last they dragged the preacher to their village, that the Mullah might tell them whether to spare the man for the sake of the book.

"It is indeed the Book," said the Mullah, after making sure that it contained the Law, the Psalms, and the New Testament, as the Koran says it does; "it is the Book, and whoever unjustly kills one of the people of the Book, him will God smite."

So it came to pass that the poor preacher, so nearly murdered in the robbers' pass, finished his evening an honored guest in the village, reading to his wild hosts psalm after psalm by the flickering light of the oil wick. And as each of the beautiful psalms came to an end the robbers, with one accord, said "Amen!"—Bible Society Record.

THE BOY WHO WILL BE IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a work-man is a disposition to do things that need to be done without being told. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a lock broken from a door; there is a window pane gone somewhere.

The boy who tends to these things, because they need attending to without specific directions, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world, and it is the attention to little things and the habit

of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it which makes exceedingly useful men and women.

There will always be a position for such persons. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them, that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the dominion of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it.

It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

SOME "DONTs."

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great electrical inventor, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability: Milton was blind.

Dont snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right nor Christian.—The Junior Herald.

A BUSY TRAVELER.

The sun gets up in the east

And goes to bed in the west,

And in all that time he never

For a moment stops to rest.

And when from our sight he passes

And the night falls cold and gray,
He is traveling round in China

In just the self-same way.

THE WAY TO THE HOUSE OF NEVER.

Have you ever heard of Wait-a-bit way,
Where idle children loiter and play.
A street that is ever winding down
A flowery lane to Something town,
Where stands the house of Never.

Along the road there are signs galore,—
"In just a moment," "Not now," "What
for?"

And many beside that at last you'll find,
Though by devious paths they twist and
wind;

And lead to the house of Never.

Now Never's a dismal, dismal spot,
Its inmates a hapless, hopeless lot,—
So if you are wise you will seldom stray
(Though it seems a perfect primrose way)
Down the lane that leads to Never!
—Selected.

JOHN'S REFERENCE.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now *what references have you?*"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"*Can't take a boy without references*" was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

My dear John,—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a *mother's good advice and honest praise*.—Ex.

ROCKEFELLER AND CARNEGIE.

John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are reputed to be the two richest men in America and it is significant that both are quite pronounced in their temperance views.

Mr. Rockefeller is quoted as saying that he has never tasted liquor in all his life and is very thankful for it.

Mr. Carnegie recently gave a word of advice and warning to young men, as follows:

"The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all other temptations likely to assail you.

"You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule."—Ex.

OUR CHURCH'S BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS.

"It is too bad that you have the grippe and could not go to church this morning; for those new windows are certainly beautiful," said Deacon Dunn to his wife as he returned from the morning worship.

"What makes them so beautiful?" asked Mrs. Dunn.

"The figures in them," answered the Deacon, "the one represents Christ kneeling in prayer, and the other the Good Shepherd."

"They must be beautiful," said Mrs. Dunn.

"They certainly are," responded the Deacon, "and I suppose every one is very highly pleased because they will add so much to the appearance of the church."

"I really think that while our pastor is pleased, he is not very highly pleased," said Mrs. Dunn.

"Why do you think so?" queried the Deacon.

"Because I remember what he said about selfishness. It was something like this," said Mrs. Dunn. "No man worthy of the name would sit down to a feast and eat unconcerned, while in his sight a man was starving—only a brute would do that. No true Christian will demand the luxuries of life and worship, while millions perish for want of the necessary bread of heaven—only a pagan would do that." "Of course our dear pastor did not say so, but common sense tells me that highly paid singers and costly windows are the luxuries of worship."

"Nonsense!" said the Deacon. "Don't you know that the temple at Jerusalem cost millions, and that God instructed Solomon to build it?" A merry twinkle in the Deacon's eye showed how he regarded his argument.

"Last summer," continued Mrs. Dunn, "I called at Hallenbeck's and our pastor explained this temple matter. I think he has the right view. This is his explanation. The Israelites always worshipped in the tabernacle until every foot of Palestine was subdued. Only after the conquest of Canaan did God permit Solomon to build the temple. After we Christians have conquered our Canaan—the world—for Christ, then we can adorn our temples as much as we please. But to do so now is to show our own selfishness and ignorance of God's plan and to divert from the divine order."

"That sounds logical," said the Deacon, "but our pastor is a missionary enthusiast and is always saying, 'Give, is the verb of heaven,' and his."

"John," said Mrs. Dunn, interrupting her husband. "You should cheer rather than criticize our noble pastor. Did you not come home from a consistory meeting about three years ago saying one of the elders said we could not pay that debt? Now that very

man puts in a window costing more than half the amount of the debt. Our pastor has been here scarcely four years, our church has been renovated, that debt paid, his salary increased and more money given away than ever, and now those windows have come. Everything seems to be moving and you should spend your energy in helping on God's work instead of hindering our pastor by your criticisms."

"Perhaps so," replied the Deacon. "Certainly now our church is the most beautiful in the country. It was as ugly as any when we consistory men unknowingly called this missionary enthusiast. I have reached this conclusion, if I were a pastor, I would be a missionary one; for I have noticed lately that growing churches have missionary pastors."

"Do you know why that is so?" asked the Deacon's wife.

"No," bluntly replied the Deacon.

"Because missions give men a broader Christlike view of the needs of their fellow-men and lift them out of their selfishness. and then they become more generous to their own church and pastor."

"Well," said the Deacon slowly, as if struggling with his thoughts, "I am not a missionary enthusiast by a good deal; but if an earnest missionary pastor can do for every church what our pastor has done for ours, I wish all pastors were so."

"In that we agree," said Mrs. Dunn, "but our motives differ. Your wish springs from a desire to have beautiful churches, mine from a longing to make Christ King of all men. 'Seek first,' not a beautiful church but 'the kingdom of God.'"

The sound of the dinner bell stopped the conversation and Deacon Dunn, his wife and their five children went into the dining room.—"The Mission Field."

FAITHFUL KOREAN CHRISTIANS.

In Korea, every fifth day is market day. On that day every farmer, merchant, mechanic—every one is accustomed to come and bring what he has to sell. A man generally makes more money on market day than on the other four days doubled.

Of course, every few weeks market day comes on Sabbath. The Korean Christians have to endure the sneers and jeers of their ungodly neighbors when they keep the ordinary Sabbath day, but when Sunday is market day, they suffer considerable financial loss, by staying away from the market.

Yet we are told that on a recent Sabbath market day in Chunju, more than one thousand men and boys were counted in Sabbath school. This is heroic faith, and is worthy of the highest commendation. Would that the home Church kept the Sabbath as bravely.—Christian Observer.

THE STORY OF HORACE MANN.

One morning, about a hundred years ago, a farmer boy with a basket on his arm, was on his way to a store in Franklin, Massachusetts. He was probably fourteen years of age, although you would have guessed him to be older. His face was pale, and bore the saddened look of a child who had never known what it was to play. His clothing of home-made stuff was tattered and worn. His whole appearance told of poverty and hard work.

Some village boys saw him, and shouted, "There goes Horace. Let's have some fun with him."

They pelted him with mud. They threw stones into his basket.

"Hello, girly!" said one, "have you washed the breakfast dishes yet?"

"How much straw can you plait in a day, Horry?" asked another.

Then all hooted, "Girl-boy! girl-boy! girl-boy! Helps the women in the kitchen!" and they pranced around him in great glee.

But the lad walked on silently, seeming not to notice their ill-mannered taunts. At the store he was greeted kindly by the man behind the counter.

"Some more straw braid to-day, Horace?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "There is not so much as I hoped to bring, but I shall do better next week."

The storekeeper took the rolls of plaited straw from the basket, and soon figured up their value.

"One shilling and sixpence. And what will you buy to-day?"

"Half of it is mother's," answered Horace, "and half of it is mine. Mother will come in to-morrow and get what she needs. For my part, I want the arithmetic book that I was looking at last week."

"The price is one shilling, said the storekeeper.

"I know," said Horace, "and I lack three-pence of having so much. I only want to ask if you will not lay the book aside for me until next week, when I shall have more than enough to pay for it.

"You may take the book now," said the man "and I will trust you for the rest till you have some more braid ready."

The lad thanked him, and tucked the precious book under his coat. Then taking up his empty basket, he went out to meet the taunts of the street boys again.

"That's right, girly!" they shouted after him. "Run home now, and wash the breakfast dishes. Run home and plait some more straw."

"That lad will make his mark in the world," said the storekeeper to the group of loafers who were lounging at the door. "The

boys make fun of him because he makes saw braids, and helps his mother with her housework. But they'll glad enough to do him honor by and by."

"Has he no father?" asked one.

"Ah, no. His father died two years ago, and the boy has been the mainstay of the family ever since. And work! why, he's never known anything but work. That boy never played a day in his life. He's at work on the farm whenever the weather will let him. And then evenings and on rainy days he's always plaiting straw. Why, he plaits more straw than any woman or girl in Franklin. The hat-makers say that his braids are the best of any that I send them.

"School? No, he never has time to go to school much. I suppose he goes seven or eight weeks in midwinter, when he can't do anything on the farm. But they say that he knows more than the teacher, young as he is.

"Books? Well, I should reckon. He's read everything in the Franklin library, and he has a few books of his own. They say that he sits up and reads when everybody else is in bed. Sometimes he sits up till long after midnight. And they are so poor up at his house that I guess they can't afford to buy many candles, either."

* * * * *

Such was the boyhood of Horace Mann. It was a boyhood of labor, unrelieved by any of the joys which children commonly know. He never knew a holiday. Marbles and kites and tops never came his way, for he had no time to spend with them. As for playing ball, he was too busy even to think of it. In fact he never had any kind of plaything that he could call his own.

As he neared the age of manhood, however, he contrived to give more time to the study of books. Through his industry and self-denial, his mother was at length quite well provided for. Why should he not now indulge himself with a little of that learning for which he had always had such hungering and craving?

One day when he was twenty years old, a school-teacher whose name was Barrett, surprised him by saying: "Horace, you must go to college!"

What a strange idea to put into the head of a young man who had neither money nor opportunities!

"Why, Mr. Barrett," said Horace, "I don't know enough to enter college. I have never studied Latin, and as for Greek. I have yet to see the first book in that language. It is useless to think of such a thing."

"Not so useless as you suppose," answered Mr. Barrett. "I have said that you must go to college, and I mean it. I myself will prepare you."

Horace did not require much persuasion, for all his ambition pointed that way. He

set to work with a will, and so did Mr. Barrett. Within six months the young man mastered more Greek and Latin than most students learn nowadays in three years. Before he was twenty-one, he passed the examinations and entered the sophomore class of Brown University.

He had no money. He had no wealthy friends to help him along. But he was resolved to make his own way. He earned what he could by doing any odd job that chanced to come his way. For a few weeks in each year he taught a country school, keeping up his studies, and passing the examinations as they came. He took care of his own room, and he lived sparingly.

At first his classmates were disposed to laugh at him. Yet he was so gentle in his manners, so brilliant of mind, so studious and earnest, that he finally won the admiration of all the students and the respect of all the professors. No finer classical scholar ever passed through Brown University. At the end of three years he was graduated at the head of his class.

* * * * *

Long before Horace Mann left college, he had made up his mind to be a lawyer. At that time all the brightest young men in the country were preparing for the profession of law. It was the profession that would give the freest scope to the exercise of genius, it was the profession that offered the surest promise of fame and fortune.

There was a very famous law school at Litchfield, Connecticut; and thither at the age of twenty-four went Horace Mann. As a matter of course, he was not long in pushing to the front. With his tireless energy and his natural brilliancy of intellect, his progress was but a series of intellectual triumphs. He soon became known as not only the best student, but the best lawyer, in the school.

At the age of twenty-six he was admitted to the State bar of Massachusetts. The road to honor and distinction was open before him. As an attorney, he had all the practise that he could manage. He was assured of a steady and increasing income. At thirty years of age he was chosen a member of the State legislature. He became known as, next to Daniel Webster, the best public speaker in Massachusetts. At length he was elected to Congress to succeed Ex-President John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives. Surely but few men at his age have ever had brighter prospects before them.

But, notwithstanding his success, Horace Mann was ill at ease. "I ought to be doing more for humanity," he said.

The schools of Massachusetts, indeed of the whole country, were at that time very poorly managed, and very inefficient. People felt little interest in education. The

public schools were attended by only a few pupils, and these were of the poorer class. Thousands of children were growing up in ignorance and vice.

"This is not as it should be," said Horace Mann, and he began to study the subject with all his accustomed thoroughness.

"The children must be better cared for," he said. "The State must provide for the instruction of all. We must have more schools and better schools."

He brought the matter before the legislature. His arguments were so clear and convincing that a law was passed providing for the general improvement of the schools in the State. More than this, Horace Mann himself was appointed secretary of the board of education, and it was made his duty to see that the provisions of the law were carried out. All his friends were astonished when he accepted the position.

"It is the work of my life," he said.

He closed his law office. He sold his law library.

"The bar is no longer my forum," he said; "I have betaken myself to the larger sphere of mind and morals."

The salary was small. The honors were few. The labor was great. Yet cheerfully did Horace Mann take hold of the work that was assigned him, and manfully did he carry it forward.

He visited Europe and studied the best systems of education there. He lost no effort to make the schools of Massachusetts the best in the world. "We must have better buildings, better school-books, longer terms of school," he said and for the procurement of these he toiled unweariedly.

The result is now to be seen in the high character and wonderful efficiency of the public schools all over the country. The good work which Horace Mann began in Massachusetts soon had its influence in other States. That good work, once begun, has never been abandoned or neglected, but still goes on. All that is best in the public schools of the U.S.A. to-day, may be traced to the influence and work of this man, who was willing to sacrifice ease, honor and fame, in order to promote the welfare of the children. And every child can learn from the self-sacrifice of the boy who braided straw and helped his mother.

"Be ashamed to die," he once said, "until you have won some victory for humanity." Ex.

— — —
"The inner side of every cloud

Is bright and shining

And so I turn my clouds about

And always wear them inside out

To see the lining."

THE SHEPHERD'S GOSPEL CLUB.

BY REV. ALBERT LONG, D.D., CONSTANTINOPLE.

I had been riding all day in a driving snowstorm, when, emerging from a deep mountain gorge, I saw before me a broad plain stretching away off many miles in extent. In the far-off distance was the plain of Plevna, rendered historic some years after the occurrence here narrated by scenes of blood and military strategy. At the base of the mountain slope on my right hand lay a little hamlet of fifteen or twenty dwellings.

It was nightfall, and neither my faithful horse nor myself felt disposed to go much farther. I directed my course to the nearest house, and, seeing a woman outside of the door, I gave her a Christian greeting, and asked to be received as a guest. My greeting was cordially returned, and I was told that I was welcome.

It happened to be the week after Easter Sunday, and in accordance with the custom of the Eastern Church, my greeting was, "Christos voskres" ("Christ is risen") and the answer immediately given was "Voeestinnu voskres" ("Truly He is risen").

Accordingly I dismounted, and after seeing personally to the comfort of my horse, I entered the little two-roomed cabin, and accepting the proffered services of a helpful little girl, who poured warm water from a ewer on my hands over a wash-basin, I had a fairly good wash.

I then removed my riding boots, seated myself cross-legged upon my bearskin saddle cover, spread in the corner of the huge fire-place, where over a blazing fire some eggs and other savory food were already being cooked by my peasant hostess for my supper.

The preparations were soon completed, and my well-cooked supper was set before me on a tray placed upon a low stool. It was eaten with a relish. The hostess stood near by, respectfully watching for an opportunity of rendering some service.

During the progress of the meal the door was opened, and a pale-faced young man of about twenty entered, shaking the snow from his peasant garb. To his quiet salutation, "Christ is risen," I replied, "Truly He is risen."

The meal finished, the table cleared away and my hands duly washed again, I was disposing my saddle and saddle-bags behind me for a pillow and my overcoat for a coverlet, and was about to give way to my weariness and lie down to sleep, when the young man again entered the room, came forward and seated himself by my side. He had taken off his shaggy shepherd's coat of sheepskin, and as the light

of the blazing fire shone upon him his pale face lighted up with an expression of seriousness and earnestness which quite won my heart and excited in me the deepest interest.

"Sir," said he, "I think I know who you are. I think you must be the editor of this newspaper," holding up a newspaper.

Recognizing it, I said, "Yes, you are right. I am glad to see that you are one of my readers."

I wanted to satisfy my curiosity as to how he had penetrated my incognito, but he went on in a musical voice:

"Now, I hope you will excuse my boldness. I see you are very tired. I know you have had a hard ride through the mountains, and you would like to go to sleep. But I have been wanting for a long time to see you, and I may never see you again.

"I am a poor shepherd boy, I have never been to school, but I managed to learn the letters, and began to read out of the Bible. Then a boy gave me one of your papers, the Zornitza (Day Star), and I read the whole of it. And so all the learning I have is what I have got in this way.

"What a wonderful book the Gospel is! In reading it I found many new things which I had never heard of before. I began to talk about them with some of my friends. Some of them liked to hear about those things, and would sit down and ask me to read to them, but others said I was meddling with things that were none of my business.

"I have an uncle who is a priest, but who is not a good man. He spends much of his time in the drinking shop, drinking and playing cards with bad men. He called me to him, and after talking with me for a long time he ordered me to give him my Bible, that he might burn it. I refused to do so.

"He then called my father, and told him that I had become a heretic, and he at length succeeded in persuading my father to turn me out of his house. I came here to this village and found a kind man who needed some one to care for his sheep, so I hired myself to him as a shepherd.

"I now study my Bible every day, but I have many enemies, and they are constantly trying to injure me. They act just like dogs. You know, sir, what our village dogs are like. If a stranger goes among them without a good club in his hand, they would tear him in pieces. If he has a club, they look at it, and they measure its length with their eye, so they can manage to keep just out of reach. So long as he keeps that club swinging he is safe. It he drops it they are on him.

"Now, sir, I have read in the Bible that it is called the sword of the Spirit. I think it might be used also as a club. What I

want is that you should point out to me some good texts which I can commit to memory and have them always with me, and use them as a club to keep the dogs at a distance."

He took from his pocket a well-worn copy of the New Testament and Psalms. I was pleased to recognize one of the editions which I had myself edited. When one has read the proofs of a book it gives him a special interest in it.

I produced a pocket concordance, and after looking in it a moment I said, "Can you find Matthew, seventh chapter and sixteenth verse?" It was found instantly, and read off with a clear, steady voice: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Then the twenty-first verse. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Now then, John, third chapter and sixteenth verse.

"Ah, I know that," said the young man with a sparkling eye. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." What a good club that is!"

So the time was passed by us until long after midnight, in selecting and marking "clubs" for this lonely shepherd lad.

At length he rose up, saying he must go to the sheepfold and see how the sheep were faring. With a quavering voice he thanked me, and said he would be unable to see me in the morning. I commended him to the good Shepherd, and encouraged him to continue the prayerful study of God's Word.

I never saw him again. I have reason to fear he was one of the victims in the terrible massacre which devastated that region. Wherever death may have found him, I feel sure that it found him ready. He was one of the brightest examples I have ever met with of a heart and mind illuminated with the simple study of God's Word.

THE LITTLE BLIND MUSICIAN.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred yesterday in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left 125th street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother.

Both well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the faces of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat

to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station.

Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne, and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—New York Times.

DID YOU EVER THINK.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That, though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined, than having "company manners?"

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk and talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

In a very prominent missionary book a writer says: "Would that God would speak in these last days to the church, etc., etc.," and a missionary reading this one day drew a pencil line from it down to the foot margin and wrote: "God has already spoken, would that the church would hear!"

THE MASTER HAND AT THE HELM.

Some years ago a sailing ship, homeward bound, had to put into a foreign port to ship an extra hand. The only man the captain could find in his search was what seemed to him a very raw, unqualified man from the Hebrides. He took him aboard, and, regarding him as inferior to the rest of the crew, he told him off for the worst jobs on board. He was shy and backward, and his English poor, and consequently he was despised, and became the general laughing-stock during the voyage.

But the day came which turned the tables. The vessel was caught in a terrific gale in mid-ocean, which brought captain and officers to a hopeless despair of saving ship or crew. Sea after sea swept over her, clearing the decks of spars and gear, while some of the sails had been torn to rags. Sailors in turn took the wheel, but in succession each was carried below benumbed with cold. Very soon the staff available was reduced, until there was no choice to be made.

At last the captain turned round to the man whom up till now he had slighted, saying, in pitiful tones.—

"Here, lad, take the wheel! we're done for anyhow."

Without saying a word, the man stepped on the poop and grasped the wheel. It didn't take long then to tell that his was a master hand. The ship immediately eased up under the stress of weather, and mounted the waves like a seagull.

They had him lashed to the wheel, where he remained, watch after watch, until the storm was spent. Afterwards, when the experience of that night was related, one said—

"Whenever he touched the helm you would have thought there was a lull. He saved the ship and crew."

Hearts and lives are torn and dismantled to-day for the want of a "master hand" on the helm. Many are like driftwood on the ocean, storm-tossed and weather-beaten, without one ray of hope of ever reaching the homeland of the soul. Waves of temptation and billows of care are fast hurling them to the place of darkness and despair. Sin is benumbing them; death is yawning for his prey.

Meanwhile, set at nought and unrecognized, there standeth one among them ready, willing, and able to save from harm and loss in time and in eternity. Yes, Jesus Christ to-day guarantees a safe passage to all who will honor Him by yielding up the helm of their lives to His pierced hand.

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea!
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal.
Chart and compass come from Thee—
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

WHY SHE WAS LOVED.

A young minister was traveling on horse-back through a mountain district. One day he noticed groups of people coming from every direction, many of them having evidently walked a long distance. It was not Sunday, yet these people were dressed in Sunday garb, and everywhere was the deepest solemnity. In response to the inquiry if a protracted meeting were going on, a mountaineer answered:

"Naw, mister, but Miss Margaret's dead."

"Miss Margaret?" the stranger asked inquiringly.

"You-uns don't know Miss Margaret? She was the best woman ever lived an' she's dead." There were tears in the man's eyes.

"Are all these people going to the funeral?"

"Deed they is, mister; it'll be the biggest funeral ever seen in these parts."

Deeply interested, the minister attached himself to one of the silent groups, and passed on with the long procession. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The meeting-place was a plain, rough school-house. The cheap, plain coffin, the poorly dressed throng, were all forgotten as the stranger gazed upon the still face of the girl lying in her last sleep. It was not a beautiful face, but it wore, even in death, a look of high resolve and self-forgetfulness that thrilled the looker-on to the depths of his soul. The throngs that gathered round, beheld that face with streaming eyes.

Who was she? What was she? Only the teacher of that humble mountain school. She had come, a stranger, among these rude, ignorant people. For the love of Christ she had labored in season and out of season to teach the children, and also their elders, the better ways they had never known.

Before she had been among them six months, the houses were in better repair, and kept in a cleaner, more home-like fashion. The rough manners were softened; kindness and neighborly love were manifest as never before, the Bible became a well-read, beloved Book. Many a soul had been led to Jesus by her simple words, and her beautiful, unselfish life.

And now she was dead, leaving her flock bereft. Not one in all that company were her kindred, save as they were brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. Never was queen more truly than this humble, quiet girl, who entered one of earth's darkest corners, of Him who is the "Light of the World." "The West-Land."

Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it? Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?

Continued from page 296.

cessful work, and whatever of marble or granite may mark his resting place when rest comes, the monument that will bring the most of benediction to his memory will be this Fund which owes to him so much of its success. For years he set as an aim an annuity of \$400, after forty years of service, with smaller amounts for a shorter term. This has at length been attained and its permanence is now fairly assured if the ministers and churches do their duty.

Fifteen annuitants passed away during the year, and twenty-one are applying to be placed upon the Fund for benefit.

Those who contribute to this Fund can be assured that not only is it worthy, a debt which we owe and not a charity which we give, but also that its interests are most carefully guarded, that those who receive benefit are worthy, that the benefit is proportioned to the length of service after ten years, and that the highest annuity at present attained is only \$400, and that only after forty years of service to the church.

The appointment of the next meeting of Assembly, in Hamilton, gave a little variety, after which came the second of the larger subjects of the day, and the biggest problem of the Assembly, the relation of Queen's University to the church. There are larger subjects before the Assembly, but no other so great a problem. In other questions, the way, whether waiting or advancing, is fairly clear, or becomes so, and the need is not so much guidance as strength. In this case there was neither cloud nor fire, unless indeed there were both, from different sources, looking different ways.

The Assembly after long wrestling, referred it to a committee, to search for light and report to a later session, so I will wait the final action of Assembly before saying more about it.

The two evening subjects were Church Life and Work and French Evangelization. Each should have had an evening to itself, but there are not evenings to go round.

The first is all embracing, for "church life" includes the moral aspect of all the living of the church member in all its relations; and "church work" includes all that he does bearing on the lives of others.

The committee in its report seeks to give, so far as it has been able to learn, the hindrances to Christian life and work in the church, the progress of Christian life and work in the church, the duties with regard to Christian life and work, and the outlook and hope in regard to the same.

But the fact is that instead of grasping the subject, presented in the report and in the addresses thereon, one sees it grow bigger as each side of it is considered, a man's hand as it first appears on the docket, growing till the heavens are filled.

The report reviewed the wide field, and after several members had taken part in the discussion, a series of recommendations was adopted by the Assembly, which, some other day, I may send you. They are too long for a letter.

Last for the day, climax or anti, which you will, came French Evangelization. Dr. Mowatt, Convener, presented the Report, telling of the steady but sure progress of the work, the spread of light and knowledge, telling of sixteen mission schools with an enrolment of 734, telling of Pointe-aux-Trembles schools which have educated more than 5,000 young French Canadians, which had 220 in attendance the past year, twenty-six of whom made a profession of their faith in Christ at the two communions of the school term.

The Report recommended also that on this 400th Anniversary of Calvin, and the tercentenary of Quebec, there should be established in Quebec a Calvin memorial, in the form of an educational and evangelistic institution, corresponding in some measure to the overcrowded and greatly successful Pointe-aux-Trembles school near Montreal, Rev. J. E. Duclos of Valleyfield, to whom this movement is largely owing, supported this recommendation, which was agreed to.

When Principal Brandt arose to speak, the hour was late, and there was a movement doorward, as is usual unless a star appears. Dr. Mowatt told them that if they would wait for a little, they would wait till the end. They did, and did. None weary when the Principal has the floor, and when he is done, Pointe-aux-Trembles has always a still wider circle of friends, to-night being no exception to the rule.

Yours, etc.
X.

Letter XII.

Winnipeg, Tuesday, June 9, 1908.

Dear Record:—

Two big subjects dominated the day. With broom and binder twine they sought, the one to sweep out society's uncleanness, the other to tie up the church's spreading branches into one, and make it all trunk. The first was "Moral and Social Reform," the second, "Church Union."

Of the former, Rev. Dr. Pidgeon, Convener, presented the report. This Committee is young, but vigorous. It was appointed a year ago, and this is its first annual report.

It has laid down for itself a big programme—the promotion of temperance, with prohibition as a goal, the suppression of gambling and betting and social vice, the promotion of honor and integrity in business life and purity in politics, the protection of children, the care of the feeble minded and criminals, sociology in its relation to domestic, industrial and commercial life, the relation of working men to the church and of the church to the problems of working men, and the prevention of undesirable immigration.

The lines along which it proposes to work for these ends are: Organization, Education, Legislation and Evangelistic Effort.

A sensational feature of the discussion was Dr. Pringle's indictment of immorality in Yukon, but you will have all that in detail, with variations and additions and comments, in the daily press, long before this reaches you.

Dr. Shearer, the agent of the Assembly in this work, spoke of its discouragements and encouragements, the latter always more than the former, with progress steady, though seldom so rapid as one could wish.

One of the features of the Assembly for several years past has been the report of the committee on union and the debate thereupon. It filled its usual place this year, in time, but scarcely in interest. Grown familiar it lacks novelty, nearly everything has been repeatedly said that can be said. The men who do the speaking on the subject are for the most part present each year, and the addresses on either side from the same men on the same subject, no matter how able and eloquent, and convinc-

ing and conforming to those who agree with them, must necessarily be much the same from year to year.

Principal Patrick, convener, presented the report of the committee, in his usual clear, masterly way, shewing the progress that has been made during the year in reaching a basis of agreement with the committees of the Methodist and Congregational churches.

It is expected that the work of the committee will be completed in another year, that a basis of union agreed upon by these committees, will be submitted to the next Assembly; to be considered by it, and, if approved, to be sent down to presbyteries, sessions and congregations for their consideration and decision. If the latter give approval, the way will thereafter be open for practical steps in the direction of organic union. If any considerable number of them disapprove, the matter will of course rest until some future time.

The resolution he presented was, in substance,—that the Assembly receive the report, express gratification at progress, learn with satisfaction that in the judgment of the committee, so far as they have prosecuted their labors, the proposed union appears to be practicable, directs that the report, with a copy of this deliverance, be sent down to presbyteries, sessions and congregations, for information and suggestion.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Montreal, moved in amendment, substantially, that the report be received and thanks given to those who have labored so earnestly in its behalf, but inasmuch as there is unmistakeable opposition in our church to organic union, and as it would but add one more to the denominations of Christendom, the committee confine their attention during the year to the question of co-operation with all the evangelical churches, so as to prevent overlapping and secure as great an economy of resources as possible.

A considerable number of ministers and elders took part in the discussion.

The vote was 156 for the motion and 32 for the amendment. This does not mean a vote on union, but on the motions presented.

Whatever the outcome there are two things certain, and on these all can rest without worry or care; viz., that God is in the midst of His church and will guide her aright,—whether her course be along one

road or parallel roads, and that all, without waiting for any future time or legislation, can seek the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, as becomes pledged followers of Christ.

Yours, etc.

X.

Letter XIII.

Winnipeg, Wednesday, June 10, 1908.

Dear Record:—

While the outstanding subject to-day was the relation of Queens to the church, the items were many and varied, some that took but little time and created no special interest, being important in results.

At the opening was a motion authorizing the Board of Trustees to appoint its own auditor for the present year. Hitherto for some years the Assembly has made the appointment.

Then came a report from a special committee resulting in the formation of two new presbyteries in the far west, to be called Saskatoon and Abernethy. The names tell where they are. Thus our church grows.

Next followed Augmentation, east and west, these nursing funds of our church. A pleasing fact about the Fund in the western division is that in a year of hard times there was a small balance on the right side. This pleasure however is offset by the fact that the committee has not been able to add anything to the minimum stipend, which last Assembly said should be raised to \$900 and a manse.

Another pleasing fact was that twenty-four congregations, an average of two a month, have moved up to the stage of self support. Of these however half moved directly up from the Home Mission stage, without receiving any aid from Augmentation by the way. An offset to this, so far as concerns demand upon the Fund, is that twenty-eight mission fields have advanced a stage and have come upon it for aid. There is therefore this year the two-fold increase required, viz., to help the increased number of congregations and to increase the minimum stipend. Wherever, in individual or congregation, the Christian principle obtains, of the strong helping the weak, this Fund will receive hearty support.

The Augmentation Fund east has also a small credit balance, but this is offset by the fact that it is owing to the lack of men to supply all the augmented fields. Hence lesser demands upon the Fund. Here too the minimum remained as it was before. Six congregations passed off the list and became self sustaining, while seven mission fields advanced a stage and came upon the Fund. Forty-three congregations received aid.

Next item was the establishment of an order of deaconesses. It took but little time, but should have large results in all the future of our church. The Ewart Training Home, Toronto, is to be a home and training school for this new order, for both home and foreign service.

The Report of St. Andrews College, Toronto, was submitted by Dr. R. P. Mackay, who spoke of the excellent social, educational, and spiritual advantages of the Institution, and recommended it to all who wish a good place to which they can send their sons.

The Report of the Widows and Orphans Fund in connection with the church of Scotland, presented by Dr. R. Campbell, shewed forty-three annuitants, the receipts \$9,498 and the disbursements \$1,100 less.

The Widows and Orphans Fund, E. D. presented by Dr. McCurdy, shewed twenty-four widows and seven orphans receiving benefit, and the Fund in excellent condition.

Then came the problem, what to do about Queen's. It is difficult to present the case in a few words.

Queen's, teaching Arts and Theology, was established by Presbyterians, to train their ministers, in days when Canada did not give higher education. Her Constitution provides that a considerable majority of her governing body shall be Presbyterian, and the consent of the Assembly is necessary to change that Constitution.

Since the Union of 1875, while Presbyterians have been her chief benefactors, the church, as such, is not responsible for her support, and her students are of all denominations. As Queens has grown to be a large University, teaching Arts, Science, Medicine,

Education, etc., she would like, in return for so much worthy service to the State, to get a larger proportion of provincial aid, besides what she now gets for her School of Mines. To qualify for this, and for the pension fund which Mr. Carnegie has established for the retired professors of State universities, she wishes her Constitution changed, and all church hall-marks removed, and asks the consent of Assembly to this change.

Principal Patrick, convener of the special committee to which the matter had been referred, submitted their report, recommending that the Trustees of Queens, responsible for her maintenance, should be at liberty to take any steps which they feel to be in the interests of the University, provision, satisfactory to the church, to be made for the theological faculty in the event of any change.

Principal McLaren seconded the adoption of this recommendation, and the matter was fairly launched, calling forth a very wide and very pronounced difference of opinion.

Dr. R. Campbell, of Montreal, moved, seconded by Prof. Dyde, that it be remitted to the trustees to consider what provision can be made for retiring professors, to report to next Assembly.

The debate was long and warm; friends of Queens taking strong views on both sides, some holding that the change would be but one of form, that it would enable Queens to do her work more efficiently, that the majority of the senate and trustees wish it, and that the committee of Assembly which examined the matter were unanimous in its favor; others just as strongly maintaining that the church has always shown her interest in the University by support from the beginning, and by generous response in the present endowment campaign, and that while the church has no control in the actual management of the university, and no denominational advantage or preference, she should not sever the connection that exists, and alienate an asset of such moral value.

At the end of a deeply earnest discussion Dr. Campbell's amendment was adopted by a vote of sixty-seven to fifty-three.

The completion of the endowment fund is now in order.

Once more good night.

X.

Letter XIV.

Winnipeg, Thursday, June 11, 1908.

Dear Record:—

The last day of meeting has come. It is smaller in size and quicker in movement than those before it, but it has furnished one of the minor notes in the music of this Assembly, in the statement of the Report of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, West, that the committee had found it necessary to reduce the annuity to widows from \$175 to \$150. The total receipts of the Fund were \$23,669 and the expenditure \$23,456.

This Fund, like the Aged Ministers Fund, is not a charity or a benevolence, but a justice. Some men give their lives to do the Christian work that rests equally upon all, while others do their part by providing for the support, and for the families, of those who substitute for them. This Fund is one of the ways of fulfilling that promise.

Surely the wealthy men and women, members of the church, whose substitutes these ministers were during their lives, doing their share of church work, will not allow the above reduction to their widows to continue.

But time and space compel but mention of other important subjects of to-day,—the Report on Systematic Giving, one of the foundation stones in all church and mission work; the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which promises so much for the future of Christ's Kingdom;—the Church and Manse Building Fund of the North-West, one of Dr. Robertson's bairns, that has helped to erect seven hundred and forty buildings, most of them churches;—and other important subjects put through in this closing day, not to mention smaller ones, such as your own Report, shewing a successful year,—until at length the docket cleared, the business ended, the moderator's tender closing address, the singing of the usual psalm of benediction, the appointment to meet next year in the city of Hamilton, the solemn closing prayer, the farewells, the separations to the work of another year.

Yours, etc.

Z.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—John Ruskin.

MISSIONARY EDUCATION IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Third Annual Conference on the Sunday School and Missions will be held at Silver Bay on Lake George, N. Y., July 15-23, 1908. The general subject of the Conference will be "Missionary Education in the Sunday School." The program is planned so as to include both a thorough consideration of the problem in the local school and a full discussion of the editorial, administrative, and other work.

The plan for each day except Sunday includes the following features:

1. At the first period Professor E. P. St. John, of Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, will lecture on "Missionary Education from the View-Point of Child Study."

2. These lectures will be followed by mission study classes, for which the whole conference will be divided according to the interests of the delegates into Primary, Junior, Intermediate, Senior, and Adult classes. These will give an hour each day to the actual work of teaching missions and developing the missionary spirit in the grades mentioned.

3. The third period each day will be given to an Institute or Open Parliament on such questions of missionary education as concern the whole body of the local Sunday-school, aside from the teaching work in the individual classes. The list of topics includes: The Organization of the Missionary Committee, The Missionary Library, Developing a Missionary Atmosphere, Plans for Definite Study, and Systematic Giving.

4. A short period before the noon hour, closing the forenoon session, will be given to inspirational addresses on topics of vital interest in Home and Foreign Mission fields.

5. The afternoons are given wholly to recreation, and few spots in America offer a more splendid combination in opportunities for rest, relaxation, and physical exercise. No less valuable is the inspiration of common fellowship which each one is privileged to enjoy.

6. After supper, and after the twilight has thrown a hush around the closing of the day, the conference will again assemble in classes by grades as during the second morning period for the study of the missionary interpretation of Bible lessons, making selections from the 1909 International series.

7. The day's work closes with an opportunity for denominational meetings, committee debates, and moving pictures or stereopticon lectures.

Each feature of the program will be cared for by an expert. The expense is as reasonable as can be found anywhere. It includes an enrolment fee of four dollars railroad rates of one and one-third fare for

round trip within certain territory, and a moderate charge for room and board.

If you are interested further in this conference, write Rev. A. E. Armstrong, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto.

SOME STRIKING FACTS.

Decrease in Liquor Production.

The following facts and figures from the "Toledo Blade" give food for thought and for gratitude:—

There was a greater decrease in the production of whiskey and beer the first three months of the present year than probably ever before in the same length of time in the history of the U.S.A. Government. The shrinkage is so unprecedented that the trade cannot mistake its significance.

According to Deputy Commissioner Wheeler, of the U.S.A. Treasury Department, the internal revenue receipts for January, 1908, compared with January, 1907, show a loss in liquor collections of \$502,114.

February this year shows a shrinkage of \$1,322,157 compared with February, 1907.

The liquor revenue receipts for March of this year, compared with the same month last year, show a decrease of \$3,035,472, more than three millions of dollars.

The average monthly decrease in liquor revenue for the past nine months is less than one-third of the shrinkage of the month of March alone.

This enormous decline in liquor revenue means a tremendous decline in the production of whiskey and beer.

According to Government officials more than 95 per cent. of this revenue decrease is in production.

Liquor periodicals and Government statisticians agree that during the first ninety days of 1908 there was a shrinkage of nearly \$25,000,000 worth in the quantity of liquor manufactured.

Of this decrease 60 per cent. is in whiskey production and 40 per cent. in the making of beer.

This decrease of nearly \$10,000,000 worth of beer production in 90 days is a new record and one which the brewer has never before faced, for while the revenue receipts from whiskey have been decreasing for some time the receipts from beer have shown an increase until during the recent months.

At this rate of decrease the present fiscal year, ending the first of July, will show a reduction of liquor production to the value of nearly \$50,000,000.

The financial flurry has no doubt been a factor in this falling off in liquor production, but there is little doubt that the country-wide temperance movement has also been a contributing cause.—

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces,
Truro, 1st Tues. Nov.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 25 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Port Hastings, 30 June, 12.30.
3. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 28 July, 10 a.m.
4. Pictou, Blue Mountain, 7 July, 1.30 p.m.
5. Wallace, Spring hill, 18 Aug.
6. Truro, Qtrly., Truro, 21 July, 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Windsor, 7 July.
8. Lun, Yarmth, 8 Sep., 8 p.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 30 June, 11 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa,
Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.**

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 1 Sept.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 23 June, 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 7 July, 11.30.
14. Ottawa, Cumberland, 7 July, 10 a.m.
15. Lan., Renfrew, Carlton Place, 8 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston,
Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.**

17. Kingston, Kingston, Cooke's, 1 July.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 July, 9.30 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Urbridge, 22 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 21 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 14 July, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 7 July, 10.30 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, 14 July, 11 a.m.
25. Algoma, Little Current, 21 July, 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Chatsworth, 7 July, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 July, 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London,
Hamilton, last Mon. May.**

29. Hamilton.
30. Paris, 14 July, 10.30 a.m.
31. London, London, 7 July, 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 14 July, 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 8 July, 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 8 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Exeter, 1 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Bluevale, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Southampton, 7 July, 11 a.m.

**Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg,
2nd Tues. Nov.**

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. «Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Deloraine, 8 Sept.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-Prairie, Portage-la-Prairie, 30 June, 7 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 3rd week, Sept.
44. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, 16 July, 2 p.m.
45. Brandon.

**Synod of Saskatchewan, Indian
Head, 1st Tues. Nov.**

46. Yorkton, Crowstand, July.
47. Arcola, Carlyle, Sept.
48. Alameda.
49. Qu'Appelle, Ellisboro, 7 July, 10 a.m.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Moose Jaw, 15 Sept., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, 1 Sept.
54. Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta,
Calgary, last Tues. April.**

55. Edmonton.
56. Vermillion, Lloydminster, 25 June, 9.30 a.m.
57. Red Deer.
58. Lacombe.
59. Calgary.
60. McLeod, Cardston, Sept.

**Synod of British Columbia,
Victoria, 1st Wed. May.**

61. Kootenay, Fernie, September.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster, Eburne, Sept., 10 a.m.
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

In a very prominent missionary book a writer says: "Would that God would speak in these last days to the church, etc., etc." and a missionary reading this one day drew a pencil line from it down to the foot margin and wrote: "God has already spoken, would that the church would hear!"

We ask God to forgive us for our evil thoughts and evil temper, but rarely, if ever, ask Him to forgive us for our sadness. Joy is regarded as a happy accident of our Christian life, an ornament and a luxury, rather than a duty.

—R. W. Dale.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Apr.	Rec' Mar. 1st to Apr. 30
Home Missions....	\$1,759.03	\$8,638.96
Augmentation....	97.85	722.38
Foreign Missions...	2,872.79	8,229.46
Widows' & Orphans...	409.41	1,529.83
A. and I. Ministers.	712.87	3,086.57
Assembly.....	203.51	375.10
French Evangeliztn.	275.91	1,030.83
Pt-aux-Trembles....	90.00	1,232.36
Imprnce, Moral Refrm.....	2.15	37.38
Knox College.....	28.40	125.61
Queen's College....	8.00	44.91
Montreal College....	5.00	17.70
Manitoba College...	15.60	91.99
B. C. College.....	19.62

Received during April.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Tiverton, Kx	36	Bapid City, St. Paul's..	16 25
St. Ann's	5 50	"Inasmuch"	5
Rev M. Macled	12 18	Burfield, Un	20
Virden, Knox	6	Morre, Burns'	25
N' Ekfrid	4 50	Euphemia	3 41
N. Pelham	5	White Lake	4
Louth	5 50	Elora, Knox	57 25
Clinton, Willis	10 05	Paisley, Knox	44 10
Ottawa, Bank	6 75	Reverly	16 75
Oro, Es-on	11	Weston	65 25
Rylstone	12	W. Adelaide	8 63
Laskay, St. Paul's ..	31 60	Ormsdown	5
Horatius Benar and frnds, Scotland..	54 01	Ormsdown Villg, ss ..	9 53
Tor., Dovercourt	102	Howick	32 75
Stirling, St. And.	17	Sonya, St. And	8 50
Goshen, Alta	13	Carp	34
C. L. Strachan	15	Strathcona, Knox	75
Showers Cors, c.e. ..	20	Vancouver, St. And ..	167 10
Tor. Queen, E	9 50	A. Nurse	5
Arnprior, St. And, c.e.	3	Tor., St. Paul's	300
Edmondville	60	Macdonald, St. Nic. Is.	12 50
Bethel	2 80	Westmount, Mel	60
Sunnidale Cors	12	Minto, Man.	44
Enniskulen, St. Jon. ..	10	Johnson, Daywood ..	2 10
Baltimore	7	"A. J. M."	20
Balcarres, St. And. ..	15 35	Markdale, y p.g.	86
Dunwich, Duff s.	30 75	Mrs. M. Robinson	20
per Rev. J. Menancon	584 07	Essex	18 91
Wmster, Ist	160	Bolton, Caven.	50 25
per Agent, Hx.	161 25	Wingham, St. And	97 47
Skippens, Ont.	3 87	Hymnal Com.	1,001 38
W. Bentinck	3 10	Thorold	35
Aberarder	5	Crumlin	2 75
Douglas, Zion	12 66	Henry Birk's & Sons ..	250
Scotch Bush, St. And.	15 39	Pilot Mound	25 80

Stratford, Knox	125	Rev. J. Gandier	11 75
Hugh Warden	250	Camden	12
Strangfield	8	Newburgh	6 25
Sunderland	25	Strathroy, St. And.	68 45
Deer Park	100	Sarnia, St. And.	200
St. David's, Man. c.e. ..	12 50	Mr., Mrs. J. M. Black ..	50 10
Dauphin, Man.	40	George N. Harris	20
W. Huntingdon	8 67	Dunblane	3 50
Craighurst	5	Newtonville, Ch. and ss	6 59
Est. A. D. McLeod	75	Gorrie	14 25
Rev. W. A. Wyllie	67	For. Wmster	1,000
Banff St. Paul's ss.	1 80	Thedford	30 65
Graham	2	For., Kew Beach	89 58
New Denver, Kx, ss.	1 55	Friend	30
Mt. Pleasant, Ont.	25	Woodville, ss	15
Windsor, St. John's c.e. .	1	Grand Ornge Lodg, E. Ont.	50
Guelph, Knox	100	Warwick, Knox	7 30
per Rev. A. D. Menzies	62 00	Scarboro' mem. Kx.	1 50
per Rev. Prin. Brandt	163	Han., St. And., ss, cl. 12	12
Mandamin	23 65	Renwick, man.	8 10
Atwood	5 58	Clegg, man.	6 50
Woodstock, Kx., ss.	44 55	Rosebank, man.	3 65
George S. McIlraith	18	Clydesdale	1
Westmount, St. And	400	Corunna	8 40
Sarawak	14	Est. W. J. Mitchell	800 10
Lake Charles	9 81	W. H. M. S.	1,847
Watson, Sack	1 85	Union, Man., ss.	12 85
Stratford, St. And.	31 50	Truro, St. Paul's, ss.	25
Billings Bridge	40 85	Galt, First, c.e.	25
Maple Valley, St. And ..	14	Thomas Ryan	200
Grand Bend	8	Mother and Son	20
Otta., Erskine, ss.	23 33	Calgary, Grace, Girls' m.b	18
Quebec, St. And.	5	Cottonwood Pense.	82 20
Campbellford, St. And ..	43 50	Carlukie	9
Kingston, Chal.	43 85	Fletwode Sask.	5
A. Andrew, Otta.	500	Fairy Hill, Sask.	10
Bruce Pres.	108 16	Macdonald, man.	3
Woodbridge	38 15	Tor., Old St. And	150
Brooklin	77 25	Bala, C. E.	6
Atwood, ss	2 40	Cresswell	8 15
Galt, Central	100	Innerkip	2
"A friend"	30	New Carlisle, zion.	18
Rosemont	6 55	"E. D. A."	70
Edmonton, Queen's Ave	112 20	est. W. A. D. Menzies	380 62
Burlington, Knox	20	Woodstock, Kx. 2 frds	50
Seymour, St. A.d.	8 60	McMullen	50
Bellingham	4 50	Oak Hill	2
Cromarty	100	Mansfield	5 30
Stratford, Knox	1,026 25	Dunbar	60
"A Friend"	5	Ottawa, Bank	200
per Rev. McP. Scott.	50	Wpg. Home St.	38
Tor., St. Enoch's	17	Cornwall, Knox	30
Owen Sd. Div. St.	125	Sarnia, St. And. Men's b. l.	36 91
Rev. M. Bethune	8	Est. S. B. Green	50
Miss Deachann, Mc-Clelln	9	Rodney	11 43
Orillia, Cl. No. 6	6	Miss N. X. McIntosh and Cl	3
Rev. R. H. Gilmour	6 35	E. Tor., Emmanuel	59 35
Brantford, Zion	100	Cranbrook, c.e.	2
Embro	100	Cambellvil, St. David's	20
Wimmer	1 25	Wallacecn, y.p.h.m.s.	15
London, New St. Jas.	150	Rev M. McKinnon	16 13
Quill Lake	1 80	per Miss A. F. Bowman	13
Basswood, ss.	4 25	Ayr, Knox	13
Mont., Chal	69 90	Brooksdale, St. And ..	5 20
L. G. Bell, Jr	5	Tor., St. Jas Sq	2,000
38 Barton	16 50		
Mewassin, ss.	5		
White Horse, ss.	5		
Est. John A. McLaren ..	400		
Rev. D. Stewart	6 65		

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- For forgiving your enemies.
- For helping a fallen brother.
- For being candid and frank.

- For thinking before speaking.
- For being honest in business.
- For being loyal to your church.
- For standing by your principles.
- For stopping your ears to gossip.
- For harboring only pure thoughts.
- For bridling a slanderous tongue.
- For being courteous and kind to all.
- For sympathizing with the afflicted.
- For money given to the Lord's cause.
- For faithfulness in keeping your promises.
- For asking pardon when you have done wrong.



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How to Break Off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason of the habit and that the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to temptations. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of all bad habits.—Selected.

The Mistake and the Cure.

A labouring man leaving a large saloon saw a costly carriage and a pair of horses standing in the front occupied by two ladies, elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor.

As it rolled away, he said to the dealer: "Whose carriage is that?"

"It is mine," replied the dealer, complacently. "It cost \$1,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad. Then, with an energy of a man suddenly aroused he said:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what!" said the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage and team and that gold mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewelry of your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing. I have spent at your bar. My wages and those of others have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family will have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another coin for drink. I see the mistake—and a cure for it."—Gel.

Jews in New York.

It may be fairly taken for granted that the New York Jewish community is now the largest in history or tradition. It represents ten per cent. of the entire Jewish population of the world. It is larger than the aggregate Jewish populations of the Eastern largest centres, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, Hamburg and London. It is ten times larger than the entire Jewish population of France; it is twenty-times larger than the entire Jewish population of Italy; it is twenty-five times larger than the population of Jerusalem, and fifteen times larger than the entire Jewish population of Syria and Palestine.—Ex.

The Victory of Struggle.

Struggle is more important than victory. Struggle is sure to make character, and victory often fails to do so. Struggle is a duty; victory may not be. Struggle is progress; victory may be standstill. In other words, the result of our pushing onward in the right direction is in the Lord's hands, not ours; and the result in this world is a minor matter, a mere incident, so far as we are concerned.

It is hard to see this, when we have pushed, and strained, and struggled for years in the line of plain duty, and the goal seems as much in doubt as ever. It is still harder to see this when the result is no longer in doubt, but is plainly to be failure.

Yet this last kind of fight is the finest test of all. It is the test that he calls on some of his followers to meet. "Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning," George Elliot has said: "but give me the man who will not give up, even in defeat, cannot be conquered. He wins a greater victory in defeat than he could in victory. Ex.

Do not let the good things of life rob you of the best things.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts.—Spurgeon.

The part of wisdom is to live for those objects now which will be worth living for a thousand years hence.

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer each one.

"Let every occasion be a great occasion; for you cannot tell when fate may be taking your measure for a larger place."

There is no pleasure beyond the rules of righteousness toward others; there is no pleasure in what injures another.—Watkinson.

He who is sure he is right can afford to be gracious. Ungraciousness always appears like a mistaken defence of a weak position.

The theory of work is to put a great deal of one's self into the thing which one undertakes, whatever it may be.—W. J. Tucker, D.D.

The highest credential of anybody's ministry is not power, light or mystery, but love, simple, unselfish, practical, helpful, longsuffering love.

Every man can be in love with his work if he will always think of how well he can do that work and not how easily he can do it.—Senator Beveridge.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—F. W. Faber.

"The best work in the world is not the work of administration and organization but humble and individual ministries performed in a corner, without tangible reward."

Art thou drowned in obscurity? Then I say thou art perfectly dead. For though thou movest, yet the soul is buried within thee, and thy good angel either forsakes his guard or sleeps.—Francis Bacon.

People who make mistakes are those who quarrel with one another before their children, or who allow the latter to grow up in idleness; those who talk about their troubles before strangers; the father who tells his children to go the way he does not go himself, and the young woman who does not make a confidant of her mother.—Lutheran Observer.

If prayer is a task and a slavery, you must not spring up from your knees and rush back into the open fields of self-reliance; you must press forward into deeper and deeper chambers of God's helpfulness.—Phillips Brooks.

Never did any soul do good but it came reader to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—Earl of Shaftesbury.

George Towns, of Australia, the champion sculler of the world, recently said:—"Some have laughed at my stand against Sunday training. I say it is God's law, and, therefore, natural, to have one day's rest in seven; and I always felt the better for it."

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, nor genius, power, wit, nor fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

"It will not come out all right, but by God's grace it shall be brought out all right" exclaimed a young man as he looked upon a certain state of affairs in his home city. Trust where trusting is all you can do, but act when you see what you can do, looking up to God for His gracious help.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin causes suffering to others besides those who commit it.—George Eliot.

In connection with the creation of the new Presbyterian church in Korea by a combination of all the Presbyterian missions of that land, seven native preachers were ordained. One of these was sent as a missionary to the Island of Quelpart. An interesting fact in connection with this man is that fifteen years ago he stoned through the streets of Pyeng Yang the missionary who has now ordained him.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die, grace grows, as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.

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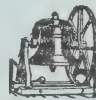
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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII

AUGUST, 1908

No. 8

ONE THING THAT AWAITS.

There is usually a summer lull in church activities. In the cities this is owing to the fact that those who can get away are off for a vacation, longer or shorter, and the congregations are small. In the country it is the busy season, when through the long hours of the week all are hard at work, and, though the Sabbath congregations are larger than in winter, there is less time during the week for public work of any kind. Autumn and Winter are specially the work time of the church in both city and country.

As that work time draws near, one outstanding thing that waits consideration, or rather action, is "The Layman's Missionary Movement." The aim of this movement is the greatest thing in the world, the winning of the world to Christ, and the movement which seeks to carry out this aim is one of the great movements in this direction which the world has yet witnessed, the Christian men of the world realizing their responsibility to tell the good news to the "members of the family that don't know."

This movement only got fairly started last Winter. This Autumn there is to be a concerted effort on a large scale to carry it forward. J. Campbell White will spend five or six weeks in Canada and with others will direct the effort in some ten or dozen leading centres, while the men from these centres are expected to spread the Movement in other places round about; the fire kindled in these centres spreading until it covers the whole land.

But the object of this great Movement can only be attained by each man doing his share, filling his place, bearing his part. And the question for each one is, what shall my part be.

My part may not be necessary to the success of the Movement. That will go on, whe-

ther I bear my part or not. The question is not whether the Movement can afford to do without me, but whether I can afford to miss such an opportunity of a part in the great event of all human history, the winning of humanity back to God, that in which all history will find its consummation.

Now the success of all grand movements is made up of the faithful doing of little, and my part in the success of this Movement is the faithful doing of my little at least every week. One thing which this Movement seeks to cultivate is the weekly offering for missions. Men are realizing it their duty, as they come together to worship and to give thanks to God for His goodness, to show that thankfulness each time they come by thus helping in the work for which Christ gave Himself.

Many congregations are entering heartily into this feature of the Movement, and are using not merely an envelope for their weekly offering for their own church, but a second envelope, or a duplex envelope, for "the members of the family that don't know."

These duplex envelopes are supplied by our S.S. Publications Office, Toronto. Any church wishing to join the rapidly increasing number of weekly givers for missions should send for samples and see what they are like.

Some prefer a separate envelope, two for each Sabbath in the year, blue for missions, white for selves, and these two are placed alternately in a box and numbered with the Sabbath for which they are intended. Samples of these are also furnished.

Whatever method may be adopted, let all fall in heartily with this grand Movement and share the luxury of doing good and the blessing of glad unselfish giving and work for the good of others.

INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.

By WILLIAM F. ADAMS, M.D.

Toronto, June 11, 1908.

For the Record:—

There has recently been held at the famous Clifton Springs Sanitarium, N. Y., the twenty-fifth annual missionary gathering under the name of the I. M. U. (International Missionary Union).

This is an organization of missionaries from all Protestant churches all the world over to further in every possible way the incoming of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

Missionaries on furlough, former missionaries who have retired, and candidates for the foreign field about to sail are all entertained free for a whole week by the Board of Trustees of the Sanitarium. It is a week never to be forgotten by all who were privileged to attend. About one hundred and fifteen missionaries from all parts of the world were gathered at Clifton for this meeting from the 3rd to the 10th June.

The late Dr. Foster, founder of the Sanitarium, was a man of deep piety and of great faith in God, and it is abundant evidence that he received his mission from God, in that, since his death, the organization has been carried on in the same earnest spiritual lines, endeavoring to treat the whole man—not merely the physical, and mental, but the spiritual as well. The testimony of not a few was that "they had never seemed so near to heaven as when at Clifton Springs." The "spiritual atmosphere" of the place was indeed most strengthening, and the outlook upon world wide missions was such as could be gained in no other place in the world in the same space of time.

At the first service, on the evening of Wednesday, June 3rd, an address of welcome to all the guests was given by Mrs. Mary E. Foster, wife of the late Dr. Foster, and up to the present time Superintendent since his decease.

Then all the missionaries were introduced, one by one, giving their name, Board, Field, when they went out and what form of service they had been in.

On Thursday after the "Quiet Hour" from nine to ten o'clock, the morning was devoted

to the "memorial service," when tributes to all members of the Union who had gone to their reward during the year were read, and spoken by their friends and fellow workers, and at the close of the service honorable mention was made of all departed members of the Union, by reading their names.

Only a few of the good things of the rich feastings can be mentioned.

Of the great revival in India, when marked pentecostal blessings have been sent from God upon the native church during the past three years, we have all read, but to have such eyewitnesses of His glory as Bishop F. W. Warne, and Rev. Mr. Byers and his wife, and others, to tell us at first hand of the marvellous experiences through which they had been passing, was to gain a glimpse into things eternal, and the refrain of the great Punjab Revival hymn which they sang to us is still ringing in our ears.

We were told of great gatherings where the Spirit of God would take hold of the audience and prostrate them all in an agony of prayer and penitence for their sins, and then there would commence a "straightening out" as the natives called it—they would confess their sins to one another and make up for wrongs done, and seek for forgiveness right then and there, all throughout the assembly, and then there would sweep over the audience a great wave of praise and thanksgiving, and again a "prayer storm," as the Bishop called it.

The meetings would often continue from early morning until late in the afternoon, and no one would think of their meals. Little children were wonderfully blessed and delighted in having a "good pray" together, just as much as in having a good play.

And God wonderfully used some of these little ones too. One little girl who had been blessed felt her responsibility for her village, and she began to pray far into the night that God would save all the village.

Then her prayer took this form, and she had a vision. Oh Lord, save my village, and send a minister here to preach to them and do thou save them all.

And Jesus said to the little one, "My dear little girl I want to answer your pray-

er, but I cannot do it in the way you ask—I have not a single preacher who would not take the glory to himself if the whole village should be converted under his preaching; I must have some simple humble person who would not be spoiled by it; and I am going to use you, my little girl.”

And in the morning she told of the vision, and the preachers and Christians were humbled and cried mightily to God for pardon and the result was that the whole village was soon rejoicing in the love of Jesus and in the power of the Spirit.

The great secret of the whole revival was prayer. The missionaries felt desperate, knew that something must be done, and they organized prayer bands. Cards were printed and circulated—“I will make this my daily prayer, UNTIL the answer comes—Oh Lord send a Revival upon India and begin in me.”

The people all over the country were organized into these praying bands, among which may be mentioned a band of lepers numbering a hundred and twenty-five; and God honored His people because they had honored Him and put themselves into a position to receive His blessing.

Of the great sweeping religious movements of Korea we were told—of women travelling fifty, a hundred, two hundred, and even two hundred and fifty miles, often with a baby strapped on their back, making the distance entirely on foot, and at their own expense, in order to have a few days of instruction in the Bible.

Then we heard of the twenty-five thousand Christians in Brazil, of a mission school in Ceylon for girls which has been engaged for eighty-five continuous years in preaching and saving those girls, both caste and non-caste girls.

Of Burmah with its sixty-eight indigenous distinct races; of Africa—work in the Congo, and in other parts—in fact we had missionaries whose territories together made a complete circle of the Dark Continent, and as we henceforth keep the twilight hour sacred for prayer for one another, in the world wide mission fields, it will be stimulating to remember that from this Union are going forth our own comrades whom we have been privileged to meet, and that that great dark land is

being lightened by their torches which are to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Of the great Soudan—a territory greater in area than the United States and Europe together, with only a handful of missionaries; of the infamous king of the Belgians who refuses to allow any missionaries within his territory, and who is atrociously abusing the poor natives, for the greed of gold; of the five hundred tribes with distinct languages, and of so many other interesting facts we cannot take time to tell.

Then of the great awakening and mighty movements in China there was so much to tell. Our own young people are studying now as never before. About a hundred and seventy-five thousand have been studying “The Uplift of China” during the past year, and one young woman who attended a Summer Conference, on going home, organized thirty classes in her neighborhood for the study of Missions in China.

And the Layman’s Missionary movement is arousing an intense interest among the men of all classes in our country. The plan is to tackle them by cities. A few of the representative business men of all the denominations are gathered together and the matter is presented.

Of six cities on the Pacific Coast which were visited the total amount given last year was \$116,000, and they decided that they would this year raise \$470,000—over four times as much.

One man said that his ambition had been to make a million dollars, but since the matter had been presented to him he had an ambition to send out missionaries. His church decided to double up, and he said: “Yes, let them do it; let them take a chunk of China and evangelize it and I will take a chunk myself also.”

If all the churches devote four times as much for foreign missions, we will have a fair prospect of evangelizing the world in this generation—and they are measuring up!

Anyone wishing to receive an abridged stenographic report of the whole conference may do so by writing to Mrs. H. J. Bostwick, Clifton Springs, N.Y., U.S.A., and enclosing twenty-five cents and asking for a copy of “The Index.”

Our Foreign Missions

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADER.

Tacarigua, Trinidad, June 8, 1908.

Dear Mr. Scott.—

You ask me to tell you something about the village in which I have lived and worked for the last twenty years; I will try to do so.

The small flat roofed house we call our home, is some fifteen feet from the eastern main road, about forty miles long, (the road, not the house.) This road is bounded on one end by bubonic plague, at the other by the Atlantic ocean.

The railroad runs back of the house, so we have some passing noise at any rate.

The people who live near us are creoles or indians, very few white people live on this long street.

The houses are mostly built of mud with roofs of dried grass or leaves, some have windows, others have none, I have to bend low to enter some of them. In a corner of the generally one roomed house, is a small mud fire-place, where the cooking is done, over a smoky wood fire. A bench, an empty box, some tins, and two or three brass drinking vessels complete the furniture.

The whole house is often not so large as some of the bathrooms of Toronto. Within are naked children, and clothed goats, perhaps a donkey at night shares the home.

As near as possible is the cow stable, and a vile smelling drain. The manure of the cow is dried and adorns the walls of the houses, in the same manner that we see ugly plates decorating the walls of rooms in Canada.

Another use for the substance mentioned, is when soft mixed with ashes or lime and made into a paste and spread over the mud floor. The cows are kept very clean, bathed, fed well, horns and hoofs cleaned and polished. The milk is also well bathed!

The gardens are planted with vegetables, yams, taniais, corn, sweet potatoes, and other tropical food plants. The bread fruit mango, a hard sour plum, and guava grow about the houses. Fowls, goats, dogs, rats,

also have their homes in and around the place.

We have one church, Anglican, in the village, where the rector Rev. W. Springer, speaks out plain truths to his sable audience. This worthy gentleman is a strong advocate of matrimony. He first speaks to those who have not been joined together in a proper manner, then he publishes the names in church. He once married sixteen couples in one day! This church is for English speaking people.

We Presbyterians hold a service in our school-house for the Indian people.

We have quite enough rum shops for all and a well stocked opium den, all licensed by the Trinidad government.

When I came here first, there were some fifteen sugar mills at work, now there is only one. The estate lands have been sold, or rented, to the people. Cacao is now grown, many of the Indian people have valuable cacao estates.

We have a range of fine mountains in front of us, clothed to the top with beautiful tropical trees and plants.

A clear stream of good water runs down from the hills, and goes through the flat sugar and rice lands to the sea.

We have a factory for making paper near us, materials used are grass, bamboo, negus, and other materials. You see fine machinery, ponderous rollers, a pipe pouring out dirty looking water, next you see from that same water, a long sheet of paper before your eyes.

This is the rainy season, the grass, trees, all look happy.

Planting is going on, men, women, and children are on the road going to work on their land, some on foot, some with hoes, spades, and all with a cutlass. This long knife is used to trim trees, cut grass, and too often used to chop heads, or arms. A man has just been carried past, fearfully wounded by one of these dangerous weapons.

I hope this will be of some interest to our home friends. Our work is here, our school is here, but often our thoughts go out, and our hearts long for a white street, and a white home.

DR. MURDOCK MACKENZIE'S LETTER.

Changtehoh, Honan, North China.

May 12, 1908.

Dear Mr. Yuile:—

I have just come in from a tour with Mr. Slimmon over my section of the Changteh field and send you some jottings concerning the work of the year.

Early in January we had a large class, composed of our picked men from all parts of the wide territory covered by this Prefecture, come here for ten days' instruction. Over fifty men were in attendance. Three of us took part in teaching them. The aim was to help them understand better their duty at this stage in the church's growth. Quite a number of practical subjects were taken up.

The meetings connected with the week of prayer were being held at the same time. Study during the day and prayer meetings at night worked well. Our thoughts were concentrated on our limited quarter of the wide field first, and then sent over the great world for which Christ died. We realized in a new sense that we were connected with the family of the redeemed gathered out from every land and trusting in the merits of the only Saviour Jesus Christ.

The great opportunity of the year for directly aggressive evangelistic work comes to us annually in the idolatrous fair held in Hsun Hsien.

Many years ago I attended when there were only about half a dozen Chinese Christians present. This year we had over sixty men and about twenty women who took part in the good work.

Preaching was carried on at six different centres for ten days and during that time the good seed of the Kingdom of God was scattered abroad in all kinds of soil daily.

The Christians threw themselves most zealously into the work and the speaking was well maintained. An attentive listener could not but be struck with the marked variety of ways in which the truth was proclaimed.

Some men gave the main outlines of the life of Jesus. Those who had read the Bible more fully selected texts from both Old and New Testaments and expounded these. The Parables appealed strongly to the hearts of a number, and they had some deeply inter-

ested hearers while explaining them. A limited number delighted to tell how they had been led to abandon idolatry and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. To a few the occasion was one for vigorous denunciation of Chinese vice and idolatry. Certain men constantly aimed at removing false impressions from the minds of their hearers.

Being the only Canadian on hand for the greater part of the time I went the round of all the preaching centres daily, and heard most of the workers at some stage. The experience was one fitted to fill my heart with joy and hope for the future. It is our privilege to see decided evidence of growth in knowledge and in grace on the part of numbers of God's children. For this we give praise and thanks to God.

For some months last year a hitherto largely untouched section of my field was laid very heavily on my heart. The situation was made known to all the little Christian centres with the request that all should engage in frequent prayer for those places.

It was decided to devote the time usually given to working among the Christians in the Spring season to evangelizing the unreached multitudes. We began work in March in the south west corner of my field. Nine men took part with me in the work daily. In the morning we studied the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis and in the evenings the Gospel of Luke. Several prayed at the close of each study for the work to be done, or which had been done, and we were favoured with very attentive listeners during the greater part of the time we were out.

A number of days were spent in each large town along the route we travelled. We generally divided into two companies daily. The Gospel was new to most of our auditors and seemed exceedingly strange news to many of them. It gives one mingled emotions to stand day by day before hundreds of Chinese who are living under the power, as well as in the love and practice of sin in every form, and declare the good tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ.

To some the news is incredible. The amused look on the faces of others tells how they feel about it. As the truth of God is brought to bear on the sins of others it is evident that they feel its power and realize that God is indeed speaking to men. No one

seems disposed to offer a word in defence of idolatry, and they know only too well that sin is deceptive.

It is the announcement of a complete salvation through Christ, to all who will receive Him by simple faith, that causes surprise. Such news has not been made known to them before. The thought of such a Saviour and so great a salvation did not at any time visit their own minds. Can it possibly be true? Yet here are nine Chinese testifying to the truth of these things, assuring them that they have proved some of what has been said true in their own experience, and assenting with the whole heart to what the world makes known. Under cover of night some came to enquire more fully into what they heard by day and were glad to have the truth made more fully and clearly known to them.

On the Sabbath days we always endeavoured to meet with the scattered little companies of believing ones, and at times had services in as many as six different places. In this way the week's work was begun by spending the Lord's day among the Christians, while all the remaining days were given to reaching the scattered sheep for whose salvation there are no shepherds to care.

In this way too the scattered companies of Christians had an opportunity of hearing the truth from men who had not spoken to them before, and the new voice and message told where the more familiar ones had failed.

It startled us during the tour to enter one large walled town where the people, contrary to the usual custom, undertook to defend their sinful conduct, openly jeered at the Christian claim to purity of heart through Christ, and frankly avowed themselves as wedded to sin in such a way as not to desire separation from it.

Ordinarily the Chinese have little to say in the way of defence of their sinful practices. In this town each member of our bands in turn concluded that the work was hopeless. Probably for the first time with most of them was the thought suggested that there may be men and places who have so allied themselves to sin as to seem to Christians God forsaken and wholly given over to Satan.

We prayed and worked there as in other towns but with nothing to show us that any effect was produced on our hearers.

Travelling one day from that town to the next to be reached three of us had to pass through a smaller walled town. It would seem as if the entire population literally turned out as we passed along. Instead of standing in the centre of the town as we often do we moved along as if intending to pass through without speaking. The crowd increased in size as we did so and at length inside the eastern gate we stood between two temples to address them.

The first speaker in a calm persuasive way sought to win a respectful hearing for the Gospel message but was met with such a storm of protests as surprised him. They stood in no need of such a Gospel as we had to deliver. It was in vain for him to attempt convincing such hearers of their need of the great salvation.

The second speaker was a local man and spoke with fuller knowledge than the first, reminding his hearers of what he and they knew concerning the prevailing practices. Then it was evident that they meant to move us on.

My turn came last and I called the attention of old and young to the conduct of some of the senior men as I had observed it, while the local man was speaking. I pleaded with them for a calm hearing of a message which had such important bearings on their happiness in time and eternity.

They then seemed puzzled, as invitations for us to go and threats had all failed to move us. In a short time the troublers of the peace took their departure and we had a number of attentive listeners. Our first speaker embraced the opportunity of addressing them as I finished and we left on good terms with them having given our Master's message.

On the rare occasions on which we have trouble now young men and boys are the principal ringleaders. In the above instance some of the oldest men in the town busied themselves in efforts to get Christ's messengers sent away.

For a time it seemed doubtful as to whether to continue or depart was the path of wisdom, but the result showed us that four or five men had set themselves deliberately to work on the feelings of the crowd and when they had withdrawn the way was clear for preaching Christ as Saviour. Nine good sized towns, many villages, and two district cities, were visited on our tour.

The same district is being re-visited by

six of the men who were with me then. During the hot months two of our most faithful and tactful Christian workers will go over some of the towns and villages. If permitted to see next Autumn I purpose going over most of the same ground again, and in this way do our Master's work.

We had four new workers and all did splendid work for beginners. The varied experiences through which we passed opened their eyes and minds to some sides of Christian service hitherto but little thought of by them.

In years gone by we frequently went touring among the villages and smaller towns. This time we took all the larger centres and each method has advantages of its own. The Christians require constantly to have their attention turned to the multitudes yet unreached on every hand. Much prayer is offered for them but the prayer must be accompanied by untiring efforts to preach Christ to them.

My hope is that we may yet have centres planted in all sections of the field from which the light of the Gospel will radiate to the masses still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. There are five light giving centres now in a straight course from east to west in my field, and two north and south of these. The last tour was made over the southern side of my large parish. My prayer is that God will open a new set of centres along that side and that in course of time every section of the field committed to me will have Christ's messengers witnessing for Him.

Soon after finishing the tour dealt with above I began with Mr. Slimmon another among the Christians only. He is blessed with a good musical voice, has been our teacher of music for four seasons now with the helpers in class, is an admirable Chinese speaker, and has laboured among the Chinese in south as well as north Honan.

His leading of the Chinese praise at the Conference held with Dr. MacKay last year in Wei Hui Fu made the Christians from all parts of the field acquainted with him, and it gave me much joy to have such a man aid our Christians in understanding how to praise God as they have not yet been doing. Beginning at the east end of my district we worked our way gradually westward, visiting all the leading centres but one under my care.

In almost every case goodly numbers of men and women eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by his presence to come out and sing with him. His manner of singing and of teaching them how to do so awakened their minds to the thought of new possibilities in praising God. Redeemed hearts should praise the God of their salvation, intelligently and enthusiastically.

While able to lead them in singing some of our simpler Hymns I have not been able to lead them to see what an instrument God has blessed them with in good voices for His praise and glory. A small band of men among themselves did what they could to keep the need of more hearty worship before their mind. Mr. Slimmon's presence gave them in concrete and personal form the illustration which was needed.

They took most kindly to him, many sang most heartily with him, a number began to make enquiry as to their mistakes and how to avoid them, while all felt that something was being done which their own pastor had never attempted. It is altogether likely that had a vote been taken between the new pastor and their own one I would be left with a small minority on my side.

It opened my eyes too and led me to conclude that in future this side of Christian work must have more attention paid to it. There are many bright young Chinese Christians gifted with voices which ought to be employed from earliest years in the praise of the Heavenly King. What has taken place lately will have a tendency to move us all to do more to see that such is done.

We had the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper administered each Lord's day on the tour, and in each centre visited elders and deacons elected and ordained. The Church has reached the stage where it is necessary to have their own local men filling all church offices, and taking fuller responsibility for carrying forward the Master's work.

In one centre we had one hundred persons sit with us at the table of the Lord. These had come from twenty-five different villages. Eleven were baptised at the same place on the Lord's day, while two elders and six deacons were ordained to office.

The services were in the open air and a large gathering of Christians and heathen mingled together. It was a great occasion

for the Chang Tsun friends and they rejoiced heartily in it.

During the past four months twenty adults and eleven infants have been baptized in my district, fifty-one have been recorded as catechumens, ten elders and seventeen deacons appointed, and two new places of worship are now in course of erection.

The outlook is hopeful on all hands and we confidently look forward to times of blessing from our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Goforth has been away in Manchuria twice this Spring and God has been using him to do a remarkable work there. The churches have been aroused as they never were before. His work has been entirely among the Christians and has led to such confession of secret and open sin as startled pastors and many others. That was followed by restitution and amendment of life in the case of many and now the movement is spreading to other parts of Manchuria. We hope to have Mr. Goforth back in a few days and then will hear more fully concerning the course the movement is now taking.

We are to have a conference and meeting of Presbytery in a few days.

Dr. Leslie is having a very large number of patients this season and we would all rejoice at seeing a falling off in the crowds for a time. He is working up to the full measure of his capacity and needs very much to have a lull in work for a time.

We are all in fair health. The weather is dry and wilting. Our hearts are full of joy at what we see and hear of God's working in China. Unite with us in constant prayer for a great blessing on north Honan.

Yours for Christ and China.

MURDOCK MACKENZIE.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The latest bulletin from No. 1 Madison Ave., New York, the headquarters of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, says:—

In spite of the severe financial depression of the past year, it is remarkable that most of the Mission Boards have received a substantial increase over the gifts of last year, in some cases the advance amounting to as much as twenty-five per cent or more. A long list of individual congregations could be given which have increased their mis-

sionary offerings from two-fold to five-fold during the past year, in connection with the Laymen's Movement campaigns.

The demand for the work of the movement during the coming winter season is already very heavy.

A series of campaigns, reaching all the way from Halifax to Vancouver, is being considered by the leaders in Canada.

A united Laymen's Movement campaign will be held in Boston, November 15-22, in which all Mission Boards interested will co-operate.

Preliminary arrangements are now being made for State Laymen's Missionary Institutes, in several Western and Southern States. Each of these will be held in connection with a city campaign in one of the leading centers of population in the State. The object of the institutes will be to prepare a large number of laymen to reproduce the work of the movement in their own cities and congregations.

The recent General Conference of the Methodist Church strongly endorsed the Laymen's Movement and provided for its organization throughout the denomination. It also recommended the addition of one million dollars each year for the next four years, to the foreign missionary offerings of the Methodist Church. This would make their gifts \$3,000,000 in 1909, \$4,000,000 in 1910, \$5,000,000 in 1911 and \$6,000,000 in 1912.

As the Southern Methodist Church has recently decided to undertake to raise \$3,000,000 a year for this purpose, it would appear probable that within the next few years, the Methodist Churches, North and South, will be contributing more to missions than all the churches of the United States combined are now giving. With similar increases being considered by all the progressive denominations in America, there are multiplying evidences that the Church of Christ is soon to undertake, in a serious way, its great task of making Christ known to the entire human race.

It is said that "no man ever lives a great life without identification with some great cause." There is opportunity for every man to identify himself with this supreme cause and thereby enlarge the essential greatness of his own life.

THE STORY OF DEVIJI.

By DR. MARGARET O'HARA OF DHAR.

Dhar, India, 15 May, '08.

Dear Record:—

Six years ago a number of cattle buyers arrived in Dhar the evening before market day. They went to a garden to quench their thirst at the well, and to cook their evening meal. The most intelligent of the number soon became interested in his surroundings, and began to enquire of the gardener who lived in the adjacent building. The bungalow to the right and the group of buildings immediately in front of the garden were of especial interest. The questioner was not satisfied with the fact that the bungalow was the residence of the missionaries, and the group of buildings a hospital; but he wanted to know what these represented.

The gardener informed him that the missionaries preached a doctrine that caused people to forsake the religion of their forefathers, that during the famine many had been clothed and fed by them and so had broken caste, which was a very heinous sin. The enquirer asked the gardener to come with him to see these people. Long ago he had heard that there were people who did such things and that they had an Incarnation that saved from sin.

The gardener replied, "You may go if you wish; but I do not care to change my religion, which would cause me to lose caste."

Shortly after, the enquirer saw a crowd going in the direction of the city and being told that these were the "Christians" going to worship" he and his companions followed, and for the first time listened to the message that brings Light and Life to the waiting soul.

All sat through the service and at its close all went out with the crowd but the one who had come to learn. He approached Rev. F. H. Russell who had given the message and said that he had never spoken to a European before but he wanted to hear more.

The enquirer was asked to come to the bungalow where he was instructed and given a Gospel. This he took with him and spent the most of the night in reading.

Next morning, early, he again came and when leaving expressed the desire to return soon and learn more. This was Thursday

morning. He and his friends bought their cattle and started for their home eighty miles distant.

When evening came Deviji, the enquirer, read his Gospel.

The following morning he sent his companions forward with the cattle and he returned to Dhar to drink more deeply of that spiritual fountain of knowledge and life.

The C. E. meeting was in progress in the church when he entered. The look of intense interest, the thirst both physical and spiritual were so great that some of our people said that he must be under the influence of a drug.

At the close of the meeting he asked where Mr. Russell was, and being told he was looking after a new orphanage building, he expressed surprise, saying that he wanted more spiritual teaching and he must find him.

Again he was taken to the bungalow and until the early hours of the morning was prayed with and instructed.

Early in the morning he again came and said "I must understand." He was told that it was not a matter of understanding, but of faith in The True Incarnation, the Eternal Son of God, and was asked to kneel in prayer. While the missionary prayed he accepted Christ as his Saviour and came from that study a joyous believer. The change in him was marvellous, and his face still beams with the Light of Life.

This was on the Saturday morning. His next desire was that he might be baptized, or have "The Seal of the Church" as he called it. He was told to go to his village and learn more about Christ, explain to his people his change of religion; but he affirmed, if I have not the "Seal of the Church" they will not believe me, and he gave a most telling illustration of what he meant, in the following way,—

In the afternoon the S.S. teachers' class was studying Acts XVI. When Deviji heard of Lydia's baptism he asked, "why should not I be baptized? There was no refusing after that, and the next day, Sabbath, he was baptized, and on Monday morning he went forth to tell his people what great things the Lord had done for him.

He walked his eighty miles with the message and soon returned with his sister, a nephew and a priest who each confessed Christ in baptism. As the missionaries

have visited his village from time to time they have found one or more ready for baptism.

His wife held out against the truth for about three years; but since she yielded their whole family, seven sons and two daughters, except the oldest-daughter and her husband, have been baptized. The men in their caste have invariably come in first, with the exception of Deviji's sister who was a widow.

Long ago Deviji was taught to read by Hindu priests, as he was desirous of finding peace by reading their sacred books, but the remainder of his caste are quite unlearned.

Since he became a Christian his bible and hymn book testify to the use he makes of them.

Soon after his baptism he sent his sons and a nephew to school in Dhar; but the little fellows ran away each time, with the exception of the youngest, who remained and has made good progress in his studies.

Deviji has always been deeply interested in the congregational meetings of the church, and thought it a privilege to walk the long distance to be present at the Communion service.

At the Annual meeting in September he was unanimously chosen as an elder of the congregation here and in February the Session went to Barwani and ordained him to that office in the presence of family and friends in Bhudra.

For some time Deviji has been asking for a school among his people, as he felt that unless the word of God was in their hearts they could not maintain their faith in Christ.

In March last two teachers, whose husbands are farmers, began to teach the children while the husbands were apportioned the farm with Deviji's son. Thus the people are being taught and Deviji himself has been set free to devote more time to preach the Gospel. Deviji is not a preacher in the strict sense of the word, but rather a "testifier." His face beams as he testifies to God's redemption through Christ in his own soul, the guidance that is given him in the smallest details of life, the peace that passeth knowledge, the power of prayer. Six years ago Deviji came out. Now there are 36 Christians in his neighbourhood, twenty-nine of whom are the

direct fruit of a single consecrated life among his own people. Eleven of these, six adults and five children were baptized by Rev. D. J. Davidson last Sunday when he went down there to dispense the first Sacrament of the Lord's supper in Barwani.

LETTER FROM BRITISH GUIANA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. A. D. MACKENZIE.

Suddie, British Guiana

May 18, 1908.

Dear Mr. James,

I am engaged in language study, and visiting the different parts of this District with Mr. Fisher. The rainy season is now on so that work of that kind is much interfered with. Not a day passes but the rain pours down in torrents, not all the time but in showers that come on very suddenly, so that if unprotected it means being drenched; and if the clothes are not changed immediately, it brings on fever.

The result is that it is much harder to get good meetings, as the people are very much afraid of a wetting, for the East Indians seem very susceptible to fever. Notwithstanding this we have had some very cheering experiences during the past week. I have preached quite often, sometimes through an interpreter, and at other times in English, for in some places the people, the older settlers of the Colony, can understand English fairly well.

Sabbath before last I baptized a little girl, and as I was asked to give her the Christian name that I chose along with the heathen name, I called her Annie Etwaria in honor of the other missionary, Mrs. Mackenzie.

On Monday Mr. Fisher and I visited a distant part of the field, the island of Wakenaam, on whose shore our late missionary Rev. J. D. McKay was drowned. Here we found a great reception awaiting us. The little church presented by the owners of the estate, in memory of Mr. McKay, was beautifully decorated with flowers, etc., in honor of the new sahib, for such is my name here.

The church was crowded, and some who could not gain entrance were standing outside. Two or three children were sitting under the table on the platform as they had no room elsewhere. In all there must have

been 250, and of this number not more than five per cent were Christians, but the leaven of the Kingdom is at work.

I preached through an interpreter. Mr. Fisher followed and several others. We interspersed our addresses with hymns or bajhans as they call them. It was after ten o'clock when the meeting closed though it began at 7.30. How I longed to speak Hindi, so as to tell the old, old story without the handicap of an interpreter.

Yesterday being Sabbath we started off at eight in the morning to Sabbath School a few miles away. Had a good school and some of the children are well grounded in Christian truth. They speak very good English too as they attend day-school. Afterwards the older people came in, and we had service with them. Quite a number were present, but only three men and one woman are Christian.

The work in this district is peculiarly difficult, as a Hindoo "pundit", a "holy" man, lives there and by his cunning has acquired a good deal of money, and owns a great deal of the land on which the people live; and he sees to it that if persecution can do it none will become Christian.

In spite of him the work is growing. Quite a number are interested, and wonderful to say one of the worst persecutors was there yesterday, listened so well that I though he was a Christian and at the end asked for a Gospel.

One man who sought some time ago for baptism received baptism at the close of the service in the presence of the heathen there. I baptized him and gave him a Christian name of my own choosing. His name is now James Baghloo in honor of the man who accompanied me to so many congregations in the P. E. I. Presbytery. Need I name him? Mr. T. C. James.

We drove in the afternoon to a new place of service where a Christian East Indian has been at work for a few weeks, but which Mr. Fisher had not previously visited.

We were at first disappointed when we found a wedding procession in progress. A young bride-groom of about fifteen years was bringing home his bride of seven years' the daughter of a man near Mr. Fisher's home. The father of the girl has for the past few months travelled up and down the country looking for a husband for this tender baby. I am told that when the boy

came to get his bride yesterday he was much disgusted at her youth and diminutive size. But the bargain was made and in all their splendor of many colored tinsel and tissue paper they went to his home. They were just arriving as we came to the house.

We saw that it was no use to preach, there were none who would listen—All were intent on eating and drinking, for food and rum are supplied free to all who come.

So we got to a safe distance where we could get a crowd by the way-side. We began to sing, and in a few minutes we had an audience. Not a Christian among them, and some of them no doubt for the first time hearing that "God so loved the World" &c. I did not speak as their English is very defective and I had only a poor interpreter so Mr Fisher did all the work.

A proud looking Brahmin came along and at his approach one of our congregation went to meet him and kissed his feet. The Brahmin himself joined the crowd, listened well, occasionally he acquiesced in what was said, kept the rest quiet.

Once he said to Mr. Fisher "you can't save these people. They don't want salvation. They only care for their ricefields" &c.

At the close he stood between Mr. Fisher and the catechist, and looked on the book as they sang, then said, "It is no use to come once you ought to come often to be able to do any good."

What does this mean? God knows. At any rate we left that place in great cheer. I should like you to have seen their old catechist as he folded his hands and looked up to heaven saying "God was there."

On the way home we came upon another crowd with a catechist. It was almost six o'clock, but they had been there since four o'clock, while the catechist read and prayed with them and they sang.

They were expecting us so they asked us to have another meeting with them. They understood English for the greater part so I spoke by the roadside.

You never saw a more attentive congregation at home. A dirty-looking "holy man," came along, stood a few minutes, then passed contemptuously by, but no one seemed to take any notice of him. This place too is in the district over which the pundit of whom I spoke before, tries to rule.

One of the men, a heathen, after the meeting asked Mr. Fisher why he did not build a church there to shelter them and was told that we had no land. "I'll give you the land he said, if you build the church." This seems another sign of interest. "The harvest is great" but so many things are needed to be able to overtake the work.

About seven o'clock we arrived home. In the little church near by Mr Fisher took the service and baptized another young man giving him the name Thomas Duncan Suk-hau, a second time during the day remembering Mr James—the second name those who do not know may guess.

My letter has become so long that I feel I must close. We are enjoying excellent health, and are becoming more able to endure work than when we first arrived. Under the wise supervision of the older members of the mission staff we are kept in check and made to get into the work gradually as that is the surest way of making our work an enduring one. Please do not forget us when at prayer, is our request of those at home.

OPENING BLIND EYES.

EXTRACT OF PRIVATE LETTER FROM DR. JOHN
A. MACDONALD, KONGMUN, S. CHINA.

Kongmun, April 17th, 1908.

It was my great pleasure, a few days since, to restore sight to a blind woman. She had heard through relatives that the foreigners at Kongmoon could cure sore eyes and, though she had been blind for seven years, she wanted to come to us. A friend led her along the rough, stony roads from her native village, a few miles distant.

Upon examination we diagnosed cataract well marked in both eyes. We explained to her what was the trouble and what could be done. She thereupon insisted that we should operate. Not having a suitable room to keep her, we enquired about her home, which she assured us filled all requirements.

Having set a day on which we would operate, we sent her home with the instructions that, if she should change her mind, she must let us know. We did this fearing the relatives might object.

The woman who had led her came for us. When we arrived at the house we found the

neighbors crowded into the room, which afterwards was to be our operating room.

Having asked all but one to go out we locked the door and tried to clear things away. It was a small room crowded with furniture of every description, but I am glad to say that there were no chickens running about.

As soon as we were ready to operate we repeated our instructions to her and, having her promise that she would do as we said, we removed the cataract from the right eye.

I do not know who was the more pleased when, as I held my fingers before her eyes, she counted them. The eye was then bandaged up. I did not see her dressings removed, for, being a patient of Dr. MacBean, I left the after treatment to her. We hope when we have better accommodation and equipment, to operate on the other eye. In the meantime she is able to get about and do her household work.

I have seen several similar cases but will not operate until conditions are more favorable. This woman I wanted to help immediately because of the influence on her native village. I feel that such a case cannot fail to open up for evangelistic work there. The population, I am told, is 20,000, not including women and children.

We hope to have our first communion service at Kongmoon shortly. Four have asked to be received, three of these being old dispensary patients. The fact that their first interest in the Gospel was received when coming to have their bodily ills attended, shows that we must use every means possible of reaching the people.

Two of the boys have been coming to read with me on Sundays. They are both earnest little chaps, old enough to know their own mind, and, so far as I know, with strong determination to do the right. They may be asked to wait until the next communion, for as yet they only know the rudiments of Christianity. I am encouraged though and feel that our work is accomplishing something in spite of great ignorance of the language.

And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict, possible victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up. And you need all the help you can have; and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ.—Henry C. King.

Young People's Societies.

* TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
April—Mackenzie of Korea.
May—Mackay of Formosa.
June—Norman Russell of India.
July—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Con't'n. & Miss'y. Organization.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

JOHN GIBSON OF DEMERARA.

BY THE REV. PROF. BALLANTYNE, D.D.

From the time that Stephen fell asleep Christian missions have never been without their martyrs. The circumstances have changed, but the spirit of the martyred has ever been the same—love to Christ who gave His life for us, and love to perishing souls. In the martyr roll of the Canadian church—no longer a short one—the name of John Gibson deserves a place of high honor among those who have willingly offered themselves to the Lord in the cause of foreign missions.

A quarter of a century ago there were many who doubted the wisdom of drafting the strongest and most capable of our young men for foreign service. These were precisely the men most called for at home. For their own sakes, too, they were urged to remain. And if a man of marked ability volunteered to go abroad, it was thought to be folly to send him to any but the superior races of mankind, where the results in commerce and in the arts of civilization would be most evident.

That view prevails no longer. With clearer insight into the real principles of missions and fuller knowledge of what the

missionary call means, the Church to-day believes that the very best men are wanted for this work, men who can become evangelists of nations, pastors of churches, heads of schools and colleges, founders of benevolent institutions, leaders in all that belongs to man's social and moral being. And it is surely among the least civilized peoples that these requirements are most urgently demanded.

The subject of this sketch was richly endowed by nature; his talents were far above the average and were diligently improved. He could not have been ignorant of the value other men placed upon his powers, but he saw farther than the most of us and when other attractive openings were presented to him he did not hesitate to dedicate his life to bring the Gospel to the East Indian immigrants in Demerara.

John Gibson was born in August, 1856, in the township of Markham, near Toronto, and brought up in a home where religion was a living power and under influences that turned his thoughts constantly to the great work of the Church. His education was begun in the excellent public schools of the prosperous township in which he lived, and continued in the Markham High School and the Hamilton Collegiate Institute and then he entered the University of Toronto.

At the University he came under the remarkable influence of George Paxton Young and at his graduation was a first class honor man in Mental Philosophy. This was followed by three years of theological study in Knox College and by two additional years in Princeton Seminary and Union Seminary, New York.

Altogether it was a training such as very few men secure, and in all his course there was no point at which he was not looked upon as one of the ablest students in his class. He had the habits and the tastes of a student, doing nothing in a half-hearted or slipshod manner, conscientious and thorough in all that he undertook and strong in his grasp of what he believed to be the truth.

* Correspondence to be addressed to Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston, Convener.

He won distinction as a student, but it never occurred to him that his splendid scholarship would be thrown away in the mission field. He knew its value in fitting him to teach and to preach, to cope with strange and subtle modes of thought, and even to gain the respect and confidence of his European fellow residents.

Mr. Gibson was not simply an admirable student, he was a leader in all that belongs to student life. A familiar figure in the athletic field, a member of a champion football team, an officer of the University Literary Society, the President of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society, one of the editors of the Knox College Monthly, in all these activities he gave proof of those qualities which always win from one's fellows respect and confidence and love. He was the kind of man who might to-day have been chosen as a Rhodes Scholar.

But there were certain traits of character, specially strong in him, that are indispensable qualifications to a successful career as a missionary. His fellow students would probably have said that his strongest mental quality was his common sense—so necessary in itself for every missionary, so fruitful of other qualities, such as self control and control of others.

At home a very slender stock of common sense may enable a man to get along comfortably, but in the foreign field where Christian custom is in the making and new conditions are constantly arising, a large supply of this quality is an essential.

Then to his common sense was added a fine gift of humor, without a trace of bitterness or cynicism. What spelt disaster to other men had always for him its amusing side. And when we recall the difficulties that were so soon to be thrust upon him the importance of this quality is apparent.

But what of the faith that he held? For the missionary must be strong and sound in the faith. He need not be dogmatic, but he must not be defective and uncertain; for then he will be a hindrance to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen greater than if he were to remain at home. He must know the living, working, practical truths of Christianity as they were taught by Christ and His Apostles. So much may be said confidently of Mr. Gibson.

Crowning all his gifts, however, was a nature deeply devout and loving. It was not

pity but love that drew him to this work. Love was his passion, and this fitted him preeminently to win men to Christ for they saw Christ in His servant.

Those who were associated with him in College did not know that his aim was to go to the mission field, but they did know that here was one who would make an ideal missionary, a man of splendid attainments, who had given himself to Christ, to be His instrument, to be and to do what He pleased he should be and do.

And so when it was announced that he had accepted the call that came to him, all approved the wisdom of the choice. If I were asked to state the principal qualifications for foreign mission work, I do not know that I could do better than mention those which I saw in him. His was an ideal fitness for a missionary life.

The field to which Mr. Gibson was designated was Demerara, one of the three parts into which British Guiana is divided. Hither British settlers had come early in the seventeenth century in search of Eldorado and Sir Walter Raleigh had said that "whatever prince shall possess it, that prince shall be lord of more gold and of a more beautiful empire, and of more cities and people than either the King of Spain or the great Turk."

Raleigh's dreams were never fulfilled, but it is a rich land, producing great quantities of coffee, sugar and rice. British investors have extensive plantations here and employ in their cultivation a large population of laborers from the East Indies, as well as from the West Indies.

It was to these that Mr. Gibson went as the first missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, beginning his work in May, 1886. In November, 1888, he laid down his life. Watching by the sickbed of a fellow missionary sent by another church, worn out with his weary vigil, he contracted the same disease and together their graves lie in that far land.

The work was of a peculiarly difficult sort. The coolies were indentured usually for a brief period, and then their places were taken by others. How to give permanence to the cause was a perplexing problem. Then a clear distinction had to be made between the East Indians and the West Indians. For the latter the service was in English, and the congregation with its Sab-

bath service, its prayer meeting, Sabbath school and cottage prayer meetings was not unlike an augmented congregation at home.

Intemperance wrought untold injury among the Hindus. To cope with this Mr. Gibson was almost single-handed. There was a failure of generous support, but he was not to be beaten. Some months before his death he wrote, "In spite of discouragements which frequently appear sufficient to put an end to our work, we shall continue to labor and wait."

When death removed him no successor was named, so discouraging was the outlook. But his work did not end in failure. The seed had been planted and has since borne fruit. So in 1896 the Church in Canada again turned its eyes to Demerara—Mr. Gibson's brief mission was not forgotten—and the work then resumed has been carried on since with increasing interest and success.

It seems mysterious that so complete a training, so splendid an equipment should have as its sequel so brief a period of service. But no such work is lost and the fruits of that life have already appeared. Through it other strong young men have heard the call, and still others, we believe, are to hear the call to choose what is hard rather than what is easy, what is noble rather than what is selfish and ambitious, to take up cheerfully the heavy burden, and to follow in the steps of Christ who brought the power of religion to the very simplest and humblest of men.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;

In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;

To make the music and the beauty, needs

The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand;

Let not the music that is in us die!

Great Sculptor, hew and polish up; nor let,

Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;

Complete Thy purpose, that we may become

Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

—Horatius Bonar.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY HAS DONE.

Christian doctrines have molded the life and shaped the conduct of the best of men for more than a thousand years. Heroism has been kindled by their light, culture perfected by their discipline, character transfused by their radiance. Poetry, music, painting, architecture, have sought their inspiration, and the great imperishable creations of genius show their affinity with the finest sensibilities of our nature.

It is of the highest themes and the most inspiring hopes that Christian theology speaks; of the love of the heavenly Father toward the sinful and suffering children of men, and of that love preparing a people to conserve the law of righteousness and the knowledge of salvation, giving us at length, in Him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person," a fuller revelation of himself, and giving us also in his death redemption from sin, in His life the type of perfect humanity, in His resurrection the assurance and pledge of eternal blessedness.—British Quarterly.

"BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS."

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well-known hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1771, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heart-broken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I can not bear this. I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband; and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded, and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at his determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case, and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than two hundred dollars a year.

This hymn was written by Dr. Fawcett to commemorate the event.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

Life and Work.

SOME TESTS OF PIETY.

BY REV. R. N. GRANT, D.D., ORILLIA, ONT.

When the Rev. Wm. C. Burns visited this country many years ago, a young man in one of the then new townships became impressed at one of his meetings. He followed Mr. Burns for several days, felt deeply interested in the service, and professed to have experienced a change of heart. He was a young man of rather impulsive temperament, and, to put the matter mildly, not noted for self-control.

About the time that Mr. Burns closed his services in the locality, the young convert began ploughing a rough, stumpy field on his new farm with a wild, unruly yoke of oxen. Two or three of his neighbours were looking on, and one of them made this observation: "If—can go round three times without losing his temper, I'll believe Burns has done him good."

The young man stood the test bravely. He has stood many a test since, and at this hour is a worthy office-bearer in his church. Ploughing a rough, stumpy field, with a wild, unbroken yoke of oxen, is a much severer test of piety than taking part in some kinds of revival meetings. When the animals go every way but the way the man tells them to go, and the plough handles fly up and strike him in the ribs, and the ends of the broken roots fly back and strike him in the shins, old Adam is very likely to assert himself.

Putting up old stovepipes is a good test. Many years ago we knew a worthy elder who was sorely tried in this way. He had to run the pipes from the kitchen stove through a partition, and across another room into the chimney.

The operation was extremely difficult. When he got the pipes put up in the room they fell in the kitchen, and when he got them properly fixed in the kitchen they always came down in the room.

When they had fallen several times he asked his wife to take the children away. Perhaps he was afraid the pipes might fall on them. More likely he was afraid he might say something that would not edify the little people.

That elder was a good man—one of the best men we ever knew. He would have gone to the stake serene as an angel had his Master so willed, but those stove-pipes tried him sorely. When he got them up he did seem greatly relieved.

Putting up old stove-pipes is a much severer test of piety than telling one's experience.

A political election is a severe test of a man's piety if he takes an active part in

it. The committee room and the hustings, and the polling booth are slippery places. Many a fairly good man has been hurt there.

Far be it from us to say that good men should not take part in election contests. This country has cost too much to hand it over to political scalawags for purposes of government.

We don't want politics in our religion, but we want more religion in our politics. The best men in every community are just the men that ought to take a controlling part in public affairs.

Still, it is well to remember that the heat of an election contest is a pretty severe test of personal character.

A considerable number of people have another kind of test applied to them at this season of the year. The family have worked hard all spring, and have made a very nice flower, or very productive vegetable garden.

The good man wakes up some morning, and finds half-a-dozen of his neighbor's cows devouring his vegetable and destroying his flower beds. If he can conduct family worship that morning with the usual amount of composure, he has more grace and more self-control than most men have.

Perhaps the severest test that can be applied to a woman's piety is to see her clothes line fall after it has been loaded with the nicest things in the house. Some uncharitable man says that if there is one moment in a woman's life when she wants to be alone it is when that line falls. This is a high compliment to women. Most men would say something naughty in that trying moment whether alone or not.

A very good test of a man's piety, or at least of his self-control, is his ability to meet abuse with silence. Anybody can reply to a slanderer. Anybody can strike back when a cowardly assassin strikes, or tries to wound when he is too cowardly to strike.

The temptation to drag the coward from his hiding-place is often very strong. As a rule it is better to let him severely alone. As Goldwin Smith once said, there are some opponents, and whether they fall uppermost or undermost they are always sure to leave their mark.

To be worth anything a test of character must be a real one. It must touch at a point where self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-control are brought into action. Going to church is really no test if one is as comfortable there as at home, probably more so. Giving \$10 is no test if a man has \$10,000 in the pile from which he took the \$10. Keeping one's temper is no test if one has the temperament of a claim.—"Dom. Pres."

A LESSON IN SELF-CONTROL.

A woman had an intimate friend. These two women were very congenial and friendly, to the point of running into each other's home without ringing. They worked together and played together, enjoying what they called a perfect friendship through days of sunshine and days of rain as the seasons rolled around.

Of course, such an intimacy could not fail to uncover the little faults and failings of each family as well as to display the best in each home, but the two women shared their joys and sorrows so completely that each declared her burdens lighter for the great privilege of unburdening her soul to some one who knew her and her inmost life perfectly.

Well, one day the friendship ceased to be. No one but the two knew why, but there was a coldness between them that came as suddenly as the frost in autumn, blighting all the bloom and perfume of the intimacy and making them almost like strangers. No one inquired why they were no longer friends nor did either explain, but it was only a short time before the whole town knew of the rupture.

One of them preserved a dignified silence about their former relations, but the other immediately began to tell little things she had seen and heard in her one-time friend's home. Since there are no perfect families on earth, she had abundant material for her gossip, and she used it to the best advantage in spreading her tales.

Even the best of people have little things about their home life that they do not like to see paraded, and she whose confidence was violated learned in bitterness of spirit how not to do in the future. Her husband and children, who were dearer to her than her own life and who were entirely innocent in regard to encouraging the former friend, suffered very much, which made her own trouble doubly hard to bear, but it taught her a lesson that every woman should learn early in life.

There are some women in every community who frankly say they could not live if they were not permitted to unburden their souls at times. Every man, woman and child has this impulse, and there are times when a cry and a friendly ear to listen to one's troubles do a world of good.

But it is dangerous business, be it remembered, to confide in any one outside the family. A wife should find sufficient comfort in telling her woes to her husband, without calling in any friend or member of the family, and a mother, sister or brother stands in the same relation to the unmarried person. As long as you keep a secret in your own heart it is yours and you are in control; but the minute you whisper it to others, it controls you.

A very popular and much-admired society leader was asked by a perplexed young woman what was the secret of her power.

Instead of saying she had no secret, as many would have done, she told her frankly in a few words. "I have made it a rule most of my life," she said, "not to tell things about my own or my friends' lives when I most wanted to confide in some one. By nature I am very impulsive, and long ago my tongue led me into much trouble.

After one sharp lesson, whenever I was moved to confide in any one outside the family, I said to myself, 'Not to-day.' No matter how much I felt that unburdening my soul would bring comfort I took myself firmly in hand and waited. The next day common-sense applauded the waiting and I had no desire to tell my troubles. Those two words have guided me through a great many social difficulties, and even in family life forbearance is a great virtue."

Only shallow women "tell all they know," but the most conservative and refined have their moments when they long to publish their tribulations from the house-tops. And between these two classes are the great majority of women who once in awhile unbosom themselves to their friends regardless of consequences.

The next day, or perhaps the next hour, they are sorry not to have held their peace, but they never learn the great lesson of the dignity of silence.

Some women, lacking a friendly ear to confide in, pour out their troubles on note paper, to their everlasting discredit, since the written page may not be destroyed for years.

Of all dangerous proceedings, that of writing down secrets, especially family affairs, is the worst. There are women in every community to-day who would cheerfully open their purses as wide as possible if they could only purchase certain letters written in a moment of anger or sorrow.

Better copy your letters from the old-fashioned "Complete Letter Writer" of our grandmothers' day than allow blind impulse to guide your pen. "Not to-day" is a good motto for the letter writer when she is in the confiding mood.

The women the world admires most are the ones who are like clear, deep, calm lakes, reflecting the sky and the trees and the birds, without one hint of what lies concealed in their depths, except that all known them to be deep and clear and safe.

The other women who fret and sob and rage, like the shallow lake that displays its rocks and sand and mud to every passer-by never accomplish very much in life. Lacking self-control, they lose the esteem of all about them and fail to measure up to the standard of good, sincere womanhood.

Don't tell your troubles or the troubles

of your family to-day! Some other day will be a better time than now but when that some other day comes you will know better than to confide in any one, even your dearest friend.—Hilda Richmond, in *Country Gentleman*.

The Boy After Nightfall.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all days of the week.

This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored lights are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay gambling dens are aflame; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness and hope out of thousands of lives.

The city under the electric light is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming. Young men, tell me how you spend your evenings, and I will write out a chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your name.

It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? Where do these young men spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and at what time do they come out?

Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in a morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for new and newer sinful pleasures. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare go to their place of business; some would not return at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide.

Remember, young man, that in the retina of the All-Seeing Eye there is nothing hidden but shall be revealed one day.—Father Dunne's Newsboys' Journal.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isaiah 26. 3.

IN THE SUNSET GLOW.

"Are the bairnies a' in, faither?" said the dear old grandmother, as the death shadows gathered about her, and in her imagination she was again back in the old home, where her children were all born and reared, but who long since had reached the years of manhood and womanhood, and had all come home to be about the bedside, for perhaps the last time.

Being assured that they were all safe in for the night, she asked that the Book be brought, and softly and tenderly one of the sons read the whole of the Twenty-third Psalm, which seemed to be very comforting to her, and brought back a desire for some of the good Scotch hymns and songs which they had all often sung together. "The Land o' the Leal" was one of them, and she smiled such a sweet, saintly smile as they sang:

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean.
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean.
There's neither could nor care, Jean.
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal."

Again her mind seemed to wander, and again she asked, "Where is faither; is he no lookin' after the bairnies, to see that they are weel lapped up for the night?"

"Mother, the bairns are all safe, and will all say their little prayer, so you can hear them."

And they all united in saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. This I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

They were again singing for her one of her favorite hymns:

"I am far frae my hame,
And I'm weary often whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin'
And my Father's welcome smiles.
And I'll ne'er be fu' content,
Until mine een do see,
The gowden gate o' heaven,
An' my ain countrie."

But the verse most comforting was:

"Like a bairn to his mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
I would fain be gangin' noo,
Unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom
Witless, worthless lambs like me,
And carries them himsel'
To his ain countrie."

Quietly and peacefully this dear old mother in Israel fell asleep, and through the sunset glow, realized the preciousness of the promise, "In the evening time it shall be light."

—The Philadelphia "Presbyterian."

GO! LET GO! HELP GO!

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP.

What added effort can we make? The duty of all Christians toward missions has been summed up in these words, "Go, Let Go, Help Go." The need for men and women is vast, and I see many young men and young women here who perhaps have not yet decided upon their life work. Then Go! Young Christian friends, here is the noblest opening for you that the world presents. A life consecrated in foreign lands to the service of the Master is, I believe, one of the happiest lives that men or women can live upon this earth.

It may be that advancement in the professions at home may be sacrificed by going to the foreign field; but in the hour when the soldier lays his dented armor down, after the fight has been fought, and the hands which were pierced for our redemption crown his brow with the crown of life and the prize of the high calling of God is won, will there be one moment's regret, think you, for the abandoned prizes of the professions at home? "Let go." Help others to go by rejoicing in their going, by giving them willingly.

Then comes the other great question of "Help go," and this subject of increased self-sacrifice has occupied my thoughts very much indeed within the last few months. Our responsibilities are increased by our knowledge. We pray God to give the means to send forth laborers. Has he not given us the means? Have we not the means to send forth missionaries; have not our friends the means? And when we pray God to give the means, may we not rather pray him to consume the selfishness which expends our means upon ourselves.—"The Missionary."

BABY MINDED.

By DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Don't ask to be everlastingly amused; it is the sign of a baby mind when a young man cares for nothing but fun and frolic."

If this be so, there must be a large number of "baby minds" in our churches. Why else this asking by young and old people in the church to be "everlastingly amused?" "Where were you last Sunday?" "Oh, our sermons are so uninteresting I went elsewhere." "Where were you last prayer meeting night?" "Oh, our meetings are so dull that I went where they have more life." What is this but a demand for spiritual amusement? The preacher, the official brethren, and the other members must get up something to keep you amused or you will soon absent yourself. Your "baby mind" can not content itself in its own church unless it is "everlastingly amused."

Why don't you provide some religious amusement for your pastor, your official brethren, and the other members? Start a hymn, tell your experience, lead in prayer, do all you can to make things lively and happy and attractive in your own church, and then neither you nor anybody else will feel like absenting yourselves. Perhaps if you provide a little "religious amusement" yourself, you will not need to depend so much on others for it. Let each contribute his part toward happiness in the church.

GENERAL BOOTH ON CHRISTIANITY.

"There is a religion which is satisfying. I will call your attention to four features of it.

"First, a sense of the conscious favor of God. You feel that God loves you, that He holds you in His arms.

"Second, the consciousness that he has made you good. If the world pours into your lap all its wealth and honors you would still be a miserable creature unless you knew that you were good and honest and true and pure.

"Third, the consciousness that you are doing your duty to the Lord and to those about you.

"Fourth, the assurance that all is going to be well. There may be difficulties in the way now, but if we have the assurance in our hearts that all will be well in the end it will bring satisfaction.

"And this satisfying religion you can have without money and without price, on the simple condition that you go right down and submit yourself to Christ, believe in Him and trust in Him."

LIVE FOR THE FUTURE.

There is a man who commands my admiration in a way that no other man does.

Ten years ago he made a great business mistake, one that bid fair to ruin his entire career, and he knew it.

It would have killed most men, but he never whimpered.

He had grip enough to come out of the chaos with flying colors, and he has now recovered what he lost.

If you had last year to do over again you would do differently, wouldn't you? But you cannot live last year over again.

Let the dead past bury its dead. Come out of the past. Live it down.

Thousands of men have made just as great mistakes, did just as foolish things as you did. We all live to learn.

What if our pasts are checkered with mis-steps? Beyond the hills may lie new fields of fame and fortune. Let's live for the future.—Ex.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

I shall not pass this way again,
But far beyond earth's Where and When
May I look back along the road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.

I shall not pass this way again,
May Wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And Love be mine that so I may
Plant roses all along the way.

I shall not pass this way again,
May I be courteous to men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod.

—Harper's Bazar.

BUSINESS—RELIGION.

Business is a generic term. It includes mankind in general. The busiest men are often those who seem to be doing nothing. Mr. Carnegie, we believe, is out of business, and so is Mr. Hobo. And yet both are more or less active, one in seeking activity and the other trying to escape it.

God is opposed to idleness, and the hardest worked men are those who have no work at all. Although we never tried the latter, we believe that it is easier to earn one's dinner than to tramp about and beg it.

But the kind of business of which we write belongs to neither the millionaire nor the tramp. The old adage about the cobbler sticking to his last is a good one, and our shoe-bench has its own place. Some people carry their business methods into their religion, and some their religious methods into their business while others are a mixture of both.

There is such a thing as church finance. It is something peculiar to itself. The ordinary clergyman may know little about finance outside and at the same time be a master in his own field.

The business man has an idea that a church, to be popular, must be located on a public corner and present an attractive appearance. He would locate a church as he would a business block or a store, all of which is a mistake.

Millions are wasted in trying to popularize the gospel by building expensive churches. A stone church costing fifty thousand dollars might have been built of brick for many thousands less. People do not go to church because of brick or stone, but for reasons very different. The average church building is a monument of folly. Every dollar expended beyond the line of comfort and taste is but an idle prodigality. Most ministers know this and most business men do not.

And further, a church mortgage is entirely different from the ordinary kind. In business a mortgage may be a part of the working capital, not so with churches. There it is simply a dead weight, with no more of a remunerative quality than a gravestone. But mortgages are usually created by men of business. They also eventually lift them; in the meanwhile the minister's shoulders droop and his spine becomes curved.

This is the external side of things. Within the church business has the same genius for making mistakes. Pews are marked for rental according to location. The figures are arbitrary. That is business, but it is not religion. A poor man may, for the very best of reasons desire a certain location, from which he is debarred by circumstance. But the business man comes to the solution. He would "let him sit elsewhere. No one expects a box at the theatre at balcony prices, and why should he at church?"

That is business, we admit, but it is the business of the theatre and not of the church.

There are concessions in the church that obtain nowhere else. The object is not to make money, but to make lives. Income is essential, but rather as an incident than a motive. One is often told that churches should be conducted on business principles, and so they should. Five will not go into four and leave a remainder, in the church, any more than it will in the world.

But the world's methods fall outside the church. An undertaker may refuse to attend a funeral, but a minister cannot. It might be good business on the part of the undertaker, but not for the preacher. He must go, and appear grateful for the opportunity.

We recall one of the first funerals we ever attended. It was that of a child. The services were to be held at the house, and the burial fifteen miles distant across the country. At the close of the service the family invited us to attend the burial. The day was hot, and a storming headache added to the seductiveness of the prospect. But we went. That was business, but of the kind that business men do not know. The investment proved a good one. It tied the family to the church.

But such results do not always follow. Of the ten lepers healed, nine did not return. But Jesus kept right on doing good. He was here as one who served, and the Church cannot afford to be unlike him.

There are reasons of sentiment in the church that may not seem businesslike. If one fails to pay for his car seat he is put off without ceremony. The state of the walking does not alter the situation. With him economy is exercise.

But the church adopts no such drastic methods. The occupant of an unpaid pew

is quite likely to be noted for his altitude of propriety. The sermon may not please him, and the singing is possibly a note too low. And yet it is the business of the church to make no complaint. The man may have a family whose feelings all respect. Besides he is better in the church than out.

The church exists for the man rather than the man for it. We are all wiser as spectators than as participants, and those who would conduct a church on strictly business lines are not likely to make the second effort.

One should never forget the fitness of things, and for this reason methods perfectly legitimate in the business world have no place in the church. Business men have their personal differences, but a church quarrel has no place in the universe. Neither party ever wins. It is a duel with shot-guns at three paces.

A brother once wrote us that he was about to suspend a loquacious member and we had been selected to adjust the noose. We immediately advised him to postpone the execution, but it was too late. Already the battle was on. For two nights we sat amid the smoke until far into the morning. That brother had an experience that will last him until his dying hour. He began as the accuser and ended as the accused. Instead of one head being in the noose there were two. Our decision was complicated. We never quite understood it ourselves.

All church trials end that way. If there is sediment in the pool, let it alone. It looks better at the bottom than it does on the surface. God's Kingdom is a world by itself. The methods of Caesar belong to his own jurisdiction and cannot be transferred.

And this is true of so much. Wisdom is often a matter of locality, and methods fail outside their own sphere. We are all the centres of our little circles, and if one does not know his own life no one can tell him. Render unto Caesar that which is his, and unto God the same, only to each in his own way.—Rev. J. L. Scott in the Philadelphia "Westminster."

GRIEVING.

It is a difficult matter to determine just what is excessive grief. If a mother loses an only son, who has been the pride of her heart, or an only daughter, whom she has idolized and to whom she has looked confidently as the companion of declining years, it is easy to understand that her grief will be very deep. For weeks she will take no interest in the ordinary things of life, and for months she may not smile.

Such a condition is not morbid for many

people, but is only a proper expression of the depth of affection in their hearts and the wrench to their being which has been occasioned by the hand of death.

If, however, after several months have passed, such a mother still continues to cherish her grief, still continues to refuse to take an interest in the things about her, and obstinately persists in solitude and finds her only consolation in tears, then there is something morbid, either mental or physical, in the case.

Nothing is more calculated to arouse people from the poignancy of their grief than the realization of a necessity to care for their health. It may seem to indicate a pessimistic lack of confidence in human nature to say that a selfish motive like this is the most powerful, but one thing is confessedly true, that it is the most general in its application. Those who grieve overmuch, then, must be awakened to a saving sense of the probability that they are suffering either from some physical ailment, which is a very common thing, or else from some mental condition that needs quite as much the care of a physician.

Grief, like worry and poverty, we shall probably always have with us. There is no doubt, though, that, like its two companions, much can be done to mitigate it by physical means. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that nothing is more prominent in the medical world at the present time than the recognition of the fact that spiritual and mental means of healing are eminently important though they were very seriously neglected during the nineteenth century.

Professor Oppenheim, one of the most distinguished authorities in nervous diseases in Germany, declared not long since that for his melancholic patients the best feature of the prognosis was a confidence in the Almighty and in an over-ruling providence, and the most important portion of the treatment of such cases was an appeal to the spiritual side of their natures, and a definite recommendation of prayer as one means of securing that composure of mind which means so much and without which all our physical remedies are prone to fail in these cases.

We are not living in the best of worlds, but we are living in one the events of which, even to the smallest, all have a meaning and a place in a divine plan usually not recognized till long after, but none the less constantly present for all that.

This is the thought that makes of grief in excess a contradiction in the universe, an attempt on the part of a drop in the sea to prevent the tidal progress of the ocean of life of which it is so small a part, yet every atom of which is meant to serve a wise purpose in all its events.—Independent.

The Children's Pages.

THE SALOON BAR.

A RECITATION FOR BOYS.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health,

A bar to honor, pride, and fame,
A door to sorrow, sin and shame.

A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife.

A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.

A bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and broken hearts.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

BABIES TO SELL.

"Dear me! What do you call that?"

The missionary shaded her eyes from the setting Indian sun and peered down the road.

At first, a tent woven of straw seemed to be walking straight towards her, but soon she saw three pairs of brown legs were beneath. She watched with growing interest. Straight on they came, and halted under a spreading banyan tree on the mission premises. Then the tent began slowly to come down, and settled, as if for the night.

"Dear me!" said the new missionary again, "I wonder if they are going to stay here. I must see what they want—in the morning." And so when morning came and the missionary felt very brave, she walked out to call on her new neighbors.

A big man with no shoes or stockings or hat or shirt was cooking breakfast in a tiny brass pot placed upon a few stones. A little girl was scouring her shining white teeth with a piece of charcoal.

"Salaam," said the man, putting his hands together at his forehead and bowing almost to the ground.

"Salaam," said the little girl, shyly, and then running towards the tent she pulled away the straw door and looked as if to say, "Won't you go in?"

The missionary stooped and put her head inside, and what do you think she saw? The dearest, littliest mite of a brown baby lay on the ground blinking its eyes in the light; and over in the corner, on a pile of weeds, lay the poor, sick mamma.

The little girl carried the baby outside in her arms. "It's a nice fat baby," she said, kissing it.

The man frowned. "The gods are angry with us. They send us only girls." Then he straightened himself up and look-

ed at the missionary. "Will you buy it, your honor? We are too poor to fill so many mouths, and this is but a girl."

The sick mamma, hearing the words, crept to the door. "Oh, Miss Sahib," she pleaded, "do take her. Your face is kind; you will be good to her. She won't be much trouble. Soon she will be big and can serve you. Please take her, Miss Sahib. Don't leave her," and the face had a piteous, frightened look.

"I won't buy your baby, but I will take care of it if you will give it to me," said the missionary, soberly, for she knew that every year in India many little girl babies, which are not wanted, die mysteriously, or are sold to wicked men.

"Take her," said the father, crossly.

The mother lifted her head for one long kiss and a parting caress. The big tears ran down the little sister's face.

The next morning, when the missionary looked out, the straw house was gone, and only a few ashes showed where the visitors had been. But the new baby, who one day—God willing—should go back to teach her people about the kind Heavenly Father who loves little girls as well as boys, slept sweetly on her clean blanket—Mabel Lossing, in "Children's Missionary Friend."

THE ODD SPARROW.

A little Spanish boy in Vigo, who became a devout Christian was asked by an Englishman what had been the influence under which he had acted.

"It was all because of the old sparrow," the boy replied.

"I do not understand," said the Englishman, in surprise. "What odd sparrow?"

"Well, senor, it is this way," the boy said. "A gentleman gave me a Testament—the Book of the English mission—and I saw, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?'"

And I said to myself that *Nuestro Senor Jesu Cristo* (Our Lord Jesus Christ) knew well our custom of selling birds. As you know, sir, we trap birds, and get one chico for two, but for two chicos we throw in an extra sparrow. That extra sparrow is only a make-weight and of no account.

Now, I think to myself that I am so insignificant, so poor, and so small that no one would think of counting me. I am like the fifth sparrow. And yet, oh, *maravilla*, *Nuestro Senor* says, 'Not one is forgotten before God.' I have never heard anything like it, sir. No one but Him would ever have thought of not forgetting me."—Ex.

SLANDERING OTHERS.

A woman once repeated a piece of gossip about a neighbor. It flew from mouth to mouth and soon all the town knew the story which caused the person affected a great deal of unhappiness.

One day the woman discovered that the tale she had told was not true, and in the greatest sorrow she went to the rabbi to ask in what way she could make atonement, and repair the wrong she had committed.

The rabbi heard what the woman had to say, and he told her to go to the market, have a fowl killed, pluck it on the way home, and drop the feathers one by one as she went along.

The woman was surprised at this curious means of atonement, but she did as the rabbi instructed, and on the following day came to him again to report that she had carried out his behest. "Now," said the rabbi, go and collect all the feathers and bring them to me."

The women went along the road she had traversed on the previous day, but she found that the wind had blown the feathers away, and after an all-day's search she was only able to bring back two or three.

"You see," the rabbi said to her gently, "it was easy to drop the feathers, but it is an almost impossible task to bring them back."

So it is with gossip and slander. It is easy to spread false reports about thy neighbor, but it is impossible to make good the wrong thus committed. Go thy way and avoid gossip.—Jewish Exponent.

DON'T FRET.

Because it destroys personal happiness. The woman who thought she had no right to be happy until she had first spent some time trying to be soundly miserable, had a false notion of what God desires in us. Happiness is not the chief end for which we have been made, but it is one of the ends, and we have no business wilfully to thwart the intention for us in this matter.

But how can any one be happy who is all the time peopling the future with spectral fears, who is foreboding some evil, who is forever dwelling on the possible misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable and imagining that they are all lurking in the shadows of the morrow?

This fretting, fuming spirit destroys the happiness of others. To live with people who cultivate it is like being drenched in perpetual fog. Their sighs and groans, their gloomy prognostications, the hopeless accent in their tones, lower the vitality of

an entire household. They radiate depression as the sun radiates heat and light. Young and old alike are affected by their complaints and lamentations.

No one has a right to becloud in this way the joy of others. It is the duty of everyone to disseminate all the cheer he can, to make other people happy, to create an atmosphere that is clean, clear and wholesome. People who cultivate a spirit that makes others miserable are guilty of gross and sinful selfishness. If they are professedly religious people, they are damaging their profession and destroying their influence. People will not be attracted to a religion that seems to have no power to kindle joy or irradiate the future with hope. —"Canadian Congregationalist."

YOUR JOB.

By AMOS R. WELLS.

If I were asked what one quality above all others is most useful in getting a situation, I should say cheerfulness. And if I were asked what quality is most useful in holding a situation, I should say willingness.

Cheerfulness means courage. It implies manliness and unselfishness. The habitually cheerful man is thinking about his work and about other people; he is not thinking all the time about himself. To think of your work and be happily interested in it, and to think of your fellow workers and your employers and be happily interested in them—this is a great help to those that seek advancement in life.

A motto that has been sold largely in Boston recently and has been placed where thousands of employees can see it is this: "If you never do more than you are paid for, you will never be paid for more than you do." That is, the road to advancement is the willingness to do more than your share of the work.

The workers that stop at the very minute the hour-hand points to "shutting up time," that are never willing to do extra work, that are continually comparing their work and their pay with the work and pay of other employees, are simply nuisances in any office or shop, and are endured only till better workers come along.

"The golden rule is the rule of gold." "Put yourself in his place"—in the place of your employer and of your fellow employee—if you want to get a "place" and keep it and move upward into a better place year by year. This is practical religion; indeed, there is no part of religion that will not be found of practical value in the hard work of the world.—C. E. World."

GRIEF THAT ENNOBLES

A woman, dressed in deepest mourning, stopped suddenly outside a house from which came strains of music mingled with the happy laughter of children.

"Can it be possible," she said to herself, "that Mrs. Weston is giving a children's party when her little girl has not been in her grave a month? It is shocking! How can one be so unfeeling!"

To confirm her suspicions, she paused to listen a moment longer, and, if possible, to catch a glimpse of what was going on inside.

Then the front door opened, and against the bright background of light two figures appeared. A mother, with her little girl, was just coming away. The peering black figure by the steps instantly recognized the woman as one of her acquaintances.

"O Mrs. Murray," she began, in some embarrassment, "is Mrs. Weston really giving a children's party to-night, so soon after Nina's death? It is possible that she has so little feeling?"

The street light cast its revealing radiance on Mrs. Murray's tear-stained face.

"Don't say that!" she answered, gently.

"You don't know her. I only wish that you or I could ever hope to attain to the height of her unselfishness or the depth of her love and faith."

"I am still wearing crape, and my child died two years ago," the woman in black replied, in a tone of self-approval. "Is it really true that Mrs. Weston is giving a party?"

"Yes, it is true," Mrs. Murray announced, with a defiant lift to her chin. "It was Nina's birthday party. The child had planned for it months ago. She had made little gifts for all her friends, and was full of the wish to share her happiness with others."

"Mrs. Weston was simply broken-hearted when Nina died. You know it is less than three years since she lost her husband. But she has prayed for strength and guidance, and she feels that although she can never again be happy herself, it is still her task to help keep things bright and joyful for other people."

"But how can she bear to look at other children enjoying themselves? How can she bear to think what people will say?"

"Her grief is not like that," Mrs. Murray answered, gently. "She doesn't pay any attention to what people say, for she is not listening to the tongues of men, but to the voice of God."

The door opened again, and a slender black figure was silhouetted against the light.

"Edith!" a gentle voice called. "O Edith Murray! You were going away with-

out the little work-bag Nina made for you! I know she wants you to have it."

"O Mrs. Weston!" the child exclaimed, dropping her mother's hand. "How could I forget it!" and Edith ran up the steps to receive the outstretched gift.

For a moment the light shone on the sad face, worn with weeping, yet smiling, and the sight sent a pang of remorse, sharp as an arrow, into the worldly, embittered heart of the woman who had so cruelly misunderstood a fellow sufferer. Impulsively she started forward out of the darkness.

"Mrs. Weston," she said abruptly, "I have presumed to criticize you. Forgive me. I didn't understand. When my child died I listened to the tongues of men, as Mrs. Murray says. You heard the voice of God. That is why I am more to be pitied than you."

"We are both to be pitied," said the heart-broken mother. "But we who understand sorrow can help others to find the happiness that survives loss and death."

"Thank God, nothing can kill my child's love for me or mine for her. I have tried to express that love in a way that I am afraid seemed to you crude and heartless, but Nina knows, and God understands."

The appealing face was illuminated by a smile that seemed to shed warmth as well as light. And as the two women went their ways, each felt that she had received a benediction.—*Youth's Companion.*

CAN YOU?

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?"

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, sir," answered the boy after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman. "You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a wood pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—*Boys and Girls.*

"There are those who would die for Christ but in these times he calls for men willing to live for Him. What is needed to-day is a higher heroism, a nobler, more costly martyrdom—that of the living sacrifice, the sustained resolve, the renewed self-giving, the daily consecration."—Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

HELEN'S CHANGE OF MOOD.

"Now, grandma, don't preach. I came to spend vacation quietly with you, and try to forget that horrid bank has swallowed up my last year at the School of Design, and that I must stay at home and wash dishes the same as ever."

Forgive me, Helen, for bringing up the matter, but I must have my say, and then we will close the subject for all time. I can't bear to see you settle down in despair, and give up your bright prospects so easily. Because the Sagetown bank has failed is no reason why you must give up fitting yourself for your lifework. It is just as necessary that you should be able to help your mother and Tom as ever it was. If you have lost the money for your art school, you must get some more. It isn't so bad to lose money as it is to lose the means of getting it."

"But I haven't any means of getting it," answered Helen, who was in no mood to be told her duty.

"You are young and strong, and have two good hands, and your time is your own."

"But what can I do here?"

"Who made the dress you have on?"

"I did. Why?"

"Couldn't you make one for some one else? Elsie Walworth—"

"Yes, I know Elsie is working in a canning factory, and Maud Hastings is with the seed company. Don't think for a minute I am too proud to work for a living; it's what I expected to do—after next year. But it would take me two years at anything I can do in Sagetown to earn a year at the School of Design. And mamma just can't give it to me.

"My dear, don't be discouraged. You can do whatever you determine to do. I am sorry to see you give up so easily. My William—your father—wouldn't have done it."

Helen's big brown eyes softened and grew moist at the mention of the father whom she had idolized.

"How old are you, Helen?"

"Nineteen."

"He was only seventeen when his father died, and he had to leave school, and provide for his sisters and me."

Helen did not answer. She was looking out of the window—at nothing, and thinking, selfishly, that if her father had lived she would not have to worry about money matters. She was called from her gloomy thoughts a few minutes later by grandma.

"Helen, will you go down to Mrs. Crawford's, and get a roll of butter?"

Grandma was wise, and did not add that she thought the morning walk would do

the girl good. Nor did she hint that if Helen did not go, Mrs. Crawford would send the butter next morning as usual.

Following grandma's directions, Helen soon found herself at Mrs. Crawford's. A little boy of six opened the door to her, and led the way into a neat little sittingroom, where a woman sat by the window sewing. As she came to meet her caller, with bright eyes and smiling face, Helen saw that her right sleeve was empty.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Crawford, acknowledging Helen's introduction, "I have often heard Mrs. Stacy speak of the grandchildren. Take a seat by the fire. I was just sewing a button on Charlie's coat."

Helen nearly forgot her errand in wonder and amazement at watching the little woman's bright face and easy movements. She was saying to herself that she would never smile again if she had lost an arm; but she took the proffered chair, saying awkwardly: "Thank you. I came for the butter, but am in no hurry. Please finish the button."

Helen watched her every movement with fascination, and as Mrs. Crawford broke her thread and helped Charlie into his coat their eyes met, and Helen blushed crimson.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, "I must seem very rude, but it is wonderful to me that you do things so easily and—and—cheerfully."

"It is the result of practice and desperate determination," she answered with a smile. "I have proved that one can do what she sets out to do. When I found that I must lose my arm, I resolved that I would not allow myself to be made helpless. I used to earn quite a bit setting type afternoons, and it was hard to give that up; but I set about learning to do everything with my left hand that I could do with my right. It has been a year now," she added, glancing down at the empty sleeve—"and I am getting used to it. And as for doing it cheerfully—isn't that the right way?"

"Yes. But I couldn't" said Helen, with mixed feelings of pity and shame as she remembered grandma's remark, that "it is not so bad to lose money as it is to lose the means of getting it."

"You don't know what you can do until you have to—and try," continued Mrs. Crawford. "It is wonderful how many more things we can do than we think we can."

Grandma looked out of the window many times before she saw her granddaughter coming up the hill. She had been a little anxious as to the result of her experiment, but was reassured when she heard the quick step on the walk, and saw Helen's pink cheeks and shining eyes. She did not wait to take off her wraps, or even to put away the butter, but threw herself at her

grandmother's feet, exclaiming: "Grandma, did you send me to Mrs. Crawford's on purpose?"

She did not wait for grandma to plead guilty, but rattled on: "I never felt so humble in my life. When I left that little woman down there doing her work with one hand, I felt guilty to own two hands that were so useless. I walked as if in a trance—thinking of how she would do this, and how she would do that—why, grandma, you don't know how it made me feel to see her sewing on a button with one hand, and—smiling!"

I got to the grove when the little boy overtook me with the butter, which in my confusion I had left behind. I sat down on a log, and thought it all out. It is wonderful how one's mood can change in an hour. I can think of lots of things I can do. I have my plans all made. I am going to patch, and darn, and bind skirts for the girls at school—I can begin next week. Mildred Stowe earned fifty dollars that way last year. Then what I earn next Summer, with my patching and darning next year, will take me through.

I will do it. Do you hear me, grandma. And if ever I get in the dumps again, and grumble at washing dishes with two hands, I shall come to Stanford, and go down to Mrs. Crawford's after some butter. Are you listening, grandma?"

Grandma was listening.—"Pittsburgh Christian Advocate."

WHERE BAD HABITS FIND HOMES.

A homeless bad habit went searching one day
For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay.
It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,
But never found courage to step up and knock.

The place was too busy and crowded, you see;
There was really no minute that seemed to be free;
There were lessons and games, there were books to be read,
And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

But Jim's door stood open, not far down the road;
No crowd was about it; no bustle it showed;
The hall was deserted, the study was bare,
And the Habit stepped in with a satisfied air.

"Ah, here's what I want," it remarked with a grin
"I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin.
Jim's life is so idle and empty, I see,
That it's just the right home for an inmate like me."

KINDLY SILENCE.

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys and three sunnyhaired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages.

A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got on with them, and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval.

Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels and wore a festive "go-away" air, and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them and nodding to them as he passed through the car. They returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all around and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on. Then the biggest "little girl" took a brown paper bag from her satchel and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course," they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! he was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know, Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.—Exchange.

"The greatest of these is love."

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, Truro, 1st Tues. Nov.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 25 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 16 Sep, 10 a.m.
3. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 28 July, 10 a.m.
4. Picton, Trenton, 1st Tues. Sep.
5. Wallace, Spring hill, 18 Aug.
6. Truro, Truro, 21 July, 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Halifax, Sep 15, 10 a.m.
8. Lun and Yarmouth, 8 Sep, p.m.
9. St John.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 29 Sep., 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 1 Sept.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 2nd Tues. Sep.
13. Glengarry, Maxville, 1st Tues. Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 1 Sep, 10 a.m.
15. Lan, Renfrew, Carlton Pl, 8 Sep. 10.30.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 3 Nov, 10 a.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

17. Kingston, Belleville, 15 Sep, 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Campbellford, 29 Sep, 10 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Urbridge, 22 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 21 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 8 Sep, 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 15 Sep, 10.30.
24. North Bay, Parry Sound, Sep.
25. Algoma, Little Current, 21 July, 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd, 1 Sep, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 15 Sep, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 21 July, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton.
30. Paris, Ingersoll, 8 Sep, 10.30.
31. London, London, 8 Sep., 10.30.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Sep., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 Sep., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 8 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Exeter, 1 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Bluevale, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 1 Sep., 10.30.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.

40. Rock Lake, Deloraine, 8 Sep.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage-la-Prairie, Arden, 1 Sep., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 3rd week, Sept.
44. Minnedosa, Hamiota, 14 Sep, 8 p.m.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan. Indian Head, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Crowstand, July.
47. Arcola, Carlyle, Sept.
48. Alameda.
49. Qu'Appelle.
50. Abernethy,
51. Regina, Moose Jaw, 15 Sep., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, 1 Sept.
54. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta, Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton.
56. Vermillion.
57. Red Deer.
58. Lacombe, Ponoka, Sep.
59. Calgary.
60. McLeod, Cardston, Sept.

Synod of British Columbia. Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Fernie, Sep.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster, Eburne, Sep, 10 a.m.
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

"Youth is the time to do solid reading. If we fritter the hours of youth away over newspapers, magazines, or novels, we need not expect to have cultivated minds. The fresh mind, the quick memory of young years are given to us to use on the best things in literature. When we waste them on trash, instead, we are throwing away powers that never can be regained."

I wish to pass on this little sermon to mothers: Be as careful to keep the weeds out of the minds of your children as you are to keep them out of your garden. But remember something will grow there. If you do not plant them with good grain, the tares will take root in spite of you. Keep a library of good, clean books, and by all means keep before them good magazines. —Mrs Wood.

In a very prominent missionary book a writer says: "Would that God would speak in these last days to the church, etc., etc.," and a missionary reading this one day drew a pencil line from it down to the foot margin and wrote: "God has already spoken, would that the church would hear"

Committees of Assembly, 1908-9

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Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Apr.	Rec'd Mar. 1st to Apr. 30
Home Missions....	\$1,541.76	\$10,180.72
Augmentation....	100.85	823.23
Foreign Missions....	1,252.26	9,481.72
Widows' & Orphans'	56.56	1,586.39
Aged Ministers.	552.99	3,639.56
Assembly.....	34.07	409.17
French Evangeliztn.	306.08	1,336.91
Pt-aux-Trembles....	117.30	1,349.66
Temp., Moral Re- form.....	8.60	45.98
Knox College.....	21.20	146.81
Queen's College....	15.10	60.01
Montreal College...	6.25	23.95
Manitoba College..	26.25	118.24
B. C. College.....	19.62

Received during April.

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By Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
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Otta, St. Paul's.....	95	E. S. Beer.....	5
Dundas, Knox Ch.....	73	D. H. Gibson.....	10
Mother & Son.....	5	2nd W Gwillimbury, ss.	7 61
Birds Hill, Man.....	2 50	Rev. J. A. Crawford.	8 52
Three Rivers, Que.....	15	"Scotia".....	5
Lenore, Man.....	2	Stirling, St. And.....	8 35
E. Adelaide.....	46 93	Rev. J. S. Watson.....	9 15
Wyoming, Ont.....	37	Tor., Dovercourt.....	135
.....	14 35	Dunbarton.....	100
W. H. M. S.....	250	Princeton, ss.....	3 15
Rev. E. E. Annand.....	7 61	St. Ann's.....	3 24
Nairn, St. And.....	114 60	Centre Road, Kx.....	56 33
Kendal.....	4	Creston, B. C.....	6
Oak River, Man.....	12	Mrs. James Warren.....	1
St. Cath. First.....	100	Mrs. H. Cameron.....	1
Barton, ss.....	10 30	Est. Mary A. McLeod.....	100
Belleville, St. And.....	100	Hawkesville, St. And.	4 24
Woodstock, Chal.....	85	ss.....	18
S. Wmster, St. And.....	20	Caledonia, ss.....	18
E. Zorra, Burns'.....	6 11	Kingsbury, St. And.....	36 10
English Sett.....	66	Ottawa Ladies' College	12
Rev. W. J. Dey.....	18 90	y.p.s.....	12
Metz, St. Paul's.....	8	Sanford, Man.....	5 85
Rev. Dr. Hamilton.....	10	Oak Bluff, Man.....	20
per Agent Halifax.....	204 55	Motherwell.....	20 60
Miss L. Tweedie.....	5	Bethel.....	3 50
Ham., Erskine, sr, c.e.....	5 50	Mont. MacVicar Mem.,	25 80
Walkerton, Kx.....	234 40	Gainsboro, Sask.....	22 20

Ashgrove, Sask.....	10 75	Ilderton, Ont.....	16 58
Temple Hill.....	71 75	Hampden, Ont.....	28
Moorefield.....	30	Dunnville, Kx.....	12 55
Collingwood.....	15	Niag-on Lake, St. And	7 89
"M. McK.".....	10	Clareholm, ss.....	4 40
Cornwall, St. John's.....	75	Amos.....	53 25
Alexandria.....	5	Otta, St. And, H. M. S.	150
Annan.....	4 50	Aberarder.....	18
S. Ste. Marie, St. And	116 88	Kingston, Circe Kd.....	12
Westport, M. B.....	5	N. Gower.....	44
Pinkerton.....	37 70	Dracou, Knox.....	32 70
Victoria, Chinese.....	15	per Rev. J. Menancon.....	50
St. Mary's, Kx.....	70	Napanee, ss.....	18
Campbellton, St. And.	15 50	Gordonvil, St. A. y.p.s.	25
Chinese.....	15 50	Otta, Bank, y.p.a.....	125
Orillia, Mrs. Grant's	5	Mont, Stanley.....	80
Cl.....	5	Ravensworth.....	1 20
J. Bromfield.....	5	Drummond Hill, ss.....	8
Blytheswood.....	11 85	Dunbar, Ont.....	10
Lachute.....	25	Tor., Cooke's, y.p.s.....	25
Conger.....	1 25	A Friend.....	5
Pender's Schl.....	2	W. H. M. S.....	8
Oastlers, Ont.....	2	Rev. Dr. Hamilton.....	100
Chatham, Que.....	5	Depot Harbor, ss.....	6 70
A. McDougall, Sask.....	25	Binbrook, L. A. S.....	10
Mrs. F. B. Hess, Pa.....	25	Atwood.....	28 83
Mr., Mrs. Young, Que.	52	Dorchester.....	35
Kenyon, Ont.....	3	Gordonville, St. And.....	18
per Rev. J. Menancon.....	100	Port Elmsley.....	2 85
Banff, St. Paul's ss.....	4 25	Oliver's Ferry.....	11 50
Vancor, St. John's.....	125	Mooretown, St. And.....	6 75
Orr, Man, ss.....	8 25	Rev. C. A. Webster.....	8 21
Prospect, Man.....	21 55	S. Ste. Marie, St. And.	5
W. Williams.....	19 75	jr, c.e.....	50
Ham., McNab.....	300	S. Ste. Marie, St. And.	50
N. Easthope.....	12 84	Dr. c.e.....	25
Harriston, Guth.....	15	S. Ste. Marie, St. And.	40
Eramosa.....	90 50	Wingham "two ladies"	500
Stratford, St. And.....	30	Miss Sebra Billings.....	63 25
Esplin, Ont.....	8 25	Durham, Ont.....	36
Columbus, Ont.....	73	Hartney, Man.....	132 25
Georgina Lim.....	5	Park Hill, St. Paul's.....	82 10
Creemore, St. And.....	2	Belleville, John St.....	3 50
Simcoe, St. Paul's.....	100	Brooke, Enniskillen.....	2
Mrs. R. Shiell.....	9	Mrs. Michael.....	2 50
Brucefield, Un.....	25	Tor., St. Mark's whms.	18
Grand Bend.....	6	Cargill, St. And.....	71 30
Est. Alex. McTavish.....	600	Tor., Bonar.....	20
"J. McA.".....	5	Bathurst, S. Sherb.....	50
Dunwich, Duff's.....	10 20	Hibbert, Roy's Sta.....	57 68
McGillivray, Ont.....	52 85	Tor., Old St. And.....	8
Clinton, Willis.....	23 80	Chatham, Que.....	129
Camlachie, Kx.....	25	A.....	11 50
Tor., Rosedale, ss.....	15	Arthur, St. A., ss.....	21 65
Deseronto, Ch Rdemr	15	Arthur, St. A., b.c.....	59 85
A Friend.....	10	Dundas, Knox.....	17
Anonymous.....	10	Langley, b.c.....	4 50
Mary Miller.....	5	Portsmouth, Ont.....	53 75
Proof Line, Beth, ss.....	20	M. Forest, Wmster.....	5
A Friend.....	8	Little Bow, Alta.....	50
Warwick.....	13	West Lorne.....	11
Sarnia, St. And.....	23 20	West Lorne, ss.....	41
Paisley, Kx.....	17		
Tarbolton, Man.....			

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during June	Rec'd Mar 1 to June 30
Foreign Missions....	\$462.62	\$4,119.06
Home Missions.....	254.28	727.76
Augmentation.....	109.56	808.25
College.....	89.66	240.36
A. and I. Ministers..	3.43	32.73
French Evangelizatzn	1.35	123.55
Pt-aux-Trembles.....	13 00	85.05
For North West.....	15.00	64.90
Children's Day Col..	10.37
Assembly Fund.....	8.00	24.25
Bursary Fund.....	7.50	419.50
Library Fund.....	25.00	77.40
Manitoba College...
Widows' & Orphans..	6.00	201.97
Temp., Moral Reform	9.00	14.00
Una located.....	286.00	844.42

Total..... \$1,290.40 \$7,793 57

Received during April
at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Reported.....	\$6,503 17	Five Islands.....	5
Mrs. Isaiah Pines.....	10	Interest.....	19 50
Riv. John, Salem.....	22	Dr. Robert Murray.....	25
Pictou, Prince, st.....	60 16	Elmsdale.....	49
Inverness.....	28 43	Refund.....	1 35
Dep. Pub. Instruction.....	90	Parrsboro.....	76 63
Rev. John Stirling.....	25	Clyde Barrington.....	9 50
Interest.....	77 44	Clam Harbor.....	1 35
Wallace.....	15	St. John, St. Matt.....	25
Sydney, St. And.....	340	Mr. Geddies Annuity.....	100
Interest.....	9 78	St. John, Calvin.....	10
Hx., Park.....	35 26	Brookfield.....	37 84
Economy.....	5 10	Scotch Settlement.....	5
Glencoe, ss.....	3	Pugwash.....	42
Boulardarie.....	50	Mid. Musqdbt.....	44
"For Missions".....	25		
Dorchester, ss.....	2		
Springside.....	41		

Total..... \$7,793 57



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 218

THE DOGS AND LAZARUS.

A certain infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit, when any Christian man came into his shop, of asking some of his workmen if they had heard about brother so and so, or what he had done. They would answer, "No, what is it?" Then he would begin and tell them what some Christian brother, deacon or minister, had done, and laugh, saying, "That is one of the fine Christians we hear so much about."

An old gentleman a Christian, one day went into the shop, and the infidel blacksmith at once began his usual tales. The old deacon stood a few moments listening, then turned quickly to the infidel and asked him if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. "Yes, many a time; what about that?" "Perhaps you remember the dogs, how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?"

"Well," said the deacon, "you remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the Christians' sores. The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and has not said much about the failings of Christians since.—'Christian Herald.'"

Principal Edwards, of Cardiff, testifies that between 60,000 and 70,000 people remain in the churches of Wales at the end of three years as the result of the Welsh revival.

Sunday closing in Scotland is a great success. Convictions for drunkenness between 8 a.m. on Sunday and 8 a.m. on Monday are only one-sixtieth of the whole convictions for the week.

It was reported to a recent English Presbyterian Synod that there are 200 Presbyterian students in residence at Oxford. There is no little responsibility for the Synod in face of so large a body of young men of their own denomination.

A mayor of a provincial town in Spain arrested a colporteur of the Bible Society, deprived him of his Bibles, and sent him to the civil governor. The civil governor ordered the immediate release of the colporteur, reproved the mayor, and warned him that serious consequences would ensue if he did not observe the law.

"Do I get less keen on temperance work as I go on?" asked the Bishop of London at a meeting in support of the Licensing Bill. "No," he added, "we are at grips with one of the worst enemies of the human race."

The first Buddhist monk to establish a Buddhist mission in Great Britain is a Scotchman named Allan Bennett MacGregor. In Ceylon he adopted the creed of Buddha, and is now back in Britain to win converts to the Eastern faith.

The Methodist Church in India has agreed to send a native minister to Natal in view of the pressing needs of the great Tamil population. Probably this is the first missionary sent out by the Indian church. In selecting an agent the Synod declared that "none but a man who could not be spared was worth sending."

Memorials for the union or federation of the Theological Colleges in Scotland have been lodged by the Church Union Association with the clerks of the Assemblies of the Church of Scotland, the United Free Church, and the Free Church.

A great number of natives in Central Africa have lost faith in their idols and are turning to Christianity. Over 6,000 have been baptized by missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian church. Seventy native helpers are aiding the missionaries in evangelistic tours. Twenty-eight kings or chiefs, ruling over large populations, have sent their sons to the mission school.

Satan's tickets are never for the round trip.

White lies turn black when exposed to the light.

Nothing makes one so selfish as to be the object of unselfishness.—Arthur S. Hardy.

The part of wisdom is to live for those objects now which will be worth living for a thousand years hence.

Every time we deny the body for the soul's sake we ascend a step in the scale of manliness and godliness.

"Let every occasion be a great occasion; for you cannot tell when fate may be taking your measure for a larger place."

Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could.—John B. Gough.

Doubt and incertitude, which are maladies of the man of thought, rarely afflict the man of action.—William J. Dawson.

We desire to be classified according to our exceptional virtues; we are apt to classify our neighbor according to his exceptional faults.—Henry Bates Diamond.

It is a question whether a really thoughtful mind could possibly yield the homage of its entire being to a God whom it could understand and fathom.—F. R. Havergal.

Religion is direction rather than distance. There is more hope for a prodigal on his way home than there is for the self-righteous moralist going the other way.

Don't be whining about not having a chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window; he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Anything that is proper to do is proper to promise to do. Singing a total abstinence pledge is as manly and chivalrous (if faithfully kept) as is total abstinence itself.

Our bravest men are often those of whom the world hears the least. Life to them is a constant struggle. They meet their obstacles every day and pass them by in silence.

If every workshop held a workman like Him who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, the labor problem and all other workman's problems would soon be solved.—Drummond.

In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; and he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on Him as he lay on his mother's knee.—George Eliot.

Things which could never have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength, and not happiness, or rather, only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living.—Phillips Brooks.

And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict possible victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up: And you need all the help you can have; and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ.—Henry C. King.

George Towns of Australia, the champion sculler of the world, recently said:—"Some have laughed at my stand against Sunday training. I say it is God's law, and, therefore natural to have one day's rest in seven; and I always felt the better for it."

"There are those who would die for Christ, but in these times he calls for men willing to live for Him. What is needed to-day is a higher heroism, a nobler, more costly martyrdom—that of the living sacrifice the sustained resolve, the renewed self-giving, the daily consecration."—Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

In 1883 a New York financier gave \$6,000 to start a mission in Korea. Recently in a public meeting the same man said that this was the best paying investment of his life. From that one mission has grown a marvelous work. Two thousand five hundred were baptized in Korea last year.—Missionary Intelligencer.

In cultivating joy as one of the fruits of the Spirit, it is well to form the habit of looking on the bright side of life. We have heard of a Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he ate cherries, for they made the fruit look so much larger. Most of us put on our spectacles only to look at life's troubles.—Northern Christian Advocate.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die, grace grows, as life goes on.—Frederick W. Robertson.

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PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE.

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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(Late Principal Upper Canada College.)

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Presbyterian Record

OURS THE FOURTH CENTURY.

"The King is dead; long live the King"—is the keynote of human life. We leave our past with its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, its failure and success, and turn to the future. We cannot change the past; the present for action and the future for hope, lie before us.

How good that it is so; that we are not chained to a dead past. Better still, the best, even of the past, is not dead. It lives. And thus the outlook of the future, where God leads on and men follow, is ever upward and onward, to larger and brighter and better, through the infinite to come.

In one aspect this truth applies to our country. We have been looking over three centuries past, calling these centuries from their graves, dressing them up in their garments of long ago and making them live again before us. And now we lay them to rest again and turn to the fourth century.

We are thankful for the past; for the men and women, strong and true, who made that past, for the God who led and guided them and helped them to make it. We are thankful that we have not to live that past over again; thankful for the heritage into which we have entered, thankful that the fourth century of Canadian history, and not the first or second or third is ours.

Let us not forget that privilege means responsibility, that a better century does not mean that it should minister to us but we to it. We can only be worthy of those who have gone before us as we use our larger opportunities to make our country and the world still better and brighter, purer and nobler, in the days that are to come.

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race,

and lead us to essay and to do higher and larger and better things than they ever dreamed.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

A national campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement is planned for this Autumn as follows:—

The Maritime Provinces.	
Halifax	Sep. 14-16
St. John.. . . .	" 16-18

Ontario and Quebec.	
Toronto and Hamilton	Sep. 20-27
London?.. . . .	" 20-23
Kingston?.. . . .	" 23-25
Ottawa and Montreal.. . . .	27 27-30

British Columbia.	
Victoria and Vancouver.. . . .	Oct. 4-11

Alberta.	
Edmonton and Calgary.. . . .	Oct. 11-18

Saskatchewan.	
Moose Jaw and Regina.. . . .	Oct. 18-21

Manitoba.	
Brandon and Winnipeg.. . . .	Oct. 21-25

This campaign is the greatest of a religious character ever undertaken in Canada. The plan is to hold, as above, a series of meetings of about three days duration in the larger centres, and from these to work to other cities and towns and villages. The programme will be of a character to secure the attention of business men. No subscriptions or collections will be asked for at these meetings, the effort being educational, to shew what is to be done and why it should be done.

Mr. J. Campbell White will assist at these meetings and other well known laymen are giving their services for a time to the work.

Great things have already come from this movement, and greater things are coming. Men are coming to their own, realizing their privilege in the extension of Christ's reign upon earth.

Missions and Civilization.

Special attention is asked to the article with the above heading, by Hon. Wm. H. Taft, Presidential candidate, U. S. A. on pages 215. Through an error in the printing office the third page of the article will be found on page 425.

An Opportunity at Fernie.

In the recent fire which destroyed the town of Fernie, the church and manse were burned, with all the pastor's personal effects. There was besides, \$800 owing on the manse, so that the congregation is left with nothing, plus a debt, and their own homes in ashes. Rev. Dr. Duval, Moderator of the Assembly, writes;—

"Having made careful inquiry into the loss sustained by our church at Fernie, B.C., in the late conflagration that swept the town, along with the adjacent forests, by advice of men of the West who are fully informed of the situation, we feel constrained to set before the whole Presbyterian Church in Canada the urgent need of quick relief.

"Eleven thousand dollars is the closest estimate to rescue this suffering congregation from destruction. This takes no note of the personal losses of the members or their homeless condition. We urgently, tenderly call upon all Presbyteries, Sessions, Pastors and Individual Members of our beloved church to take the quickest means of responding to this call.

"Presbyterians do not need scripture quotations to impress the duty of bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. No service is dearer to God, nor sweeter to men. Send contributions from East of Lake Superior to Rev. Dr. Somerville, Presbyterian Agent, Confederate Life Building, Toronto. From West of Superior to Rev. Dr. Farquharson, Presbyterian Agent, Winnipeg. Send as quickly as you get congregational or private contributions."

Honorary Membership.

This is usually a mark of honor. It is not often given and is highly prized. It means that one has the privilege of membership in a society without any of its responsibilities. Some one has suggested that there is not a little "honorary membership" in our churches; men and women who have the honor and privilege of church membership, without assuming any of the responsibilities of such membership or doing its work. The credit, whatever it be, they assume. The duty they leave to others.

There is this great difference between

"honorary membership" in the church, and as used in common life, viz., that "honorary members" are chosen to that position by their fellows as a token of esteem. "Honorary membership" in the church is that of men and women who assume the responsibilities and then neglect them. Perhaps a more exact description would be "dishonorable membership." Are there any such in the congregation to which I belong? Is it I? Is it I?

Westminster Hall.

The name carries one back to old lands and old times and childhood days, to Westminster Abbey and Chapel and the "Westminster Divines" and the Shorter Catechism. But the name is ever renewing its youth. The latest is on the Pacific coast, and our readers are already familiar with the youngest in our chain of colleges.

Shortly after the meeting of Assembly in Winnipeg, and in accordance with its appointment, Rev. John Mackay, L.D., was duly inducted as Principal. It was an impressive service, both in itself and in what it represented, present and future. Its work in training men for that great Home Mission field is but a part of its value to the Presbyterianism of Western Canada. It will be a visible centre. It will unify forces in the far West, and will help to give the strength that results from conscious unity. Principal Mackay writes hopefully of the outlook for the College, for Presbyterianism, and for the West.

Our Jewish Mission.

It is in Toronto. It has been established but a few months but is strong and vigorous. The name of the missionary is M. S. B. Rohold, who has labored in the old world with much success, among the Jews there. The work in Toronto is carried on along several lines. There is a reading room, a daily Bible reading, with more than twenty regular scholars, Saturday and Sunday Gospel service, night schools with more than seventy members on the roll, Sabbath School with fifty scholars enrolled, mothers' meetings, open air services, family visitation. The missionary is greatly encouraged and asks for the sympathy and prayers of Christian people in his work.

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, Truro, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 25 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 16 Sept., 10 a.m.
3. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Nov. 10 a.m.
4. Pictou, Trenton, 1st Tues. Sep.
5. Wallace, Spring hill, 18 Aug.
6. Truro, Truro, 20 Oct., 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Halifax, Sep. 15, 10 a.m.
8. Lun and Yarmouth, 8 Sep, p.m.
9. St. John, St. John, 20 Oct., 10 a.m.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 29 Sep., 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 1 Sept.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 2nd Tues. Sep.
13. Glengarry, Maxville, 1st Tues. Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 1 Sep., 10 a.m.
15. Lan, Renfrew, Carlton Pl, 8 Sep. 10.30.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 3 Nov, 10 a.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

17. Kingston, Belleville, 15 Sep., 11 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Campbellford, 29 Sep. 10 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Urbridge, 22 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
20. Whitby, Oshawa, 20 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 8 Sept., 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 15 Sep. 10.30.
24. North Bay, Parry Sound, Sep.
25. Algoma, Sudbury, 22 Sep. 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd, 1 Sep, 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 15 Sep, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 15 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton.
30. Paris, Ingersoll, 8 Sep, 10.30.
31. London, London, 8 Sep., 10.30.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Sep., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 Sep., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 8 Sep., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Exeter, 1 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Bluevale, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 1 Sep., 10.30.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Deloraine, 8 Sep.
41. Glenboro, Wawanese, 9 Sept., 10 a.m.
42. Portage-la-Prairie, Arden, 1 Sep., 2 p.m.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, 3rd week, Sept.
44. Minnedosa, Hamiota, 14 Sep, 8 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon 14 Sept., 7.30 a.m.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Indian Head, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Saltcoats, Sept.
47. Arcola, Carlyle, 7 Sept., 2 p.m.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 8 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle, 10 Sept. 8 p.m.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Moose Jaw, 15 Sep., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, 1 Sept.
54. Battleford.

Synod of Alberta, Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton, Strathcona, Sept.
56. Vermillion, Lamont, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
57. Red Deer.
58. Lacombe, Ponoka, 17 Sep., 2.30 p.m.
59. Calgary, Calgary, Sept.
60. McLeod, Cardston, Sept.

Synod of British Columbia, Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Fernie, Sep.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster, Eburne, Sep, 10 a.m
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

INDIA RESTLESS.

In a letter just received, Rev. J. T. Taylor, our missionary in Mhow, India, writes:—

"I inclose a cutting from a daily paper here which reveals a condition of things that may spread like a flame over India. The man Tilak has been a notorious agitator for years, and his sentence of transportation has caused much feeling all over India. The government is doing wisely, I think, in laying hands on men who incite to violence, but it remains to be seen how big a problem they tackle in so doing.

"Matters look more gloomy than at any time thus far. The military are alert, and a large body of native opinion is loyal. But . . . anything may happen, and may happen any time. When, as in Bombay, a large part of the business of a great city of nine hundred thousand people is at a stand-still for days, the situation is serious enough. Here in Mhow, with a large Mohammedan population, everything is tranquil.

"It is exceedingly difficult to properly estimate the real situation in India. It is a time for prayer that this great nation may be led aright."

The paper above referred to is "The Advocate of India" and gives a detailed account of the rioting which resulted from the deportation of a noted agitator.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls From.**

Middleton, N. S., to Mr. G. L. McCain.
 St. Andrew's Church, Regina, Sask., to Mr.
 W. A. Guy, of Toronto.
 Swift Current, Sask., to Mr. Percy A. Knott,
 of Craik.
 Flesherton, Ont., to Mr. G. C. Little, of
 Bothwell.
 Elva, Brandon Pres., to Mr. J. M. Kellock,
 Riverfield.

Inductions Into.

St. Andrew's Church, Regina, Mr. W. A.
 Guy, 18 June.
 Swift Current, Sask., Mr. Percy A. Knott, 6
 July.
 Rouleau, Sask., Mr. Wm. Waugh, 21 July.
 Port Stanley, Mr. J. F. Scott, 23 July.
 Fingal, Mr. Geo. Gilmore, 6 Aug.
 Hanley, Sask., Mr. W. Wilson, 11 Aug.
 Salmon Arm, Mr. J. P. Duncan, 16 July.
 Field, B. C., Kamloops Pres., Mr. F. W. Kerr,
 21 July.
 Copper Cliff, Algoma Pres., Mr. J. Redden,
 7 Aug.
 Cromarty and Ross, Stratford Pres., Mr. R.
 G. MacKay, 30 July.
 St. Pauls Ch., Moose Jaw, Mr. J. G. Bitcon,
 11 Aug.

Resignations Of.

Halifax, St. Matthews Church, Mr. Fowler.
 Moose Jaw, St. Paul's Church, Mr. John G.
 Bitcon.
 Huntingdon, Que., Mr. E. W. Florence.
 Strassburg, Mr. W. E. Wallace.

Vacancies.

Rodney and New Glasgow, London Pres.
 Moderator, Mr. C. J. Mann, West Lorne.
 Vankleek Hill, Moderator, Mr. W. A. Mor-
 rison, Dalhousie Mills, Ont.
 Alexandria, Moderator, Mr. J. N. Tanner,
 Lancaster, Ont.
 Claremont, Ont., Moderator, Mr. W. Moore,
 Pickering, Ont.
 Middleville and Darling, Lanark and Ren-
 frew Pres., Moderator, Mr. J. A. Mac-
 Lean, Watson's Corners, Ont.
 Yorkton, Sask., Lindsay Pres., Moderator,
 Mr. T. M. Wesley, Sunderland, Ont.

One queer-shaped "mote" went floating through one ray of light. A hand grasped for it, caught it and found this legend on its wings: "I am a speaker with five minutes' opportunity, and I use four minutes of it in trying to be funny and one minute in getting ready to begin."

IMPURITY IN ELECTIONS.

REV. J. G. SHEARER, D.D.

For the Record,

A very few years ago I was one of the innocent preachers who did not believe that bribery and other irregularities were at all common in our political life. I do now. I have my information from sources that cannot be doubted, where party bias or self-interest were on the side of withholding the information.

The politicians are no worse than the electors. Votes are never bought except when votes are for sale. And while it is as a rule worthless loafers such as hang about the bar-room who are for sale, yet there are others. Men out of work or in hard circumstances, though otherwise good men, may and do yield to the temptation to get a five or ten, or even a two or a one dollar bill.

There are others again who look upon it as a sort of "indemnity" for the time given to an indebted country in going to vote. "The Member of Parliament gets his indemnity, why not the elector," they say.

I have been informed of a county where this was for years the generally accepted view, and each man, poor or not, in general got his ten dollars at each election.

Others again think it no harm to accept all the money they can get, but would scorn to sell their vote. I have heard, on unquestioned authority, of a church official (not a Presbyterian) who when his two sons became qualified to vote, gave them this paternal advice:—

"Boys, take all the money the grits'll give you, and all the tories'll give you, but *vote your conscience!*" Of course all he meant by "conscience" was party loyalty. Is he alone in his understanding of what conscience means in politics?

Again, I know of a Presbyterian elder (a Presbyterian Elder!) who shared in the distribution of liquor intended to inspire the electors to vote for his party in a recent election.

If a member of parliament has had the support of men like the above specimens he will need to be exceptionally upright if he considers it a crime to accept \$100,000 for his vote and influence in securing a million dollar contract for a certain firm, will he not?

There are no doubt constituencies where

there are few, if any, such execrable practices, and in the other constituencies it is doubtless only the minority who will share in buying or selling votes, perhaps only a small percentage. But there are enough such traitors in a sufficient number of constituencies to subvert the will of the people and temporarily make a laughing stock of twentieth century democracy.

There is no reform more necessary or more worthy the attention of the wisest and best Canadians in Church and State than the promotion of purity in political life.

What can be done ?

I have no "sure-cure" to offer, but the following suggestions are worthy of careful consideration:—

(1) A word to ministers. There is need most urgent of the teaching of the very elements of ethics as applied to politics. The pew knows something of what business honor and fair dealing mean. It looks upon politics as war in which anything is fair and permissible in order to win. The minister should get into confidential relation with his best men in both parties. He will get food for reflection and material for sermons. Then let him speak strongly, wisely, courageously and from knowledge. But let him speak !

(2) Christian men must have done with the childish simplicity of supposing that all the bribery and crookedness is on the other side. The pharisees in parliament or press or on the platform, who make this charge or give this impression should be given short-shrift. If you let the light into such "whited sepulchres" you will find the dead men's bones and all uncleanness" of the accursed science of bad politics.

(3) Much can be done by disseminating information about the crime of bribery and the penalties the law imposes. The rank and file of the electorate in many constituencies would seem not even to know that bribery is a crime and punishable with severe penalties. The gist of the law should be published in the press everywhere, before every election, and extensively scattered also in leaflet form.

(4) This educational campaign will be greatly enhanced in value if means are taken to have the law systematically enforced, or offenders visited with its penalties without regard to person or party. If a way can be

found to secure a non-partisan public prosecutor, then such an office ought to be created and filled.

It may be too that the Moral and Social Reform Council with its branch leagues springing up in the various centres or electoral ridings, has come to the kingdom for such a time as this. It will justify its existence a hundredfold if it contributes to the solving of this pressing and perplexing problem.

(5) Excellent results have been obtained in several New Brunswick and Ontario constituencies by local Moral Reform Leagues, or by a united clergy appealing to the executives of both parties for the riding, requesting a public promise to do all in their power to prevent impurity in their own ranks and among their own party followers.

Why not try this plan throughout the country ? Why should not Provincial or Dominion leaders be similarly put on record publicly ? If they refuse to make the promise they ipso facto put themselves on record as intending to use or encourage the use of unlawful methods. If, on the other hand, they publicly promise to do all within their power to discourage impurity, it will have much weight with their followers and will lead to all concerned being more closely watched.

(6) Another plan that has been put in practice with effect is for a number of earnest, conscientious members of the same party in a constituency to sign a round robin declaring their determination to vote for no nominee of their party unless he is satisfactory to them in his personal character and in his attitude toward this and other moral reforms in which the signers are deeply interested. In more than one constituency I have known the party nomination effectively controlled by a hundred men, and in one case, by far less.

But whatever the means and methods to be adopted in order to heal this serious malady in the body politic, it must be undertaken with the courage of faith and a determination begotten of belief in the final triumph of right, so that whatever the cost of trouble or time or personal service or party interests, we as Christian patriots will press on with buoyancy that will not down, zeal that will not flag, and resourcefulness that cannot fail until the fair name of Canada is cleared of this stain.

Our India Mission

GENERAL.

Last year was marked by the visit of the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, the Rev. R. P. MacKay, D.D., from which, though too short for our wishes, we hope for much good. Dr. MacKay's warmly sympathetic interest in the work, and his quickness to apprehend many little but important matters which it seems almost impossible for people to grasp till they actually are in this country for some time, encouraged us to hope that he will greatly help individuals and congregations at home to see the work aright—its difficulties, its encouragements and its needs.

Another notable event of the year was the meeting within our field of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India.

Not only to Indore, in which it met, but in less degree to other parts of our field, an object lesson was afforded by this gathering of educated men from all parts of India, speaking various vernaculars, with distinguished men from other lands, to attend the chief court of an Indian Christian Church.

Closely connected with Dr. MacKay's visit was a new step in our organization—the appointment of an Executive Committee "to watch over the interests of the work as a whole, and take such action as may seem advisable between meetings of council, in line with the understood policy of the Mission."

Plague has again interfered somewhat with the work; and the period under report closed in the fear of famine.

Steps were taken for the organization of three congregations in the Amkhut district.

The whole field contains seven stations, ten out-stations and six organized congregations; one native pastor, two assistant pastors; 942 communicants, 109 added during the year on profession; some 600 baptized non-communicants; 80 baptized during the year on profession, and 104 as infants; and 227 unbaptized under instruction; and the S.S. scholars numbering 1431.

NEEMUCH.

Rev. J. S. Mackay writes:

At the close of another church year in Neemuch we feel there is much cause for gratitude to God for His goodness and for hope and confidence for the future.

Our congregation has shown a quiet

steady interest in the various departments of the work. The attendance has been especially regular by all and an increase in their contributions indicates a healthy condition in that respect.

Early in the year two new elders were appointed who have since proven themselves an added strength to the congregation. We had eleven baptisms during the year and twenty-two new members from the girl's orphanage were added to the communion roll.

Itinerary.

During the cold season more than the usual number of interruptions seemed to come between us and our work, still we managed to spend the most of three months in the outlying districts too far away to be reached from Neemuch.

We chose four cities as centers from which we visited the surrounding villages. Although plague had spread through the greater part of our territory, people appeared to welcome our presence among them contrary to the experience of missionaries in many instances.

Driven from their homes and often from a means of sustenance, not knowing whither to flee that plague might not overtake them, their condition was often pitiful in the extreme. How gladly would we have banished the dread disease from among them if we could and how much more did we wish to persuade them of the Saviour who could heal soul as well as body.

To places where unusual interest was manifested we made as many visits as possible seeking to sell Gospels to whoever would buy so that the Word as well as the spoken message might be left with the people. Many remember "the tall man with the long beard (Rev. Mr. Wilson, for many years missionary at Neemuch) who gave them a good message" years ago, so that again and again we felt that even if they could only be reached at most but once or twice a year the effort was not fruitless.

Touring being over, the intense heat and the rainy season confined our efforts to Neemuch and near by villages. Here too, although the much longed for fruit has not appeared so that it can be tabulated, interest has been quickened, and the fires of persecution have in several instances burned brightly enough to reveal the forces at work in the dark. Even as I write a young high caste man, of wealthy parentage, in

the city, is in danger of his life and guarded night and day lest he run away and become a Christian.

Educational.

Our school work first in Neemuch and later in Jawad, a city twelve miles distant, suffered severely from plague. Not only was it necessary to close schools during plague months but on being reopened the attendance was much reduced.

The increased friendliness toward Christianity of young men who formerly were mission school boys assures us that effort in school work, sometimes forgotten, has not been in vain. If the early years of life at home are those in which Christian influence is especially important, it should not be otherwise here where often the only place of gentleness and love a heathen child knows is a mission school.

Our Jawad school is the largest we have, but plague has reduced its numbers from seventy to about fifty. Our head master there, though now an old man, bravely remained in the city while plague was so bad that it was almost deserted. He is most energetic in school and evangelistic work and has endured much during the past year for the sake of our Master. His and another Christian family are the only witnesses for Christianity in a city of from 20,000 to 25,000 people, and his work and example we feel sure are a strong testimony for Jesus Christ.

In Neemuch cantonment our school and staff are much smaller. Our teacher is young and active and, though he has had to compete with government schools, he has kept together some twenty-five to thirty boys, and has recently been much encouraged by the return of some lads who for a time had gone over to government school.

Lately he has on his own initiative begun a night school chiefly for men who cannot attend during the day.

Our other school in Neemuch city is the smallest we have; there too we are pleased to see of late some fifteen men willing to supply their own light and come nightly together for the express purpose of reading and discussing nothing but the Word of God.

Evangelistic.

Our hopes have been twice raised during the year that an open movement had begun among the people toward Christianity. First in Jawad about seventy people of the weaver caste expressed their desire to renounce idolatry, and stated they were willing to pay a considerable sum of money to be freed from the obligations of temple worship.

The sudden death of their leader by plague, coupled with the fear of persecution, seemed to arrest the movement and as yet we are unable to report any further advance.

Again in a village near Neemuch considerable excitement was caused by a young man breaking the stone images of his people. In common with many, others they expressed a willingness to become Christians, but secretly, for fear of persecution.

Such instances, while very disappointing, still assure us of the leavening influence of the Gospel which is surely making itself felt.

The seed may, according to man's estimate, take long to germinate, but "in due time" it must bear fruit. Although the horrors of famine seem to be again awaiting us, and a spirit of great unrest is moving among the people, yet there is great hope and confidence in the hearts of those engaged in the work.

UJJAIN.

Dr. J. M. Waters writes:

Another year with its privileges and responsibilities has come and gone, and as we view it in retrospect we ask ourselves what has been accomplished which will be well pleasing to the Master who has commissioned us to represent Him in this dark land.

Medical Work.

The Medical Work has been carried on steadily during the year. The attendance at the dispensary has varied, depending on the season, from 40 to 120 daily.

We give as a rule but one day's medicine so that men may more often hear of the Great Physician who heals the soul's diseases.

On account of lack of accommodation we have had very few in-door patients. We could have had many more if we had any facilities for taking them in.

During the year we had three cases of snake bite. One of the victims was my hospital compounder; another, the washerman, and a third, one of the school boys. The two former were bitten in their own houses in the dark. All three recovered. We used the permanganate of potash treatment recommended by Sir Lauder Brunton.

Water Works.

The Water Works system has proved a great boon to the city. Many of the most superstitious people who at first refused to use the water have begun to do so with the result that we have not had the annual epidemic of cholera and, so far as I know, not even individual cases occurred.

Scriptures Sold.

Besides preaching at the Dispensary I have endeavored to circulate as much Christian literature as possible. We find

very good sale for our books on the streets of the bazar—generally selling from 30 to 50 in an evening. The usual price of a Gospel, hymn-book or other small book is half a cent. At a recent mela our united sales were about 550 books. Of these a considerable number were copies of the four Gospels and Acts bound together, selling at two cents.

Leper Asylum.

The work in the Leper Asylum has been carried on as usual. The number of inmates has varied considerably as we have as yet no law making residence in the asylum compulsory. The average number was about forty and of these about one quarter are Christians and the rest, with the exception of one Mahommedan, are Hindus.

What has been accomplished? Eternity alone can tell. We have God's own promise "My Word shall not return unto me void". We have endeavored to sow the seed, may the loving Lord of the Harvest, in His own good time grant an abundant fruitage.

Rev. W. G. Russell writes:

In touring among the villages in the cool season the plan which I have followed is to camp beside some large central village for several days and from that to go out to the surrounding villages, choosing when possible a large village where a weekly market is held, as this not only gives a good opportunity for preaching and selling books, but, has the additional advantage of allowing us to meet many from the surrounding villages who when we visit their village do not look upon us as complete strangers, but are generally more friendly than if they had not previously met us.

In the district work I had with me, both before and after New Year, several of the larger boys from Rasalpura and found them specially helpful in the work. They were specially helpful, singing in the bazars and selling books. One feels that the work that has been done in training these boys has not been in vain.

In Ujjain City.

The evangelistic work in the city here consists mainly of street preaching on the weekly bazar days and selling books. This however will no doubt be mentioned in Dr. Water's report as he was at many more of these here during the past year than I was.

Sabbath Schools.

The Sabbath School for the blind children is under the charge of Miss Grier. There is also the S.S. for the lepers. The general Sabbath school which is not large, was for a good part of the year amalgamated with Miss Grier's S.S. for the blind children.

Church Work.

The usual Sabbath services and weekly prayer meeting were held during the year. There was one general service and one for the lepers.

For five months of the year, from June to the end of October, I was in Indore in accordance with the decision of the Mission Council that I should have charge of Mr. Wilson's work while he was on furlough.

Sabbath School.

In this report I mention only the S.S. over in Indore city. The other Sabbath schools will be reported by those in charge. This S.S., which is far over in the city, is composed entirely of Hindu and Mohammedan children, some of whom are quite small, but quite a number of them were able to read and among them several committed to memory verses of Scripture.

While in Indore I had the Bible lesson with the students of the four years at the Mission College, for one hour of each day during the week.

Bazar Preaching.

On the Thursday evenings we had preaching in the camp bazar. Some of the Christian boys attending the Mission School came and helped with the singing. We were also grateful for voluntary assistance from some Christian men who frequently came and joined in the street preaching.

INDORE.

Rev. W. A. Wilson writes:

In January the Council requested me to take a short furlough to Canada. While it was good to spend a few months in the home-land the time was too short to get much into contact with the Church.

But it was good, even in the short time, to realize, as one cannot in India, the deepening interest, especially on the part of the young people and of business men of the Church, in the greatest and highest enterprise being conducted on this earth, viz., the spread of God's spiritual reign in the hearts and lives of its peoples.

During my absence the work of which I had charge was in the hands of Mr. W. G. Russell who was transferred temporarily from Ujjain. With characteristic diligence and faithfulness he carried it on along the old lines, throwing himself heartily into bazar preaching, the care of the Christian community, work in the city S. School, and Bible teaching in the College. Thus on returning I was able to resume as if there had been no break, which to one returning from furlough is a matter of much satisfaction.

Continued on page 426.

Minutes of Honan Presbytery

The recent meeting of the Presbytery of Honan lasted nearly a week, the following minutes are slightly abridged from the copy that came, and with the abridgment some touches of realism have disappeared. But this will give some idea of the great work before them and the spirit in which they are seeking to grapple with it.

Then too how much lies between the lines in the repeated statement that the Presbytery, on motion, resolved itself into "Committee of the whole" to "consider the Extension of the work" followed by "The committee rose and reported progress"—after probably two or three hours close, earnest conference.

One would like to listen to that "committee of the whole." It would be an inspiration and would enable us at home to "sit and correspond" more intelligently and sympathetically. But what is given below will well repay careful reading. Try it.—Ed.

First Sederunt.

Weihweifu, May 28, 1908.

At Weihweifu, Honan, and within the Boys' Boarding School there, on Thursday the twenty-eighth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and eight, at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning, Presbytery met, the Moderator, Rev. M. MacKenzie, D.D.

Sederunt.—S. J. Goforth, Dr. MacKenzie, J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Menzies, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lohead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers; Drs. W. McClure, S. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

Presbytery was duly constituted with the singing of part of Psalm selection 64, the reading of Ephesians 3, and prayer by the moderator.

The Minutes of the special meeting of presbytery held in Hwaikingfu on January 28, 1908 were read and approved.

(Then follows the reading of letters, from Canada and elsewhere, on mission business.—Ed. Record.)

Interim Reports were presented as follows:—

Mr. Goforth reported that since last meeting he has spent three months holding special services for the quickening of the churches at seven centres in Manchuria, and at Tientsin, Tungechow, and Peking.

FROM CHANGTEFU.

During the rest of the time he was only able to assist at the March communion and to visit three out of his ten outstations. Forty-four persons were recorded and twenty-one baptized but the numbers would have been much larger if all the outstations could have been visited.

At Changte station the regular work in the dispensary waiting room and the street chapel has been carried on without interruption. Several new catechumens have been recorded in the city. The Boys' School with an attendance of seventy-five boys is taxed to its utmost for accommodation. A large number of pupils who applied for admission after the New Year holidays had to be refused. About five mu of land has recently been bought along the west side of the compound, and it hoped that more may be acquired soon.

In April a ten days' visit was made to Lin Hsien where Christians were visited and eleven new catechumens recorded.

Dr. MacKenzie with about forty Christians took part in preaching the Gospel for eleven days to the crowds attending the great annual Fair at Hsun Hsien. On returning a month's evangelising campaign in a hitherto largely untouched section of the eastern field was begun. Ten Chinese Christians took part with him daily in the work. Eight walled towns and cities were visited, an average of four days being given to each. Services were held in Christian centres on each Lord's Day. The leading centres then visited have had several Christian workers there again, and the indications are regarded as encouraging over the whole wide region.

All the Christian centres in the eastern portion of the field with one exception were favoured with a visit from Mr. Slimmon in April. He gave much needed and highly appreciated musical instruction at each point and rendered valuable aid to the pastor in the ordination of office bearers and in conducting communion services. Our praise of God should be more hearty and intelligent after such a visit.

Fifty-seven catechumens have been recorded, while twenty adults and eleven in-

phants were baptised, the Lord's Supper has been administered in three centres and partaken of by 100, 84 and 35 persons respectively.

A step towards the organization of the Chinese Church has been taken by the election of ten elders and seventeen deacons in five centres stretching along through the whole field from east to west. All were elected by open vote and afterwards ordained to their respective offices in the Church.

Miss MacIntosh reports that two foreign and eight Chinese Christian women from Changte, with six from eastern villages, worked daily among the women at the Hsun Hsien Fair. She has also visited, for the purpose of preaching to the heathen and teaching the Christians, in Hui Lung, Wang Chwang and Nei Hwang and Ku Ho. The work in the last named centre was opened by an ex patient of Dr. Dow's who is doing good work in her home and village.

Accompanied by Miss Thomson and three Chinese Christian women a first visit was paid to the city of She Hsien in April, their journey was varied by many memorable experiences. Four villages where Christians reside were visited from She Hsien, most of the women there greatly need further Christian instruction.

Lin Hsien and three villages in its vicinity were next visited. The work in the city is not so hopeful as could be wished, but that in the villages, in Lang Lei particularly, is most encouraging. In all sixty-one days have been given to country work. The Bible Woman has given sixty-four and the itinerating Christians one hundred and nineteen.

Evangelistic work among the women has been carried on uninterruptedly at Changte. There has been a large number of in-patients at the Hospital and these have been regularly taught by two assistants, Mrs. Wang Mei (without remuneration), Mrs. Yang, the school matron, and three of the girls. Many studied faithfully and three desired to be recorded.

The Men's Hospital was reopened on the 11th of February after four month's interruption. Owing to Dr. Dow's return to Canada the women have also been treated there. The attendance was large from the first and steadily increased until in April and May the accommodation was taxed to the utmost, both men and women being crowded to a degree that is uncomfortable even for Chinese.

Owing probably to the small fee that has been charged the attendance has not been so large as last year. The decrease is largely in Dispensary patients and chiefly we believe of the unsatisfactory kind, not sick enough to come regularly for treatment, nor appreciative enough to pay even the nominal charge made.

The Spring session of the Girls' Boarding School began on February 18th, twenty boarding pupils have been added making a total of seventy-two in attendance.

FROM WEIHWEIFU.

Mr. Mitchell reported from Weiwei station that since last meeting of presbytery, church work has been carried on regularly on ordinary lines,—Sabbath worship, Sabbath School, mid week prayer meetings for men and women, and Christian Endeavour meetings in Boys' and Girls' Primary Schools.

All Spring our Sabbath congregations have taxed the capacity of the chapel to such an extent that some of the foreigners have refrained from attendance in order to allow a few more Chinese to get in. Some further provision is an absolute necessity.

Because of the decision at the annual congregational meeting this year to support four preachers instead of two it was decided to introduce the weekly envelope system of contributing, which has now been in use for some weeks.

The prayer meetings have been as a rule good.

One of our helpers was sent to Manchuria to come in touch with the work there, and on his return a week's special meetings for prayer was held to the benefit of all who attended.

One station class attended by fifty-five men was held for a week. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed once at the home station, and once each at two places in the country. Seven adults and one infant have been baptized and twenty-seven have been recorded as catechumens.

Evangelistic work was crippled by short handedness, but the return of Messrs. Lochead and Clark in March infused new life into it.

Daily preaching has been carried on in the hospital chapel and tri-weekly meetings in the evening in the street chapel.

Each Sabbath afternoon from ten to twenty of the church members and students of the training school went to the surrounding villages to preach.

A guest room has been lately fitted up for the better receiving of guests and a man put in charge. Three pastors spent forty-seven days in work in eight outside points. About twenty workers helped at the Hsun Hsien fair.

The Boys' Primary School has a roll of thirty-one. Two of the pupils from the Training School have done the teaching in three of the subjects. The Training School has increased to an attendance of forty-six, of whom twenty-three belong to Christian families. Thirty-two take the Chinese course and fourteen take English only. The

fees are more than paying the running expenses just now.

The work among the women has been pushed along the ordinary lines:—in the Hospital wards by Mrs. McClure and others, in the City Chapel by Miss McIntosh in homes about by all the ladies; and in the country where four ladies spent about sixty days. Openings both in the city and country are increasing. A Women's Station Class attended by from fifteen to twenty was held for ten days.

The Girls' Primary School has an enrolment of twenty-one. The quarters are very limited, and an epidemic of fever required the removal of almost half the school to the Hospital. On account of this disarrangement school was dismissed for the term in the middle of May.

The Medical work continues to be a severe strain on the doctor, though the numbers have not reached the highest of last year, charging of fees seems to have little effect so far as diminishing the number of patients is concerned and the fees are apparently gladly paid. Number of treatments 6,579; cash received in fees, 163,476.

Three chien of rooms for medical assistants, and three for horse and cart sheds have been built, as well as servants quarters and yard wall for Mr. Lothead's house, work on which has just begun.

The health of the foreign staff has been generally fair. Mr. Clark had to take a rest for a month and a half, but is now doing his full complement of work though his health is still in an unsatisfactory state.

Among our Chinese brethren we have been called on to mourn the loss of one of the helpers, Mr. Wang Sung. Returning from the Hsun Hsien Fair with as he thought a slight indisposition he was called upon to spend two months of uncomplaining illness, and then passed joyously to meet his Saviour on the sixth of May, a good witness to the way in which Christianity can enable the Chinese to meet death.

FROM HWAikingfu.

Mr. Ross reported for Hwaiking that since last meeting of presbytery the ordinary work in the home station has been carried on as usual. The meetings in the city chapel have been attended very well both in the day time as well as the evenings—many students coming regularly—listening attentively and quite a number enquiring into the deeper meaning of the message.

The Sacrament of the Lord's supper was celebrated once when sixteen men and four women participated.

Eighteen persons were recorded and three baptized throughout the whole field.

A Station Class was held in February at the home station when twenty-four persons received instruction.

Mr. Mowatt spent forty-six days touring in his field.

Mr. Slimmon spent thirty-two days in his field at Hwiu Wu.

On one visit he was accompanied by Mrs. Slimmon when fifteen hundred women and children visited the compound.

New premises have been rented in the east suburb of Hsui Wu which are proving very comfortable and attractive. A Station Class was held there with twelve in attendance.

Mr. Slimmon also spent thirty-four days in the Changte field.

Mr. Ross spent thirty-two days touring in his field. A Station Class was held at Chiao Miao in February when fourteen persons attended. A School has also been started there with twenty-one pupils enrolled.

Looking over the whole field there is much to encourage, the increasing friendliness of the common people and their eagerness to listen to the Gospel and to purchase books, also the increasing zeal and faithfulness of the native preachers.

There are also some discouragements—lapse into opium smoking of some who seemed to be delivered, backsliding of others through persecution, and bitter anti-foreign feeling among the official class. In spite of all this, progress has been made and the outlook on the whole is brightening.

The Hospital has been open continually since last meeting of Presbytery and work has been interesting and encouraging. Following the resolution of last Presbytery we have been charging fees since the beginning of the second moon. One result of this has been, as was expected, a reduction in the daily attendance, but the change is regarded as a good one, no patient being deprived of treatment.

The attendance at the Boys' School has more than doubled, there being now twenty-seven on the roll. Mr. Mi the young teacher sent us from the Changte School has done good work and the discipline maintained has been satisfactory.

These three reports were received and adopted.

Dr. McClure reported for the Committee on the Tientsin Agency, and it was moved by Mr. Slimmon and seconded by Dr. Menzies that this Presbytery confirm the arrangements made by the Committee towards securing the services of Mr. David Evans as its Mission Agent in Tientsin.

Dr. McKenzie reported briefly for the Church Organization Committee and it was agreed that the subject be taken up at a later sederunt of this meeting.

Mr. Goforth and Dr. MacKenzie reported Mr. Houlding's proposition re Tsi Chou

and it was moved by Mr. Griffith seconded by Dr. McClure and carried that this Presbytery having heard the financial proposition of Mr. Houlding regarding the suggested transfer of property at Tsi Chou, cannot see its way to entertaining it and agrees that the matter be dropped.

Dr. McClure gave an interesting report of the Federation Conference in Cheng Chou in March.

It was moved by Mr. Lohead seconded by Mr. Ross and carried that the helpers be instructed to travel to the meeting place of the Theological Class on foot, the usual touring allowance being given.

The hour of twelve o'clock (noon) having arrived presbytery adjourned to meet again at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Second Sederunt.

Same day and place, 3 p.m., presbytery met and was constituted. Sederunt ut supra (as above. Ed.)

Agreed that it be left in the hands of the Church Organization Committee to make enquiry as to the best method of procedure in securing title deeds for native chapels.

It was moved by Dr. McClure, seconded by Dr. Menzies and carried, that, in view of the wonderful way in which Mr. Goforth has been used by God in reviving the Spiritual life of the churches in Manchuria and elsewhere, and the requests from different quarters to continue this work, this presbytery agrees to recommend to the Foreign Mission Committee that Mr. Goforth be given freedom to accept such invitations and that provision be made for carrying on the work in the field now being operated by Mr. Goforth, in anticipation of a favorable reply from the F. M. C.

It was moved by Mr. Griffith, seconded by Mr. Mowatt and carried that the salary of Bible Women and Female Medical Assistants in the new schedule, to take effect in 1909, be three thousand cash (about one dollar and eighty-seven cents per month).

The hour of six o'clock having arrived, presbytery adjourned to meet again on the following morning at nine o'clock.

Third Sederunt.

At the same place, Friday, 29th May, the presbytery of Honan met and was constituted.

Sederunt, Rev. M. MacKenzie, D.D., Moderator, J. A. Goforth, J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Menzies, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lohead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers: Drs. W. McClure, P. C. Leslie, S. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

Moved and carried, that since Mr. Slim-

mons time for furlough will have arrived in 1909 he be permitted to take his furlough in that year.

Moved and carried, that Mr. Slimmon be appointed to take temporary charge of Mr. Goforth's field.

Moved and carried that a committee be named by the moderator to consider and report on the whole question of the education of missionaries' children on the field. The moderator named Messrs. Thomson and Lohead and Dr. McClure.

Moved and carried that, presbytery request the already allocated ladies, Misses Thomson and McGill, to remove to Hwainingfu to complete the language studies and to take up work there among the women.

Agreed that Mr. Mitchell, Dr. Leslie and Dr. Menzies be a committee to explain the action of Presbytery with regard to the allocation of the above ladies to Hwainingfu.

Moved and carried that, Miss McLennan remove to Changetefu after the hot season.

Dr. McClure explained the difficulty in the way of his giving the proposed series of lectures in the Union Medical College, Peking and was upon his own motion permitted to withdraw from that engagement.

It was moved and carried that the clerk be instructed to write to the Senate of the Union Medical College, Peking, informing them that Dr. McClure wishes to withdraw from the Lectureship of Hygiene, but that if they wish us to be responsible for the lectureship we shall appoint a man at the next meeting of presbytery.

The hour of quarter past twelve o'clock having arrived, presbytery adjourned and was closed with the benediction, to meet again at half past two.

Fourth Sederunt.

Same day and place at half past two p.m. presbytery met and was constituted. Sederunt ut supra.

It was agreed that Dr. Scott take the place of Dr. Menzies on the Building and Educational Committees, and that Dr. Griffith be appointed to take Mr. Goforth's place on the Building Committee.

It was agreed that Messrs. Lohead and Mowatt be a committee to confer regarding the holding of occasional English services at Chiao Tsoa.

Moved and carried that, Yuan Wu and Yang Wu counties be transferred to the Weihwei field.

The first annual report of the Training School was presented by Mr. Clark and it was resolved that the report of the Training School just presented be received and adopted, and Mr. Clark and those associated with him in the organization and conduct of the school be heartily congratulated.

on the success that has attended their efforts during this the first year of the school.

It was moved and carried that, presbytery resolve itself into a committee of the whole to discuss education and general expansion.

At twenty minutes past six o'clock the committee of the whole rose and reported progress.

Presbytery then adjourned to meet again on the following morning at nine o'clock, and this sederunt was closed with the benediction.

Fifth Sederunt.

At the same place, Saturday, May 30th, Presbytery met and was constituted; Sederunt, Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, D.D., moderator; J. Goforth, J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Menzies, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lohead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers;—Drs. W. McClure, P. C. Leslie, S. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

On motion the Presbytery resolved itself into a committee of the whole for the further discussion of Education and General Expansion.

At twelve o'clock noon, the Committee of the whole rose and reported progress, and adjourned to meet again in the same place at 2.30 p.m.

Sixth Sederunt.

Same day and place, 2.30 p.m., the presbytery met and was constituted. Sederunt ut supra.

It was moved and seconded that, we resolve ourselves into a Committee of the whole to consider the question of Education. The motion was lost.

It was moved and carried that, since the Chinese Government has denied the right of missionaries to purchase building lots at Chi Kung Shan as individuals, the Presbytery permits members of the mission to acquire these lots through the Mission Treasurer in the name of the Mission, individuals buying lots undertaking all financial responsibility.

It was agreed that the members of the Hwaiking Station should report to the prefect in writing the attitude of the district official to Mr. Mowatt, and that in the event of his taking no action the Emergency Committee report the case to the British Consul-General at Tientsin.

It was agreed that a committee consisting of Messrs. Thomson and Lohead, Miss Isabel McIntosh and Mrs. Mitchell be appointed to revise the missionary outfit list and report to next presbytery.

It was moved and carried that, Miss

Pyke's request to be allowed leave of absence at the end of the Chinese 34th year (February 1909) in order to visit other schools, be granted, and that she be allowed to go on regular furlough immediately after, to return to resume her duties as principal of the Changte Girls' School at the opening in the first month of the 36th year (March 1910).

The hour of five forty-five o'clock having arrived presbytery adjourned to meet again on Monday morning at nine o'clock, and this sederunt was closed with the benediction.

Seventh Sederunt.

At the same place, on Monday, 1st June, 9 a.m., the presbytery met and was constituted.

Sederunt, Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, D.D., J. Goforth, J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Menzies, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lohead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers; Drs. W. McClure, P. C. Leslie, S. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

It was resolved that, the enquiry of the Anglican Church in Canada as to the opening of a mission in Honan be referred to the executive of the Federation Council, the Moderator informing the Council of our appreciation of the mission contemplated.

Resolved that a Church Building with a seating capacity of six hundred be erected in connection with the mission premises at Weihwiefu and that steps be taken to accomplish this as soon as possible.

Resolved that the Presbytery request the Foreign Mission Committee to send us as soon as possible a man to take up the duties of mission treasurer.

Agreed that Dr. McClure, Mr. Lohead and Mr. Thomson be a Committee to suggest to the Foreign Mission Committee the work which might be done by the treasurer asked for.

On motion, presbytery resolved itself into a committee of the whole to discuss the question of future expansion in Honan.

The hour of noon having arrived, the committee of the whole rose and reported progress and presbytery adjourned to meet again in the same place at 2 p.m., and this sederunt was closed with the benediction.

Eighth Sederunt.

Same day and place, 2 p.m., the presbytery met and was constituted. Sederunt ut supra.

Agreed that presbytery resolve itself into a Committee of the whole for the further discussion of the question of future expansion in Honan.

The hour of six o'clock having arrived the committee of the whole rose and reported progress and presbytery adjourned to meet again at 8 p.m.

Ninth Sederunt.

Same day and place, 8 p.m., presbytery met and was constituted.

Resolved that a limited number of the Union Hymnals be purchased for public use.

The Committee on the course of study for Chinese Helpers reported recommending the following curriculum for the fourth, fifth, and sixth years of the course. Fourth Year:—1 Church Government and Discipline. 2 New Testament Countries and Peoples. 3 Life of Christ (Stalker). 4 Old Testament Characters. 5, 1 Samuel. 6 Galatians. 7 Sheffield's Theology. 8 Church History (Corbett). 9 Music. Written Discourse:—The Apostle Paul.

Fifth Year:—1 Old Testament Types (Mrs. Sheffield Volume 1). 2 Miracles—their scope and relation to Christ's Work. 3 Life of Paul. 4 Isaiah. 5 The Pastoral Epistles. 6 Sheffield's Theology. 7 Church History (Corbett). 8 Music. Written Discourse:—Humility.

Sixth Year:—1 Old Testament Types, (Volume 11). 2 Memorization of Selected Psalms. 3 Exegesis of Ephesians. 4 Peter. 5 History of Missions. 6 Sheffield's Theology. 7 Church History (Corbett). 8 Music. Written Discourse:—Proportionate Giving.

Resolved that this report be received and adopted.

The Educational Committee reported making the following recommendations:—

1. That boarding fees in boys' boarding school for 1909 be 11,000 cash.

2. That boarding fees in girls' boarding schools for 1909 be 8,000 cash.

3. That students in the High and Normal School be charged at the rate of 1,500 cash, 94 cents, for each full month, with readjustment at the end of the year to fully cover expense of food.

4. That the school year for all the schools of presbytery begin after the Chinese New Year holidays.

5. That the boys' school close for the Summer holidays on the Chinese festival of "Hsiao Shu" (slight heat) and open again on that of "Li Chiu" (beginning of Autumn.)

6. That those in charge of the boarding schools at the different stations of the mission be a committee to arrange for and carry out uniform examinations, Mr. Mitchell to act as convener.

7. That an estimate from Weihwei station for school buildings, namely two hundred and fifty dollars for four chien boys' school dormitory and six hundred for girls' school rooms, be approved.

8. That the English name for the school hitherto known as the Training School be the Weihwei High and Normal School.

9. That the High and Normal School at Weihweifu be under the supervision of the Local School Board as in the case of the other schools.

Resolved that this report be received and adopted.

Resolved that Weihweifu be the centre for higher educational work for men, in this mission, and that provision be made at once for new premises for High and Normal school at that station.

Resolved that we consider that early provision should be made for the establishment of preparatory and theological courses for the training of an efficient Chinese ministry and that a committee of the presbytery be appointed to communicate with the presbyteries in Shantung and Chihli, to ascertain their views on the question of the development of such education in the region covered by the work of the American and Canadian Presbyterian Churches in North China as well as with the other missions in Honan. The moderator and Mr. Mitchell were appointed to act as a Committee to make the above enquiries.

Resolved that the Weihweifu hospital be closed for a few weeks, that Dr. McClure may be given a much needed vacation.

Agreed that the Hwalkingfu hospital be closed until the annual meeting of presbytery, in order to permit Dr. Scott to continue his study of the language.

The hour of eleven o'clock having arrived, presbytery adjourned to meet again the following morning at 9.30 o'clock.

Tenth Sederunt.

At the same place, Tuesday, 2nd June, 9.30 a.m., presbytery met and was constituted. Sederunt, Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie, moderator; J. Goforth, J. A. Simmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. Menzies, J. Griffith, H. M. Clark, G. M. Ross, A. W. Lochead, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers; W. McClure, P. C. Leslie, S. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

Resolved that the pupils at Changte, taking high school work, be transferred to the Weihwei High and Normal School at the beginning of the new year.

Agreed to allow an estimate of one thousand dollars for increased building accommodation in connection with the Norman McPhee Boarding School for boys at Changtefu.

Resolved that the Girls' School at Changte be of primary and high school grade.

Agreed that the whole question of medical expansion be referred to the physicians.

Resolved that Taokou be the first new station for the residence of foreigners; that Wu An be the next station opened for the residence of foreigners; that Messrs. Clark and Thomson be appointed to open the Taokou station at an early date; that Mr. Clark, Dr. McClure, Messrs. Thomson, Slimmon and Mitchell be a committee to look at property at Taokou and report to presbytery by circular letter.

Resolved that in view of Mr. Clark's request to be allowed to take up evangelistic work in Taokou, Mr. Mitchell be appointed principal of the High and Normal School at Weihweifu.

Resolved that in view of the rapidly increasing educational work of our mission and the obvious difficulty of securing from our theological colleges an adequate supply of workers for both evangelistic and educational work, we ask the Foreign Mission Committee to call to educational work in Honan educationalists who are not necessarily theological graduates.

Resolved that in view of the increasing number of patients coming to our hospitals and in order that there be a minimum of two medical men for each of the three existing stations and to provide for furlough, presbytery request the Foreign Mission Committee to send out two more medical men.

Resolved that presbytery call for two lady physicians for work in Honan.

Resolved that while we have sent home an appeal for two additional lady workers, the development and opportunities of the work are so great we feel impelled to ask that two more lady evangelists be sent us at the earliest moment—that is, four in all.

Resolved that the appeal of May 1907 for three evangelists be reiterated and emphasized.

The hour of twelve o'clock having arrived, presbytery adjourned to meet again in the same place at 2.30 p.m.

Eleventh Sederunt.

Weihweifu, June 2, 1908.

Same day and place, at 2.30 p.m., presbytery met and was constituted.

It was agreed that in view of the pressing necessity for the more efficient education of the Christian youth of our field, demanding the services of several men, it be resolved that the presbytery of Honan ask the Foreign Mission Committee for three laymen for educational work with special qualifications for teaching pedagogics, mathematics and natural science.

Resolved that a committee be appointed to bring the needs of our field and the plans for future expansion before the home church by means of a letter transmitted to the church through the F. M. C.

It was agreed that Messrs. MacKenzie, Lohead and Thomson act as the above committee.

It was agreed that in view of special evangelistic services to be held at all three stations of our field during the coming Autumn, the conference already arranged for that time be cancelled.

It was agreed the Presbytery resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider the question of the education of the missionaries' children.

The hour of a quarter to six having arrived the committee of the whole rose and reported progress, and presbytery adjourned to meet again in the same place at 8 p.m.

Twelfth Sederunt.

Same day and place, 8 p.m., presbytery met and was constituted.

Resolved that a committee be appointed to work out a definite scheme for the establishment of a school for the education of missionaries' children on the field and report to presbytery. Mr. Clark, Mr. Thomson and Dr. McClure were appointed to act as the above committee.

It was agreed that the recommendation of Weihwei station re the purchase of fifty mu of land and the erection of buildings for the High and Normal School be approved and an estimate made for it.

At nine o'clock, presbytery adjourned to meet again on the following morning at nine o'clock.

Thirteenth Sederunt.

At the same place, Wednesday, 3rd June, 9 a.m., presbytery met and was constituted.

It was moved by Dr. Leslie, seconded by Dr. Menzies and carried that, in view of the fact that Mr. Goforth's furlough is already due and the problem of the children's education has long been a pressing one with them, Presbytery would heartily approve of Mrs. Goforth's returning to Canada with their children this year.

It was agreed that, in view of the proposal to open Taokou as a new station for the residence of foreigners, and in view of the congestion at Weihwei and the likelihood of reinforcements coming to our mission this year, we reconsider our former resolution in regard to the Peking syndicate house at Toakou and now accept their offer for this year.

On motion, presbytery resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider the question of church organization. The hour of twelve o'clock having arrived the committee of the whole arose and reported progress, and presbytery adjourned to meet again at the same place at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Fourteenth Sederunt.

Weihweifu, June 3, 1908.

Same day and place, 2 p.m., presbytery met and was constituted.

It was agreed that, the recommendations of the church organization committee be recorded in the minutes, and that numbers 1 and 4 be adopted by Presbytery, but that the rest of the report be deferred to the annual meeting of presbytery for decision.

The recommendations submitted by the church organization committee are as follows:—

1. That a Presbytery of the Chinese Church in Honan be formed having no connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

2. That inasmuch as the Church has no ministers at this stage, all the elders in North Honan should be members of this presbytery; but, as a regular pastorate should be established, ordinary Presbyterian procedure should be conformed to.

3. That for the present all the ordained missionaries from the home church should be associated with the Chinese representatives in presbytery with a view to preparing them for the time when they will be able to discharge all the duties devolving upon them as members of the Church of Christ in Honan.

4. That this Chinese presbytery be incorporated in the Synod of North China.

Agreed that, presbytery resolve itself into a Committee of the whole to consider estimates for 1909.

The hour five forty-five o'clock in the afternoon having arrived the committee of the whole rose and reported progress and presbytery adjourned to meet again at the same place at eight o'clock in the evening.

Fifteenth Sederunt.

Same day and place, 8 p.m., the presbytery met and was constituted.

It was agreed that presbytery resolve itself into a committee of the whole to resume consideration of the estimates.

At ten minutes after ten o'clock the committee of the whole rose and reported progress. The consideration of the estimates having been concluded, total estimates amounting to forty-nine thousand six hundred and four dollars (\$49,604), (F.M.C. \$43,943; W. F. M. S. for unmarried ladies' work \$5,069.00, for married ladies' work \$592.00) were compiled. Of this nine hundred and sixty dollars (\$960.00) is especially provided for men's work, forty-seven dollars (\$47.00) for women's work, and one thousand (\$1,000.00) for church building at Weihweifu.

On motion it was agreed that, these

amounts be adopted as the estimates of our mission for the year one thousand nine hundred and nine and that they be forwarded in detail to the Foreign Mission Committee.

At fifteen minutes after ten o'clock Presbytery adjourned to meet again at eight o'clock on the following morning to confirm the minutes of this meeting for transmission to the Foreign Mission Committee.

Special Meeting.

At Weihweifu and within the Boys' Boarding School there on Thursday 4th June, 1908, at the hour of eight in the morning, presbytery met to confirm the minutes of the meeting just closed, for transmission to the Foreign Mission Committee. Sederunt:—M. MacKenzie, D.D., moderator; J. A. Slimmon, R. A. Mitchell, J. A. Mowatt, A. Thomson, G. Eadie, ministers; W. McClure, P. C. Leslie, A. O. McMurtry, W. J. Scott, elders.

Presbytery was duly constituted with the singing of part of Psalm Selection 52, the reading of the 2nd Psalm and prayer by Mr. Mitchell at the request of the Moderator.

The minutes of the sederunts of the meeting just closed, namely, those on the morning and afternoon of Thursday, May 28th, on the morning and afternoon of Friday, May 29th, on the morning and afternoon of Saturday, May 30th, on the morning, afternoon and evening of Monday, June 1st, on the morning, afternoon and evening of Tuesday, June 2nd, on the morning, afternoon and evening of Wednesday, June 3rd, one thousand nine hundred and eight were read and severally confirmed.

At nine o'clock in the morning, presbytery adjourned, sine die, to meet again at the call of the moderator.

After singing a portion of Psalm Selection 93, the Moderator closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction.

NOT TRUE OF CANADA.

"The number of preachers who are to-day keeping their congregations on starvation diet by going to the newspapers to find their themes and their sermons has multiplied greatly, and no layman is to be blamed for crying out against the imposition.

We know of a Norwegian lady of intelligence who had failed to find her own church in this city and joined another whose pastor is recognized as one of the most popular preachers in this section. She, too, complained bitterly that the sermons had the flavor of the newspapers more than that of the Bible. If your pastor gives you that kind of diet, you have not only a right but a duty to complain."

Pulpit and Pew

A VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

BY AN EMINENT SCIENTIFIC MAN.

"Appleton's Magazine" for June contains a most significant contribution to our present-day Christian literature. It comes from the pen of Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the distinguished surgeon of Baltimore, for many years connected with Johns Hopkins University, and a man of the highest scientific attainments. Dr. Kelly says in part:

"I have, within the past twenty years of my life, come out of uncertainty and doubt into a faith which is an absolute dominating conviction of the truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. I have been intimately associated with eminent scientific workers; have heard them discuss the profoundest questions; have myself engaged in scientific work and so know the value of such opinions.

"I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I had been brought up—that of a Protestant Episcopalian—by inroads which were made upon the book of Genesis by the higher critics. I could not then gainsay them, not knowing Hebrew nor archaeology well, and to me, as to many, to pull out one great prop was to make the whole foundation uncertain.

"So I floundered on for some years trying, as some of my higher critical friends are trying to-day, to continue to use the Bible as the Word of God and at the same time holding it of composite authorship, a curious and disastrous piece of mental gymnastics—a bridge over the chasm separating an older Bible-loving generation from a newer Bible-emancipated race. I saw in the Book a great light and glow of heat yet shivered out in the cold.

"One day it occurred to me to see what the Book had to say about itself. As a short, but perhaps not the best method, I took a concordance and looked out "Word," when I found that the Bible claimed from one end to the other to be the authoritative Word of God to man. I then tried the natural plan of taking it as my text-book of religion, as I would use a text-book in any science, testing it by submitting to its conditions. I found that Christ Himself invites men (John vii. 17) to do this.

"I now believe the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any merely human book.

"I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of

God, without human father, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. That all men without exception are by nature sinners, alienated from God, and when thus utterly lost in sin the Son of God Himself came down to earth, and by shedding His blood upon the cross paid the infinite penalty of the guilt of the whole world.

"I believe he who thus receives Jesus Christ as his Saviour is born again spiritually as definitely as in his first birth, and, so born spiritually, has new privileges, appetites, and affections; that he is one body with Christ the Head and will live with Him forever. I believe no man can save himself by good works, or what is commonly known as a "moral life," such works being but the necessary fruits and evidence of the faith within.

"I believe the Bible to be God's Word, because as I use it day by day as spiritual food, I discover in my own life as well as in the lives of those who likewise use it a transformation correcting evil tendencies, purifying affections, giving pure desires, and teaching that concerning the righteousness of God which those who do not so use it can know nothing of. It is as really food for the spirit as bread is for the body.

"Perhaps one of my strongest reasons for believing the Bible is that it reveals to me, as no other book in the world could do, that which appeals to me as a physician, a diagnosis of my spiritual condition. It shows me clearly what I am by nature—one lost in sin and alienated from the life that is in God. I find in it a consistent and wonderful revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, of the character of God, far removed from any of my natural imaginings.

"It also reveals a tenderness and nearness of God in Christ which satisfies the heart's longings, and shows me that the infinite God, Creator of the world, took our very nature upon him that he might in infinite love be one with his people to redeem them. I believe in it because it reveals a religion adapted to all classes and races, and it is intellectual suicide, knowing it, not to believe it.

Every man can be in love with his work if he will always think of how well he can do that work and not how easily he can do it.—Senator Beveridge.

Within the last thirty years the State revenue from intoxicating drink in India has increased from £1,755,000 to £6,510,000.

THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

There are a good many people well disposed toward religion who fail to observe the Lord's day as a day of rest and worship and home enjoyment, but instead, in Sunday excursions into the country, automobile racing, bicycle riding, and other laborious ways, claiming that on account of the work of the week, they need this change.

But they are mistaken as to the kind of rest and change they need. Let anyone go down to the returning excursions trains on a Sabbath night in the summer, and see the weary, dragged groups with heavy, unhappy physiognomy as they come from cars and station—almost without exception they look as if they had missed spending the day quite to their minds, and were returning sad and disappointed to the weary round of toil.

The fact is that the excursionists misunderstood their own nature and the true way for a man or woman to rest. A mere animal that has to pass six days of the week in hard labor, benefits greatly by a seventh day of mere animal rest and enjoyment. The repose proves of signal use to it because it is repose according to its nature.

But man is not a mere animal. What is best for the beast may not be best for him, but may have the tendency to degrade him into a poor unintellectual, unfeeling, unspiritual slave. "The Sabbath was made for man" by Him who best knows man, his nature, and his needs, in body, mind and soul, and it will pay us to observe the Sabbath in the way he tells us—a way that recognizes all the needs of a God-derived nature.

The question of keeping the Christian Sabbath is largely a heart question. It is not a question so much of obeying a command of law as it is of obeying the law of love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." It is a weary bondage obeying the command not to steal, not to be angry, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to covet, simply because we must; it is highest liberty obeying these commands because we will—because we love God and really wish to do the things that will please Him.

Our hearts need the still hours of the Lord's day for spiritual communion. That does not mean that we can sit all day with our Bible on our knees or wrapped in prayer or meditation. We may not spend more than one hour thus in the whole day, for it is contrary to nature to sustain such a state of mind or heart continuously.

We believe, though, that it would be well if every Christian would arrange to spend at least one such "still hour" during the day, alone, or with some one very near and dear, in communion with God and his own

soul, besides keeping the whole day in a way that would bring rest and spiritual uplift.

Our lives are so hurried, the rush of society and business is so great that we all need to pay more attention both on weekdays and on Sabbaths to "practising the presence of God," and of finding seasons when we are still enough to give our souls a chance—opportunity to hear God speak, and for us to speak to Him.

But much of each Lord's day may be employed in other ways than purely spiritual exercises. There is the family, the church, good books, good deeds, many most glad and beautiful ways, body resting, mind resting and mind stimulating ways, heart gratifying and heart cultivating ways, spirit advancing and soul saving ways, in which every Lord's day can be made of the greatest delight and benefit to ourselves and others, and yet we at the same time really rest and refresh ourselves according to the nature of a man—of a being made in the image of God.

The Lord's day is also a home day. It is a true "Children's Day," "Parents' Day," acquaintance day, rest day. God's first two gifts to unfallen man were the family and the Sabbath; and it is in the re-valuing of these that men find most nearly "paradise regained."

It is one chief gift and luxury which marks the Lord's day as the "pearl of days" in many a household throughout our land that on that day the father can be home with his children. An engineer in Washington said in an address: "For seven years I have not had one Sabbath at home with my family." The Vanderbilt engineers, in their famous plea for their rest day, said their sons were often demoralized because of the influence upon the home life of the father's Sunday work.

Every true husband and father, whatever his religious convictions, or lack of them, ought to be a strong defender of the Sabbath and of its observance, and a stronger opposer of any who would break down the barriers which separate the day from all the others.

The Lord's day in the home should be a bright and happy day, not one sad and gloomy. It should be the day of the best clothes, the best books, the best words, the best thoughts, the children's day with the earthly father as well as with the heavenly Father, the day of new books and especially glad talks around the Book, the day of peaceful worship in church and Sabbath-school, a day of full-hearted joy to every one in the home, to be hailed with gladness in every household.

In order to promote the keeping of the Lord's day rightly in heart and home, it may be necessary for us to stand with the minority—even the minority of Christians

—but let us not fail of duty on that account.

Let us eschew the Sunday newspaper, Sunday excursions, Sunday entertainments, Sunday promiscuous visiting, Sunday automobile runs, Sunday bicycle trips, and general Sunday traveling and business, each, first, on his own account, because while engaged in these things he cannot be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" secondly, because the tendency of all these things is to rob others of the day by encouraging or forcing them to work; and thirdly, because such things all stand mightily in the way of the advancement of the cause of Christ in the world.

The best test we can each apply to ourselves in regard to our manner of observing the Lord's day is that of whether or not the things we do promote the true and of our being "in the Spirit on the Lord's day."—"Philadelphia Presbyterian."

A WHOLESOME TONGUE.

The wholesomeness of a tongue cannot be judged by its activity. Sometimes silence is better than speech, and there are tongues whose activity is simply a calamity. But the tongue was meant to foster and minister to human well-being, and if does not do so it is failing to fulfil its manifest mission.

Sometimes this failure is due to ignorance. It is well to consider the result of our speech. It is not well to speak all we know. It is possible to use knowledge foolishly, and honesty and sincerity are poor atonement for the folly of uttering what should never have been spoken. The confidences of others should be sacred; the secrets we may accidentally stumble upon are usually better kept than revealed. The first thing in a wholesome tongue is that it knows what not to say.

But this is only half its mission. We should know how to help others. This can only be learned by careful study of men. The message that will stimulate one may plunge another into unrelieved gloom, and the word that comforts one man may fall helpless and lifeless upon the ears of another. "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright," but not every man is wise.

The Christian worker who desires to be helpful to men needs two things: true sympathy and the divine Spirit. He must be able to enter into the feelings of others; in proportion as he does this will he develop that wonderful thing which we call tact, which is really but sympathy in motion. And this sympathy, for its perfect development, needs the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. The divine Spirit becomes a bond of union with men. When our hearts are loving our tongues become tender; and

when we are led by the Spirit our words become wise and the wholesome tongue becomes a tree of life to those about us.—Ex.

KEEPING YOUNG.

It is a common saying that a man is as old as he feels. To keep young is a fine art which needs to be cultivated in this present age of hurry.

A writer gives the following prescription for keeping young:—

Keep in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression. It is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long time must be a temperate, regular life. Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to over-eating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally, and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely to the face.

Form the habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear, or deprive you of rest.—"Michigan Presbyterian."

WHEN THE CLOUDS COME.

There is no journey of life but has its clouded days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunderclaps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows, are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely.

Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing, but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in the dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

MAKING ONE'S MIND.

It is a remarkable book, "Brain and Personality," written by Dr. Thomson, a brain specialist, the fact is insisted on that a man (or boy or girl) makes his mind, as well as "makes up his mind".

Dr. Thomson shows; by one series of facts after another, that there are four things to reckon with in making mind. One is the series of messages the nerves bring from without—the nerves of the eye, of the ear, of touch, of taste, of smell. These report to different brain centers. The second is the reception of these by the brain-center cells. The third is the sending forth of responses and impulses through the nerves that act upon the body.

But the fourth is behind them all, and greater than all—the will of the person who owns and uses the brain. If that will is determined to learn and act, it can do so against tremendous difficulties. A will prisoned in a deaf, dumb, and blind body, such as Helen Keller's, where almost no messages come in, can yet build up a valuable brain. A will owning a well-equipped body, but careless, weak, and vicious, ends with a degenerate and useless brain.

"We can make our own brains, so far as special mental functions and aptitudes are concerned," declares this high authority, "if only we have wills strong enough to take the trouble. By practice, practice, practice, as in Miss Keller's case, the will stimulus will not only organize brain centers to perform new functions, but will project new connecting, or as they are technically called, association fibers, which will make nerve centers work together as they could not without being thus associated.

"Each such self-created brain center requires great labor to make it, because nothing but the prolonged exertion of the personal will can fashion anything of the kind. A person, therefore, acquires new brain capacities by acquiring new anatomical bases for them in the form both of brain cells, which he has trained, and of actively working brain fibers, which he has himself virtually created."

This is, in a way, hard reading. But its facts concern everyone who has eyes and brains and will.

Dr. Thomson makes a point for young people. Just as the language centers in the brain can be best built up in childhood—for a six-year-old child can quickly learn any language, even Hebrew or Greek—so all brain-making is quickest and best done in days of youth.

A boy who uses his will early on his brain—who says to his brain centers every day, "You shall study this lesson thoroughly," or, "You shall not admit this evil thought," or "You shall form this good habit," builds up a first-class brain from the beginning, and has a tremendous advantage

over the boy who does not begin until ten years later.

Ten years old is far better than twenty for good resolutions. Twenty is better than thirty. When forty is reached, the brain is practically made, finished, and over with. A man over forty cannot, in most cases, learn a new language fully. He cannot form a habit of memory, or attention, or concentration, or high thought.

He is seldom converted from evil life after that age. He cannot generally master a new science or profession. His brain is made, and cannot be made over. Only where a man has built up in youth a high-grade brain, such as Gladstones or Humboldt's, is he able in old age to learn and conquer in new fields, because he has the habit of learning, and his will is in complete control.

Boys and girls, then, have the finest opportunities in mind-making.

Another great doctor, the surgeon of the King of England, Sir Frederick Treves, has said to boys on just this point:—

"Boys, don't bother about genius and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance, and determination. You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. . . Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. Keep body and mind clean."

"But are unselfishness and purity part of the mind?" some reader may say. "Is not the mind just the intellect?" Think again—is not the brain the instrument of the soul and of all man's thought and action? A boy can say to his mind, "You shall have only clean and brave thoughts." A girl can say to her mind, "You shall think about others and not about self." The will of a boy or girl can set to find God's will and do it. Then a strong, pure, high mind is made, able to meet all the battles of life, and come out more than conqueror.—Forward.

PRAY FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

It was the custom of a celebrated minister, when a child was born into his home, to set apart a day to pray for that child. Seven sons and one daughter were distinguished from their youth for their piety and devotion to God's service. Ambrose said to the mother of Augustine: "I have never known the son to perish for whose soul so many prayers and tears have interceded."

Throughout the country, many children schools, where they will meet many trying temptations. Parents should remember these absent children in special prayer. They will need all the help such prayers always bring.—Exchange.

have left the parental roof for colleges and

THE INVITATION DID IT.

A minister of a church near Boston was passing up Sudbury St., Thanksgiving morning, on his way to Tremont Temple to hear Dr. Henson preach. He noticed a young "blue-jacket" on a street corner, in the vicinity of the low theatres, looking lonely, and as if undecided where to go.

The thought came to the minister, "Why not invite that 'Jackie' to come along?" With some hesitation he turned back, greeted the young man pleasantly, and told him of the service. They went along together up Tremont Street, and into the Temple. The young sailor enjoyed the service, and said he was very glad he had come. He had not known where to go that morning, not caring to consort with the roughs and toughs around him.

It turned out that he was a member of a church in Ohio. He was a clean, intelligent, manly fellow, just the kind of a boy of whom some mother should be proud. A chance word at the corner turned him into the house of God, and helped to cheer him up before he goes on the long and perhaps dreary Pacific cruise.

It can scarcely be doubted that there are many young men on the streets of our cities and towns who might be induced to attend church by a kind personal invitation. It is worth trying, anyway.—Ex.

WOMANHOOD.

There is something sacred in womanhood. Whether we term it the "poetry of life" or the "music of struggle" or the "calm of faith," the spirit of a true woman seems the holiest thing on this storm-tossed earth. Loyal, patient, trustful, beautiful, gentle, brave, constant, a woman has, under God, the destinies of men and of nations in her power.

She can make or mar manhood at her pleasure. She can bring cloud or sunshine at will. She can point to heaven with a finger tipped with divine gold and with a look of holy rapture before which doubt and despair cannot stand. She can make home paradise or purgatory at her desire. She can draw from brain and heart the highest and richest treasures, or she can debase both to the level of the brute.

No words can measure the power for good of a sweet, pure woman, who in self-sacrifice—which is her especial glory—strives to make the world like the vision which God has granted her on the mount. No fierce denunciation of speech can make more terrible the havoc which a false woman can work in life and home, in hope and character, when leaving her throne she sinks into the realm of selfishness and meanness, of discontent and irony, of hardness and irreligion.

My sisters, I would that you might know and reverence your power. I write out of an experience as a minister which has sometimes made me sigh and cry for the sorrows which might have been unknown and for the griefs which might never have been born.

Yours, yours is the part, like the part of your Christ, to minister and to help and to save. God has given you your graces of person and character not for a cheap adornment, nor for a temporary creating of infatuation, bound to die if there is nothing of good behind the smile and the eye and the flush of cheek, but for the up-building of nobility, the drawing out of truth, the salvation from things false and weak.

"Oh, if I could only make these young girls know," said a strong leader of men to me once, "what their blushes and their beauty, their words and their looks mean! God-given powers are they for death or life!"—Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D., in "The Presbyterian" Philadelphia.

THE RELIGION OF LIGHT AND LIFE.

It is the function and the privilege of a Christian faith to "scatter sunshine." Good cheer ought to smile wherever God's saints pass by. Life takes on a new aspect when the sun returns from his winter exile. Travellers in the far north tell us that the greatest peril with which Arctic explorers have to contend is the despondency that oppresses them in the absence of light.

One needs but to pick up the most finished literature of unbelief, past or present, to see that without Christ life is but a sunless world. The Greek drama, the Roman lyric, the Persian quatrain, have all one spirit; gloomy, desponding, hopeless, because there is no light. When the truth as it is in Jesus is lived by men, life is no longer a dripping cave, but a glorious cathedral, whose lofty arches resound with "Te Deums."

Light is the power that evokes beauty from the dulllest earth. Where the light of Christian living shines, every human relation clothes itself with a Divine charm. Home life, domestic service, national ambitions, all receive a touch that transforms them into iridescent splendor. If the light that is in Christ's followers be darkness, God pity the world deprived of assurance, joy and grace!—Selected.

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

DOES IT PAY?

BY CHARLES SCANLON.

(Field Secretary, Department of Temperance of Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.)

DOES IT PAY to license a traffic which lessens the demand for the helpful things of life, which increases their cost and diminishes the ability to pay for them?

DOES IT PAY to license a traffic which makes men less skilful, less steady, less reliable; which lessens endurance, lessens self-respect and the respect of others, lessens confidence, lessens credit, lessens the demand for food, clothing, shelter and tools with which to work?

DOES IT PAY to license a traffic which breeds idiots, paupers, criminals, lunatics, and epileptics and casts them upon society to be supported by decent, honest, industrious people?

DOES IT PAY to license a traffic which increases taxes by creating a necessity for jails, penitentiaries, asylums, hospitals, almshouses, orphanages, reformatories, police and criminal courts?

DOES IT PAY to license a traffic which decreases a man's industrial efficiency so that the government reports show that 72 per cent., of agriculturists discriminate against him for using it, and that 79 per cent. of manufacturers, 88 per cent. of tradesmen and 90 per cent. of railroad officials do the same thing?

DOES IT PAY to maintain a national quarantine against criminal and dependent classes from abroad and license 250,000 saloonkeepers to manufacture such products at home?

DOES IT PAY to support the families of saloonkeepers and bartenders and pay their rent, taxes and insurance, and buy luxuries for them in order to get a few pennies in revenue and license out of the many dollars which they filch from the pockets of industry?

DOES IT PAY to employ teachers to teach children the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system and license men to sell a thing which inflames the stomach, hardens the brain tissue, softens and weakens the blood vessels, impoverishes the blood, overworks the heart, retards the elimination of effete matter, dims the eye, dulls the hearing, diseases the throat, lungs, kidneys, liver, nerves, and muscles; the demand for which is wholly artificial and when supplied serves no good purpose?

DOES IT PAY to call ministers to preach the gospel of love, charity, honesty, purity, forgiveness and redemption, and license

other men to engage in a traffic which fosters hate, engenders strife, breeds dishonesty, impurity and destruction?

DOES IT PAY to send missionaries to the heathen to point out the way of salvation, and from the same port and often in the same vessel send "liquid damnation"?

DOES IT PAY to build a palace for the brewer, hire servants and buy silks for his wife, and dress your own wife in rags, make her take in washing to support the family and finally send her to the poorhouse, and bury her in the potter's field?

DOES IT PAY to levy a tax to support orphans and widows and license the murder of husbands and fathers? Does it pay to license a thing which is always and everywhere known to be the enemy of everything sacred to God and man?

DOES IT PAY to maintain on our coasts 275 life saving stations at a cost of a little more than a million and a half, and out of the same pockets and under the same flag maintain 250,000 life-destroying stations at two billions and a half?

DOES IT PAY to listen to the sophistries and falsehoods of passion, prejudice, ignorance, appetite and greed, and close your ears to the voice of conscience, reason, judgment, suffering, religion and God?

DOES IT PAY to do that which will blanch the cheeks with fear and make you dumb with terror when at last you stand in the presence of the judge of the quick and the dead?

LIFE'S GRACIOUS OPPORTUNITY.

Life is not sufficiently regarded as mainly opportunity for character-building and testing. But we are to use life as essentially designed, not for getting and holding, but for acquiring soul-worth in which lies salvation.

By faith and love and prayer—by labor, by philanthropy, by self-culture, mental and spiritual—we are to seek unguessed treasures of wisdom and strength. We shall travel this way but once, and if we fail to get out of life what it was meant to yield us, we fail miserably.

What largeness of salvation; what boundlessness of God's love; what sense of sacred nearness in His presence; what ineffable beauty in Jesus; what sublime victories for His kingdom; what length and breadth and depth and height of spiritual privilege may come to us all if we cultivate the expectant and receptive mood! —From "The Hereafter and Heaven," by Rev. Levi Gilbert, D.D.

CHARACTER AND COURTESY.

It is no virtue for a person to be smiling and polite merely as his only measure of self-protection. Of course a servant is polite to his superiors; he has to be; and therefore he can hardly claim that politeness is a virtue.

The courtesy that counts is the courtesy of character, of force, of personality. It is the person who dares to be boorish and inconsiderate, yet out of his wisdom and kindness of heart chooses the better way of gentleness, who may be said to practice the grace of courtesy in its fulness.

True courtesy reveals itself in its attitude toward inferiors rather than its attitude toward superiors. The only really courteous man is the one whose servants and children and animals esteem him courteous.

"Manners make the man," says the proverb. At least they reveal the man. Outward demeanor, especially in unstudied situations, is the reflection of the inner nature. A loud, rough, inconsiderate person, boorish to those dependent upon him, is essentially coarse-grained; he lacks the qualities which are comprehended within the old word "gentle," which gave us "gentleman." I know some millionaires who are not gentlemen; and history shows that there have been, not only persons of title, but even also wearers of the royal purple itself, who have not deserved this highest title, "gentleman."

Being pleasant is a real contribution to the sum total of human happiness; but it is not enough. Life demands more of a person than that he should be a "Sunny Jim." For the value of a smile is determined by the substance and weight of the character behind it. To be a personality is more important than to be pleasant; to be both is everybody's duty. The greater the person the more the lesser virtues become him.

There was once a woman with marked talent and great ambitions. Her friends predicted for her a notable future. But her husband lost his money and a train of misfortune succeeded. In the disciplining years that followed, deprived of most of the things she coveted, the woman learned the rich and rare lessons of contentment and loveliness. She somehow ceased to be a genius, but she became a saint. Contact with her is a benediction. In quiet, unostentatious ways her kindly heart is ever expressing itself. While her friends pity her for her misfortunes and apparent failure, it is a question whether the woman has not achieved greater goals than once were predicted; for she has won character and courtesy, which are among life's choice prizes.

Wall mottoes have been greatly in vogue of recent years. Many beautiful and helpful sentiments have found their way to the walls of living rooms and offices. Some of these profess to give a programme for successful living. Here is one, of ancient fame and tested worth, indicted by the Spirit-moved pen of old Peter, who had seen more than a little of the hurly-burly of the world:

For

He that would love life.

And see good days,

Let him refrain his tongue from evil,

And his lips that they speak no guile:

And let him turn away from evil and do good;

Let him seek peace and pursue it.

For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous,

And his ears unto their supplication:

But the face of the Lord is upon them that do evil.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Ex.

ONE AT A TIME.

Men are not saved in masses; but one at a time. Even in great revivals, where multitudes flock to the altar, the work of conviction and of decision is personal, each soul for itself arriving at the point of surrender and confession.

It is personal work that does the business. "Thou art the man," is the typical text. One by one souls are born into the kingdom.

Some one relates how Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," once wrote to an eminent senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied: "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this into her album, with this comment: "When last heard from, our Maker had not reached this altitude."

That person who has no interest in individuals, and who never tries to rescue even one lost soul, has a spirit different from that of the Master whose personal words and work make up the bulk of his life record.

"He who waits until one can save many souls will never save one."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

As we keep or break the Sabbath Day, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man rises.—"Lincoln."

THE BLESSING THAT WENT WITH THREE APPLES.

It had been an off year for apples. The crop was nearly a failure. But some of the more thrifty farmers in the little town of Buncomb had fought against all difficulties with their usual vigor, and now, when the milder days of February were beginning to give hints of an early spring, they had still some choice varieties of the autumn's harvest remaining in their cellars.

That was just the time of year to which our story leads us—a cool, clear afternoon in February. Pastor Johns, growing a little gray with age, was early on the road for his afternoon calls.

First, there was the village school to be visited. Then a call at Deacon Overjoy's; and after that, further down the road, a sick parishioner needed comfort and cheer. But the deacon's house lay between the school of learning and the school of suffering, and so Pastor Johns made his call there before going further, and when he rose to go, his host handed him three big, round apples—a kind which Pastor Johns liked best of all because he used to have them when he was a boy at home.

Thus, with a silent prayer for God's blessing to rest upon the giver, Pastor Johns went his way, thinking what he might best say at the sick bed to which he was going. Should he repeat the Shepherd's Psalm? or the Beatitudes? or would it be better to recite a verse from some familiar hymn? Ah, he had it now. There rose to his memory that dear old stanza:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Standing by the bedside with his message of comfort and hope, he trusted it might be like rain falling upon the thirsty ground. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when the pale and patient invalid looked up into his inquiring face and said, "All this long, long day I have wanted nothing but an apple—just a little piece of apple to taste of—and there is not one single apple in the house."

"Indeed," said Pastor Johns, "not even one apple in the whole house! Well, we'll have to see about that." And so saying, he pushed his hand into one of his pockets and drew forth two big, smooth apples, and then he reached into the other pocket, and out came the third; and so in a moment they were all laid in a row on the bedside.

Soon after, the cravings of a longing spirit were satisfied, as a delicious piece of roasted apple was brought to her. The

winter night came on, the bright stars shone out in the clear sky above the sick-room window, and as God's suffering child watched them from her pillow, she said to herself, "How wonderful it is that my Heavenly Father has sent me three apples to-day, when I have neglected to ask him for even one! 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find.'—Ex.

THE CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

"The presence of the cheerful spirit acts like a beam of sunshine to the social circle. It warms and brightens, it softens and subdues. The quality is a happy one in every condition of life. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours."

Undoubtedly it is easy for some persons to be cheerful. They are born with a sunny spirit, with a happy faculty of tripping lightly over trouble and always looking on the bright side. Such a person is a continual joy, the light of home, and the "bright particular star" of the social circle, loved and sought after by all.

Just as surely others come into the world prematurely saddened with a birth-right of gloom and foreboding. Discontent and distrust handicap them in the race with the downcast and somber soul, few know or care what cold blast has nipped the buds of joy. So the blighted life becomes more and more withered, fading early into the sere and yellow leaf of an unhappy existence.—Ex.

A GRACEFUL CARRIAGE.

There is only one method that I have ever heard about that really improves the carriage instantly upon being put into practice, and, strange to say, that advice came to me through a man, a well-known Senator whose erect carriage and general good looks are the envy of his fellows. What he says is worth reading and trying, for it is both practical and easy.

"Just walk by the assistance of an imaginary cord. It is very simple. Stand erect and imagine that from your chest a cord is fastened to your clothes and is pulled upward by some invisible means. The cord is held so taut that your feet touch the floor lightly, and you unconsciously feel a sort of buoyance.

When your chest is held in place by this imaginary cord your chin is bound to take a correct position. Try walking by this means, and if the toes are turned out you will be surprised with the improvement. The satisfaction lies in the instant change and efficacy of the method just as long as it is put into practice."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Children's Pages

IF YOU WERE LITTLE AH LIN.

How would you like to be born a Chinese
And live all your life in Pekin?
Instead of Jane, Julia or Mary Louise,
To be only little Ah Lin;

To live in a house without comfort or light,
And sleep in a bed made of bricks,
To work without ceasing from morning till
night,
And eat all your food with chopsticks?

How would you like not to know how to
read
And be thought quite too stupid to learn;
For women, so all of the sages agreed,
With learning can have no concern;

To grow up in ignorance, never to know
the pleasures a book may contain,
To live without letters and have to forego
The learning your brothers might gain?

How would you like to believe that a host
of malevolent demons exist,
Each trying to injure and harm you the
most,

And that each must be bribed to desist;
To be just a heathen and offer your prayers
To idols that never can hear,
Nor help you to carry your burdens or
cares,

Though your worship be true and sincere?

How would you like, if you were a Chinese,
And lived far away in Pekin,
If, instead of Jane, Julia or Mary Louise,
You were only little Ah Lin;

To go to a mission school and to be taught
To worship the God who is true,
To read and to write, as every girl ought?
I think you would like it, don't you?

—Christine Meyer, in *World Wide*.

A GIRL WIDOW, TEN YEARS OLD.

The Indian papers record a curious case arising out of the terrible custom of infant marriage in that country. The daughter of Mr. Justice Mookerjee, a learned Hindoo, was married when she was under ten years of age, and she became a widow two months after the ceremony.

Though he could not resist the early marriage custom sanctioned by his creed, the

judge stood out against that other custom which condemns the child widow to life-long misery in her dead husband's family, and he determined to have her married again.

The husband's relatives claimed and obtained a power of guardianship over the child, but before it could be exercised, the second marriage had taken place, and there is to be a legal struggle to determine precisely how the claims of the dead husband's family can be reconciled with the living husband's rights.

The judge's action will have the support of many Hindoos who are eager to break down a custom that condemns thousands of young girls to a life that is almost worse than slavery.

But the power of the older schools of thought is great, and British law-makers and administrators, though deploring the evils of infant marriage, must shrink from interference with customs which claim to have religious sanction.—*Harper's Weekly*.

WHAT TO TELL.

Tell me all the good you can about the people that you know.

Tell me only the good about the people of whom you speak.

Tell me the things which will make me think well of people and of life.

Tell me the things which will make my sun shine, my heart glad, and my soul to rejoice.

Tell me the things which will straighten up my thinking and give me the principles of work and of play and of thought.

Tell me the things which will make me ashamed of compromise and pretense.

Tell me the things which will make it easier for me to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ as a working theory of life.

Tell me the things which will harden into a steady conviction my belief in the Christianity of the Son of God.

Tell me the things which will fortify my faith in man, in God, and in heaven.

Tell me the things which make you cheerless and needy, and I will tell you of the Man who understands and who says sweetly, seriously and savingly to you: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Edward F. Reimer.

HOW MUCH ?

"Yesterday was mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sunday-school teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget our lesson last Sunday. You know what the Bible tells us about how true love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother we gave her the presents with our love. To-day is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school; I made the twins angry, and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the letters. I can't see how anybody, by looking at the way I've behaved, could tell that I liked my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together.

Mrs. Stone, at work, in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was likely to be trouble when the children had to stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned round and stared at him. What a queer question! It was not a bit like a boy.

"Why?" he giggled. "Do you want to write poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy. I want to know how much—just plain how much. That isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora.

Dora was the oldest of them all. She was bolstered up in a big chair by the fire; she had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin. "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways," said Billy wisely. "I'll tell you one at once. I love mother a boxful."

With that he picked up the empty wood box and marched out into the shed.

A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh-o!" cried Harry, "that's what you mean, is it? Well, I love her a painful,"

seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttleful," said Robin; and he plunged down into the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it five minutes before and said to herself:

"I do believe that my darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that is one thing certain sure!"

"But I think," she said now, reaching for the bottle with a wry face, "I think at least I can love her a spoonful."

There was a shout of laughter.

Mrs. Stone heard and glanced anxiously towards the door.

"I hope that there is no mischief on foot. I'm in such a hurry to get this sewing done."

Kitty had roused herself from her book in the old-fashioned kitchen window seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she had said nothing. But when the wood box was full, and the pail, and the scuttle, and the medicine bottle was a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us, together, if we hurried, could love mother this room-ful before she came in and caught us? I'll clean the stove and blacken it."

They worked like beavers. The last tin was hung on its nail and the last chair set back to the wall when Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine!" she said.

"Yes, mother," said Dora demurely; "I took it for pure love—to you, not to it."

Her mother looked round the tidy room, and when she saw how spick and span it was, and when she saw the ring of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There's no other mother in the country," said Mrs. Stone, "that has such children as mine!"

"There now, do you see!" said Billy to Robin. "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it?"—Messenger for the Children.

Sir Henry Thompson, M.D. I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of the most painful maladies, that come under my notice, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink, taken in what is conventionally held to be a moderate quantity."

The girl whom her own brothers admire is sure to be the nicest kind of a girl.—Selected.

THE CAPTAIN'S SON, A STORY FOR BOYS.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea.

During his absence, I had grown from a child, and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest), into a rough, careless and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence.

My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw in his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field, a favorite playground for the children in the neighborhood.

After talking cheerfully on different topics for awhile, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my playground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon that if it were not as a warning to you, I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors:

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her sweet, affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice.

"In my childhood, I loved her intensely. I was never happy apart from her; and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating for a time with rude, rough boys, I lost in a measure my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother, and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature.

"I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority or to appear penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was 'girl-boy.' I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings.

"From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roystering boy. My dear

mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it.

"It was on an afternoon like this that, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder and said mildly, but firmly, 'My son, I wish you to come with me.'

"I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me, 'We will take a little walk together.'

"I followed her in silence, and, as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy; but, being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me.

"I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this long rock. Oh, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile stands the monument of my guilt forever.

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat down, and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly.

"'Alfred, my dear son,' said she, 'have you lost all love for your mother?' I did not reply. 'I fear you have,' she continued; and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty!'

"She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears and entreaties and prayers, she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition.

"I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought: 'What will my companions say, if, after all my boasting, I yield at last and submit to be led by a woman.'

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door. 'It is school time now,' said she; 'go, my son, and once more let me be-

seech you to think upon what I have said.'

"'I shan't go to school,' said I.

"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly: 'Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you.' 'I will not,' said I, with a tone of defiance.

"'One of the two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future.'

"'I dare you to do it,' said I. 'You can't get me upstairs.'

"'Alfred, choose now,' said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"'If you touch me, I will kick you,' said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"'Will you go, Alfred?'

"'No,' I replied; but quailed beneath her eyes.

"'Then follow me,' said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

"I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me! I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me. I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother!

"She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. 'O heavenly Father!' she cried, 'forgive him. He knows not what he does.'

"The gardener just then passed the door, and, seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped. She beckoned him in. 'Take this boy upstairs and lock him in his own room,' said she, and turned from me.

"Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look. It will ever follow me. It was a look of agony mingled with the intensest love. It was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the window and dash my brains out, but I was afraid to die.

"I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep.

"I woke at midnight, stiffened by the damp night air, terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear; but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated, and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end.

"Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name. 'What may I tell moth-

er from you?' she asked. 'Nothing,' I replied.

"'Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.' 'I won't be driven to school against my will,' said I.

"'But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred,' said my sister, pleadingly. 'No, I won't,' said I, 'and you needn't say a word more about it.'

"'Oh, brother, you will kill her! you will kill her! and then you can never have a happy moment.'

"I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and tearful night.

"O God! how wretched, how fearful, I did not know.

"Another footstep—slower and feebler than my sister's—disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's. 'Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?' she asked.

"I can not tell what influence operating at that moment made me speak adversely to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy; I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry.

"I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"'Get up, Alfred! Oh! don't wait a moment! Get up! Come with me, mother is dying.'

"I thought I was dreaming, but I got up, melancholy, and followed my sister.

"On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest. Arising to go again to me, she was seized with palpitation of the heart and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her. My remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence.

"Suddenly, we saw a slight motion of mother's hand. Her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words.

"'Mother! mother!' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me!'

"She could not say it with her lips, but her hands pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands, clasped my own within them and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus died.

"I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart—heavier than the grief for the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

"My son, the sufferings such memories wake must continue as long as life. God is merciful, but remorse for past misdeeds is canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who think it manly to resist her authority and unmanly to yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for your future years.—Independent.

THE CLERK'S STORY.

The following is the story as he told me, as nearly as I can remember it:

"I was brought up to have little regard for the Lord's Day. Soon after marriage I came to the city and began work as a clerk seven days every week. When we discussed the need of Sunday closing in the labor union, I began to realize that I needed Sunday rest. We induced our employer to close Sundays. I greatly enjoyed being at home Sunday with my wife and babe. I found it was a great thing for my health.

One Sunday when my wife as usual brought in some steak from the meat market, I set to thinking of something I had not thought of before. I said: "My dear wife, those men in the meat market need Sunday rest and home just as much as I do. Please hereafter get our Sunday meat Saturday evening. She gladly consented.

"But the next Saturday she said, 'John, let us go to-morrow and get baby's picture taken.' I said, 'All right.' But I set to thinking again. After a while, I asked her. 'Don't that photographer need rest and home Sunday just as well as I? This Sunday rest does me much good. It does you good. It makes our home happier. I will get off some week day to get baby's picture taken.'

"We had been in the habit of going to father's frequently on the Sunday train, but one day I did some pretty hard thinking and said, 'Mary, I have been thinking a great deal about the men that run the Sunday train. That engineer works under such heavy strain that he needs Sunday rest much more than I do. His wife and children need him at home Sunday. It seems

to me that when we ride on a Sunday train we are responsible for all the serious damage that comes to the lives and homes of those railroad men. I cannot ride on a Sunday train again.'

"A few weeks later I said: 'Sunday has brought us such blessings that it seems as though we ought to go to church and thank God for His gift of one day in seven for home and rest. Truly it is a love gift.' So we became regular church goers, and later active workers in the church."—Ex.

BEPIN AND THE BURNED BOOK.

Bepin's home was away in a village in India. He had a friend, by name Atul, who went to a school kept by missionaries in a town a short distance off. At the time of which I am writing this boy had just come back for the holidays, bringing with him a Christian book. Bepin spied it at once, and asked what it was.

"It is a book the missionary gave me."

"Let me look at it," said Bepin.

Little Atul was far too much afraid of Bepin to refuse to give it up, so he handed him the Gospel.

Bepin turned over the leaves and then threw it straight into the fire on which their food was cooking, saying:

"That is the best place for Christian books." Atul ran away and left his companion watching the book burn. Only part of it caught alight, and it struck Bepin that it looked as though it was very nice printing.

"It is a pity to burn such good print as that," he thought, "I think I had better look at it." So suiting the action to the word, he snatched the burning book out of the fire, blew out the flames, and turned it over again.

Now came the crisis. His eye caught some words which he thought beautiful. He was like one arrested; there he stood reading on and on. Something in the volume seemed new and strange. Reading the story of the life of Jesus for the first time, his heart was touched. He put the charred book safely away, with the intention of giving to it careful study.

After a time he got a new copy, and not only read it himself, but persuaded other young men in his village to read it too, and as they read their ideas began to change. Soon they felt that it was no longer possible to lie and cheat as they did formerly; they longed more and more to grow like Jesus . . . and if you went to India, and visited the right place, you might see—what? Bepin himself, with a crowd of men and boys listening as he tells them of the great love of Jesus.

The book, in its own silent way, had preached to him so effectually that he was born again. Wonderful book is the Bible.—Sel.

HAL'S INVESTMENT.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place,
 A little of everything in it;
 A ball, a knife, some hooks and tacks,
 That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a brand-new cent,
 Yellow and shining as gold;
 Not to be spent for candy or toys,
 But to be "vested," as he told.

So he 'vested first in shingle nails,
 And straight off to his mother ran;
 "I'll fix the closet for you now,
 As well as the carpenter-man."

Ten cents he earned with his penny,
 Then bought two balls of stout twine.
 And each fruit bush in the garden
 He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
 Turned over again and again,
 Until at "treasury meeting"
 It counted up ten times ten.

The queer little trousers pocket
 Could scarce all the money hold,
 And a prayer went with each penny
 As it into the mite box rolled.
 —Over Sea and Land.

HELEN'S VICTORY.

The ladies of the town had been working very hard to get up an entertainment for the benefit of a Children's Home, and, at the last minute, when everything in the big hall was topsy-turvy, some of the workers had to leave. In despair, the others called in half-a-dozen boys and girls on their way home from school, and set them at various tasks, from folding napkins, to washing dishes and tacking up banners.

"They are doing very well," said a lady, pausing for a minute to look at the young workers" but they run from one thing to another. Bessie has had a finger in every pie since she came, and sticks to nothing."

"But look at Fred and Helen washing and wiping dishes over there," said the other lady encouragingly. "They haven't left their posts since we called them in. I wish we had two dozen more like them."

"What shall I do, Mrs. G——?" asked a discontented voice behind them. It was Bessie, and a frown disfigured her pretty face. "There seems to be nothing for me."

"Help with the dishes," said Mrs. G—— promptly. "There are stacks and stacks of them, and we can't serve refreshments till they all are clean."

"All right!" and Bessie flitted over to that corner, but in a few minutes she had disappeared. "I just can't bear dish-washing," she confided to another girl as she

wiped her hands to help with the flowers. "Such a dirty, greasy job."

"I hope she'll stay away from here," growled Fred, lifting a wet towel out of a puddle of dishwater where Bessie had laid it. "She comes poking round all the time and don't do a thing."

"I feel sorry for her," said Helen. "I used to like to run from one thing to another and think I couldn't help it, but mother said I never would be worth anything until I conquered myself. My fingers are just itching this minute to help with those lovely flowers, but I won't leave this spot till every dish is clean. I'm going to show myself that I have won the victory."

"I am glad to hear that," said a lady standing near. "It is only natural for boys and girls in their early teens to want to rove about, but if you have won the victory, Helen, you have the first great lesson of life well learned—victory over self.—Hilda Richmond, in Sabbath-School Visitor.

LET US TAKE TIME.

Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We will go to the day's work with a sweet-spirited spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, "foolish" words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our "foolishness" will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures will last when we have ceased to care for the war of political parties and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger or in the records of our little social world.—Pittsburg Advocate.

World Wide Work.

MISSIONS AND CIVILIZATION.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Presidential Candidate U.S.A.

Part of the address delivered in Carnegie Musical Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, April 20, 1908.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have known a good many people who were opposed to foreign missions. I have known a good many regular attendants at church—consistent members—perhaps, that religiously, if you choose to use that term, refused to contribute to foreign missions.

It has been the custom in literature sometimes to make fun of missions. You remember in Dickens when Sam Weller came home, and saw Tony, his father, and the widow whom Tony had married. The widow and the Rev. Stiggins framed an indictment against Tony, on the ground that he would not contribute any money to pay for "flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs" for little infants in the West Indies. He said they were little humbugs, and he said moreover, in an undertone to Sam, that he could come down pretty handsome for some "straight veskits" for some people at home.

I confess that there was a time when I was enjoying a snug provincialism, which I hope has left me now, when I rather sympathized with that view. Until I went to the Orient, until there was thrust upon me the responsibilities with reference to the extension of civilization in those far distant lands, I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions.

The truth is, we have got to wake up in this country. We are not all there is in the world. There are lots besides us, and there are lots of people besides us that are entitled to our effort and our money and our sacrifice to help them on in the world.

Now no man can study the movement of modern civilization from an impartial standpoint, and not realize that Christianity and the spread of Christianity are the only basis for hope of modern civilization in the growth of popular self-government. The spirit of Christianity is pure democracy. It is the equality of man before God—the equality of man before the law, which is, as I understand it, the most God-like manifestation that man has been able to make.

I am not here to-night to speak of foreign missions from a purely religious standpoint. That has been done and will be done. I am here to speak of it from the standpoint of political government advancement, the advancement of modern civilization, and I think I have had some opportunity to know how dependent we are on the spread of Christianity for any hope we may have of uplifting the peoples whom Providence has thrust upon us for our guidance.

* * * * *

I am talking practical facts about the effect of religion on political government. I know what I am talking about. Foreign missions accomplish—I did not know it until I went into the Orient—a variety of things.

They have reached the conclusion that in order to make a man a good Christian you have got to make him useful in the community and teach him something to do and give him some sense and intelligence. So, connected with every successful foreign mission is a school, ordinarily an industrial school.

You have also got to teach them that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and that one business of his is to keep himself healthy; and so in connection with every good foreign mission they have hospitals and doctors, and the mission makes a nucleus of modern civilization, with schools and teachers, a physician and a church, and in that way having educated the native, having taught him how to live, then they are able to be sure that they have made him a consistent Christian.

Of course, it is said there are a great many rice Christians in China. Doubtless there are. Chinese don't differ from other people, and they are quite willing to admit a conversion they don't feel, in order that they may fill their stomachs; but the real fact is that every mission in China is a nucleus for the advancement of modern civilization.

China is in a state of transition. China is looking forward to progress. China is to be guided by whom? It is to be guided by the young Christian students and scholars that either learn English or some other foreign language at home, or are sent abroad to be instructed, and who come back, and whose words are listened to by those who exercise influence at the head of the government.

Therefore it is that these frontier posts of civilization are so much more important

than the mere numerical account of those who are converted or those who yield allegiance to the foreign missions seems to make them, and I speak from the standpoint, as I say, of political civilization in such a country as China. They have I think some 3,000 missionaries in China. The number of students last year was 35,000. They go out into the neighborhood, and they cannot but have a good effect throughout that great Empire, large as it is, to promote the ideas of Christianity and the ideas of civilization.

Two or three things make one impatient when he understands the facts. One is the criticism that the missionary is constantly involving governments in trouble and constantly bringing about war.

The truth is that Western civilization in trade is pressing into the Orient, and the agents that are sent forward, I am sorry to say, are not the best representatives of Western civilization.

The Americans and Englishmen and others who live in the Orient are many of them excellent, honest, God-fearing men, but there are in that set of advance agents of Western civilization, gentlemen who left the West for the good of the West, and because their history in the West might prove embarrassing at home.

More than that, where there are honest, hard-working tradesmen and merchants attempting to push business into the Orient, their minds are constantly on business. It is not human nature that they should resist the temptations that not infrequently present themselves, to get ahead of the Oriental brother in business transactions. They generally are quite out of sympathy with a spirit of brotherhood toward the Oriental native.

Even in the Philippines that spirit is shown, for while I was there I quite remember hearing on the streets a song of a gentleman who did not agree with my view of what we ought to do by the Filipinos,

"He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
"But he ain't no brother of mine."

That is the spirit that we are too likely to find among the gentlemen who go into the East for the mere purpose of extending trade.

Then I am bound to say that the restraints of public opinion that one finds at home to keep men in the straight and narrow path are loosened in the Orient, and we find a number of foreigners not the models that they ought to be in probity and morality. They look upon the native as inferior, and they are too likely to treat him with contumely and insult. Hence it is that in the progress of civilization we must move on as trade moves on and as the foreign missions move on.

It is through the foreign missions that

we must expect to have the true picture of Christian brotherhood presented to those natives, the true spirit of Christian sympathy.

In the progress of civilization you can not over-estimate the immense importance of Christian missions. If in China to-day you tried to find out what the conditions are in the interior, you consult in Peking the gentlemen who are supposed to know, and where do you go? You go at once to the missionaries, the men who have spent their lives far advanced into the nation, far beyond the point of safety if an uprising takes place, and who have learned by association with the natives, by living with them, by bringing them into their houses, by helping them on their feet, who have learned what the secret of Chinese life is; and therefore it is that the only reliable books that you can read telling you exactly the condition of Chinese civilization, are written by these foreign missionaries who have been so much blamed for involving us in foreign wars.

It is said that the Boxer war was due to the interference of the missionaries and the feeling of the Chinese against the Christian religion as manifested and exemplified by the missionaries.

That is not true. It is true that the first outbreak was against the missionaries, because the outbreak was against foreign interferences, and it was easiest to attack those men who were furthest in the Chinese nation. But that which really aroused the opposition of the Chinese was that feeling that all of us Christian nations were sitting around waiting to divide up the Middle Kingdom and waiting to get our piece of the pork. Now that is the feeling that the Chinese have, and I am not prepared to say that there was not some ground for the suspicion.

I have described to you the character of some Americans in the cities of the Orient, in Shanghai and in others. It has improved. Our consular system has been greatly improved, and then we established a consular court of China or circuit court of the United States, and a man was put in there who had been attorney general in the Philippine Islands.

He had some experience in dealing with these waifs that come around up the coast, go through one town and then go on up to another town. They left Manila and then after they left Manila they spent their time in condemning the government of Manila. We called them in Manila "Shanghai roosters."

Wilfley went there as judge of that court, and he found a condition of an Augean stable that needed cleaning out, so far as the Americans were concerned, and I think perhaps in this audience I would be able to call on witnesses who could testify to

THEIR DELEGATE.

The convention delegate was coming to-night.

The house had been swept, dusted and garnished with flowers, the pantry shelves breathed forth a "company" smell that was tantalizing to the nostrils of Elizabeth and Robert, and even the cook-books brought out from their corner and laid in a neat pile upon the kitchen table gave evidence of a state of subdued expectation.

How delightfully mysterious it was that nobody knew who the delegate was to be! There had been a family conclave to discuss the question whether they should invite some friend who would be likely to attend the convention, but failing to think of any one whom they cared especially to ask, Little Mother settled the question by suggesting, "Let's just take whoever comes, and enrich our lives by a new acquaintance."

"I hope it'll be a lady," declared Elizabeth, "'cause then she'd invite us to go to see her sometimes, and we'd have a lovely new place to visit."

"I'd rather it'd be a man; one that could play ball like that Sunday-school man we had last year," said Eugene.

"Oh, dear, I wish there was little boy deggy-lates," sighed Robert, wistfully.

"Never mind, Bobbsy," replied Esther, the comforter, "we'll all enjoy our deggy-late, no matter who it is."

But even cheerful Esther was somewhat taken aback when Father brought home a decidedly plain-looking man in a checkered suit, with thin, colorless hair plastered down over his forehead and with several teeth missing.

"Now don't you go to taking any trouble fur me," he assured his hostess, "we ain't nothin' but plain folks to hum, an' corn bread an' molasses is good enough fur me."

Notwithstanding this statement, however, the guest showed an astonishing appreciation of the supper set before him, slices of bread disappearing from the plate like magic, while the overworked knife and the busy lips came into dangerous contact more than once. Meat, vegetables and bread were finished at last, and while the others were making a valiant effort to catch up, the guest made bold to help himself to the pie, which had been placed on small plates within reach on the side table.

Supper over, the visitor betook himself to the evening session of the convention. Little Mother listened anxiously from the kitchen. In what spirit would the children discuss this stranger within their gates—or should she forbid their discussing him at all?

While she waited she heard Eugene murmur softly to Esther, "Our lives are being enriched by a new acquaintance."

"Sh," replied Esther, as if their guest might still be within hearing. Then she went on, mediatively, "I never realized before how much it means to be able to use good English. I think I shall never hate grammar again. Poor fellow! I suppose he never had a chance."

Nothing more said about the guest, and out in the kitchen Little Mother softly clapped her hands. "Good for them!" she exclaimed to Busy Father, who smiled his acquiescence.

"And there's something else I've found out," she went on. "He's a touchstone, and we've succeeded, we've really succeeded. I never knew quite how well before. You know you and I were 'raised out West on a claim,' too, Hubert, where people are too busy to care for the niceties of life—good English, you know, and good manners, and all that; and it was so hard to overcome all those influences of early childhood. How often I've envied this friend or that one who had the heritage of refined, cultured surroundings, and how I've coveted them for our children. And how often I've wondered just how far we had accomplished anything."

"Why, wife, you never told me this before. But there is something in it," he mused, thoughtfully, "and perhaps we have gotten farther away from the early influence than we knew. See what it is to be a college-bred man and woman!" he went on, roguishly. "You eat certain facts, as it were, and digest them, and you grow and expand in ways that seem to have nothing whatever to do with the diet. Well, wife, if we have succeeded to a degree despite the little laxities you were bewailing only yesterday in Eugene's table manners and Esther's English, let's congratulate each other and be glad the Touchstone Delegate ever opened our eyes to our achievements," and with a happy laugh Busy Father was gone to a stockholders' meeting.

But the delegate's mission was not yet ended.

Coming in after the evening session, he sat down a moment at the hostess's invitation to review the address of the evening, and before either realized it, he was giving an account, by way of illustration of the speaker's point, of a Sunday-school class he himself had once had.

"It was just after I had been converted," he began, and the faultiness of his English was forgotten as he launched forth into the tale, how he had felt he must do something for the Master, who had done so much for him; how he had thought he would like to teach a class in the Sunday-school, but the superintendent had refused to give him one, realizing how unfit he was. And then, merely by way of explanation, and as modestly and simply as if there were nothing at all remarkable in the story, he spoke of the rough, dissipated

life he had lived, and how he had been brought to turn from it.

Going home from a drunken orgie at midnight, he and his companions passed a church. Somehow the sight of the silent upward-pointing spire seemed to his drink-crazed brain the finger of God pointing solemnly to the sky, and he fell upon his knees among his jeering companions, overcome with the burden of his sins and feeling himself a lost soul.

Next day, still under this conviction, he carried his little crippled child, the victim of his own evil passions, to a physician, who being himself an earnest Christian and discovering the man's state of mind, first prayed for him and helped him to come to the point of surrendering himself to Christ and his service, before attending to the wants of the child.

With such a history, it was not to be wondered at that the superintendent of the Sunday-school had hesitated to give him a class; but going out into the streets, he picked up a band of little street gamins whom he had known in his days of dissipation, and gathered them into the Sunday-school, he himself eagerly beginning the study of the Bible that he might have something to teach them and so be the better prepared to win them for Christ.

"Ye see," he added humbly at the close of the recital, "may be I could do for them boys what better workers couldn't, because they'd all knowed me before, an' I was right down on a level with 'em. So the Lord could use even my wicked, wasted life to help a little, when onct I'd begun to follow him. But I did waste such a long time that I've got to keep awful busy all the rest o' my days.

I'm a-gettin' along in years now, an' when the folks down my way want me to go into this thing or that, may be good enough in its way, but kind o' sidetrack-in', ye know, I jest have to tell 'em I can't do it. I served the devil so long it'll take all my life to make up. Not that I expect it will make up, either," he added, hastily, "but—well—I s'pose ye kin understand that I feel 'sif I'd jest got to do every last bit I can."

The Busy Man had come in just in time to hear the last sentence, and now it was time to separate for the night.

"Oh, Hubert!" exclaimed the Little Mother when they were alone, "I said our delegate was a touchstone, showing us how far we've succeeded in giving our children the things we want them to have. But he's a touchstone in another sense, too, for he's been showing me how little we have done with our five talents, while he has done so much with one."

When she had finished the tale the delegate had told, the Busy Man was silent for a moment, and then replied, "You were

right, little woman, we have indeed 'enriched our lives by a new acquaintance.'"—Congregationalist.

WHY KIM THOUGHT HE HAD RECEIVED THE SPIRIT.

Old man Kim, reformed gambler and fake, sat with legs crossed on the floor of the seven by seven room that served as the missionary's bedroom, kitchen, dining room and study.

Helper Yi sat beside him plying the questions that would prove the reality of Kim's missionary experience.

The missionary sat on his cot taking mental notes.

"Are you a Christian?"

"What do you believe?"

"Of what sins did you repent when you believed?"

"Have they been forgiven?"

"How do you know?"

"Do you sin any nowadays?"

"What do you do when you find you have sinned?"

"How frequently do you pray?"

"Do you have family prayers?"

"Have you studied your Bible?"

"Tell us the parable of the sower."

"Have you been teaching the Bible to your family?"

"Do you and your family and your ox stop worldly work on the Sabbath?"

"Do you tell others what Jesus has done for you?"

"Where is the particular dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit?"

"Does He dwell in your heart?"

"How do you know?"

Here Kim straightened up and said:—

"I'll tell you and the Moksa one thing that lately has made me think I had received the Holy Spirit. You know what an old thief of a gambler I was. Recently the Japanese summoned all who had lost land when the railroad was put through, and paid them up. I went instead of my nephew.

When they paid me I just rolled up the bills and put them in my pocket, for it was no use counting them. When I gave them to my nephew he was so glad to get anything for land he had given up as lost that he did not count them then either.

"Then I went into town to see a friend. On pulling out my note book I found I had left a five yen bill in my pocket from the railroad money. My first thought was, 'God has given this to me.'

But I could not sleep that night, the five yen bill bothered me. In the morning I went straight home and turned it over to the owner. If the Holy Spirit had not been in this covetous heart of mine that would not have happened in ten years."—F. S. Miller in "Missionary Witness."

Young People's Societies

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackay of Formosa.
May.—Mackenzie of Korea.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Eep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congtn. a Miss'y. Organization.

TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

REV. T. CRAIGIE HOOD.

Born and reared in Harrow, Ontario; educated in the district school, in the high School at Essex, in the University of Toronto and in Knox College, Toronto, graduating in 1899; appointed to Honan, ordained and designated in the church of his childhood's home, and reaching his field in China, in October of that same year; driven out with the others by the Boxers, in June, 1900, returning to the field with the first who returned, in August, 1901, appointed to open a new station at Hwai-king fu, now one of the three central stations of our Honan mission; taken ill with cholera on the way thither with a native helper, and dying within a few hours, on the 19th of September, 1902; is, in brief, the story of the brief life of Thomas Craigie Hood.

Of his work there is not much to tell, for his work time was short. His character, in its quiet strength and saintliness, was remarkable, and teaches its lessons to young and old, and in his farewell message to the church, he being dead yet speaketh.

Of his life as a boy at the High School,

Essex, Ida Emerick Wright, of Keng Chou fu, China, writes to the Record:—"When T. C. Hood first came to the High School in Essex, it was thought by some that he was far too diffident to ever do any great service in life.

"When he returned to Essex, after his first term in Knox, he was still the same old school friend, but there was nevertheless a change; a quiet power was felt to be hidden beneath the old reserve. It was explained when he spoke thus.—'Opportunities are God-given; and no matter how hard the task may be, we should undertake to do it, for God will give, with the opportunity, the needed strength. I have made up my mind to follow this?'

"An old class-mate thought to test him by asking "and what if you should be asked to supply the pulpit in Essex Presbyterian Church." At that time it seemed a hard task for this young theological student to address so familiar and intelligent an audience, especially since among them sat some of his former teachers.

"He hesitated a moment and then with characteristic modesty, prefixing his answer with 'If I ever should be asked'—he replied, "I would take it as God's call and say—'yes'—expecting God's strength."

"Is not this the secret of Mr. Hood's ever widening sphere of service, which included acceptably supplying the afore-mentioned pulpit for one whole Summer, winning souls for the Master in the Home Mission Field in Manitoulin Island, receiving the commission for China, and finally going forward, alone, without hesitation, to open up a new field in Honan."

Of him in Honan, one of the missionaries wrote:—"He was certainly, taking him all round, one of the finest characters I have ever known. He was a most lovable man, strong in his convictions of what was right and firm in standing by his principles, yet he seemed always ready to listen to other men's views. I do not remember

ever hearing an impatient word escape from his lips. If he had besetting faults, they certainly were not much in evidence, for I cannot recollect any."

Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie said of him that he seemed more of the saintly McCheyne type than any others in the field, and that in the short time he was among them, the Chinese felt this and were impressed by it.

During the perilous escape at the time of the Boxer uprising when the little band, of missionaries journeyed on day after day for some three weeks or more in daily peril of their lives, Mr. Hood's calm fortitude, as if realizing the presence of the Unseen, was very marked, and was noted by the other missionaries. He was the only one of the men to escape unwounded, Dr. Leslie and Mr. Goforth especially being badly cut up with sword cuts, the scars and effects of which will remain while life lasts.

Dr. R. P. Mackay says of him:—He was characterized by three things—(1) Manifest sincerity. He dealt with life as a great reality and dealt with it honestly. (2) Decided convictions. There was no uncertain sound either in his beliefs or his message. (3) Broad sympathies. He seemed to have drunk deeply of the Spirit of the Master, who was "moved with compassion" as he saw the world's sins and sorrows.

The end, so sudden, and to the mission so sad, was on this wise. In the Summer of 1902, shortly after the return of our missionaries to Honan, after being driven out by the Boxers, he was appointed to open up a new station at Hwaiking fu, now one of our three main stations in Honan. He had spent a couple of months there studying the situation, getting matters arranged for opening the station and returned to Weihweifu, another of our three main stations.

About the middle of September he started to return to Hwaiking. Accompanied by a native helper, on the way thither, 18 September, 1902, he was smitten with cholera, at a native inn by the way.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 19th, feeling that the end was drawing nigh, he arose from his bed and wrote in his diary the following words of farewell;—

"4 a.m. I fear I have cholera. Reached here last evening and had severe diarrhoea.

Since then worse and worse. If it is God's will that I shall give my life in this little hovel, then His will be done, I should like for the work's sake, to live longer. May some young man, better fitted physically for the work than I have been, take up the work. May our churches never give up till all the heathen have heard the glad sound.

"Farewell to the F. M. C. Farewell to the dear Home Church. Farewell to all friends. Farewell to dear father. Dear sisters and brothers, each one farewell. We'll meet again, and with us will meet thousands of those who now sit in darkness. God grant it."

His attendants carried him into the city of Hwaiking, where he died at nine that evening in his own rented inn.

As soon as the sad news reached Weihwei, the remains were taken there and buried in the new mission compound that had been secured there some time before, and where are now seven mission graves, smaller and larger, the latest to be laid there being Mrs. Clark, a few months ago.

Mr. Hood's last message to the church, written home not long before his death, was as follows:—"Are there those who hesitate to offer themselves for the work 'till things become more settled'? Are there Christians withholding their gifts till China is more safe, and less likely to destroy life and property? Why not be brave and break the box of ointment? What though it should turn out to be our anointing for the burial? There will be those who ask with indignation; "To what purpose is this waste"? Never mind; it shall be told for a memorial. Offer NOW for service. Offer NOW for the work, for what's done for China must be done in faith."

Mr. Hood was supported by the congregation of St. John's Church, Toronto. When the news of his death, and his appeal to the church, reached home, a young theological student, Mr. G. M. Ross, was moved by it to give his life to China. He offered his services to the Foreign Mission Committee, was appointed to Honan, was taken by St. John's Church as their missionary in place of Mr. Hood, and is now one of the staff at Hwaiking fu where Hood laid down his life.

The Wide World.

PERSECUTION IN CHINA.

Some people in the home lands, either from prejudice or from faulty information, speak disparagingly of the Christianity of the Chinese. All kinds of things are said about their faults and failings.

Many of these things are true. It could hardly be expected that a people who have been brought up for ages in the darkest of superstition and in a land where Satan has apparently had full sway should in a few years lay aside all their shortcomings.

It would, however, be extremely hard for China's critics to put their fingers upon a fault in Chinese Christianity which cannot be duplicated among the so-called Christians of the home lands where there is no excuse for these faults.

To those who honestly weigh the worth of the Chinese Christian under trial it would be of interest to know something of what it costs, in many cases, to be a Christian in China. To the missionary, who is continually brought into contact with these persecutions, these things come to be looked upon as something to be expected in every community where the church is in a healthy condition.

A few years ago, in a village on the Hok-chiang district, several families were won from their worship of the idols.

Their neighbors paid very little attention to their profession of the Christian religion until it came time for the regular collections of the idol money. Of course the members of our church refused to pay the money.

They were threatened with all sorts of dire things, and were worried in every way possible—their fields were interfered with, they were in constant fear of bodily harm, which was openly threatened. The persecutors in this case are several brothers who have positions in the yamen of the Hok-chiang magistrate, who, though magistrate, greatly fears his constables.

Last July, the wife of one of these men died of the plague. These men immediately saw an opportunity to persecute these Christians who had refused to pay their idol money. The coffin containing the plague-stricken body of this woman was taken into the house of one of these Christians by these yamen runners and left there.

Since these men wore their official dress

at the time, it was impossible for the Christian to remove this dead body. There was nothing for him and his neighbors, who are also Christians, to do, but to leave all and move out, or die with the plague. They moved out.

Several of the men of the family were arrested for the murder of this woman. This, of course, necessitated an examination of the body of the dead by the magistrate. This examination was made and he returned a verdict that the woman died of the plague, and so reported to the authorities at Foo-chow, a copy of which report is now in my possession.

On several occasions this magistrate has said that it was a plain case of persecution by these runners of his yamen, still these Christians are in prison and so weighted with chains that they can scarcely walk across their filthy cells.

A little over a month ago, the magistrate wrote a letter saying that these men were not guilty of murder and asking that the other man come in to settle the case. This was complied with. As soon as he entered the city he was seized and thrust into prison with the others.

The matter was presented to the magistrate and his reply was that a great mistake had been committed in arresting this man, but that as his runners had arrested him and charged him with the murder of this woman, whom he had already adjudged to have died with the plague, he was afraid to release him.

These runners from the yamen, on the other hand, came to the Christians and offered, for \$200, to release all the men. In order to relieve their sufferings, their friends agreed.

The wife of one of them, in the hopes of having her husband with the family at the China New Year's festival, sold her home and fields and all she had, to raise her part of the money. A part of the money was paid as earnest money, when the yamen runners raised the price, retaining what they had already received. As a result, this wife was so beside herself with grief that she committed suicide.

The men are still rotting in a Chinese prison and are still true to their faith. Alas, how little America knows of what it costs to be a Christian in China.—Ernest B. Coldwell in Foochow Bulletin.

TWO REMARKABLE WOMEN. CHINA'S DAUGHTERS AWAKING

BY MRS. D. T. ROBERTSON, MOUKDEN,
CHINA.

Some years ago the world was all a wonder at the miracle of Japan casting off the grave-clothes of her ancient civilisation and springing into newness of life.

To-day that miracle is being forgotten in the face of one even greater. Japan was a country of a manageable population, but what of China, with her four hundred millions of people of diverse tongues and intense conservatism, that makes the inhabitants of one province look upon their neighbours in the next as foreigners?

What of this huge land arousing herself from her long opium-drugged slumber? This is, indeed, a marvel, and it is happening before our eyes. The word goes forth from Peking, and lo! it is as though a magician had waved his wand. Rapid transformations take place that make one rub one's eyes; north, south, east, and west, all respond to the magic touch, and revolutions, unthinkable a few years ago, take place in every line of life.

To one who has been out of the country for even a couple of years, there is a feeling of unreality about it all. It suggests the "Arabian Nights," and one feels one must wake up soon and find the old unchanging China again.

But, in truth, it is China who has waked up, and while dazed after her long sleep, and acting a little at random just now, she has really arisen and is determined to put her house in order, and meet the nations on equal terms.

In no way is the greatness of the change in China more apparent than in her new attitude towards the education of women and girls, and none have had more to do with advance in this direction than two remarkable women, both clever, both patriotic, but, unhappily, both non-Christian.

The Story of Mrs. Sheu.

First in order comes Mrs. Sheu. She was a native of Hankow, and at the time of which we write—about three years ago—was a widow with an only son. A woman of means, she had given her boy the best education that the city could afford, and being of a liberal turn of mind she had encouraged him in his study of Western learning.

Young Sheu, like most of the students of his time, was deeply imbued with the spirit of reform, but the reform he wanted was one that, with the least possible delay and trouble, would satisfy the pride of China and set her at the head of the nations.

Some of his companions advocated the creation of a great army as the best means to this end; others were in favour of developing the mineral wealth of the country, but all were agreed that a certain amount of Western education was necessary as a first step. Of course, with true Chinese self-assurance, it was anticipated that an ordinary Chinese youth would pick up in a few months what took the European half a lifetime to acquire.

But Sheu thought the solution of the problem lay in a totally different direction. In his reading he had been much struck with the position women held in the West, and on discussing the matter with his mother, they both became convinced that herein lay the secret of a country's greatness. Educate her women, develop them mentally and physically, and the natural result would be that the sons of such mothers, trained carefully and intelligently from infancy, would become strong, resourceful men, able to guide their country wisely.

Now Mrs. Sheu was a woman of action, and, full of patriotic fervour, she determined to start work at once. Visiting all her friends in the city, she expounded her theory to them, announced that she intended opening a school for women and girls in her own house as a beginning, and wound up by the astounding request that they would send their daughters and young brides to her to be educated.

But such ideas were too advanced for the ordinary China-woman, her friends thought she was mad, and laughed her to scorn. So Mrs. Sheu returned home, and the days went past while she waited in vain for the scholars who never came.

It was all very disheartening, but this woman was not one of your feeble folk, she was of the stuff of which heroines are made. Her love for her country was a real thing, and possessed of an enthusiastic belief in her scheme and a strong will, she faced the situation with undaunted heart, determined at all costs to win.

The wealthy and influential families in the city had failed her, then she would turn to the poor. Class prejudice should be set aside, and from among the despised of the land she would choose girls whom she could mould into her ideal women. But neither would the poor listen to her. When she held out her inducement and painted in glowing colours the wonderful careers that the future held for their daughters, they listened with unbelieving ears, and turned away with hearts full in suspicion of her motives.

To whom now could she turn? She thought her of a lower class still—the little slave-girls. And first she began with her own; then she bought and freed others; also she paid owners to allow their slaves

to come to her school. Food and clothing she provided free, and gradually her house became filled with bright little girls leading busy, happy lives.

But Mrs. Sheu had no example of a loving Christ before her, and no thought of His approving "Well done!" to sustain her. She had been brought up to think of sisters as the offscouring of the people, and the mere chattels of their owners, only to be noticed as they brought profit or pleasure. But the inherent nobility of her own nature, and her lofty purpose had opened her mind to recognise in these down-trodden people the possibility of higher things. So she was brave enough to face the censure of her class, and large souled enough to gather them in and give them of her best.

As her plans and work developed, Mrs. Sheu found herself straitened for lack of money. She sold her jewels and valuables, and gradually her other property was disposed of in like manner. She appealed to people to support her endeavour, but there was small response. She approached the Governor, and pointing out that her school was opened for no selfish motives but was meant for the public weal, asked for a grant to aid her, but all in vain.

As a last step and to prove her sincerity, she let it be known that if her enterprise failed for lack of funds, she had vowed to commit suicide and so offer up her life a sacrifice for her country. It was all of no avail, and a day came when abject poverty entered her door, and with it the end of all her hopes. At last her brave heart had to own herself beaten, and she prepared to die.

With her usual calm and dignity she informed her scholars of the circumstances and dismissed them. They clung to her weeping, and entreated her to give up her purpose; but she assured them it was all that left her to do. Having completed her arrangements, she swallowed a dose of poison, entered her sedan chair and started for the Governor's Yamen.

But the poison did its deadly work more quickly than she had anticipated, and before she had gone more than half-way the death agony had seized her. Her attendants gathered round with loud cries for help, but she ordered the bearers to hurry on that she might die in the public Justice Hall and so fulfil her vow.

But it was not to be, almost before she had finished speaking, her spirit had returned to the God she had never known. Surely of Mrs. Sheu it may be said, "Greater love hath no one than this, that one lay down her life for her country." So died this truly great woman, and for the time it seemed as though her work had died with her. But she was to accomplish more by her death than ever she had done by her life.

Her story gradually became known, and the fame of her self-sacrifice through time found its way to Peking, and so to the ears of another remarkable woman, Mrs. Jang by name.

The Story of Mrs. Jang.

Mrs. Jang had not long before begun a unique work of her own. Actuated, like Mrs. Sheu, by patriotic motives, she had tried to discover some means of helping her country, and had at last found her niche in the editing and publishing of a woman's daily paper.

This at a time when newspapers were in their infancy in China showed her to be a woman of original and vigorous mind. She is extremely liberal in her views and admires all that is good in the West, but her admiration stops short of the Christian religion. She has adopted the materialistic views now so prevalent in China, and thinks the educated classes require nothing more.

At the same time, she fears it is still necessary to pander to the lower tastes of the common people in the matter of their "superstition," as she calls all religions, so she advocates religious tolerance, and urges that Christians be treated in no way differently from Buddhists.

Missionaries she considers good-hearted but mistaken people, who might be of great use in the world if only they could free themselves from the bondage of their absurd belief in a God. She is on friendly terms with some of them, and many are the prayers that go up on her behalf, so the day may not be far off when Mrs. Jang will rejoice in the Truth which as yet is hid from her eyes.

When Mrs. Jang heard of Mrs. Sheu her whole being was stirred, she recognised a kindred spirit, and felt that here was a story fitted to rouse the patriotism of all who heard it. She arranged for a memorial service to be held in the city, and invited all women to attend. Two missionary ladies were asked to go, and a great number of ladies of rank, some from the court were also there.

Mrs. Jang in an eloquent speech related the story of Mrs. Sheu. She thrilled her audience with the picture she drew of her heroine's tragic death, and in burning words urged them to follow this noble example and give their lives if necessary for their country's advancement. "In the lands of the West," she said, "they have a saying, 'Before a church can prosper, the life-blood must be spilt.' (The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.) Here, then, is a woman who has been faithful unto death; she has given her life, and the cause for which she died has been sealed with her blood and must prosper. Mrs. Sheu has died, but her spirit lives on in our midst and will inspire us for all time."

At the close, the audience went forward and bowed reverently before the portrait of Mrs. Sheu which was hung in a prominent position.

Next morning a report of the meeting and a full account of Mrs. Sheu's life and death appeared in Mrs. Jang's paper. An extraordinary amount of interest was created. Plans were made for starting girls' schools, and in order to raise money for this purpose Mrs. Sheu's story was dramatised. The Pekin merchants lent one of their Guilt Halls for the performance, and the principal parts were taken by actors from the Imperial Theatre.

Not content with merely subscribing money for the new patriotic scheme, ladies longed to do something more for it, and hearing from one of their number who had been abroad, of the custom of raising money by sales of work, they eagerly took up that idea and gave themselves with ardour to the making of embroidery and other kinds of needlework.

So during the three days that the play lasted, there was to be seen the remarkable sight of Chinese ladies, who, in their secluded apartments, had lived idle, selfish lives all their days, now aroused from their sloth, and going in and out among the spectators eagerly offering specimens of their own handiwork for sale. They received many rebuffs; some told them they were disgracing their rank; but their answer always was that doing the lowliest work out of love for their country was an honour and no disgrace.

A few girls' schools were opened by private individuals. Princess Su started the first one for the daughters of nobles. These girls wore a distinct uniform, a plain blue cotton gown with a badge—no silk was allowed that the poorer scholars might not feel humiliated. Even the girls from Princess Su's school walked daily to and from school unattended—a wonderful casting aside of the trammels of hoary custom.

Later the Government opened girls' schools all over the land, and introduced the most startling innovations. Education and board were given free, but every girl had to unbind her feet before admission. Physical drill was insisted upon, and the whole system of teaching revolutionised. No more dreary repetition of the classics from morning to night, but teachers, many of them trained in Christian schools, taught by rational methods the young idea how to shoot.

As Mrs. Jang prophesied, the spirit of Mrs. Sheu lives on and still is a vital force in these girls' schools. Her portrait has been scattered broadcast, and she is held up before the scholars as an example of noble heroism, and extolled as a true patriot.

Mrs. Jang still edits her newspaper and exerts a wide influence. If once she could

be won for Christ, with her really great qualities of mind and heart, what a power she might exert towards the bringing in of China to the kingdom of God.

Never in the whole course of her history had our Church such a grand opportunity of winning a nation for Christ as just now.

And never was the call to her women to give of their substance, to give their loved ones, to give themselves more insistent, more unmistakable than at this time. We have prayed and longed for it, and the day has come—China's women have been freed, and on us rests the responsibility of teaching them how to use their freedom. The harvest is a rich and glorious one. Come over and help us to gather in the sheaves. —"Woman's Missionary Magazine of the U. F. Church Scotland."

FAREWELL TO A MANDARIN.

Just before Archdeacon Moule left China a mandarin, who rules over 695,000 people, came to him to say good-bye. Although he is not yet a Christian, he is not far from the Kingdom of God, as the following conversation will show:—

"Your Excellency," said the Archdeacon, "I have one wish for you far more than long life, far better than peace in your great district. What I want for you is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"I know," he said, "you gave me a New Testament. I put it in the place of honor in my reception room. Be sure of this. It will be my care to watch over the little mission-halls and the little bands of Christians you have scattered through my district. May I ask you to request your pastors and teachers and all the Christians to be consistent Christians, not to return evil for evil, not to wish for vengeance, but to be patient, and all do well?"

"Thank you, my friend," replied the Archdeacon, "I will pass it on."

A striking message indeed from a Chinese official! His desire is the greatest wish of all who are helping to further Christ's Kingdom in China. Every Chinese Christian who "lives" Christ day by day will be a missionary among his neighbors. Let us turn the mandarin's request into prayer.—Archdeacon Moule at the London Miss Soc. Annual Meeting. Queen's Hall.

We owe it to the needy, sorrowing tempted world about us to keep our inner life calm, quiet, strong, restful and full of sweet love in whatsoever outer turbulence, trial or opposition we must live. The one secret is to abide in Christ.—Selected.

Continued from page 416.
(Hon. Wm. H. Taft's address.)

the condition of immorality that was carried on there under the protection of the American flag. We have extra-territorial jurisdiction in a concession made by the Chinese Government to us. Judge Wilfley went to work and before he got through the American flag floated over a moral community and in so doing he had the sympathy of the foreign missionaries who were in that neighborhood.

But he has come home, and when you are a good many miles away facts are difficult to prove. Pictures are easy to paint in lurid colors of the tyranny of a judge away off there, and he has been subjected to a great deal of criticism on that account.

I want to give my personal testimony on the subject and in favor of his course. With this change in our diplomatic relations to China, by doing what was a plain, honest thing to do, and which as between nations seems to be a little more exceptional perhaps than between individuals—by agreeing to return the money that we really ought not to have taken, the indemnity, by the influence of our own foreign missionaries there, and by the belief in China that we are not there for our exploitation or to appropriate jurisdiction territorially or otherwise, I think we stand well in China to-day.

I think we stand in such a position that such a movement as this, in order to raise money to increase the number of missionaries and the number of nuclei of Christianity and of civilization in that teeming population of 450,000,000 is better to-day than it ever was. Therefore such a movement as this must enlist the sympathy and aid of all who understand the great good that these self-denying men who go so far to accomplish their good are doing.

You can read books (I have read them) in which the missions are described as most comfortable buildings, and it is said that they are living much more luxuriously than they are at home, and therefore that they don't call for our support or sympathy.

It is true that there are a good many mission buildings that are handsome buildings. I have seen them. It is true that they are comfortable, but they ought to be comfortable. One of the things that you have got to do with the Oriental is to fill his eye with something that he can see, and if you erect a good missionary building he deems the coming of the missionary into that community as of some importance and the missionary societies that are doing that and are building their own buildings for their missionaries are following a very much more sensible course than is the United States in denying to its representatives anything to shelter them.

But it is not a life of ease; it is not a life of comfort and luxury. I don't know how many have felt that thing I think physicians call "nostalgia" (home-sickness). I don't know whether you have experienced that sense of distance from home, that being surrounded by an alien people, that impression that if you could only have two hours of association with your old friends at home, if you could only get into a street car and sit down or hang by a strap, in order to be near your friends. I tell you when you come back after an absence of five or ten years, even the strap seems a dear old memory.

Those men are doing a grand work. I don't mean to say that there are not exceptions among them, that sometimes they don't make mistakes and sometimes they don't meddle in something which it would be better for them from a political standpoint to keep out of, but I mean as a whole, those 3,000 missionaries in China and those thousands in other countries worthily represent the best Christian spirit of this country, and worthily are doing the work that you have sent them out to do.

I thank you for the opportunity of speaking on behalf of this body of Christian men and women who are doing a work which is indispensable to the spread of Christian civilization.

FIRST WORK OF THE CHURCH.

Would we secure the true interests of our nation, we must evangelize.

Would we abate the rancor of social classes, we must evangelize.

Would we increase the rule of righteousness in high and low places alike, we must evangelize.

Would we make both our business and our politics Christian, we must evangelize.

Would we secure the best results from our educational systems, we must evangelize.

Would we so adjust all our national interests as to conserve alike for the success of the cause of Christ in the earth all the resources of this great nation, we must evangelize. We must go forth everywhere, under the influence of the love for the world of God the Father and of the saving power of Jesus Christ, the only and all sufficient divine Saviour, proffering unto every creature that salvation which is profitable both for the life that now is and for the life that is to come, that we may thereby win the world for him.—Rev. W. H. Roberts, D. D.

And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict, possible victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up. And you need all the help you can have; and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ.—Henry C. King.

Continued from page 392.

There was not much of special note in the months for which I am to report. In the various departments operations were carried on with interest and encouragement, with things too, fitted to disappoint. The fruits of the revival among those who responded to its influence, still abide.

In the section of the baptized community that remained impassive there is a type of character far from what one could desire, but he who does not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax is surely watching over these people with a patience far beyond ours.

Social and climatic conditions are not favourable for attendance of families living at a distance from church that in Canada would not be called great, perhaps. It may be we shall have to follow eastern customs more closely and have small organizations for Christian worship in different sections of the city where there are groups of families professing faith.

When we do hold local services they are well attended though the place of meeting may be no better than the shade of a tree or the lee of a wall, where the preacher has no pulpit and the people no seats. It may not seem dignified for the preacher to cease discoursing in order to drive off a couple of fighting cocks that in too close proximity to his flock divert their attention, but in the interests of edification and devotion it must sometimes be done.

The Sunday School in the city has afforded for some three years a fine field for seed sowing in the minds of the hundred lads who attended. But the sower of bad seed has lately been doing evil work. The heathen pundit in whose school we were permitted to do Sunday School work took to his home a second wife for the sake of her boy in lieu of the one he had lost by plague.

Because the woman was a Mohammedan of no good repute the sense of propriety of the Hindu parents was so offended that the school was broken up and thus our opportunity of doing Christian work in that heathen school was brought to an end. We have since opened a school under a Christian master among a low caste people who have shown an interest in Christian truth for some time.

An Interesting Class.

The Scripture class in the College, which comprises the students of the four years in the Arts' course, and the classes in Ethics and Theism gave me a most valued opportunity of bringing day by day, vital truths into contact with some forty or fifty bright, eager minds. The interest shown, and the questions asked by the students make the work of teaching a delight and an inspiration.

Here are a few specimens of their questions in their own language.—

"Will you kindly say what had been the method of deliverance and revelation &c., before Christ appeared on the earth?"

"When the Scripture does not allow idolatry, then on what grounds do the Roman Catholics worship images?"

"On what should one's faith be based?"

"We know the character of God in a perfect light, we know that He loves us, and we also know that he is ready to accept our repentance. So what is the necessity of Jesus the Christ for us?"

"You said to-day that God was in Jesus Christ. Does this show that the soul of Jesus was God? If so, God was imprisoned into Jesus Christ."

"Was Jesus' power self-acquired?"

"If he had his Divinity to fall back upon he cannot represent humanity as such."

These are taken at random from a great many such questions.

The General Assembly of India.

The most notable event in Indore during the year was the meeting of the General Assembly of the Indian Presbyterian Church.

Representatives of various countries, of many missions, of different colors and of several tongues, met together in the large hall of the College to deliberate on matters pertaining to the progress of Christ's work in India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from Calcutta and Madras to Bombay.

It was a great thing for our native Christians to witness this manifestation of the strength and unity of the Church to which they belong, and it gave an idea to not a few non-Christians of the great extent of the enterprise with which our mission is connected.

We had with us distinguished representatives from the home Churches, whom it did us good to meet and hear.

We who had charge of the arrangements for entertaining the Assembly were greatly assisted by officials alike of the British Government and of the Indore State. Particularly we were indebted to the Agent to the Governor General, the Resident of Indore, the Diwan of the Indore State, the Nawab of Jaora, and the Nawab of Banda, and to others, who furnished us with large tents and other facilities for ministering hospitality to the delegates and friends.

"Malwa Theological Seminary."

Since returning I have resumed the work of conducting the scripture class in the College. Additional responsibility in connection with the training of native evangelists

and preachers has been laid upon me by the more definite organization by presbytery of the work it has had for some time under its care.

The Institution has been given the status of a Theological College, to be known as the "Malwa Theological Seminary." It has been recognized by the Indian General Assembly, as one of those "well fitted to give Theological instruction in the vernaculars of their respective language areas." The action of the Presbytery in this forward step has been commended by the Synod of Gujarat, Rajputana, and Malwa.

Through its close connection with the Indore Arts College, the new Seminary will be in a position to avail itself of valued help from its teaching staff, and our hope is that it will become more and more useful in filling with Bible knowledge, and in inspiring with Christian zeal and earnestness, some of those through whom the great work of bringing India's people into the kingdom of Christ, must necessarily be done.

INDORE COLLEGE.

Rev. King, Principal, writes:

If October first is to be reckoned the beginning of our report year, it did not begin very auspiciously. Referring to my diary for that date in 1906, I find such entries as these: "131 deaths in the city. College still closed, case on the compound next to the Wilsons. October 2nd, bicycled to Mhow, found a plague refugee by the roadside—dead. October 22nd, re-opened School and College after 2 1-2 months of enforced holiday. Attendance 50 and 10 respectively. November 5th, boys returning slowly. None as yet in the 8th class."

Since then there have been no holidays. With lost time to make up and the fear of another outbreak in August hanging over us, we taught through the hot season. Classes began at 6.30. At half past ten we hurried home with old sol beating down unmercifully. We were spared the plague this season.

Our Persian professor whom we had the great joy of baptising in the College Hall has left us for the United Free Church College in Nagpur where he was offered a salary twice what we were able to give him. Nor could we blame him, for \$13.33 to a professor is not excessive. And our much respected Shastri now fills the chair of Sanskrit in the American Presbyterian Mission College in Lahore.

With our limited resources the best we can do is to pick up promising young men, but so soon as they make a reputation for themselves we lose them.

Our hostel has been full to overflowing

It is not desirable that boys should live where they please in the bazars. Indeed, the University will not allow it. With great difficulty we rented a suitable house in the Camp and this also we filled. We are also very short of class rooms.

The Prospects.

The prospects are bright. It was feared in many quarters that the new national spirit so evident in India would affect the attendance at Mission Colleges. We have not found it so. To the contrary I am inclined to think that the young men of India find with us a more sympathetic appreciation of their ambitions than with purely Government Institutions.

There is much in the "Swadeshi" movement that is commendable. But it needs to be guided. Here is our opportunity of rendering the State a true service and at the same time establishing ourselves in the affections of the better classes.

I rejoice in the appointment of Mr. Sharard and in the likelihood of Mr. Dunn being with us too, not simply because of the assistance in the class room but because I see some chance of improving those opportunities in the hostels of coming into closest touch with the men who are to be the makers of new India.

Both Mr. Wilson and myself have had requests for private reading of the Bible with individual men and have had to refuse, at least regular work, through pressure of other duties. We little know what fruit such work may bear.

Recently I read an address by a missionary in North India before a home audience. In it he told of a young man coming to him asking for baptism. He seemed well versed in Christian truth and on being asked where he had been taught, replied "at the Mission School in Indore."

I do not know who the young man was, but it is something to know that our sowing has not been in vain. This season again, the missionaries in the district write that they have met among the officials old students of the College and have received hearty welcomes.

MHOW.

Rev. A. P. Ledingham Writes;—

Our first word may well be one of thankfulness; that the Staff both foreign and Indian have all been preserved in health; for the visit of our Foreign Mission Secretary; for revival in the congregation in the beginning of the year and advance throughout the year; for one who though not an ordained man has been chosen to act as Pastor's assistant in our congregation; that

the health of the boys in Rasalpura has been very good and for a good spirit amongst them; for a new bungalow granted for a second missionary in Rasalpura and that under Mr. Cock it is pushing on rapidly to completion; for the very happiest Christian fellowship among the missionary and Indian brethren; for a good preaching hall secured in Mhow bazar; for the congregation undertaking the evangelistic work of Mhow and immediately surrounding district; for Manpur bungalow secured and repaired and work begun there by Mr. Drew; for a good hearing in the villages; for great advance in giving to the Lord's work; for growth in the missionary spirit; for good faithful work done by school teachers and workshop masters and catechists; for faithful work done by boys in all departments of work; for the appointment by the Mission Council of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to Mhow for district work and help in the training classes; for very bright hopes for the coming year, and for manifold personal mercies. For these and for more we bless His Holy Name.

A managing committee of eight members was chosen by the congregation to assist the session in the business of the congregation. They have been of real value to the Session in the work of the year.

Two elders also have been ordained during the year.

A very convenient and suitable preaching hall near the market was secured at a yearly rental of Rs 100 and regular evangelistic work has been carried on in this during the season. The pastor's assistant with the congregation has borne the responsibility of this work. The congregation pays the rent and expenses connected with this hall.

It was decided also by the congregation that the salaries of the catechists laboring in Mhow and district should be paid by the congregation and that the congregation assume the responsibility for all evangelistic work in Mhow and the immediately surrounding district. The great commission, "Go ye and make disciples"—is kept constantly before the congregation and it is growing in the sense of its responsibility to the heathen around.

A very marked advance has been made in the givings of the congregation and a goodly number are giving their tenth.

The total enrolment of the congregation is 423, communicants 175, baptized adherents who are not communicants 188 and unbaptized adherents—adults 51 and children 9.

Total givings of the congregation amount to rupees 1,225, and of this amount rs. 515 was given by the Indian members of the congregation. This is a three fold advance on last year.

Both missionaries and congregation are more fully awakening to the fact that the evangelization of this district should be undertaken by the congregation. We have no Christians in the villages immediately surrounding Mhow. It surely cannot long remain so. Surely a congregation of 423 may say in regard to this district surrounding us as Caleb said regarding the promised land "Let us go up at once and possess it for we are well able to overcome it." We go forward in His Name.

DHAR.

Rev. F. H. Russell and Rev. D. J. Davidson Write;—

At the beginning of the year the membership was 117. During the year there were twenty-four additions, three by certificate and twenty-one by profession. Nine however were transferred by certificate to other congregations and four whose whereabouts are not known were transferred to the absentee roll. So the present membership is 128. The baptized adherents number ninety-five, thirty adults and sixty-five children. The unbaptized adherents number twenty-seven, twenty-four adults and three children, making a total Christian community of 250. There were sixteen baptisms during the year, seven adults and nine children. In the Christian Sunday School there are 150 scholars and ten teachers, in the non-Christian S.S. fifty boys and three teachers.

One of the most joyful meetings of the whole year is the annual meeting of the congregation. The cause of the joy seems to be to no small extent due to the ability and privilege of giving. This year, as last year also, rupees 250 were voted to the Bible Society, and rs. 50 to the Tract Society. The congregation, needless to say, feels keenly the importance and efficiency of these agencies in the spread of the gospel and of general Christian light.

Dewaji is still maintained among his people at rs. 10 per month. Outside of his relatives there have not been many definite breaks as yet. It seems to be working just as Christ said the kingdom of heaven would work, viz., like leaven which would gradually permeate the whole mass. This is by no means the least hopeful aspect of our work here.

Dwaji does not really preach much. He is well known in the villages where his caste people live and some one always wants him to go home with him and sit in his house. So by chatting in an easy friendly way with his friends he has practically overcome all the opposition that was once quite keen, and the people generally

admit that he gives them better teaching than their Hindu teachers, and seems to do it with a better motive.

His place among his people may be understood from the fact that they have just asked him to be their headman.

For the last half of the year the congregation has also employed a colporteur at rs. 4 per month.

Evangelistic.

Hundreds of sermons and talks and chats! Thousands have heard, many of them many times. We can only hope that the kingdom of God has come or is coming in many hearts though "not with observation." The usual stream of light has been kept pouring into the bazaar and the near villages, which are reached from Dhar. And the people continue to listen well, admit much, but do little. The kingdom of heaven, however, has not, we are sure, come nigh them altogether in vain. These people must learn to appreciate holiness, love, etc., as good and desirable things for themselves, before they can believe in a holy, loving God or Saviour. And they are learning it.

The large valley of the Narbudda with Barwani as its head was hardly touched in touring this year. About ten days were spent at one centre in the rear corner of the field, Dhamnode. The Gospel was well preached there and in about twenty-five surrounding villages. A number of impressions were made which we have heard since, are continuing, and are causing much serious thought. At the time of writing our catechists are starting for the Narbudda Valley and will again visit this interesting district.

Most of our touring was confined to the villages of the plain to the west and north-west of Dhar. In this region about one hundred and fifty villages were visited. The district has this peculiarity that a large part of it is held by Thakurs or landed nobles. These people belong to families whose services have at some time been recognized and rewarded by gifts of land. Perhaps a Thakur will have about fifty villages under him (sometimes more sometimes less) and in that territory he is like a little king and receives the revenue. Most of these people were very friendly to us.

One thing is that the larger Thakurs feel it an honor to associate with Europeans, but besides this some of them are very open-minded and converse readily on subjects of morality and religion. One Thakur even said that if we would build a church and other buildings for work and workers, he was ready to give us land for it.

Educational Work.

Our school work has progressed favorably. The boys are taught either Hindi or

Urdu or both, and begin English with the fourth book vernacular. Our highest class is fifth book vernacular with second book English. Of course all other public school subjects are taught. The Gospels are also taught in all classes.

It is interesting to see how readily the boys seem to grasp and appreciate Christian teaching. We are not seeking to take them by guile for we advertise our school as a Christian school, where Christianity is taught in addition to other subjects.

We take it as some evidence of the general opinion entertained regarding Christianity that so many Hindu and Mohammedan parents send their boys where they know they will receive Christian instruction. We have on the roll six orphanage boys, ten sons of Christian parents, forty-four Hindus and seventeen Mohammedans—Total seventy-seven. Most of these boys meet on Sunday also for Sunday School.

Leper Asylum.

There seems to be no royal road to the popularity of a leper asylum among Indians. There are at present eighteen patients. Some have come, some have been brought, some have gone away much helped, some have returned, some have run away, some have died. The assistant in charge has been very enthusiastic and devoted to his work. Dr. O'Hara has given much time and attention to the medical and other treatment of the patients. Evangelistic work has been carried on among them by the assistant and his wife, and also by some of our catechists. Five who had been baptized before have been received as members of the Christian congregation and five more have been baptized during the year. All their services are separate from our other Christians' services and even the celebration of the Lord's Supper is separate.

The Mission to lepers is financially responsible for the Asylum, but both they and we are most grateful for contributions received from friends of the cause in Canada. The present time is especially trying on all charitable societies who provide food for orphans or others in India, as famine prices prevail here. It has cost about \$12. each for food for the past year, and this amount will be much higher for the coming year. As nearly as we can estimate now it will cost \$20. at least to feed and clothe each leper for the coming year.

As the Mission to lepers has a tremendous burden at present, friends in Canada have a good opportunity here to give a little help where it is much needed, and so contribute at once to both the physical and spiritual good of these sufferers.

Last year we had a few cases of plague in Dhar which caused such consternation that the city became quite deserted. Our local

work was much hindered, but this year Central India has remained almost free from this scourge. Can it be that plague has done its work here and that there is a changed condition of the Hindu heart that has not appeared much on the surface yet?

RUTLAM.

Rev. J. F. Campbell and Rev. F. J. Anderson.

After mentioning thankfully Dr. MacKay's visit, write;—

The year was also marked by the kind gift, by H. H. the Rajah of Rutlam, of a site for a church for our Indian congregation at Rutlam. This had long been desired by the congregation who had been for years gathering their little contributions for a much needed church building.

On the morning of August 30th the Raja said the word, and a fortnight later he sent the formal letter granting the site; before the end of September the Presbytery had approved, the plan was ready, arrangements were made, and the work was in progress. The church will soon be ready for use, and the belfry for the bell which it is hoped some friend may be disposed to send.

Itinerancy.

In addition to visits to out-stations, and to converts in their scattered villages, the principal itinerancy of the year was when Mr. Cock brought a number of the lads who had been taken from Rutlam to Rasalpura, and the villages were visited from which they had come.

Relatives were discovered in many cases; in some the reunion was very touching. The healthy, happy, clean and generally improved appearance of the boys, their ability to read, their knowledge of some trade, and the fact that instead of our keeping them away from their relatives we had brought them to seek them out and meet them—all formed an object lesson which helped to commend the Gospel spoken and sung by their lips as well as ours. A few asked that their boys be left with them; but seemed satisfied when we explained that we wished first to teach them more, both of their trade and of higher knowledge.

Out-stations.

At Jaora the work has gone on as usual, our faithful helper there, carrying on alone a boy's school along with his Evangelistic work, and continuing to win the respect of even those who might have been expected to depreciate so quiet, slow-speaking and unassuming a man, much as we appreciate him.

At Alote, opposition from Brahman authorities has continued to harass, and yet to encourage and stimulate us. It drove us to purchase, instead of renting, a house for

the work and workers. And when it went so far as to order our helpers out of the district, and prohibit their preaching, it compelled an appeal which secured recognition of their right to continue. The good work spreads as it began, through the quiet testimony by word and conduct, of the converts themselves; the salaried workers having more than enough to do in teaching and pastoring the converts and enquirers.

The same sort of work is going on in the Sitamau and Jaora districts work among the Bhils in the Basindra and Saogarh districts has been less encouraging. And yet an unexpected and pleasing testimony as to its results was given to Dr. MacKay by the Thakur of Saogarh when we called on him. Dr. MacKay was telling him about the Fiji Islands, and the effects of Missions there, when he answered, "You need not go so far to see that. Formerly a man would not dare to go unprotected where you are going to tent to-night. Now, any one may go safely."

The total number of communicants at this station is 111.

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN DEMAND RIGHTS.

The Mohammedan women of the Province of Orenborg, in Russia, famous for its shawls, have sent to the Douma a memorial demanding that the Mohammedan representatives take steps to free them from the despotism of their husbands, and give them their share of the privileges granted by the Czar to the people. The document says:

"Although our holy religion declares us free, some of the ignorant despots, our husbands, are oppressing us and force us slavishly to submit to their caprices.

According to the books of doctrine, women have the right to learn, to travel, to pray in mosques, engage in business, become nurses, etc., and in Arabia and other countries there have been noted women writers and poets.

Now our husbands would forbid us even to study our own religion. But we Mohammedan women, Allah be praised! now begin to get education and to understand our holy Chariat (book of doctrine) which did not deprive the women of any right.

"Mohammedan deputies, you are required to demand all rights for Mohammedan women. You must carry through legislation defending us against the arbitrariness of these despot husbands, against oppression and torture. We, mothers of the people, have in our hands the education and progress of the people, and if our status be not changed, the day will come when the men, too, will become slaves, and then the whole Mohammedan world will perish."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during July	Rec' Mar. 1st to July 31
Home Missions ...	\$4,273.19	\$14,453.91
Augmentation.....	603.90	1,427.13
Foreign Missions...	3,893.05	13,374.77
Widows' & Orphans'	181.94	1,768.33
Aged Ministers. ...	180.12	3,819.68
Assembly.....	73.05	482.22
French Evangeliztn.	700.33	2,037.24
Pt-aux-Trembles...	45.30	1,394.96
Tem. Moral Reform	501.93	547.91
Knox College.....	37.85	184.66
Queen's College....	7.80	67.81
Montreal College...	16.60	40.55
Manitoba College...	15.30	133.54
B. C. College.....	6.00	25.62

Received during July.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Per W. S. Ormiston...\$26	Metz, St. Paul's.....	2 20
Pr Rv. A. D. Menzies...255	Blyth, St. And. ss.....	5
E. Wawanosh, Cal. ... 33	Coleman, Union ss.....	3
Underwood ... 25 15	Howard, Sask. ss.....	1 75
Parry St. And. 40 95	Gravenhurst.....	64 50
W. Arran ... 53	Carleton Pl., Zion.....	83
Collingwood ... 300	Priceville ... 59 25	
Brookdale, St. And. ... 24	Swinton Park.....	34 75
Nesbitt, Man. ... 5	Ayr, Knox ... 11 81	
Arkona, Ont. ... 2	Shakespeare.....	36
W. Adelaide ... 2 50	Wm. Moore.....	5
Belm't, Man., Kx. S.S. ... 4 65	Rev. Dr. Hamilton ... 20	
Wick, Ont., S. S. ... 7 25	Shannonville.....	5 61
Strathcona, Kx. 50	Adamstown.....	12 50
Avonmore ... 87	Barrs ... 12 50	
Pakenham ... 30	Port Credit b.c.....	5
Woodstock, Chal. ... 72	Dracon ... 3 49	
Ottawa, Stewarton ... 70	Soo Ste. Marie, St. And. ... 33 35	
Victoria, St. Paul. ... 19 75	Camlachie, Knox ... 3 45	
Granton, Ont. ... 33 55	Blackheath ... 3 50	
Rev. A. B. MacLeod... 8	E. Seneca ... 2	
Rylstone ... 13 35	Mattawa ss ... 4 25	
Per Agent, Hx. ... 34 78	St. James, Union ... 6	
Toronto, Davenport ... 115	Springville ss.....	3 31
Winnipeg, St. And. ... 200	"A. adia".....	10
Petrolia ... 95 51	Adamsville ... 10 50	
Guelph, Chal. ... 280	Mont. St. Giles Chinese ... 30	
Mainsville ... 3 50	"American".....	36
Franktown, St. Paul. ... 17 50	"Wm. Minister".....	25
Rv. H. A. Macpherson. 11 70	Mrs. W. E. Kelley....	25 20
Pr. Rv. A. D. Menzies. 50	Kenmore, ss.....	2
Bellevil, St. And. ss.... 5 40	K'ton, Cooke's y.m.c.l. ... 5 30	
Rv. E. E. Anand ... 90	Toronto, Ave. Road. ... 500	
Rev. T. G. MacLeod... 10	Davenport.....	5
Meaford, Erskine ... 50	Turriff, L'Amable.....	6
N. Brant ... 12	Lockeport ... 2	
Toronto, Chalmers' ... 730	Rev. W. R. McKintosh ... 10 80	
Elsinore, Ontario. ... 6	Hartley ... 4 30	
Hintonburg, Bethany.. 53	Oak Lake y.p.g. 20	
Pr Rev. J. Menancon. 50	Bayfield ... 5	
St. John, St. John's. ... 1	St. Cath. Knox ss.....	4 40
Est. N. M. Morrison. 20 0	Crysler, Knox ... 31 57	
Pr Mrs. J. A. Waddell 13	Mitchell, Knox ss.....	9 28
Carlyle, Sask. ss..... 6 25	Deseronto, ss.....	6 28
Winchester ... 126 10	Wingham, St. And. ... 151 02	
Moore, Burns'..... 5	Arthur, St. And. ... 50 43	
Cresswell ss ... 3	Inniskip ... 7 61	
Glencoe ... 100	Innerkip, ss.....	1 24
Stirling, St. And. ... 6 80	Ratho ... 4 4	
Erin, Burns' ... 63 50	Preston ... 35 05	
Mrs. R. Shiell ... 5	St. Cath. 1st. 40	
Glenboro', ss ... 6 30	Quebec, St. And., m.b. ... 32	
Ladner, St. And. ... 30 25	Estevan, Wm. ster, ss. ... 3 10	
Brandon ... 225	Casbrook, Knox ... 51 35	
St. Ann's ... 2 35	Toronto, Erskine ... 50	
Milvorton, Burns' ... 86 50	Malbourne, Guthrie.. 15	
Caledonia Mines ss. ... 5	Wallaceburg, Knox ... 15	
Maeford, Erskine ... 7 62	Strangfield ... 2	
Alma ... 62 95	Goldsmith.....	3

A. McMurtry.....	450	Valcartier, Stoneham. 15	
Napanee.....	70	New Wmstr. St. And. ss	25
Bell's Corners.....	2 50	Parkdale.....	500
Stittsville.....	1 50	Mont. W.	33 50
Ham. Knox Chinese..	25	Strabane.....	43
Kilsyth.....	25 50	Salmon Arm.....	3 75
Pilot Mound.....	37 70	Sanford, Oak Bluff ...	7 10
Jean MacKintosh ...	5	Hampton.....	2
Hamilton, St. Paul's..	900	Laarak, St. And.	28
St. C. th. Knox.....	350	Cornwall, Knox ...	1,150
W'peg, Wmminster....	445 75	Sarnia, St. And.	1,15
Chatham, St. Paul's..	30	Crinan, Argyle.....	53
Stonewall.....	36 45	Dungannon, Erskine..	47
Rev. A. MacVicar....	8	Ospridge.....	ss 5
Cantley.....	7 25	Toronto, Bloor.....	1,478 31
Chelsea.....	14 71	New Glasgow, St. And.	250
Rev. James Taylor....	5	Beckwith, Kx.....	24
Longlake, ss.....	2	Hx. Ft. Massey y.p.s.	92
Rodney.....	38	Whitechurch.....	25 38
New Glasg w.....	14 25	"Scotia".....	15
Dr. M. McKenzie, Honan	90	Madoc, St. Peter's... 78 55	
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Uolun.....	43 30	Wmstown, Heph.....	1
B. Armstrong.....	55	Bethel.....	33 25
Thomas Kent.....	50	Gore, Ont.....	13 90
Orillia.....	200	Arkona.....	11 13
Uxbridge, Chalmers' ..	100	Nanaimo, St. And. ss..	1
Rev. P. D. Muir.....	1	Newburgh, Camden... 7 68	
Craighurst, ss.....	1	Belgrave Kx.....	70
Hillsdale ss.....	2 55	Greenwood, St. Col... 20 40	
Gre t Village.....	5 25	Vanc. Chal.....	6 50
Beauharnois, St. Ed... 84 80		Wpg. Pres. Soc. 40	
"A Fri nd".....	10	Fernbank, Un. ss.....	18
Esplin.....	19 45	Macdonald, Man.....	15
Cape North.....	3	Central Park, be.....	34
Toronto, Cooke's c.e.,	250	Dumbarton, Ersk. ... 14 25	
Jamieson's Corners, ss.	18	Est., John Steel, ...	
Percy, Sask.....	50 20	Glasgow, Scotland, ...	
S. Plympton.....	23	"£100".....	485 55
St. Thomas, Knox.....	27 49	Rev. W. L. Findlay... 6 95	
Pembroke, ss.....	14 17	Markham, St. And. ... 1 60	
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Lake Road.....	7 50	Swinton Park.....	14 40
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Rev. G. E. Forbes....	6 65	Arkona, C. E. 10	
Macdonald, Man.....	6	Mitchell, Kx.....	63 20
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Miss C. Farquharson..	1	Woodstock, Knox ... 200	
Virden, Carmel.....	1	Oak Lake.....	58
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Leithridge, Knox guild	27 2	Dunblane.....	16 25
Golden, St. And.....	3 35	M. P. Fee.....	4
Anon.....	10	Mr. Geo. H. Baird ... 500	
Glenallan, Knox.....	34 38	Flesherton Chal.....	11 15
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Climon, Willis, ss....	17 6	Holstein.....	2 10
Exeter, Caven.....	3 50	John Penman.....	125
Duntroon ss.....	1 25	Mrs. John Penman... 125	
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Cumberland.....	5 75	Kintyre, Ont.....	124 50
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Swarthmore, Sask.....	10 20	Wetaskiwin.....	40 50
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Winterbourne, Chal... 20		Blake, Ont.....	21 50
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Stratford, St. And. ... 31		Est. Martha Wilson ... 25	
Centreville ss.....	8	Tor. Old St. And. ... 100	
Lefroy, Kx.....	7 35	Black River, St. Step. hen.....	8
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Sudbury, Mrs. Mar. cl, 6	Wallace, Man., Kx..... 6 40	Desboro..... 5	Willowdale..... 1 30
Fesserton, ss..... 1 74	Iroquois, Kx..... 23	Rev. P. Nishol..... 20	

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during July	Rec'd Mar 1 to July 31
Foreign Missions....	\$982.02	\$5,101.08
Home Missions.....	161.96	889.72
Augmentation.....	328.34	1,136.59
College.....	82.00	322.36
A. and I. Ministers..	7.00	39.73
French Evangelizatin	101.24	224.79
Pt-aux-Trembles....		85.05
For North West.....	546.50	611.40
Children's Day Col...		10.37
Assembly Fund.....	4.00	28.25
Bursary Fund.....		419.50
Library Fund.....		77.40
Manitoba College....		
Widows' & Orphans..		201.97
Temp., Moral Reform	35.00	49.00
Unallocated.....	475.25	1,319.67
Total.....	\$2,723.31	\$10,516.88

Received during July at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax, By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D., and divided among the Funds as directed by the Donors.

Reported.....	\$7,793 57	Souris, Bay Fortune ..	48
New Glasgow, 1st.....	163 21	Sackville, D'chester...	8
Mrs. Oxley.....	2	F. e. rona.....	49 80
Truro Lady.....	5 20	Est. Geo. Thompson.....	50
H. M. Ferguson.....	30	Campbelton.....	192
Springhill.....	100	New Glasgow 1st l.s.....	20
Grand River.....	6	Blackvi le.....	40
Clifton, P.E.I.....	21	New Carlisle.....	5
"Friend of the Word" 5	11	Kentville.....	37
Valley, ce.....	14	Milford, ce.....	16
Bedford.....	5	Mid. Stewiacke.....	33 22
Princeton, p.e.i.....	10	Mid. Stewiacke m.b.....	10
Up. Musg'dob't.....	16	Sackville, D'chester...	3
Interest.....	30 51	Sco sburn.....	15
Barrington.....	5	Yarmouth m.b.....	6 19
New Glasgow, 1st.....	125	Dartmouth.....	178 05
St. John, St. David's ..	125	Hopewell, St. ol.....	30
Tatmag'che, Brule, ..	47 54	"In Mem. W.M.F.".....	50
Baltren.....	6 39	Ste larton, St. Jno.....	4
Richmond Bay, E.....	43	Halifax, Chalmers.....	50
Yarmouth.....	63 65	Black River.....	10 62
Harvey, Acton.....	10	Halifax, Park.....	60 86
St. John, St. J. hn's l.s.....	24 50	Pres., p.e.i., Mr. McK.,	325
St. Jph'd, Gay's R.v.....	38 17	sal.....	
Halifax, Grove.....	40		
Halifax, Chalmers.....	50	Total.....	\$10,516.88

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Where no tree nor flower will grow;
Where no sunbeam's sweet caress
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And you cannot lose the way.

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So, beware of paths that wind
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A THEATRE IN CHINA.

A correspondent of the "North China Daily News" tells of a theatrical performance given before a selected audience in Sinchang, which presented the progress of new ideas in a way characteristically Chinese. It is stated the exhibition was planned and carried out by young people of the Sinchang Mission School. The following is a brief outline:

Scene I. A temple. Buddhist priest, poorly dressed, evidently dissipated, stands before his idols. Worshiper enters. Priest, aside, "A little business at last; now I'll be able to get some meat to eat" (a splendid hit that). Worshiper tells his trouble, a disease. Priest fleeces him. Worshiper's disease no better. Moral: Priest no good; we'll try somewhere else.

Scene II. Same patient goes to fortune teller. He tells him to go to doctor. Scene shifted. Native doctor's office. Sufferer enters. Doctor feels pulse. Prescribes drugs. Patient goes to drug store. Buys drugs, considerable expense. Takes them. No good.

Patient walking on street. Meets a colporteur selling religious books, to whom he presently tells his trouble. Colporteur tells him that a foreign doctor is what he wants.

Scene III. Foreign doctor's branch office. Table with glasses and bottle of cold water. Foreign doctor enters. Carrier with load of innumerable bottles, bandages, etc. Foreign doctor in foreign dress, and with quick and jerky manner.

Same patient enters. Doctor asks him to be seated. Neglects feeling his pulse. Asks him a long list of questions about nausea and malaria and a dozen other things (this part admirably taken off). Gives him a liquid drug. Patient immediately improved. Then a speech and moral: the idols, fortune tellers, and old time doctors are no good. Try the foreign doctors.

Scene IV. A home. Woman within with a basket of rice, just going out to wash rice for supper. It is just beginning to rain. She has bound feet and is doubtful. Gets an umbrella and starts nevertheless. Half way through courtyard slips, and because of her bound feet falls sprawling, umbrella in one direction, she in another, rice in all directions. Moral: Don't look for a wife with bound feet.

Scene V. An old-time schoolroom. Clock indicates nine a.m. A few boys enter. As there is no teacher, they do as boys generally do. Presently a "scrap." One brings blood from another with his finger nails. The latter goes howling home. After a while the opium-smoking teacher enters. Hat on one side. Clothes dirty. Begins to call up boys to recite. One or two try and of course fail. Rubs his hand over his face saying: "Tired out. Opium hunger coming on."

Suddenly enters infuriated father: "What does this mean, my boy coming home with blood all over his face? What sort of a sienseng do you call yourself anyhow?" War of words ensues. School broken up. The sienseng's greatest regret: "Alas, I have no more money to buy opium."

Scene VI. Modern schoolroom. Rows of tables and stools. Charts and maps on walls. Clock points at eight. Teacher and pupils in place. Order reigns. Study, writing, recitation and drill follow in order. (Audience applauds.) Speech with moral: Send your sons to the modern schools we are establishing here.

There was no suggestion from any foreigner as to this exhibition, and it was got up wholly by local Chinese for the local community. It is not surprising then that in the aforesaid town the largest temple is going to pieces with none to repair it, schools are flourishing, and a local association of doctors requested Dr. Venable's nearby hospital to furnish them with a lecturer.—The Missionary.

One on God's side is majority.—Wendell Phillips.

Work is only done well when it is done with a will.—Ruskin.

Gentleness, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.—Alfred Tennyson.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most perfect prayer.—Lessing.

Gentleness is the great point to be obtained in the study of manners.—M. P. Willis.

Conversion is but a beginning. It turns one about, but does not complete the journey.

The Son of God became the son of man that the sons of men might become the sons of God.

The difference between iron and steel is fire, but steel is worth all it costs.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

"Nothing that is great enough to affect the life of a disciple is too small to touch the heart of God."

Christianity in its sadly imperfect development, is as a matter of fact at the head of the world.—Gladstone.

The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause others and the happiness they cause ourselves.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—Goethe.

A sound mind in a sound body; if the former be the glory of the latter, the latter is indispensable to the former.—Edwards.

To live a martyr's life for the sake of a good cause is a much greater strain on the energies of the soul than to die a martyr's death.

"A few books, well studied and digested, nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled, in the mouth."—Francis Osborne.

No real life is measured by days or months or years, but by deeds of helpfulness to those in need and of Christian kindness to all.

The best man is the one most liable to think best of his fellowmen. Thought is the source of character. As one thinks he may not always do, but such he certainly is to be.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love; from it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.—Goethe.

Only Christ can influence the world; but all that the world sees of Christ is what it sees of him in the life of his followers.—Henry Drummond.

There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—John Ruskin.

He that finds God a sweet enveloping thought to him never counts his company. When I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in?—Emerson.

Christianity can never realize itself a single person. There must be two or more. One's relation to his fellow is the main feature of all that Jesus taught.

St. Paul was the first Christian who clearly understood that Christianity must be a missionary religion till it becomes the universal religion.—Mrs. Carus Wilson, B. A.

A man is much more likely to be mistaken in what he denies than in what he affirms. What he affirms is what he realizes. What he denies may be only what he fails to realize.

Hypocrisy is folly, for it is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man seems to appear than to keep up the appearance of being the thing he is not.—Lord Burleigh.

"Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."—Chesterfield.

"Our city courts in a single day last week granted ninety-nine divorces, and yet it is said that Philadelphia is slow. We only wish it were a little more so in some directions."—Philadelphia "Westminster."

"The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose."—Carlyle.

"If possible, seal your lips in silence when the storm is rising; shut up your anger in your own bosom, and, like fire that wants air and vent, it will soon expire. Angry words often prove a fan to the spark. The subjection of our temper to the control of religion is a thing that must be done."

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PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

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With elegance of a Cashmere.

A good man regularly gave every Sabbath five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings.

One day, the rich man came to the minister and said the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner.

Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."—Selected.

Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1908.

NO. 10.

TWO NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS.

During these few weeks of September and October, two great national campaigns are being carried on in Canada; the political campaign for the general elections, 26 October, and the first great national campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement which is being carried on in all the principal towns and cities of Canada, from Sydney to Victoria.

One could have wished that these two campaigns had been at different times for where there is one great absorbing interest, such as the elections, there is less room in some minds for the Laymen's Missionary Movement. But both are on and it remains to make the best of both.

Further, each can learn from the other. It should be the aim of men who are interested in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, to carry on their campaign with the earnestness and self-sacrifice and perseverance, and determination to win out that characterizes the political campaign. And those engaged in the latter should seek to carry it on with the same pure, unselfish, high and noble aims and efforts that usually accompany the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

If these two great lessons were learned and put into practice, the elections would leave a better taste in many mouths, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement would go on gathering in intensity and strength, until Canada's share of the heathen world, some fifty millions, had heard the Gospel.

One might safely go a step farther and say that until Christian men engage in their political campaigns, with aim and effort as pure and high and noble and unselfish as they do that of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and work in the latter as earnestly and practically as in the former, they are not living up to the Christian ideal, either in the sphere of politics or missions.

Important as is the political campaign, the missionary is still more so. It may be for the better or worse in Canada that one of the present parties or the other shall be

in control, but the real power is the force of enlightened public opinion, and this, when it thinks necessary, will assert that power.

But in the missionary campaign it is a question of whether light or darkness, right or wrong, peace or strife, happiness or misery shall rule the world; whether Christ who gave himself for the world's redemption, shall rejoice in the rapid completion of that redemption, or have the disappointment of seeing His professed followers indifferent to that which is so dear to Him; whether Christian people will grow like Christ in sympathy and helpfulness, or whether they will be content to shrivel in selfishness. All these things make the missionary campaign one of first importance to the Christian people of Canada.

The Three Prayers.

Not many years ago much of the world was closed against the Gospel, and one prayer at every missionary meeting was that the doors might be opened. They were opened, sometimes by war, sometimes by famine or plague, and to-day the whole world is open to the Gospel.

Then came a second prayer, for men and women to enter the open doors. That prayer too has been answered and in the Student Volunteer Movement and the Young People's Missionary Movement thousands are saying "Here am I send me."

And now comes a third, THE third, the final missionary prayer, for means to send these young men and women through these upon doors. The Laymen's Missionary Movement seems the answer to that prayer. The business men of the Church have the means to answer it. There is no other way of answering it. To use a phrase of the street. "It is up to them."

Some of them are realizing their responsibility and giving more largely. Some leading business men and lawyers are leaving for a time their business and at their own expense travelling from place to place trying to stir up others to realize the same great truth.

In A Business Way.

An expression sometimes heard in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement is that "business men are beginning to take hold of missions in a business way." This statement should not be misunderstood. Sometimes it is interpreted to mean that the management of mission work by the various missionary committees has not been along business lines and needs changing.

This is not the fact. The world presents few examples of better business management, making little do much, than in the working of missions.

Where the lack of business has been is that the Lord has left His people a great work to do, to tell the world of salvation from sin; having given His own life for that end He charged His followers to tell everybody about it and has given them the means to do it, and instead of going at it in a business way, they have played with it. Now they are awaking to see that the chief business of the Church, of the Christian, is to carry on the work for which Christ gave Himself, and are throwing themselves into it in a business way.

The General Elections.

They are on. The struggle for control of the country and its affairs is eagerly contested. With some it is earnest and honest; they think that the country's welfare depends upon the control of their party and they work for that end. Others seek to study facts and conditions irrespective of party and judge and act accordingly.

There are yet others with whom it is mere party success, and as in a game of football they go in to win. The writer was once talking to an active politician after an election and asked him if he really believed in a certain aspect of an important issue. "It carried our party in" was the reply. With others the interest is purely personal and selfish; victory means place, position, honor, favor; while still another class regard their vote as they do their wheat, potatoes or beef, to be disposed of where they can get the best price.

The true man, however mistaken he may be in his judgment, regards his ballot as a sacred trust, for his country's good, and uses it accordingly. All other use of it is low and unworthy.

The Weekly Envelope for Missions.

One of the practical issues of the Laymen's Missionary Movement is the use of the weekly envelope for Missions. Many congregations have adopted this method for their own support, but until the past few months the weekly envelope for Missions has been used by few. The laymen of the Church are now taking hold of the idea that if a Christian means a follower of the Christ who gave Himself for the world's redemption, and if Christ saved him to be a fellow helper in that redemption, it is a poor way of doing it go give a contribution for that purpose yearly, or even monthly. Business men think it scarcely a business way of dealing with this great work and are showing that they "mean business" by doing something at least weekly.

Our Sabbath School Publications Committee is meeting this new demand, and helping in the work of the church by providing envelopes of all kinds, separate weekly envelopes for self-support and for missions, and the duplex envelope for both. Write for samples and prices to Dr. R. Douglas Fraser, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Read Carefully.

The article on page 43 of this issue, which sets forth, in a clear, brief way, our work among a compact body of eight million people, in North Honan, more than the population of Canada, and left wholly to us to give them the Gospel. It shows the great progress made and the wide door of opportunity open. Read and digest it.

Consider carefully too the thoughts on Home Missions and Augmentation, the work in the New Hebrides, India; South China, and Manchuria, all roseate with opportunity and bright with hope.

At Their Own Charges.

A number of Canada's leading business men are engaged in the present campaign in Canada on behalf of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. It is well to remember that these laymen are doing this work at their own cost and charges. They are able or they could not do it, but the fact should lead many others, who are able, to do their part in the giving.

UNIVERSITY LEADERS.

Do not pass this by as of interest only to the few. More than most other subjects it concerns the great body of the people, of all conditions and occupations.

It is of interest to all in a sentimental way, and sentiment rules the world. The sentiment consists in this that every city and town, and almost every village, hamlet and country settlement has one or more of its young men attending the university. These young men are, as a rule, well and favorably known in their districts, and the whole community feels in them a proprietary interest. Every one familiar with rural life knows the kindly interest of relatives and friends in their own student. When he comes home on vacation he visits round and all want to see him. He has been to a larger world than theirs. They feel that he brings them honor and they rejoice in his success.

But the subject concerns the public in a far more important way, viz., in that the majority of these young men, as farmers, ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, legislators, engineers, merchants, manufacturers, etc., will have a leading part in the near future, in the management of all the public affairs of the country, and the management of these public affairs will have the moral tone and character which these men give to it.

This tone, in its turn, will depend in no small measure upon the moral and ethical, may we not say the religious, impress received by them at the university. By religious impress we do not mean the direct religious teaching the student may receive, but the impress formed by the "atmosphere" in which he lives and works. And by "atmosphere" we do not mean that created by his fellow students, which is important, but the impress made by contact with his professors, his leaders and guides in the new realms which he is exploring.

College life is a formative time in the character of a young man. It is often his first real outgoing from home. Hitherto he has been a recipient, absorbing knowledge of all kinds, secular and sacred, without much question. Now he begins to think for himself, to seek the reason of things. He is travelling in hitherto unknown territory. If his professors,

his leaders in the journey, be known as not only able and accomplished scholars and strong men, but as having a respect for religion, the attitude of the student towards religion will almost invariably be at least one of respect. He will unconsciously think of it as associated with the men he honors.

If the men to whose leadership he has loyally and willingly surrendered go farther than respect and are pronounced believers in and followers of Him who was the Incarnation of true humanity as well as of Divinity, the student will likely be led farther too, will think religion worthy a great and strong mind and his attitude towards it will be in accordance therewith. ,

If on the other hand his leaders in these mentally formative years be men of known materialistic, agnostic or sceptical tendencies the student is liable to associate materialism, agnosticism and scepticism with strength, and his attitude for life towards God and His claims is liable to take shape accordingly.

The influence of a strong teacher upon the whole life attitude of a student, towards God and His service, is very great, and if this be multiplied by the numbers of a large class, and many successive years, the impress upon the life of a people, through its leaders, is beyond computation. Especially is this true in the case of the President or Principal of a large university.

In views of these facts, to go no farther back than the past year, the recent appointments to the presidency of three of our great provincial universities, Dr. Robert A. Falconer to that of Toronto, and Dr. Marshall H. Tory and Dr. Walter C. Murray (all three of the Maritime Provinces) to the presidency of the two new provincial universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan, is a matter for profound thankfulness on the part of every well wisher of his country.

All three are eminent as scholars and educationists. All three are not only strong men, but of attractive personality, leaders to whom young men will be drawn. Above all they are men who put first things first. They give God his place as the rightful sovereign of life, holding without question and without reserve that the highest knowledge is knowledge of Him, and His service the

highest duty. The influence of these three lives on the future of these three great provinces, and of Canada and beyond, is an asset of greater value to the nation and the world than most can realize. Long may these new presidents, and all like unto them in spirit and in work, be spared as moulders of the nation's leaders.

We remember once listening to the inaugural lecture of the president of a great university. In an eloquent climax he followed up the ideal of knowledge with its ever widening vision, until he had reached a height where the only thing fitting to complete the structure was mention of the knowledge of the Divine; but he stopped short with a quotation from an old heathen philosopher as the top stone of his building. It seemed painfully incomplete, like the temporary wooden roof of an unfinished spire. A learned heathen might have given it. A body of students listening to it would never suppose from it that knowledge in its highest and farthest reaches implied any recognition of the Divine, or that men, great in realms of thought, recognized the claims or authority of the Divine.

May Canada's leaders of leaders, in all our great universities, from Halifax to Edmonton, ever be men, fashioned, according to Divine intent, in HIS image after HIS likeness.

HE MADE ME BETTER.

With tears streaming down his face, a man stood beside the coffin of his dead friend and simply said, "He made me better." Is there any one in the wide, wide world who can conscientiously say this of you when you lie dead? Take time to reflect a moment on this proposition. In an old copy-book appeared this: "Lost somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered; they are gone, forever." Are you frittering away your golden opportunities for making this world better?

Phillips Brooks said, "I want to live, if God will help me, such a life that, if all the men in the world were living it, this world would be regenerated and saved. I want to live such a life that, if every man were living it, the millennium would be here; nay, heaven would be here, the universal presence of God."—Ex.

SOME HOME MISSION THOUGHTS.

Sabbath, the 18th of October, inst., has been appointed by the General Assembly, as a day of special thanksgiving and prayer in connection with Home Missions. The Assembly has also requested ministers on that day to preach on this great subject of winning our own land for Christ.

In this connection our H. M. Secretary, Dr. E. D. McLaren, has sent out to the ministers a circular letter with some facts and thoughts for this service. We take the liberty of presenting some of these facts herewith, in the hope that it may lead congregations everywhere, to give all the closer attention to the Home Mission sermons which they hear on that day.

Of these facts Dr. McLaren writes:—

The Country.

Vast in extent, having room for scores of millions of inhabitants; marvellously rich in natural resources—soil, minerals, forests, fisheries; characterized by such physical features and climatic conditions as should produce a stalwart, vigorous race; inheriting the traditions, sharing the glory and enjoying the protection of the foremost empire of the world. In regard to all material things, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage."

2. The People.

Rapidly increasing in number. The population of Canada was increased during 1907 by the arrival of 277,376 immigrants.

Very diversified in speech, tastes, habits and conceptions of life and duty. While 132,060 of last year's immigrants were from the British Isles, and 56,690 from the United States, 88,626 came from Continental Europe and other lands where Anglo-Saxon ideals are unknown.

There are already in the Northwest nine or ten thousand Doukhobors, from twenty to thirty thousand Mennonites, about thirty thousand Hungarians and at least a hundred and twenty (some say a hundred and fifty) thousand Galicians!

Scattered over a constantly enlarging area, the confines of our Canadian civilization are rapidly extending. Railway construction cannot be carried on quickly

enough to meet the requirements of the new settlements that are springing up on every side.

Half a century ago the northern and western limits of the Church's activities were within 250 miles of the city of Toronto; to-day one must travel nearly 5,000 miles in order to reach our Home Mission out posts in the Yukon!

3. The Work.

A national undertaking; its aim, to unify. Complexity of national organization cannot fail to be a source of weakness unless the diverse elements of national life are thoroughly blended. Only in the white heat of a fervent Christian spirit can the alarmingly heterogeneous elements of our Canadian population be fused into a strong, homogeneous nationality. Home Mission work is, therefore, the truest kind of patriotic effort.

A moral task; its object, to purify. Wrong doing means loss of power; and dishonour leads inevitably to decay. All strong, successful life must rest upon a basis of moral integrity. In the highest interests of the individual citizen the destructive forces of immorality must be overcome. This can only be accomplished through the influence of religion. Home Mission work is, therefore, the most effective police force.

A religious enterprise, its purpose, to sanctify. For immortals, religion is the matter of supreme importance. A man is at his best only when religious considerations dominate him.

God's chief concern for men is a spiritual one; and His "heart's desire" for them "is that they might be saved." All His arrangements have this one great end in view. In His judgement, no other work can compare with that of proclaiming to sinful men the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and encouraging them to struggle not only with the grosser forms of vice but also with selfishness, uncharitableness and hard-hearted worldliness.

The whole energy of omnipotent love is concentrated upon the task of winning men from the power of sin and building them up through faith unto holiness of heart and life. In its highest aspect, therefore, Home Mission work is the work of God.

4. The Results.

For the individual. Hard hearts softened and lonely hearts cheered and comforted. Tender, sacred memories of the past awakened, and new aspirations after better things aroused. Fresh courage imparted to men to struggle on against the pollutions of sin in places "where Satan's seat is;" and ruined lives made whole and strong through the saving grace of Him who is "the life indeed."

For the nation. Vice rebuked and virtue encouraged in places where vice is easy and virtue difficult. Loftier standards of personal integrity and higher ideals of public duty kept before the notice of all our rapidly growing communities. The enduring elements of truth and honour and righteousness and the fear of God wrought, day by day, into the steadily uprising frame work of our Canadian nationality.

For the Church. Forty years ago the Church had no work north of the Presbytery of Barrie. To-day we have, in New Ontario, the two large Home Mission Presbyteries of North Bay and Algoma, containing 12 self-sustaining congregations, 13 augmented charges and 63 mission fields!

As the result of the efforts of the last 46 years the blue banner of Presbyterianism is now visible at 1,567 points west of lake Superior! How much it means to the Church itself to have established in that vast, new land, with all its inspiring possibilities, 191 self-sustaining congregations, 87 augmented charges, and 410 mission fields! In what department of missionary enterprise can any church of any country produce such a record?

5. The Money.

The Home Mission revenue last year was \$102,450. The estimated expenditure for this year is \$186,000.

Is this too large a sum to expect from such a Church as ours, at such a critical juncture in our national career, for the prosecution of such an all important work?

It is not the sight of our sinful heart that humbles us; it is a sight of Jesus Christ. "I am undone for mine eyes have seen the King."—Andrew Bonar.

WHAT AUGMENTATION IS.

Of this department of our work Dr. E. D. McLaren, writes:—

Home Missions and Augmentation are only two departments of the one work. Home Mission Fields are Augmented Charges in embryo; Augmented Charges are Home Mission Fields in an advanced stage; and both Home Mission Fields and Augmented Charges are the raw material out of which self-sustaining congregations are manufactured.

Every argument in favor of the prosecution of Home Mission work applies with equal force to the work of the Augmentation Committee. Inadequate support of Augmented Charges must, in the long run, prove fatal to Home Mission effort.

Extending, as our Western field does, from the Eastern boundary of Quebec to the Western confines of British Columbia and the Yukon, the work necessarily presents a great diversity of features, and the problems that confront the Church in this vast stretch of territory are numerous and perplexing. Upon the right solution of these problems the whole future both of the country and of the Church depends.

The small communities of Protestants in the Province of Quebec must be assisted in maintaining the pure doctrine and the simple worship of the Evangelical Church.

The sparsely settled districts of the older portions of Ontario and the rapidly growing districts of Algoma and Temiskaming must not be overlooked amid the clamant needs and splendid opportunities of the great North-West.

Upon the vast tide of Anglo-Saxon immigration pouring into Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the Church must lay the hand of moral influence and gracious spiritual uplift.

The hundreds of thousands of aliens who are so rapidly coming into the enjoyment of all the rights of Canadian citizenship must be imbued with Canadian ideas and brought under the power of gospel truth; and in view of the existence of the Mormon colony in Southern Alberta, it is imperative that the "gentiles" living there be supplied with the public means of grace, not only for their own spiritual good but also as a protest against the errors of the Mormon Church.

During the past year twenty-eight Mission Fields were raised to the status of Augmented Charges, and eleven other Mission Fields, along with twenty-three Augmented Charges became self-sustaining congregations.

At their annual meetings in March last, the two Committees had to make provision for 585 Mission Fields and 191 Augmented Charges, distributed as follows:

Missions Augmented		
	Fields	Charges.
Quebec	35	14
Old Ontario	77	77
New Ontario	63	13
Manitoba	103	21
Saskatchewan	153	21
Alberta	102	23
British Columbia	52	22

The 32 Years Progress in the West.

	1876	1908
Synods	0	4
Presbyteries	1	28
Augmented Charges	0	87
Self-sustaining Congregations	2	191
Mission Fields	12	410
Total Contributions	\$6,725	\$858,460

The estimated expenditure for the current year for Home Missions is \$186,000, and for Augmentation \$46,000. These amounts exceed last year's revenues of the two Committees by \$23,000 and \$7,000 respectively.

Shining will cost me something. All light means an expenditure of force. Both fat and wick must be consumed in burning. But can I grudge the expenditure? Must I not rather glory in it, when, in proportion as I am expended in his service, I am myself transfigured by the flame that consumes?—Rev. G. H. Knight.

One of the noteworthy summer gatherings of the world has been held in Berlin. It was a convocation of European Baptists. More than one thousand delegates were in attendance, representing almost every country of Europe. The steady growth of the Protestant Church is one of the encouraging signs of the religious life of Europe. Freedom of thought means always power.—Ex.

Our Foreign Missions

NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

Review of the past year.

At its recent Annual Meeting on the island of Tangoa, the New Hebrides Mission Synod adopted the following as its deliverance on the reports of stations for the past year:—

The dominant note of the reports this year is one of progress. There have been many discouragements and encouragements, but the latter decidedly preponderate.

Specially significant is the fact that the reports from some of the older mission stations where stress and conflict have been the order of the day, are this year full of hope and promise.

From Erromanga comes the encouraging news that during the last twelve months the work has been more hopeful and encouraging than for many years previously.

But from no island in the Group are the reports more encouraging than from Tanna, an island which has so long and so stubbornly resisted the advance of the Christian religion. In the Port Resolution and Kwamera district, where for thirty-eight years Mr. Watt has been fighting an uphill battle, he reports that the past year has been the most fruitful in the history of his work. In the number of baptisms, in the readiness of the people to conform to Christian customs, in the demand for books and in the erection of places of worship, we have evidence of the better state of things which now prevails.

One encouraging feature brought out from the reports is the steady progress made at stations where the missionaries were absent on furlough. The teachers have remained steadfast at their work, and the attendance at church and school has been well maintained. At Lenakel the work was not only sustained, but has progressed. During the absence of the missionary, the people worked in relays in preparing the site for the extension of the church building. At Port Resolution, South West Bay, Hog Harbour, and Paama,

the work also went steadily forward in the absence of the missionaries.

Since last Synod the New Hebrides Convention has been proclaimed.* Reports from several mission stations bear evidence to the beneficial influence it has already exercised. The drink curse, which threatened to ruin the work of the mission in several districts, has been effectively curtailed. In some districts the sale of grog has almost ceased, while in others it has greatly diminished.

At Ambrim and at Hog Harbour, where murders were committed, the Government interference has had a salutary effect on the natives of the district. The arrest of the murderers came as a surprise to the people, but has given them to understand that the Government stands for law and order.

On Tanna, to which the British Resident paid a visit in April, confidence in the Government has been established, and the assurance of peace has given a feeling of security to the whole island.

The publication of the Nguna-Efate Old Testament marks an important event in the history of the Mission. Its completion brings to a successful issue the labours of a lifetime—the work of translation having covered a period of twenty-five years. The placing of the Old Testament in the hands of the people of the central Islands confers a signal benefit upon them, and upon succeeding generations, and must carry with it far-reaching results. The publication of the Nguna-Efate Old Testament, coming as it does after a lifetime of service, forms a fitting crown to the labours of the devoted missionaries of Efate and Nguna.

The reports from the larger northern islands, especially Malekula, bear evidence of a rapidly decreasing population. The prevalence of epidemics, and the inroads of

*An agreement between the British and French Governments by which a resident Commissioner from each is appointed to the group, and law and order enforced where previously there was no authority except the native chiefs and these could not control ill-disposed foreigners.

disease, have told heavily on the people. The death roll among the heathen has been heavy, more heavy, indeed, than among the worshipping party. In contrast to this, it is gratifying to note that the population of Christian districts on Tanna and on several other islands has of late shown no signs of decrease.

A number of weatherboard schools have been erected at several mission stations, at the expense of the native churches.

Synod feels that it has reason to thank God for the steady and hopeful progress that has been made throughout the year.

The Synod also adopted the following as a minute for presentation to the Resident Commissioners:

"To the Resident Commissioners of the New Hebrides, resident at Vila.

"Sirs,—We, the members of the Presbyterian Mission of the New Hebrides, representing Churches in Great Britain, Canada, New Zealand, and the Commonwealth of Australia, in Synod assembled, desire to take this the earliest opportunity of expressing our gratification at the establishment of a settled form of government in these Islands.

"Synod in past years has urged upon the authorities the desirability of terminating the chaotic state of things, and of doing something for the maintenance of law and order. We beg to assure you that, as a Synod and as individuals, we now welcome the Convention as a step in this direction, and will so far as is consistent with our Christian profession and our duties as missionaries, do our utmost to uphold you in the discharge of your especially difficult duties.

"We beg to congratulate you on the measure of success that has already attended your work since the proclamation of the Convention, notably in the suppression of the drink traffic."

Copy of this minute to be sent to H. B. M. Resident Commissioner, and through him to the French Resident Commissioner.

MISSION HOSPITALS NEEDED.

One of the great needs of our mission fields, especially in India and China, Formosa, and also in Korea, is hospitals, where the sick can be kept for a few days, while receiving medical care, and where they can get religious instruction at a time when they are specially open to its influences.

The need is not for extensive structures, but for simple, plain buildings, that will give fitting shelter. Formosa is pleading for a hospital, Honan needs two or three.

and India one or two more. There are wealthy men and women in our church that could erect no more fitting monument than a hospital, named after a departed friend. It would bring health and healing to multitudes who would bless the memory of the one for whom it was named.

The following is from Dr. Margaret MacKellar regarding a request from the Mission Council in India to the F. M. C. and W. F. M. B., and this is but one of several that are badly needed:—

Seven years ago the pressing need of a place wherein to nurse sick women and children compelled me to fit up as a temporary hospital an old building on our compound used by former occupants of our bungalow as an office. The place was made "Zenana" by a six foot wall of solid masonry, along one side of which were built six rooms 10x12 feet.

In three of these rooms, the Hospital staff of matron, nurses, servants all Christian, and food store-room are accommodated, while the other three are used as wards for special cases.

The above improvements, made six years ago, cost only 1,000 rupees, 333 dollars, so that we have had more than the worth of them even if we were not going to make use of this old place after we get a new building.

The work has been carried on under great inconvenience to the different physicians, who were in charge from time to time, and with much more labor than if we had a properly equipped building.

Had we only the population of Neemuch to supply us with patients we would not require very much more room, but it is because this is such a convenient centre for a thickly populated area of hundreds of miles of surrounding country that we are asking for a Hospital.

You will remember our oft-repeated assertion that there are three hundred and thirty-three villages within twelve miles of Neemuch.

I have before me a map of India and have drawn a circle with Neemuch as the centre; the circumference touches Aymer, one hundred and fifty miles to the North, and Indore one hundred and fifty miles to the South at which cities there are hospitals for women.

There is not one hospital for women within the area inclosed by my circle, nor within hundreds of miles in some directions outside of it with the exception of the native State Hospital, in Jaura, sixty two miles from here, and which, through mismanagement, is not accomplishing the purpose for which it was built.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY REV. J. FRAZER CAMPBELL.

Rutlam, Central India,
14 August, 1908.

Dear Record,—

Last Friday I went to the neighbouring city of Jaora, where we have long had a sub-station and some little fruit, and where a missionary family would have been welcomed years ago, or a lady doctor and another lady missionary, if we could have provided them. At home most people travel first class, but in India we are so careful of our expenditure that missionaries generally travel either second or third.

I mention this simply because I lately saw an account of a missionary's journey by third class which seemed fitted to suggest to people at home that it was something uncommon. This time I travelled second. The odours in a fairly full third class are not easily described.

In Jaora I expected to meet three men from a village some distance beyond who had asked for baptism and made an appointment to meet me that day for examination, etc.; but they did not appear, and thus seem to have shown themselves not yet fit.

On the one hand it is possible for people to ask for baptism from unworthy motives, and we have to be on our guard against that; on the other hand, many really wish to be Christians, but cannot face what it would involve of social and domestic trouble and financial loss amounting even to distress.

A Mohammedan gentleman at this very time came to me and spent a long time in earnest conversation in which he so expressed himself that at last I said to him that when these were his sentiments I wondered that he did not become a Christian. His reply was there are many who are held back by their families, and who if they were to talk thus in their homes would be turned out of doors by their wives. •

Similarly, a braham pundit lately said to me here, as others have said before, that the fruits of our work are not at all to be measured by the numbers baptized, but are to be seen in the changed sentiments which prevail not only with regard to Christ, but also on morals generally against lying, against bribery, and so on.

One of the questions asked by the Mohammedan gentleman was why it is that Christianity produces so high a type of character as compared with other religions. Two cotton-ginning mills were in view, and I replied that if I found one turning out plenty of work and the other not, and yet that the engines were much alike, I should look further and I should find that one had a big fire beneath, and the other had not. So, other religions have similar codes—they agree in saying not to lie or steal, etc.—but they lack the power which can constrain men; only the heart belief of the wonderful truth that God loves, loves us sinners, loves the world, loves so that He gave His only begotten Son to save us from sin, makes the fire of love to God and man which provides the needed power.

By the midnight train I went to Mhow on mission business, and then to Indore on the same, where I remained till Monday.

There I visited, on what I fear is his death-bed, another Jaora man, one of the very best Mohammedans I have met. Many call him a Christian, I hear, and if he is not so in heart he is at least greatly influenced by Christian thought and sentiment. From others I hear that he has lately given to the Aligarh College, which the stricter Mohammedans regard as either infidel or Christian, what will bring it an annual sum of some \$1,200 or \$1,500. Pray that he may really apprehend the precious gospel truth to which he has at least attentively listened.

OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

LETTER FROM DR. JESSIE MACBEAN.

In a recent letter to Dr. R. P. MacKay, Dr. MacBean writes:—

Your nice good letter, which arrived some time ago, rejoiced our hearts because we feel that now we have a sympathetic friend at home who really understands some of the things about our work, a knowledge which can only come through personal contact.

We are remembering you, that you may be kept and blessed as you journey about seeking to inspire the Church with new zeal for the work in the regions beyond.

We have just passed through a novel experience for us, but a sad one for the Chinese, namely a flood. The river here generally overflows, but this year has been the worst flood known in many years. Our rains were late in coming but for three weeks of June it rained almost steadily. The river gradually rose higher and higher and at last overflowed. The MacKay's, McDonald's and our house were the only ones at the Customs Station that were not completely flooded. Our house happened to stand on ground a few inches higher than the rest and so only our kitchens and store-rooms were flooded, but we were surrounded by water and could only get out in a boat.

One day the men brought a boat to our door and we went for a row across the rice fields, where formerly we walked, and all that could be seen were the tops of mulberry-trees here and there and these were just covered with insects of all kinds trying to find refuge on the leaves.

The Chapel and Dispensary were two feet deep in water and when we wanted medicine Dr. MacDonald just took off shoes and stockings and waded in. The gentlemen found many excuses for going out the past few days, for you see they always had to take off stockings and shoes and wade, and they are all boys enough yet to enjoy such things.

A gentleman also went down to see Kongmoon City as soon as it was possible and the sights there were remarkable. It of course floods every year, being so low, and the people are in a way prepared. They build high platforms along the streets and do the same in the stores so that it is possible to do a little business. But in some of the streets this year they had boats for hire because the water was four and five feet deep.

We hear that farther up the river the flood was terrible, whole villages being swept away, and thousands of people drowned. The rice crop is of course completely destroyed and as a result of this the poor people will suffer terribly. Already relief is being sent in but there will not be nearly enough to make up for all that has been lost.

Our work has of course been stopped, to some extent, for the past three days, but

as soon as the water goes down we will be busy again.

Miss Dickson and I have just returned from a trip to Shek Ki where we had our usual busy but happy time. Miss Dickson was examining the children and was very well pleased indeed with their work. I was out to see a great many sick people, and spent the afternoon after we got home here putting up medicines to send back to them.

You will be pleased to know that there are now two Chinese women doctors over in Shek Ki. They are graduates of the Canton Medical College and are employed by a Chinese Benevolent Society to work among the poor. They have only been there a few months but are doing great work. I know them both. They are fine Christian girls, capable doctors, and will be a help and blessing to many people.

Mrs. and Mr. MacKay, with their little ones, go to-morrow to Macao. Am so glad that they are getting away, as the damp heat which we are having now since the flood is very unhealthy and most trying.

The MacDonalds and we two girls, perhaps Miss McLean too, expect to be here till the end of July. Next week Miss Dickson and I go down to Pi Toz for the closing of our school there and that will be the last of our country trips for this summer, I think, because it is anything but pleasant on country junks this hot weather. The odors are almost unbearable in the cold weather, just now they are indescribable.

I am looking forward with great joy to next Fall and Winter's work. Every thing seems most promising. I am so glad we are working for the God who is able to do all things and Who never makes mistakes. May we be kept in such close touch with Him that we may not mar His perfect work by our mistakes.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Premier of Cape Colony, made a speech during his stay in London on the observance of the Lord's Day. He expressed his firm conviction that no man could really prosper or live to old age who failed to observe the weekly day of rest, and that no country would ever be prosperous where there was Sunday trading or Sunday excursions for pleasure.

IMMEDIATE NEEDS IN HONAN

Appeal from our Missionaries.

To the Ministers and people of the Presbyterian Church in Canada:—

We desire to address you regarding the needs of our work, and the opportunities for service in the part of China for which you as a church are responsible.

It is only twenty years since our first missionaries set foot in China. These two decades have witnessed many and important changes. Then Honan was reached by a three weeks' journey from the coast by boat; now we come in by rail in two days.

In those days the people were so hostile that it was almost impossible to rent property for any purpose; and the foulest stories were circulated about the missionary and his work.

Then there was not a single Protestant Christian; to-day there is a Christian community of two thousand.

Then it was only at infrequent intervals that persons had the courage to apply to the foreign doctor for assistance; to-day our three hospitals are overcrowded with patients, and the strength of our doctors is unequal to the task of caring for them.

School work, begun but recently, has met with such an eager response that applications for admission have kept in advance of the accommodation we could provide.

Even ten years ago it was with difficulty that the foothold secured could be maintained; now the opportunity is so great that the present staff is quite unable to meet it, and nothing less than an immediate and very large addition to our numbers and equipment will enable us to successfully prosecute our work.

The favourable conditions for undertaking work on a larger scale than before led Presbytery at its meeting in June to make a special request of the home church and to take the unusual step of addressing you directly. It is significant that when doors of opportunity are opening in the mission fields abroad, there is a rising tide of missionary interest in the churches at home. The call for putting forth special effort was never stronger than at present, and as

the spokesmen for the seven millions of Chinese committed to your care and to ours, we respectfully make an appeal:—first,—for more workers:—second,—for increased equipment.

1. Evangelistic Workers.

The Canadian Presbyterian Mission has for its field the triangular corner of Honan cut off on the south by the Yellow River, and on the east and west by the Provinces Chi-li and Shan-Hsi. This is a compact and populous region 175 miles from north to south, and 185 miles from east to west, with an estimated population of 8,000,000.

It is made accessible by two railways, the Peking-Hankow line bisecting it north and south, and the Peking Syndicate line running east and west. All this region has, by the consent of the missionary bodies working in China, been left to the care of our Church. Thus there are depending on you and us a greater number of people than there are in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

The territory to be covered in evangelistic tours is comparatively small and easy of access, no part of it being more than two or three days' cart-journey from some one of the central stations.

To what extent is the evangelization of this territory being accomplished? There are three centres from which work is now being carried on,—Changte in the north, Wei-Hwei in the centre, and Hwai-King in the west. Another station, Tao-Kou, is to be opened this fall. We hope also as soon as men are available to open Wu-An, the centre of a wealthy district north of Changte.

Including one member home on sick leave and two who have not completed the prescribed course of language study, the evangelistic staff numbers twelve. The request is that next year this number be increased by three.

It may be well from the outset to have a clear understanding regarding our ideals for evangelistic work. Is it that we expect to receive from home a sufficient number of men to personally reach every village and town in North Honan? No, this would not be desirable even if it were possible.

There is another agency to which we must look for the accomplishment of this work, the native ministry.

To give an example:—One of our best preachers is a Mr. Wei. He was originally a maker and seller of mats and the pursuit of his trade took him to many of the villages in the country surrounding his home. After becoming a Christian, wherever he went he unceasingly commended the Gospel to everyone who was willing to listen. To this man's faithful testimony the interest of some sixty persons now enrolled as church members is traceable.

In evangelistic tours the missionary is always accompanied by two or three helpers, sometimes by a small company of them. In this way, as teacher, supervisor and leader he is able to multiply himself many times. Because of the potentialities of this force there is hope of realizing the ideal, "to every creature."

To augment the evangelistic staff, the church is asked for three men; to meet our immediate needs. Is it a large request? North Honan has altogether twenty-four counties, with an average population of 300,000 each. Would one evangelist for each county be a large staff? If you sent us men on that basis you would send us fifteen instead of three.

The Canadian Methodists in West China a few years ago asked for seventy-two men to man their field, and since that they have received reinforcements at the rate of ten or twelve a year, so that they are now well upon the way to having their request fulfilled. It would be a great joy to us and to the Chinese Christians to know that the Presbyterian Church was grappling with the problem of the evangelization of Honan with equal enthusiasm.

2. Medical Men.

We have five medical men, including two who have not finished their language study, and one who is home on furlough. There is a hospital at each of the three main centres. Native surgery and medical practice are so crude and primitive that we need scarcely take account of them at all. Thus our hospitals are the only places in all this district where the people can come and receive modern medical or surgical treatment.

It is no uncommon thing for those who are able to walk to come fifty or sixty miles and those who can afford means of conveyance come even greater distances. So great has the work become that it quite overtaxes the strength of our physicians. Last year there were approximately 55,000 treatments and 900 operations. At Chang-te in a single afternoon there have been as many as 300 patients treated in the dispensary, to say nothing of the operations in the morning.

No sane man would work a good horse as hard as our medical men have been worked. At each station there should be two male physicians. To allow for furlough one extra is needed. We therefore urge that two medical men be sent out as soon as possible.

3. Educational Workers.

It has been our aim from the first to provide for the education of the children of Christians. Accordingly, as the Church increased, primary schools for the education of boys and girls have been established at the central stations and in some of the outlying districts. To these only Christian children or the children of Christians are admitted. In the boarding schools at the central stations the mission provides teacher, building, and current expenses, the parents providing food and clothing and books. So far only one man has been set apart for educational work. In all but the High School at Wei-Hwei the teaching is done by Chinese teachers under the supervision of one of the missionaries.

The schools have proved successful beyond expectation, and now a stage has been reached when primary education is not sufficient. There are boys who have been in attendance for four or five years and have completed the course prescribed. This has necessitated the calling into existence of a High School. But in a few years the number of pupils graduating from the primary schools will make it necessary to have more than one man devoting his time to higher education, and in order to give these time to study the language, Presbyterian asks that now three men for educational work be sent out.

What kind of men are wanted? Believing that the theological colleges can-

not supply all the men that are needed, and believing that from among the young teachers at home there are many well fitted for educational work in China, Presbytery has adopted the principle of inviting laymen to assist us. But only those who have a true desire for the salvation of men, only those who have a genuine missionary purpose, only spiritually minded men, should think of taking up such work.

What is the purpose of the higher schools? First to provide teachers for the primary schools that are springing up in the Christian communities. For this reason the school at Wei-Hwei is both High and Normal. Second, we hope that from this school will come the young men who are to be the pastors and physicians in this part of the province. There are already at Peking and other distant centres, colleges for the teaching of Theology, Arts, and Medicine. Whether we should co-operate and send the graduates of our High Schools to these institutions or whether we should have a college of our own is left for the future development of the work to determine.

4. Lady Workers.

No matter how complete a mission may be in men, there will always remain a work that can be done by women only. Married women do no small share of work, but in addition others are required who are free to devote all their time to the service of the Chinese women and children. At present we have seven such workers, one engaged in educational, one in medical, and the others in evangelistic work. But such are the opportunities among the women that six more are asked for.

There are many Chinese women who would rather suffer illness than apply to a medical man for treatment. Social conditions in China are such that a lady doctor can have a closer and more thorough supervision of the patients in the wards than a man, and can therefore exercise an influence that no one else can. The experiment of the woman's hospital at Changte, under the care of Dr. Jean Dow, has been so successful that we feel that no one of our hospitals should be without a resident medical woman. We therefore ask for two lady doctors to take charge of the work

for women in connection with the Wei-Hwei and Hwaiking hospitals.

There is a large sphere of labor for lady evangelists. Conditions here render it difficult if not inadvisable for ladies to venture alone into new districts. The ladies' policy is to go only to places where they are invited. A man, for example, has become a Christian, and desires that the women of his family should hear the Gospel, so he asks the lady missionary to come to his home, and there receive and teach the women of the village. Or it may be that a woman has returned from the hospital where she has heard the Gospel, and soon after she sends an invitation to one of the ladies to come to her home and preach.

The present staff is altogether too small to respond to these invitations. There are now two single ladies at Changte, two at Hwaiking, and one at Wei-Hwei. The work among women and girls in each of these three cities is enough to engage the full time of one lady, to say nothing of the extensive work of itinerating. In view of the unrestricted opportunities for this form of Christian work, Presbytery asks for four new lady evangelists.

5. Treasurer.

In the past the keeping of accounts and the superintending of building operations have been done by those engaged in regular mission work. As the doctors are the only ones of our numbers who reside permanently at the stations this work has largely fallen to them. Bookkeeping in China, on account of the extremely confused state of the monetary system, is by no means as simple a matter as it is in Canada.

Our staff has increased considerably of late, and thus much extra labor has been imposed upon our general treasurer, Dr. McClure. To allow the doctors to devote themselves fully to their special duties of healing the sick, a man with a good business training is asked for, to take the treasurership, and to have charge of building operations or other such miscellaneous work as always arise in connection with the establishment and carrying on of a large mission.

6. Equipment.

Without mentioning the buildings that will be required to house the new staff there is the absolute necessity of immediately enlarging our school and chapel accommodation, unless we are prepared to turn great numbers of children and worshippers away. The capacity of the Chang-te boys' school is nominally fifty. So many applications for admission were received, that by utilising spare corners of other buildings, room was made to squeeze in seventy-five, and many more were turned away. Changte station, therefore, asks that the present school accommodation for boys be doubled at a cost of \$1,000.

More extensive enlargements are asked for at Wei-Hwei.

First,—an addition of several rooms for dormitories is required in the boys' school. This will require the sum of \$250. A building for class rooms for the girls' school is urgently required, the estimated cost of which is \$600.

Second,—our High School has been carried on for the last year in a rented building on the busiest street in the city, more than a mile away from the mission premises. Because of the many temptations that beset the pupils on the streets, because there is no place for play ground, and because of the impossibility of close oversight by the missionary in charge, the situation is far from desirable. Further, the buildings are unsuitable, are in an unhealthy location, and will shortly be overcrowded.

Accordingly the mission asks that a piece of ground adjacent to the mission premises be purchased, and that thereon a school building with three class rooms and dormitories for sixty students be erected. The estimated cost of land and buildings is \$3,500.

Third,—at Wei-Hwei the dispensary chapel has been the regular place for worship, but for the last two years this place has been far too small for our ordinary needs, and almost every Sabbath numbers who wish to come to church are unable to get in. By dint of excessive crowding of benches, by setting the school children on the pulpit platform, by the missionaries

(all but the preacher) staying away from the services so as to make room for others, we have done the best we could to make accommodation. But it is sad to think of so many being often turned away. The present needs, to say nothing of future expansion, make the immediate erection of a large church an absolute necessity. For this purpose \$3,000 is asked for.

The foregoing is a statement of the needs of our mission in workers and equipment for next year. Ten years ago such a request could not have been made even if the home church had been willing to respond. China's gaze was then backwards, but,—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

and now the eyes of the young men and women of China are towards the West. They have faith in the West and in western institutions. Now the doors are wide open to receive every form of Christian activity that the home church can put forth. The extension of the kingdom of God in Honan for the next ten years will be measured only by the degree of consecration to Christ and His service which you and we manifest.

This statement of our needs addresses itself to two classes: First, to those who have the money to support this undertaking. The greatest task that has ever been set before the Church of Jesus Christ faces us, the evangelization of China, and in the field for which we are responsible we must meet it with a broad and statesmanlike policy. The sending of an additional preacher or two now and again is not sufficient. The physical, intellectual and spiritual welfare of the eight millions of people in Honan are in the keeping of the members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. You now have the opportunity of sending messengers of the cross to more fully equip and develop those institutions upon which the success of Christianity in these parts so largely depends. It has been the policy of the mission to economise in the spending of money in every possible way, but now economy beyond a certain point means starvation.

We cannot tell what the attitude of the government in the future may be; we cannot tell what hindrances may be placed in

the way of Christianity, or under what disabilities missionaries may have to labor, but this we do know, that NOW there is the unprecedented opportunity of winning for Jesus Christ the oldest and largest homogeneous nation that the world has ever seen.

Secondly we address ourselves to those whose age and training fit them for personal service in the field. Every true disciple looks to Jesus Christ as Lord and Master in his life. The foreign mission enterprise has been undertaken at Christ's command. Its aim is to realize the purpose of Christ in His life and in His death. Its accomplishment is His reward. "The Son of man is as a man taking a journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work." Has not the Lord assigned to some of you who read this letter a place in Honan to preach the Gospel, or heal the sick, or teach the young?

Our oldest and most experienced workers testify that the Honanese respond to the best that we can give them. Already with the limited opportunities afforded, there are preachers and teachers and medical assistants of whom we have no reason to be ashamed. An opportunity is now given to young men and women who have received the best that the home land can give them, to extend the same to the men and women of Honan. In mission work ample scope is afforded for the exercise of all a person's capacities and gifts. There is a great variety of work, and many kinds of workers are needed, preachers, physicians, teachers, a business man, lady doctors and evangelists.

Our requests may seem large, but surely they are not larger than the need as it appeals to the mind and heart of Christ. Long ago while on a missionary tour he voiced the need in the words, "The harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers into His harvest."

"Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: That whatsoever ye

shall ask the Father in My name he may give it you."

Signed on behalf of the Presbytery

Murdoch MacKenzie

Arthur W. Lochead

Andrew Thompson.

AMKHUT, INDIA.

Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., writes.

We rejoiced greatly when Mr. K. G. MacKay, graduate of the Agricultural College, Guelph, volunteered and was appointed to the Bhil work. His kindly disposition seemed to draw the Bhil Christians toward him. His work in a rough jungle Bhil country among wild undisciplined Bhils will be a difficult task but one at which angels and good men shall rejoice.

During the year eighty-nine have been baptized, forty-four adults and forty-five minors. Of these sixty-three were from heathenism, and twenty-six the children of Christian parents. There was a steady stream during the year but when the rains ceased there was a sudden check as the minds of the people seemed to be diverted from the needs of the soul to those of the body.

I had intended after the struggle of the cold and hot season to go away during the rains for a bit of a rest. During the rains, people are generally so busy with farming that from the mission point of view this is generally the slack time. This year it was the opposite so I have not got any rest at the hills since my return from Canada. We rejoice when we are kept by the coming in of the people to Christ.

In addition to the Orphanage School for boys and girls, there is a very interesting little school of Bhil Christian children who are day pupils coming in to the bungalow verandah from the simple tapri homes. There are twenty-one of these. At Sardi there is also a small school of such children and there has been at Mendha also a few such children taught.

Bible Training.

The Bible Training School for Bhil Christians was attended by about sixty persons this year at Toran Mal. All of whom were self supporting, working with their hands a part of each day to earn their food. The

Presbytery agreed to recognize the work done in former years in these classes as preparation of the Bhil Christians for the Ministry.

The Subjects taken up this year were:—

1. Genesis.
2. Acts 1-16.
3. Shorter Catechism 1-26.
4. "Yeshu ki katha," Life of Christ.
5. "Dharm Tula" Weighing of Religions.
6. The Sunday School lessons for the year.
7. A hand trade, carpentry, masonry, sawing, &c.

Strong Drink.

Strong drink associated with devil worship has a fearful hold on the Bhil country. Christians are not supposed to drink and are pledged at the time of baptism not to be drunken; still from time to time the old habit reasserts itself. When a Bhil gets drunk he becomes for the time a maharajah and is apt to disregard the property and family of his neighbour.

Evangelistic Work.

The methods of doing evangelistic work has become very personal and individual. The markets are visited from time to time with a zealous band of Bhil Christians, who make the market ring with their preaching and singing. Still more and more we feel that it is the man to man struggle that counts. In the house the man is visited and dealt with along the lines of personal sin and personal need.

Revival.

A revival among the Christians led to much humiliation for us all. The form the revival has taken this last three years is Wales, Assam, Kassia Hills, the Punjab and in Korea is the same form that God choose to visit us with, viz. convicting and public confession of all past known sin. Many going back to the days of their childhood.

The conscience, enlightened by God's Holy Spirit, discovered and brought to view what a whole regiment of Police could never have unearthed. There has been great heart searching. A young man or woman would make a confession of some sins, then a day or two after more would be revealed. and then when thrown down in agony and shame they told it all before the

congregation and cried for pardon to the God they had sinned against, and were borne up in sympathy and prayer by all who had had a like experience.

Women's Work in the Bhil Country.

Mrs. Buchanan conducts and personally teaches her large class of Bhil Christian women who meet in the middle of the day. These women are thoroughly drilled on the S.S. lessons year by year which is thus taking them over the Bible. Every day the S.S. lessons are taught, reviewed and explained till quite a number even of those who can't read are able to give the entire lessons for six months, golden texts and all. This means much in the way of intelligent Christian homes.

Mrs. Buchanan also superintends the girl's orphanage and teaches the girls herself for sometime every day. Goribal, a Bhil girl from Miss Campbell's School, has married one of our lads and is a great help in teaching and looking after the girls.

Medical work also takes a good deal of time and is much used to help the people. Two medicine almirahs stand in the bungalow verandah, and men, women and children come for medicine at all hours, rather in a family way than as a public dispensary. The number of patients is not large but the relationship is wider.

Ruth has her S.S. class and has full control of the girls Christian Endeavour which meets on Sundays. She also helps in training the girls to sing. In addition to that she has a great influence on the girls, sometimes helping them in their mathematics or organizing sewing bees to make something as gifts to others. Much is due to the unconscious teaching of a girl of about their own age whom they respect and who sincerely loves them.

Mrs. Smith in Mendha has also taken a deep interest in the women, teaching them and giving their medicine as she has had some training in medicine. Her kindly disposition and gentle manner makes her influence to be very valuable among the Bhil Christian women.

In a very prominent missionary book a writer says: "Would that God would speak in these last days to the church, etc., etc.," and a missionary reading this one day drew a pencil line from it down to the foot margin and wrote: "God has already spoken, would that the church would hear!"

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackay of Formosa.
May.—Mackenzie of Korea.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congtn. a Miss'y. Organization.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

DR. LUCINDA GRAHAM.

First Medical Missionary Woman of our Church to Honan, China.

By REV. W. J. BOOTH, GOBLES, ONT.

Dr. Lucinda Graham was designated as a medical missionary of our Church, to Honan, China, in Westminster Church, Toronto, Sept. 1st, 1892, and died of Asiatic Cholera at Tientsin Oct. 12th, 1894, just a little less than two years after her arrival in China.

"To what purpose is this waste?" was the question asked in indignation by the disciples of our Lord when they saw the woman break the box of very precious ointment and pour it on His head. To their shortsighted vision it seemed improvident, a pure waste, thorough extravagance, because they failed to understand the motive which prompted the deed, a deed which later called forth the Master's approval: "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. She did it for my burial."

And sometimes to-day we hear the same expression of surprise, if not of indignation. There are those who protest against the sacrifice of so many young and promising lives upon the altar of service in heathen lands. They say, might not the same lives

and the same talents be spent to much better purpose in Christian work at home?

But do they not fail to understand the motive of those noble souls who have gone forth at the Master's call? Do they not misapprehend our Lord's last command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," as binding upon the Church to the end of the Gospel age? Is not sacrifice the very essence of the Gospel—the breaking of the alabaster box of His own life for the lives of others.

And is it not in this very fact that we find the grandest of all arguments for missions, that they both demand and develop the highest kind of self-sacrifice. It is one of the works of a wordly mind, that it fails to appreciate the spiritual value and motives of mission work. One of the objections raised to missions is, that commercially and selfishly they do not pay. Yet, in the sight of God that is the one great reason for them, and hence calls forth the nobler and more godlike principles within us.

Dr. Lucinda Graham, the heroine of this sketch, was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graham of Toronto. She was also the second daughter which these godly parents had willingly given to the work in China, for the home was ever the centre of a strong religious influence of which mission work occupied a prominent place.

Dr. Graham was born near the town of Alliston, in the County of Simcoe, Ont., 16th Dec., 1862. Her early years were spent in the village of Dundalk and subsequently when about twenty years of age, she went with the family to Toronto. There she pursued her studies at the Collegiate and Normal School.

After spending one year in the teaching profession she entered the Medical College for women in the fall of 1888. This had been her great desire for some years, perhaps entertaining the hope that some day she might heal the sick and wounded in some heathen land, and thus have the greater opportunity of leading them to the physician of souls. In 1891 she received her

graduation diploma with distinction, and for a short time she practised in Toronto with Dr. Ross in a public dispensary.

During the College Course, Dr. Graham had been asked by the Foreign Mission Committee of our Church, if she would be willing to undertake mission work in India. To this field she would have gladly gone and her parents gave their willing consent. But the time was not yet. Her constitution was not considered by the Medical Board strong enough for such a trying climate. This was a great disappointment, yet she still entertained the hope that some day she might be privileged to tell of Christ's love to benighted souls in some far-off land.

Her active Christian life at home was a daily preparation for what afterwards appeared to be her life-work. In connection with Westminster Church for eight years she laboured with great zeal and loving devotion. As a member of the church, as a teacher in the Sabbath school, as president of the Christian Endeavor society for one year, and as a co-worker in city mission work she won for herself a high place in the esteem of all who knew her.

In disposition one has described her as "exceptionally bright, and as having a gentle Christian spirit which showed itself from tenderest years." Another said of her: "No one could touch her in happy dispositions; her merry laughter kept the duller of us in good humor, and with all she was ever a peace-maker."

Soon after graduation while Dr. Graham was practising medicine in Toronto, and while returning home one evening, the thought came to her: "My work is to be here, I will do what I can to support some one else in the foreign field." But, strange to say, on reaching home that evening a second message was awaiting her from the Foreign Mission Committee,—this time to work in China. The staff in Honan, especially Miss McIntosh, was greatly in need of a co-worker, and the Presbytery had sent home the appeal: "Send us another lady, preferably a physician." Her answer was decisive. "Yes, I am ready, if it is His will."

Arrangements were soon completed and on Sept. 1st, 1892, in Westminster Church, she was set apart as the first medical mis-

sionary woman to Honan. Her support was guaranteed by the Woman's Missionary Society, Montreal.

Not many who heard her last message to the Christian Endeavor society in Westminster church, will soon forget that it was taken from the thirty-third Chapter of Ezekiel, where there is such a solemn warning given to the watchman to be faithful and to warn everyone of their danger. Nor did she forget those whom she had left behind. With her Sabbath school class she kept up a close correspondence and did not rest satisfied until she felt all had given their hearts to the Saviour.

It should also be mentioned that her interest in the home Church never lessened. About one year before her death, Dr. Graham had sent home one-tenth of her income to be divided amongst the various Funds of the Church; to the Building Fund of the congregation, so much; to the ordinary revenue, so much; so much to the Home Mission and so much to the Foreign Mission work of the church; showing that she had taken an intelligent view of the outlay of the church and realized that, after all, the work is one.

It was not without deep feeling that she bade adieu to friends and loved ones at home, which may be seen entered in her diary of Sept. 5th. "How can I write the experience of to-day? Can it be possible that I have said good-bye to home and friends for six or seven years? What heaviness I felt the last few hours!" Yet little did she think that for the last time on earth had she looked into the faces of loved ones, and they into her's, and not again would they meet until on that shore where parting is unknown.

A few weeks' journey by land and sea in company with Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm and Rev. W. H. Grant for Honan, and Rev. and Mrs. Gould for Formosa, and she was in the land of her adoption. On reaching Tientsin, in company with Miss McIntosh she visited the graves of "Dr. McKenzie, Roberts and Gilmour and other worthy China missionaries," little thinking that within two brief years her own body would lie by their side.

On leaving Tientsin for her immediate sphere of labor, and while passing up the river, she writes, "Miss McIntosh gave me

my first lesson in Chinese from the first verse of the Gospel of St. John." She was soon studying under a Chinese teacher and her progress was very marked. Within the brief space of two years she was not only able "to read and speak with ease, but became a beautiful writer of Chinese characters, a difficult accomplishment," or, as her Chinese teacher put it, "She knew not a little." In her diary of June 17th, just eight months after her arrival in China, she records, "This morning I was able to conduct family worship in Chinese."

It was with great difficulty that a dispensary for a lady missionary was permanently secured at Hsin Chen, Dr. Graham's head-quarters. A medical missionary was viewed with even greater suspicion than any other. The Chinese believed certain stories that were being circulated, that these "foreign devils" had come to kidnap their children and use their eyes for medicine. When, at last, an old wine shop had been obtained as a dispensary, it was some months before the mandarin's edict of protection was declared. In the meantime the missionaries were living in nightly fear lest their property should be destroyed by the mob that had gathered round. All this had to be borne patiently until at last a permanent foothold was obtained.

In a circular letter addressed to friends 'Oct. 31, 1893, Dr. Graham writes: "The medical work at the station has always been very encouraging, at least, would be if we only had an hospital, where patients could be kept, while under treatment, so that they might receive daily instruction in the Gospel, but the feeling of the people is so strong that one dare not rent us any more ground. And yet for that same month of Oct. she records no less than 630 patients treated in the dispensary. Thus the work had been gaining a foothold, and while helping to remove disease from the body, who can tell how many she was able to point to the Great Physician? Not until the "books are opened" and every man's work shall be unfolded, shall we know how many.

Thus it would seem that a great field of usefulness was opening up before our late missionary. There had been much sickness during the spring and early summer of 1894 and many little children and sick ones were made to feel the touch of her loving

hand, prompted by a loving heart. But circumstances made it necessary for both Dr. Graham and Miss McIntosh to go to the coast. After spending six weeks at post-graduate work in Shanghai, Dr. Graham went for a rest to a place near Kobe, Japan.

It was on her return journey that she contracted her fatal sickness. Owing to the progress of the war between China and Japan it was thought advisable that the missionaries should remain at Tientsin for a time. It was here that the first symptoms of the disease were noticed and within eighteen hours all was over. She had passed away of Asiatic cholera, and the following day was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Tientsin, where the bodies of so many other noble missionaries lie.

Of our late devoted missionary, Dr. Murdock McKenzie of the Honan Mission, who was with her when she died, has written: "There was in her a beautiful blending of Christian gifts and graces which are indispensable in all great missionaries. She did much by her presence to brighten our lives. Jesus was very precious to her, and her faith in Him grew stronger every day."

And Dr. Smith also writes: "What impressed her fellow-workers most was her bright hopefulness amid the many discouragements and difficulties to be faced in that particular stage of Honan mission history. Hers was a rare combination of kindness and firmness, gentleness and strength, calmness and enthusiasm so necessary for such a life work."

May the study of such a life inspire us all! It was short, but we must ever remember, that with Him who directs all, it is quality not quantity that counts. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." We may not be able to go to China or to the heathen in any foreign land. We may not have the call to go. But we can all be missionaries. We can all breathe the spirit of the prayer which is set forth so fittingly in a poem found in our late missionary's diary:

"Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart

With boundless charity divine!

So shall I all my strength exert,

And love them with a zeal like Thine;

And lead them to Thy open side

The sheep for whom their shepherd died."

Life and Work.

CHRISTLIKENESS OUR GOAL.

By REV. DAVID GREGG, D.D., LL.D.

But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.—2 Cor : 3 : 18.

Christianity centres our hope of perfection, not in a system, but in a person. In this way it differs from all the schools of the world. In the schools of the world systems are taught, not persons; geometry, not Euclid; botany, not Linnaeus; astronomy, not Sir Isaac Newton.

Christianity introduces mankind to a person, a person who comprehends all truths, and who exhibits all virtues. This person both Paul and John exalt in the Scriptures before us. He is the great personality of the book. He is the one transcendent genius who walks in stately majesty the pages of the holy Gospel.

Genius on her loftiest height and in her highest mood never attempted to sketch such a portrait. His kingly character is unreached by the most eminent in human history, for He is more than human. He incarnates love and truth. He exemplifies righteousness. He is illustration and impulse and inspiration, in everything that is high and true and good. He is the brightness of God's "glory and the express image of his person."

Introducing Christ as the centre and embodiment of Christianity, Paul and his contemporaries say: "Christians, it is your right and privilege and possibility to be like Him. It is your goal to be His facsimile. As He is the express image and character of God, so you may be changed into His likeness until you become the express image of His character and the partaker of His divine nature. His manhood is so eager, so self-assertive, so active and re-active, so powerful in its appeal, that it assimilates all who come under His unlimited and unrestricted influence."

In unfolding the text which sets before us Christlikeness as our goal I wish in the briefest way to ask and answer these three questions:

1. What is Christlikeness?

2. Is Christlikeness a thing that can be actually attained?

3. How can we attain Christlikeness?

1. What Is Christlikeness.

I answer. It is the loss of self-likeness, first; and then, second, it is the possession of the characteristics and qualities of Christ.

Admit of an illustration. A beautiful statue once stood in the market-place of a certain Italian city. It was the statue of a Greek slave girl. The statue represented the little slave as well-dressed and tidy and handsome.

A ragged, unkempt, forlorn street girl of the city, coming across the statue in her idle rambles one day, was attracted and then captivated by the statue. She stopped and gazed at it in rapt admiration. She was entranced. She said to herself: "I may be like that. Something within tells me so." Moved by a strong impulse, she went home and washed her face, and combed her hair.

Another day when passing she stopped and looked at the statue again, and received a second inspiration. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended.

Each day she stopped and looked at the statue she found something to imitate in its beauties until she was a transformed child. She became another girl. She became like the statue. The statue's trimness and neatness and cleanliness and attractiveness became hers, and the possession of these characteristics upon the part of both statue and girl constituted likeness.

To be like Christ we must possess the qualities, and the attributes, and the moral tone, and the spiritual disposition, that belong to Him. Christlikeness consists in carefully noting what Christ did, and then going and doing the same. With a will like ours, with affections like ours, with a conscience like ours, the Master kept His will and affections and conscience true and right and loyal to God. If we are to be like Him we must do the same.

When we are like Him, we shall have a release from the power of sin. We shall be in harmony with our own nature. We shall excel in the practical application of morality. We shall be characterized by honesty of inquiry, and by fearlessness and manliness of thought. We shall be above the narrow and the technical.

We shall exalt inward conviction against and above outward forces. We shall stand

up for principle with an indomitable courage.

We shall conquer our dislikes. We shall hold out the olive-branch to those who have injured us. We shall exercise an all-forgiving love. We shall be marked by self-control.

We shall be an incarnation of the pure and the high and the good, by our characters making men ashamed of sin, teaching them that they need something which they have lost, and causing them dissatisfaction with everything cheap and vulgar. We shall be evangels in human life. We shall be in the twentieth century what Christ was in the first century and what He would be, were He living now.

Christlikeness means the possession of the same sympathies, the same thoughts, the same loves, and the same attitudes toward God and toward man, and the same unselfish and sacrificial type of life which Christ possessed. It is the putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new man. It is the little street girl after she has washed her face and hands and feet, and after she has thrown away her rags, and has incorporated into her life and appearance the essentials that go to make attractive and influential the statue that she admires.

2. Can Christlikeness Be Attained?

Facts are the best answer to this question. Men in the past have been like Christ, and men in the present are like Him.

Now this certainly is conclusive. He has reproduced Himself by His influence in the human world. The world has seen many changes wrought just in the way our text points out. Nothing could be more conclusive than this. See what the Christ has done. He has been the transforming power in the world.

Even Renan recognizes his power as an influence. He contrasts him with other prominent characters, and says that he alone among men carries in him a constant and continuous power. These are Renan's own words:

"Marcus Aurelius and his noble masters have had no lasting effect on the world. Marcus Aurelius left behind him delightful books, an execrable son, and a transitory world: but Jesus remains to humanity an inexhaustible source of moral regeneration. Marcus Aurelius left philosophy to the world as a heritage. But philosophy is not for the masses. They require sanctity. Jesus Christ gives the world sanctity."

This is the testimony of one who was not biased in favor of the Master.

The whole Christian era is a monument to the dominance of the influence of Jesus.

There has not been a single generation of this era in which He has not found a rebirth.

Stephen praying for his murderers, and with his dying breath forgiving them unasked—that is Jesus Christ over again.

Paul transformed from a persecutor to an apostle, exchanging hot anger for enthusiastic love, preaching, praying, beseeching, saving—that is Jesus Christ over again.

Peter crucified by the Roman government because of his loyalty to the truth—that is Jesus Christ over again.

Livingstone dying on his knees in equatorial Africa in the attempt to open a new continent to the gospel—that is Jesus Christ over again.

Henry Martyn, the pride of the English universities, burying himself among the heathen and dying of the plague at Tocat—that is Jesus Christ over again.

John Howard sailing on an infected ship from Constantinople to Venice in order that he might be put into the lazaretto, and thus get some clew to the mystery of the plague for the purpose of destroying its power—that is Jesus Christ over again.

There is a halo of glory about the thought that Jesus Christ is being reborn among men. But He is. He is born anew every day. There is at this hour a million-fold reduplication of Him in the world of humanity.

My fellow men, let me make a statement here relative to the likeness of Christ among men. I make my statement for the sake of emphasis. I make it to challenge your attention. It is this:—

There is so much of Jesus Christ in mankind, that is, in His disciples, that if we had only His disciples we could reconstruct His image out of them.

You know how we can construct the Christ out of the Book, and how satisfactory a person we get through such a construction. Just as satisfactory a person can we get by our construction of Christ out of the Christian lives and personalities that he has made by His influence, so much has He communicated of Himself to them, and so much are they like Him in their dispositions and ways.

An incident will make clear what I mean.

A child of a nobleman in Italy died, and left a vacant chair in the palace. His older brother, who was his constant playmate, was inconsolable. He thought that, if he could only see the little fellow's face once more, he could dry his own tears. Even a picture of that face would be a consolation. But, alas! there was no picture of the one who had gone. The child had never been photographed or painted.

The sorrowing brother went of his own accord to a noted artist in Florence, and begged him to paint the face of the dead brother.

"How can I?" asked the artist. "I never saw your brother."

Then the lad began to describe him.

"But," said the artist, "I cannot paint from description. I must have something more real."

This plan then occurred to the lad. He asked the artist to take him to a portrait-gallery. When there, he put his finger on one canvas, and said, "My brother had eyes like these." And on another, and said, "His cheeks were exactly like these." And on another, and said, "This was the shape and size of his head." And on another. "Here is his hair and the exact way he wore it."

And thus he picked out from that gallery of human faces, feature by feature, a face which was his brother's face; and the artist put the parts together with great skill, and made the canvas live. When his picture was finished, it was the lost boy true to life. All who saw it thought that it had been painted from life. Only those who knew its history knew that it had been gathered from a score of faces.

Even so, because of the likeness of Christians to Christ, in a like manner we can gather and construct Christ from His people, from Peter with his courage, from Paul with his fine thought, from James with his practical insight, from Mary with her spiritual intuitions, from His mother with her great faith, and from John with his superb love. When we see accurately, and study closely, these disciples, and try to account for them, their nobility, and their purity, and their power, and their grand life, we take knowledge of this fact, that they have been with Jesus. We see Jesus in them.

3. How Can We Attain Christlikeness?

I answer, Christlikeness is attained through fellowship with Christ.

Our character is made and fixed by the actual hopes and sentiments and purposes and motives that we cherish and admire.

But what are these admired hopes and sentiments, purposes and motives, and whence come they? They are the response which we give to the things amid which we live. They come from our fellowships.

This is a general principle; namely, we are changed into the likeness of that with which we are most intimately associated. This principle is universally true, and finds a thousand demonstrations.

It is true with things as well as with men. A piece of steel kept near to a magnet soon becomes magnetic. An iron bar thrust into the midst of the glowing coals

of the smithy soon becomes heated right down to its black and obstinate core; and then its outer skin glows and sparkles and scintillates with a glory that is not surpassed by the fire of the forge itself,

The flowers of the garden fellowship with the beams of the sun, and by and by they put on every one of them garments of gold and crimson and blue and purple, vestments woven by the marvellous loom of nature out of the beauties of the sun-beam.

A cloud nestles and cradles itself near to the setting sun, and the sun drenches it and saturates it with fire. When this is done, then its cold heart burns, and all its wreaths of vapor are brightness itself palpable and glorified. The principle is universally true; we are changed into the likeness of that with which we are most intimately associated.

Man is no exception to this rule. He is as susceptible to his surroundings as flowers and clouds are to theirs. The man of the world becomes more and more uncharitable and hard. The world sets it super-scription and imprimatur upon him. He who responds to the calls of pleasure becomes a sensualist, much as he may hate and loathe the sensualist.

These are dark illustrations. But there are opposite and bright illustrations. The man who lives with Christ becomes Christ-like. Christ's very life pours itself into him, and works itself out through him in a spiritual character and in a holy personality. Christ's thoughts, these are life. Christ's feelings, these are life. Christ's purposes, these are life. Christ's ambitions, these are life. Christ's loves, these are life. Now, these fill and possess the man that fellowships with Christ.

The divine Book teaches us that if we get into a right attitude toward Christ, so that we can behold Him in a way as to reflect Him, we become like Him. The effect of this beholding and reflecting is assimilation.

This is true in the association of the child and its father. The child grows up beside the father whom he respects and loves, and unconsciously he reflects a thousand attitudes and looks and ways of the father. And what is the result? This: these ways and attitudes and looks are not only reflected, but they gradually become the child's own. The child is changed into the same image. He passes, degree by degree, into the resemblance of the father, until the father receives in him a new incarnation. He is the father over again.

My fellow men, great as may be the progress that we have made toward Christlikeness, the best of us have not reached more than one-half of our possibilities. We are like the tourist standing at the

half-way point on the Gemmi Pass, Switzerland. While he looks down at the profound depths beneath him, he looks up also at the superb heights above him. He is a great way above Leukerbad below, the starting-point; but he is also a great way beneath the Wild Strubel above, the goal of his climb.

The sum of the lesson of this sermon comes to just this: We must climb all the steepes that lead into the transforming presence of Christ, and we must keep ourselves in that presence. "We must practise the presence of Christ." We must diligently read and store our minds with the Word of God. We must daily live at the throne of grace and abound in prayer. We must use the songs of the church, and make them the songs of our soul. We must feed upon the Master as "the bread of life" at the Lord's table in the sacramental room. We must constantly live in the Spirit and make a large use of the Holy Ghost.

Let me italicize this last item. Let me call your attention to the grand union which exists between Christ and the Holy Spirit. We overlook it. But it is most real and effective. The Spirit does a most telling work for the Christ. When He lived His human life on earth, the Holy Spirit took possession of Him and filled Him.

The Master had His Pentecost. It was the day when He was baptized in Jordan, when the Spirit descended like a dove and rested upon Him. That was the day of His power. The Spirit-filled Christ is the Christ enlarged, and made magnetic and enthusiastic and inspirational and omnipotent and all-subduing in His personal power.

But the Spirit is not through with the Christ yet. He did not exhaust himself on the day of the Master's baptism. That was only the beginning of His work. He does a work for Christ here and now. He "glorifies Christ." This is the teaching of Jesus Himself. Among the last words which He uttered in the sacramental room in Jerusalem, He said of the Holy Spirit, "He shall glorify me."

Christ is glorified in heaven. All the redeemed there see Him in His splendor, and worship Him, and are transfigured by the blaze of His celestial lustre. And in thinking of the host of heaven we call that a great privilege; but a privilege like that is at our command here, for Christ has a glorification on earth; and this glorification, which the Holy Ghost gives Him, transfigures and transforms those who witness it.

Brethren, what do you know of Jesus Christ glorified here on earth by the Holy Ghost? What are you doing by way of specializing the Holy Spirit and concentrating His beautifying influences upon Jesus Christ?

There is such a thing as specializing the Holy Spirit in this way. The florist knows how to specialize the sun, and so make it bring forth exquisite colors and forms, forms and colors which the sun would never create without the florist's interposition. He adopts ways and means to let the sun know that he wishes his sunbeams to do special service for him, and give him colors that fairly burn; and the sun responds to his specializing.

Even so there is a way of specializing the Holy Spirit so that He will do for us a special work in glorifying the Christ, and in bringing out for us His inherent excellence.

When the Holy Ghost does this—and it is part of His office-work to do it,—the glorified Christ so irresistibly captures the soul, and so enraptures the soul, and so sheds His glory upon the soul, that He literally transfigures the soul into His own likeness.

Let us catch anew our line of thought here, and enumerate over again the things we are to use in seeking Christlikeness. The word, prayer, the songs of the church, the Lord's Supper, and the office-work of the Holy Ghost, His office-work of glorifying Christ. All these are auxiliaries. They put us under the sanctifying impact of the truth. They bring us the transforming contact of holy thought. They exhibit realities in Christ which are vital, and which touch, and which work upon, and which transform, the inner life.

We must give ourselves up to energetic thinking relative to Christ, and to diligent painstaking and businesslike spiritual culture. We must allow ourselves to become absorbed in contemplation. We must recall and realize and copy and revel, until we are possessed with a divine fascination.

Our contemplation must not be that of the sentimentalists, nor that of the critic, nor that of the artist, nor that of the dogmatist, but that of the lover. The former types of contemplation may affect the feelings, the taste, the imagination, the intellect; but they will never reach and control the heart and the conscience. Only as these are reached will our personality come under the sway of Christ so as to receive and bear His image.

There is a remarkable story told of Dr. Belfrage, the Scottish divine and the author of a celebrated book of beautiful "Sacramental Addresses," which serves me here. His wife died after less than one year of singular and unbroken happiness.

There was no portrait of her, but he resolved that there should be one. Though ignorant of drawing, he determined to make it himself. He procured the pigments and the canvas, and shut himself up alone in the study for fourteen days. He came out of the study wasted and feeble, but with a

portrait full of subtle likeness, drawn and colored as no one could have dreamed. Every one said it was perfect. Why was it perfect? It was the product of love.

The contemplation of Christ, which is the product of love, that is what we must have in order to produce in our character and life and personality the image of Christ. The old masters, with a keen and deep sense of truth, used to paint John, the apostle of love, with a face like Jesus; and they were right, for it is love that transforms and assimilates.

My fellow men, it all comes to this: Keep near to the Master. Sympathize with His character. Submit to His influence. Read and ponder His words. Follow His example. Give way to intensified longing for Him. Cultivate a calm, deliberate, fixed preference for the things that are His. Meditate upon Him. Do His deeds. Lay your heart open before Him. Love Him. Let Him be formed within you the hope of glory. And by and by all that you behold in Him, all that you admire in Him, all that you reflect of His qualities, will be found incarnated and repeated in you.

May God day by day give us a new vision of the Master, and may the new vision become a new Christ-birth in each one of us; and may the new Christ-birth develop into a new and full-grown Christ-personality; and may the new full-grown personality, when it is developed, be in the world of humankind a Christ-power, a radio-active centre of spiritual influence lighting souls, and convicting souls, and winning souls, and saving souls, and transforming them into the likeness of the Master. Made like Christ, may we be a power in making others like Christ.—C.

WHEN TO FORGET THE THANKS.

We should be scrupulously careful to thank every one who does anything for us, and callously indifferent when those for whom we do things forget to thank us. Life is a miserable affair on any other basis.

A man who had been studying and praying for days over how to help a friend who was in dire need, found a way, by assuming a large personal risk himself. The friend was told the good news, received the information as a very fortunate happening, and uttered not a syllable of thanks to the one who had brought it about.

Chagrin, ugly resentment, and the general blackness of soul that follows the giving of self chief place, were the first feelings that the unthanked one found were taking possession. He decided to tell some

one else about it; and the resentment deepened with the self-satisfaction that accompanied that decision.

But before he had carried out his intention he realized its self-centered sin, and resolutely he put the whole matter from his thoughts. Thereupon came peace, light, and a positive exhilaration of joy,—just because self had been downed. He almost laughed as he contrasted the comfort of his present decision to “forget it” with the misery of his former intention to keep the sting alive. The man who cannot be happy in the service of others unless he is thanked wants to work for too small wages.—S. S. Times.

THE VICTORY OF STRUGGLE.

Struggle is more important than victory. Struggle is sure to make character, and victory often fails to do so. Struggle is a duty; victory may not be. Struggle is progress, victory may be standstill. In other words, the result of our pushing onward is in the right direction, is in the Lord's hands, not ours; and the result in this world is a minor matter, a mere incident, so far as we are concerned.

It is hard to see this, when we have pushed and strained, and struggled for years in the line of plain duty, and the goal seems as much in doubt as ever. It is still harder to see this when the result is no longer in doubt, but is plainly to be failure.

Yet this last kind of fight is the finest test of all. It is the test that he calls on some of his followers to meet. “Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning,” George Eliot has said, “but give me the man who will not give up, even in defeat, who cannot be conquered. He wins a greater victory in defeat than he could in victory.—Ex.

GIVE A WELCOME.

Never worry about “getting a welcome.”—in church or anywhere. Give one! How small the attitude seems of looking and waiting to see if one is noticed! Enter in to all the home-life of the church—its prayer-meetings, its Sunday school, its Endeavor meetings, whatever belongs to you as a Christian young man or woman, and whatever has a right to claim you.

What if the early Christians, when they were scattered abroad, had taken the attitude of shrinking back sensitively till they were “welcomed!” Can't you see that they were scattered that way just on purpose to leaven the places they went into? They had no time to waste in getting about it.—Exchange.

SHE TOLD IT TO HER CARD-CLUB.

The little lad who was the joy of the household had been regularly to Sunday school. He had caught some ideas from the lessons to which he listened, and was struggling to relate them to his own life and its environment. Doubtless he had thought frequently of problems which big folks imagine boys never face.

In serious mood he came to his mother one day.

"Mamma, were you on earth when Jesus was here?"

"Why, no, of course not, laddie. What ever put that idea into your head?" And she proudly caressed the sober face.

"Well, did you ever see Jesus?" he persisted.

"No, I never saw Him as people did who lived then."

After a time the questions continued: "Is Jesus ever coming again, mamma?" he queried.

"Yes, I think so."

"And if He comes, will you be glad to see Him?" said the boy.

"Yes, we shall all be glad to see Him."

Again the little questioner is absorbed in meditation. He is engaged in the disturbing and difficult task of relating conduct to profession. Where they fail to match, who shall say he is too young to understand the meaning of deficiency in conduct? How oft are men judged by "their large professions and their little deeds"!

Almost relentlessly the unconscious child pursues the mother. "If Jesus should come to our house, would you stay at home to meet Him?"

"Of course," she answered abruptly.

"But, mamma, suppose He should come on the day your card-club meets, would you stay at home to see Jesus?"

Not only is it true that "a little child shall lead them," but often does a child lay bare the predominant passion of a parent's life. Stripped of all disguises it stands out in all its naked ugliness and pretence. Then men and women would gladly conceal its hypocrisy, and silence the messenger whose surgeon-hand laid open the disease within. We forgive the child his innocent frankness when we might be tempted to carry a hostile spirit toward one who was older. Thank God for these sweet, keen, and kind messengers who come to measure and bless our lives.

This mother immediately began to see what had first place in her life. In theory and sentiment Jesus Christ was Lord and King. In practice He received the fag-end of her time and ability.

To the members of her card-club the next day she confessed that nothing had so stirred her conscience as the child's straight question. Was it worth while, this

passionate rush for pleasure? Was there no other employment, helpful to humanity, that would yield a day's pay of satisfaction? Could she justify the use of her energy to please herself alone? Liberty to do as she pleased was obligation to do as she ought. Christ pleased not Himself. A great vision of larger service came to this card-engrossed mother.

Would God the vision splendid might come to many another life, rich in power but dissipated in practice! The Christian stewardship of leisure is as high and holy a duty as the stewardship of wealth. "Time is the stuff that life is made of," and life is the index of destiny. Who dares to spend the forces of eternity upon the transient phantoms of time?—Rev. E. B. Allen, D.D., in C. E. World.

"TOO TIRED TO GO TO CHURCH."

By "BOB" BURDETTE.

You are "too tired to go to church?" That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on the continent so restful as the church. You are going to lie around the house all day; snooze in a hammock; lol in a rocking chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting, that's loafing.

Tell yourself honestly—you like to think you are honest—did you ever in your life see a loafer who looked rested? Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired all the time? The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make work out of it.

About a year ago, I stopped in a Boston street to watch a group of laborers. It was noon hour. They had been at work all the morning digging a sewer excavation. They had eaten their dinners from the little tin pails and now they were "resting." Some of them were pitching quoits and others were putting the shot, with a great round boulder. They were workmen "resting."

And sitting on the curbstone watching them—too lazy to even stand up and look at them; their lazy chins resting on their lazy hands, and their lazy elbows supported on their lazy knees—were the loafers who had been watching them work all the morning. These fellows were too tired even to join the games by which the workers rested themselves.

You have no need to loaf all day Sabbath. Two hours in church; two hours of the quiet; the sermon; the reading; the uplift which comes from the new channels into which your thought, your mind is led, will rest you more, physically, morally, intellectually, than will all the day spent in trying to "rest."—S.S. Times.

THE FATHER'S PRIVILEGE.

A gentleman met a friend near his own home and they joined company on their way to business. Before they had gone far they met a trim nurse-maid wheeling a baby-carriage, in which was a fine six-months'-old baby.

"That's a jolly-looking little chap," said the gentleman.

He hastily glanced at his watch, and finding that he had a moment to spare, stopped the carriage, and chirruped to the baby, who smiled genially in response.

"I have a little one at home about this one's age," observed the gentleman to his friend. "By the way" he continued to the maid, "whose baby is this?"

"Your's sir," responded the nurse in much astonishment.

Of course the story was too good to keep, and the faithless friend put it at once into circulation.

The hero of this little anecdote is not, however, the only father in the world who is unacquainted with his own children. In the hurry and drive of life, many a father feels that his duty is well done if he earns the food to put into the children's mouths and the garments wherewith to clothe them. He has no knowledge of the needs or characteristics of his own children; he is absorbed in other things.

How often are men heard to say: "I leave the training of my children to my wife;" or "I never interfere with the discipline; my wife attends to all that." Another type of father still assumes in his family the role of Lord high executioner.

"If you don't stop that," says the fond foolish mother, "I will tell your father on you."

In some families there is no threat so dreadful, and I have known a father to tell laughingly, as if it were a good joke, of the poor scared little faces which were lifted to his when he appeared suddenly among them with a rattan in his hand, inquiring whether there were any whippings to be dealt out that afternoon."

A father ought to be friendly with his children; he ought to be interested in every interest of theirs right down to their dollies and their bats and their balls. Nothing which concerns them should be trivial to his notice. A father ought not only to love his children but he should show that he loves them. He ought to prove this so convincingly that, whatever happens, they can never doubt their father's affection for them.

A father cannot shirk the responsibility of his children. God will hold him equally accountable with the mother for them and if they go astray through any lack of fatherly care or affection, he will one day find himself terribly to blame.—Ex.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

BY PRESIDENT ELLIOTT, OF HARVARD.

Think of the opportunities of applying all sorts of acquired knowledge that the mother of five or six children enjoys as she follows the development of these children up to twenty or twenty-five years of age!

That experience is a wonderful training for the mother herself. Ordinarily it is the mother, rather than the father, that trains the children; and this training goes on for twenty years or more, and takes effect upon a group of children ordinarily very unlike in capacities, powers and dispositions.

The group calls for all the mother's powers of observation and discrimination in discovering the diversities in the children. What a power a loving mother has to train all her children's minds, to bring them up to a love of reading, and to feed that love!

In family government there is a great deal of mind, as well as character. It is impossible, for instance, to be just—daily, hourly, on the instant—unless with clear insight and strong moral perception there be joined sound thinking. Yet there is no more precious attribute of the mother and the trainer than justice.—Harper's Bazar.

WE MAKE THE WORLD WE MEET.

It is the inner life that makes our world.

If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness and love wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy, and suspicion on every path.

If we go out among people in a combative spirit, we find combativeness in those we meet. But if we go forth in a charitable frame of mind, with good-will in our hearts toward all, we find brotherliness and cordiality in every man we come up to in our walks and associations.—Ex.

HOW ARE YOU SOWING ?

And yet it must not be thought that indulgence in grosser vices is the only way of sowing to the flesh. Every desire, every action that has not God for its end and object is seed sown to the flesh. If a man is sowing for a harvest of money in the world he is sowing to the flesh and will reap corruption just as surely as the liar and adulterer. No matter how "polite" and "refined" and "respectable" the seed may be, no matter how closely it resembles the good seed, its true nature will out—the blight of occupation will be upon it. How are you sowing?—L. Moody.

THE PREACHING THAT THE PEW WANTS.

The London "Sunday School Chronicle" has been conducting a symposium on the above subject, and the pew has taken full advantage of the opportunity to talk back. The opinion expressed may be summed up under two heads, the sermons people do not like and the sermons they like.

Those kinds of sermons which are not liked group themselves under several heads;—

Sermons discussing theological or philosophical problems are least liked, and largely on the ground that they are indulged in by those who have not mastered them.

"Clever Topical addresses, prepared with a view to furnish good copy for the daily newspaper," are the second on the list as not liked.

Sermons on literary topics, such as "Browning's Message to His Age," or the "Christian Belief" of Tennyson, with criticisms of new books, are also tabooed. Men prefer to hear literary criticism from those who have no special gospel or message to support.

Turning from sermons that are not liked to those that are, the consensus of opinion, as expressed by those who have taken part in this symposium, is that the sermon should be "a message to the conscience and a response from above to the highest aspiration." "It must be in the language of common life, these laymen say. It must be truth spoken with conviction, not qualified by desire to please or placate, nor uttered in a spirit to provoke opposition.

The sermon which is valued is one which shows men their temptations, and how to overcome them; which inspires men to trust God in the midst of business anxieties; which sustains them in the dark hours of adversity and loss and bereavement; which teaches and leads them to apply practical remedies for the sorrows of the afflicted and the sufferings of the poor; which kindles their love for children, increases their confidence in the triumph of righteousness over evil in this world, and opens before them a vision of future blessedness with God in eternal joy and harmony with Him.

"In a word, the sermon which men like is the one which finds them as they are, and shows them how they can become what in their best moments they desire to be. Such a sermon is a revelation of experience spoken in language understood through experience of the hearers. It is the outcome of intimate association with Jesus Christ, looking on men as He looks on them, the best in the preacher speaking to the best in his hearers. It is the Word, that is, the self-manifesting God, become flesh, speaking not only through the mouth, but through the whole personality of His messenger."

NOT ONE CENT.

(Substitute Canada for U. S. A., and read carefully the following from "The Missionary Herald." Ed.)

"One of our pastors who worked up with great care the envelope system of contributing was astonished and grieved to have several men return the list of objects with this comment opposite the item of Foreign Missions: 'Not one cent.'

"That such persons may realize the actual significance of their words, let us state their position in detail. What it involves is this:

"Not one cent for saving a soul outside of the United States.

"Not one cent for giving the Bible to other nations.

"Not one cent for revealing a God of love except to Americans.

"Not one cent for making Christ known as a Saviour of all mankind.

"Not one cent for teaching the world the morals of Christ.

"Not one cent for healing the sick beyond our borders.

"Not one cent for education where it is needed the most.

"Not one cent for anything which we as Americans are not to get something out of.

"Not one cent in attestation of our faith that we have a universal religion.

"Not one cent for fulfilling the very purpose of Christ in redemption.

"Not one cent for obeying the last command of Christ.

"No, these men did not think what they were saying when they wrote those words."

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

It has been said that there are five acts in the rum tragedy.

The first act is the picture of a young man graduating from school and leaving home.

Act the second, a young man entering business with flattering prospects.

Act the third, a young man yielding to temptation in its first forms.

Act the fourth, a drunkard's home, with a broken-hearted wife and a suffering babe.

Act the fifth, three graves in a dark place; the grave of the woman who died of neglect, the grave of the child who starved to death, and the grave of the man who threw away his chances for time and eternity all because of his desire for strong drink.

And yet some good men would license the drink traffic.

WHAT THERE'S TIME FOR.

Lots of time for lots of things,
 Though it's said that time has wings;
 There is always time to find
 Ways of being sweet and kind;
 There is always time to share
 Smiles and goodness everywhere;
 Time to send the frowns away,
 Time a gentle word to say,
 Time for helpfulness and time
 To assist the weak to climb;
 Time to give a little flower,
 Time for friendship any hour,
 But there is no time to spare
 For unkindness anywhere.

MISS JANET'S COMMUNION.

"Well, there's your card, Miss Janet," said the elder, laying the communion card on the kitchen table, "and I'm sorry you'll not be able to be with us on Sunday."

Miss Janet lifted the card with quite a reverential air and put it in the fly-leaf of the family Bible that lay on the dresser. Then, sighing, she replied,—

"It'll be the third sacrament I've missed, Mr. Kirk, an' I feel it th' mair since I ne'er missed His table bit twice in the last fifty-two years—a' the time I've been in Glesca. But I'm sae feeble noo, an' these three stairs sae long, an' the church sae faur awa' that I dinna think I'll ever sit there ony mair.

But I'm rale gled ye brocht the caird yersel.' Young Mr. Broon jist posted it, an' I thoct it awfu' funny like that a common postman should cairry sic a sacred token."

"Brown's a busy man, Miss Janet, and gets through a lot of work. He means well, though a little brusque at times. But it's a pity you cannot go out much; the air would help you, and the streets cheer you up after living so much alone," said the elder.

"At threescore years an' ten an' a bit tae that ye canna be fashed wi' gaun faur. But Mrs. M'Kendrick, ma neebour, forces me oot whiles, on the guid days, wi' her dochter Mary, wha oxters me doon the stairs an' along the street a wee bit."

"That's nice of her," said the elder heartily.

"And I was just thinking Mrs. Kirk and I could arrange a week for you at Dunoon. The car would take you from your door to the station, the train's very comfortable, and the boat would do the rest."

"Thenk ye kindly, Mr. Kirk, but I'm too dune for that. Forby, thae caurs frichten me; an' I was only twice in a

train, an' didna like it; an' the boat's no steady ava. An' I've never slept a nicht oot o' my ain hoose for eighteen years."

"All the more reason why you should have the change, Miss Janet."

"Na, na, Mr. Kirk; the first change is the great change, an' when I leave this hoose a nicht it'll be when I'm cairried oot feet first. An' speakin' o' that great change brings me back tae whit I ettled tae ask ye when ye cam', for it's bothered me gey sair."

"Very well, Miss Janet, relieve your mind first," said the elder, smiling.

"Weel, it's this wey, Mr. Kirk: th' neebours are talkin' aboot me; but it's no that I heed them sae much as that the Lord Himself is may be no pleased wi' me. Ye see, I missed gey sair th' dispensation o' the sacrament through no bein' able tae gang tae th' kirk. I had aye my doots aboot masel' when Mr. M'Cluckie was fencin' thae tables, but noo I sit doon without a qualm."

"But that need not alarm you, Miss Janet," the elder hastened to say; then asked cautiously. "But what do you mean by sitting down to the table when you cannot go out?"

Miss Janet's face grew solemnner than ever as she proceeded,—

"Ye micht weel ask that, Mr. Kirk. Ye see, I've missed th' ord'nance sae muckle that I set up yin o' my ain—which was bad enough, may be, but I brocht in unscriptural practices at it as weel, I fear."

"I see, I see," said the elder reassuringly. "You just had your communion at home here. That's all right. It's a spiritual feast after all Miss Janet."

"Ye mean kindly, Mr. Kirk, but your words just cut me deeper. It is speeretual, but I made it carnal."

"How so, Miss Janet? I can hardly believe that."

"Weel, ye see, it's this wey. I couldna bear tae miss th' feast thae last twa times, an' I snodded up th' hoose as weel's I could, pit the white table cloth on the kitchen table, an' on it pit a bit bread an' a wee drap wine, and fenced it as weel as I could by reading Doddridge an' Rutherford an' Spurgeon."

"Beautiful, Miss Janet—just beautiful!" exclaimed the elder.

"Dae ye no think I was guilty o' awfu' speeretual pride, Mr. Kirk?"

"Not at all, Miss Janet. Your resource to obey His commands rebukes us all."

"But that's no a', nor th' worst o't. Ye see, th' first time I observed it this wey I couldna get intae th' tid fort', an' I kent fine it was the want o' singin'; an' though I jined th' quire masel' wi' th' lave o' them efter haudin' oot agin it, I could never abide the organ, for it was jist a kist o' whistles.

Weel, what dae ye think I did? I got Mrs. M'Kendrick's wee laudie up, wha's a

graun' haun' at th' fiddle, an' he played an' played me "'Twas on that night when doomed to know' till the tears ran doon my cheeks tae think that I should hae caused such sufferin'. The neebours say it's an awfu' like thing tae gaur th' laudie play the fiddle on the Sawbath day; an' if they think that, what will th' Lord Himself think o' me?"

"If it gives you the right spirit, the end has justified the means," said the elder.

"I'm no sae sure aboot that doctrine, Mr. Kirk. Dr. Blair used tae teer that tae tatters. It would justify a brass ban' in th' hoose o' God."

"But the circumstances are special, Miss Janet, in your case," said the elder, changing his ground. "Regard it as a special ordinance, and, believe me, it will, I am sure, have a sweet-smelling savour to Him."

The elder parted with Miss Janet, who was confessed, but still unconvinced. But on the next Sunday when he, out of curiosity or sympathy, or both, entered Miss Janet's close, he heard the strains of a fiddle finely giving out Miller's tune, "Communion," and he knew that her thoughts would be around "'Twas on that night when doomed to know," and he could not intrude farther.

He had seen the mass performed under the inspiring arches and pillars of a domed cathedral, partaken of the Lord's Supper with the dignified simplicity of Presbyterian environment, but no participant in these could have had closer "communion" than she, for dwells He in temples not made with hands.—J. G.

INTENTION AND ATTENTION.

I was boarding in a family where there was a young girl who was working for her board, and, among other things, she used to help about getting the meals. One day when she had prepared the entire meal, one of the daughters of the house said, "Ma, why is it that when Mary fries the potatoes they taste so much better than when you or I do them?"

Her mother did not like the question very well, and did not answer at once, but her father said: "It is because she puts her intention into them."

"You mean attention, don't you?" said the mother.

"Both," replied the father.

And it was so, for everything which that young lady did was "done as unto the Lord," and done the best she could possibly do.

In my life, in all the things I have had to do, I have never forgotten that meal and conversation. When you do anything, "put your intention into it."—J. M. B.

WHEREAS RESOLVED.

I used to admire the ability of my friends that had the knack of writing resolutions in good shape. I generally skipped the "whereas" portion myself, however, in reading these documents, being more eager than logical. Nevertheless I have just expressed some resolutions in this form, and I have done it to make clear to myself the reason for my action. Thus:

Whereas my experience shows me that I am not happy when I am murmuring, dissatisfied, or complaining; and

Whereas I help to make other people unhappy by unloading the burden of my wrongs, real or fancied, upon them; and

Whereas complaining tends easily to become a habit, and a bad one, and to breed still more complaints; and

Whereas murmuring and dissatisfaction, and the repetition to others of my woes, rob me of spiritual power, fixing my mind on mere human conditions, instead of on God, who conquers them; and

Whereas complaining makes it impossible for me to obey the scriptural command, "Rejoice in the Lord always," because complaint and joy are opposites; and

Whereas complaining is evidence of lack of trust in God and acceptance of His will:

Be it therefore resolved:

Never to allow the mind to indulge in self-pity, to brood upon the wrongs I may have suffered, or may suffer;

Never to repeat to any one, no matter how dear they may be, any kind of complaint; but to cast such memories out of the mind resolutely and forever;

Never to seek sympathy that involves the darkening of other lives by my murmurings:

Always to dwell in the sunshine of the divine love, and know that He is taking care of all apparently untoward conditions, for "all things work together for good to them that love God";

Always to rejoice and help to make others happy!

There, now, what do you think of that? You say, of course, "You can never do it, Mr. Ripple." I know it. But the Power that inspired the desire can. "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do."

Besides, I am an Endeavorer; and this is something worth endeavoring, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength."

The world is too full of complaints and lugubrious rehearsals of evil and wrongs. I cannot stop these things in others; I can in myself, by divine grace.—Sel.

The Children's Pages.

FINE ARTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A new set of fine arts is needed, to meet the requirements of these twentieth century days.

I would suggest a list of seven:—

- The art of making up one's mind.
- The art of keeping one's word.
- The art of keeping cool.
- The art of thoughtfulness.
- The art of cheerfulness.
- The art of listening.
- The art of keeping well.

Take number one: the art of making up one's mind, of arriving at a decision, of deciding some time or other a long-debated matter. A well poised mind, under a sane self-control, with mental powers of concentration, will mean much in a young man's success, and add more to his influence and character.

It is one of the worst of the bad habits of youth, to be mentally sluggish in coming to decisions, and he who encourages the habit, through mind laziness, he who falls into the habit of not making up his mind, is unconsciously unmaking his own mind. Make up your mind!

The art of keeping one's word. What a world of trouble and anxiety and misunderstandings it would prevent, if we were all to simply keep our words—to really carry out our promises, to honestly do what we say we will do. The habit of failure in this great essential of human life and intercourse is, in effect, a habit of dishonesty; it is a disorganizing habit to one's moral nature, it is a weakening force in one's character. Keep your word.

The art of keeping cool—in cold weather as well as hot—is certainly a lost art to some fussy, irritable, excitable people. Life is partially made up of the testing of one's ability to keep cool under difficult conditions. Watch a crowd in a station—on a steamer—in a packed street car: see the varied exhibitions of human nature, and one can then realize the worth of the man who keeps cool. Such a man may some day, at a critical moment, save his own life and that of others. He may prevent a panic. And he will at least set an example well worth the following. Keep cool!

The art of thoughtfulness. Is it not a fine art when we see it displayed by others, and especially when it is for our benefit? Is it not a lost art in some quarters? Have you lost it? It has to be searched for, sometimes, and, if the mind is not well

controlled, the finding of this art may elude the searcher. One act of thoughtfulness, no matter how trivial, is worth ten score of selfish ones Be thoughtful!

The art of cheerfulness. Good cheer is to life's wheels what good oil is to machinery. It helps the wheels go round. Cheerfulness is like sunshine: while it emanates from one source, it permeates a wide era. One cheerful person in a group of glum folks will put them all to shame; he will carry a warming sun with him on the most cheerless of gray days. Cheer up!

The art of listening. Is this not another of the arts so nearly lost that we need to advertise for its recovery? We are all so busy talking that we haven't any time to listen to others, and, of course, what I say must needs be much more interesting than what you say, but, even if that be true, there's a fine degree of good manners in just listening. Try it!

The art of keeping well. Surely, many of us who may be uncommonly wise in most things, are right down fools in the art of keeping well,—punishing our bodies, overworking their delicate internal mechanism, robbing them of sleep and fresh air and sensible food. If the body could speak in remonstrance, how it would rebel against the treatment often given to it.

And this art of keeping well is closely allied to all the others. For good health means a clear mind, and a clear mind involves the art of making it up, and to be a man of one's word, and to keep cool, and to be thoughtful, and cheerful.

Suppose we search, and searching, find these lost arts.—Frank Yeigh in *The Westminster Teacher*.

A PRAYER.

In this world of mingled good and evil, amid the ceaseless struggle of the better with the worse, grant unto us, our Father, the cheerful assurance that we are enlisted in the service of the good, bound for the better, and destined for the best.

Reveal to us each day some task that we can do for Thee, some chance to bear with Christ the burden of another, some call to take the side of the right against the wrong.

Help us to conquer hardship by patience, despair by hope, fear by courage, and hate by love; and may we find the peace, the power, the glory of Thy perfect will and Thy great kingdom reflected and reproduced in our hearts and lives. Amen.

THE SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

We are growing up for Jesus,
We are going in His way,
We are following His footsteps
Ever upward day by day.

We are growing up for Jesus,
And we're happy that we may
In our play and in our pleasures,
Grow more like Him every day.

We are growing up for Jesus,
And we help each other grow
By the many deeds of kindness
Which we daily try to sow.

We are growing up for Jesus,
'Tis the only way to grow.
Those who grow for sin and Satan
Only reach a life of woe.

We are growing up for Jesus,
For we ever want to be
In His fold of life and safety
Where no evil we may see.

We are growing up for Jesus,
And 'tis pleasant thus to grow;
Day by day to add a blessing—
Day by day to lift a woe.

We are growing up for Jesus,
Don't you love to see us grow
Like the Master, who wants children
To be like Him here below?

We are growing up for Jesus,
How else should the children grow?
Since He gave His life a ransom,
And so much to Him we owe.

—Ex.

WORSHIPPING A LOG.

There is a small temple on the roadside near Peking in which there is no idol apparently, but only a log of wood such as is usually sawn into planks for building purposes. How came it there, and why is it worshipped?

It seems that some years ago this log of wood was being hauled into Peking by a number of mules. When the piece of timber reached the spot it stuck fast and absolutely refused to move another inch. Thereupon some of China's "wise men" were consulted. They looked into the case and solemnly declared that the log of wood had become possessed by some spirit, and that the wisest plan would be to build a temple over it and henceforth to worship the log.

They did so, and now two or three priests live upon the offerings presented at this singular shrine.—Intelligencer.

Our missionaries go to tell them of the true God, our Father, who hears and answers our prayers.

ACCORDING TO ST. MARK.

"I really think you are a little hard upon your namesake," said Mrs. McLane to her sister, Miss Egerton.

"I am sure I do not mean to be. It seems to me had I praised her more, it would have been too much for even a mother to swallow."

"Oh, I know you said she was well-grown and well-mannered and good-looking, far beyond what you had expected in two years, and yet underneath all there was a 'but'—and that 'but' does away with all your commendation."

"What keen ears you mothers have! I was hardly conscious of that 'but.'"

"It was there all the same, in italics if not in capitals. Now do tell me what you meant."

"My dear girl," said Miss Egerton, "remember I have only been at home a week, and after leaving Dorothy a child, I feel the necessity of renewing my acquaintance with a young woman of fifteen, who almost looks over my head."

"But you are not answering my question," persisted Mrs. McLane. "I hope you did not learn evasion in Germany."

"I hope not, indeed," and with a slightly quizzical smile, Miss Egerton bent lower over her embroidery.

"You think her disobedient?" Mrs. McLane walked to the window and laid one hand upon her sister's shoulder.

Miss Egerton did not reply, but her own hand clasped her sister's.

"I don't think she means to be," Mrs. McLane continued. "And, after all, she does what is asked of her in the end."

"That is perhaps where my 'but' came in," Miss Egerton said slowly. "She needs to learn obedience according to Saint Mark."

"What do you mean? You are so mysterious!"

"I will explain the mystery to Dorothy some day."

"She is quite as good in that respect as the rest of the girls." Mrs. McLane had assumed the defensive.

"But when one loves a child as we do Dorothy," the quiet voice replied, "we want her to be better than the rest of the girls."

Down below in the street, a tall girl looked up from a group of her companions and waved a greeting to the two in the

window. In a short time her swift step was heard on the stairs, and Dorothy came quickly into the room. Pretty Dorothy, with roses in her cheeks, brown eyes dancing with health and merriment, and sunny hair, tossed this way and that by the boisterous wind! She gave each an impetuous, breathless hug, talking rapidly in spite of gasps:

"O Aunt Dolly, it is good to know you are here! I was thinking about it all day. And it eases my conscience, too," with a laugh. "If I knew mother was alone I would not like to leave her, as I am going to now, and run off to spend the afternoon with Anna Clare."

"Is it not rather a poor way to show your pleasure at my being here?"

"As if you two would miss me when you have those years to talk over and catch up with! So I'll say good-bye, and leave you to discuss German housekeeping."

"But, Dorothy, do not forget your hour for music," said her mother, a little anxiously. "You should be at the piano now, and your father told you to prepare some manuscript for him."

"So he did," Dorothy answered lightly, "and I will do it when I come home," and away she went, without giving her mother time for expostulation.

"I am afraid her father will be seriously offended if Dorothy neglects this paper. The last time he came as near giving her a scolding as John ever can. She does the typewriting so accurately, she is the greatest service to him when she is prompt."

Mrs. McLane gave a little sigh, and her sister felt tempted to echo it, but wisely repressed the inclination, and gave herself once more to her embroidery.

The next afternoon, as Miss Egerton sat in the twilight by the open fire, the door opened, and Dorothy came bounding into the room with her usual impetuosity.

"Aunt Dolly," she said, "how nice to find you alone! Mamma has a flock of visitors down stairs, and I was afraid you would be helping to receive them."

"I had a bit of a headache, my dear, so your mother excused me to the visitors, and I have had my cup of tea up here in a very lazy fashion."

"Oh," disappointment in the long-drawn-out exclamation, "then you ought to be quiet, and I am just aching to talk!"

Miss Egerton laughed.

"Sit down, dear; there is another low chair for you. I am quite ready to talk."

"Are you sure, Aunt Dolly? I don't want to be selfish about it."

"I am quite sure, so let me relieve you of that aching as soon as possible."

"Aunt Dolly," the girl commenced, impetuously, "mother says you don't approve of me."

"Did she put it exactly in that way?"

"Well, perhaps not. She told me a great many nice things you said about me, but—she said there was a 'but,' and I want to know what it stands for."

"Have you not the least idea, Dorothy?"

The honest eyes met her aunt's squarely.

"Perhaps I have, deep down in my heart," said Dorothy slowly, with reddening cheeks.

"Well?"

"You think me procrastinating."

Miss Egerton was silent.

"And sometimes disobedient."

No answer.

But, Aunt Dolly," said the girl pleadingly, "I always mean to do as I am told, and I do, too, after a while."

Miss Egerton smiled.

"Aunt Dolly, don't be dumb any longer. Mother says you want me to learn some sort of obedience. What sort do I need?"

"I said you should learn obedience according to Saint Mark."

Dorothy stared. "What do you mean? I don't remember that he was any more obedient than the others."

"Suppose you light the lamp and get my Bible from the stand. There is half an hour still before dinner, and in that time I think I can make you understand what sort of obedience this is."

When Dorothy returned to her place, Bible in hand, Miss Egerton said: "Open to the first chapter of Mark and the eighteenth verse."

"And straightway they forsook their nets," Dorothy read wonderingly.

"Now the second chapter and twelfth verse."

"And immediately he arose."

"The same word as straightway, Dorothy," said her aunt. "Now the fifth chapter and forty-second verse."

"And straightway the damsel arose."

"The sixth chapter and forty-fifth verse."

"And straightway—" the girl began, "Aunt Dolly, are there many more?"

"A great many more. But, my dear girl, are not these enough to help you understand what I mean by obedience according to Saint Mark?"

Dorothy was silent for some minutes, and her answer, when it came, was very gently spoken.

"Aunt Dolly, 'straightway' obedience. That was better than twenty scoldings. Think of my delayed obedience and all the trouble it causes! In two days I have worried father about his paper, and neglected mother's errands, and mailed your letter when I was ready, too late to reach your friend before she started for Europe. I wish I could be straightway obedient, but how am I to remember?"

For answer, Miss Egerton put into her hand a copy of the Gospel of Saint Mark.

"I would read it carefully, if I were you, and you must not be discouraged."—Selected.

BEING FAIR TO FATHER.

"Hush! Hush, Marian! Father's in the library, writing. What will he think?" Mrs. Gray's eyes added an impressive protest. "Do see if you can't be still, Johnny, for a little while. Father will hear that scraping, and it will disturb him!"

Really, by the time mother was through her adjuration to her lively offspring, an outsider would have received the impression that there was some one very like an ogre behind the closed doors of the library. If that outsider had been able to take a peep into the room and seen the very mild, though worn, fatherly face, bending over the papers, he would have received a very different impression.

The children gradually quieted down. Somehow father seemed to be always busy in the library and a damper on their fun. Now and then they forgot him, however, and their little voices arose in unrestrained glee or occasionally in animated dispute.

"Really, children, if you are not more careful I shall have to speak to father about you as soon as he comes out. I am sure you don't want me to do that!"

"No, siree!" Johnny's voice was so emphatic, and the words were accompanied by such a knowing wag of his little round head, that Mrs. Gray looked for a moment a trifle disconcerted.

But she was soon busied with a complicated bit of mending, and it was not long before the children seemed to forget her presence.

Once, when Marian's voice rang out with unrestrained levity, Johnny corrected her rather sharply, with a suggestion about "father."

"I wonder what he'd do to us, anyway," Marian said, rather reflectively. "Mother always tells us we must be so careful not to do anything to bother him."

"I know it!" Johnny's voice took it up with animation. "Queer how much nicer mothers are than fathers!"

Perhaps Mrs. Gray had come to a good stopping place in her sewing. At any rate, suddenly her face flushed. Her lips opened hastily, then closed again, for Marian was speaking.

"Father doesn't play with us, like mother. He goes off all day long to the office, and then when he comes home he shuts himself up in the library, and we have to keep as still as mice."

"Guess prob'ly he doesn't love us as much as mother does." It was Johnny's assertion. "Guess mothers always love most."

Mother's sewing dropped down into her lap then, unheeded. Her cheeks were quite red.

"O, children! children!" she said; "what are you saying?"

"What, mother?" Two startled little faces looked up at her. They had almost forgotten she was in the room—and now—had they been naughty?

"It's such a mistake!" she said.

"What—what is, mother?"

"All that," she said, comprehensively, "all that—about fathers. Father loves you just exactly as much as mother does."

Two little faces looked up at her wonderingly. Was there skepticism in the childish eyes?

"Listen, children! You think that way because father hasn't the time to play and romp with you as he would like to. Perhaps"—there was a catch in her voice now—"perhaps you think so because I tell you so often you must be still and not disturb him. But father never would be cross to you if you were noisy how tired out he gets, and his work is of a kind that makes it necessary for him to have it very quiet—but he never would be cross, anyway."

"O, but you say"—Johnny stopped with the sentence unfinished. Suddenly mother seemed to realize all the little, veiled threats—the suggestions she was in the habit of dropping as to what father might if certain childish misdoings reached his knowledge. O dear! how could she have maligned him so?

"Father's just dear!" she said. "I'm going to tell you why he is working so especially hard just now. He comes home all tired out from the office—too tired even to talk or romp with you as he would like to. But he's taken up this extra work; and do you know what for? But, of course, you don't—mother never thought to tell you. It's for your sake and mine—because he loves us so."

I tried to keep him from undertaking this added care, for father isn't very strong. But no—he said he couldn't let the chance go by. What do you suppose he wants the extra money for? Not for anything for himself. It's all for us. Father never thinks of himself. He's trying to save something for us. It was only the other night he said, 'I want the children to have a better chance than I ever had, and Marian must have those music lessons.' This extra work will do a great toward that. Father does love you so!"

They were not very mature children, but they seemed to follow the spirit of the mother's words—their little faces were touched and thoughtful. Unconsciously their voices softened and dropped to a lower key. But it was not now from any fear of that tired worker behind the closed doors. Self-denying, patient father, having justice done him at last!—Selected.

"WHEN HIS WHEELS AIN'T GREASED."

THAT BABY.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D.D.

By dint of long, laborious effort, Little Bill has acquired a reputation for wagon building. The wheels of perambulators and go-carts are at a premium in this vicinity. Four of these, with a board stretched from axle to axle, makes his wagon.

I met one of the boys on the streets and asked him if he had ever beaten Little Bill.

"Once in a while," he said.

"How did it happen?" I inquired, surprised.

"Well," he replied, "Bill takes good care of his rolling stock, but now and then I ketch him when his wheels ain't greased."

I told Little Bill about this, and "improved the occasion."

"Little Bill," said I, "there is a lesson to be learned from this,—not only about racing wagons, but about the bigger, longer, harder race you have to run with your rivals in the arena of life. Every one of them will be watching and waiting for that fateful occasion when your 'wheels ain't greased'! That is the way it will be in college. It will be so when you get into business."

"I am not afraid but that you will reach the goal all right, and win as big a prize as any one ought to have, if you only keep your wheels greased! The danger lies at the point where you let the machinery rust or get dry! Let a man get a bilious attack, or a craze for going to the theatres, or playing the slot machine, or let him lose his faith in man, in woman, in God, in life, and the first thing he knows his rival goes past him so fast that he can't see him for just!

"I've lived quite a while, Little Bill, and I've seen about as clearly as I've ever seen the sun in heaven that the only hope of a successful and noble life is keeping the entire machinery of body, soul, and spirit in perfect running order. A little piece of gravel in the ball bearings or a dry spot on the axle sidetracks you, and you have to watch the procession sweep by while you pause to grease your wheels."

"The dangers of life are mainly at the ebb tide, when the vital forces are low, when the machinery has run down. If we can live so temperately and wisely as always to be at our best, there is little to be feared. So keep your digestion good, keep your soul clean, keep your heart full of hope, keep your purpose strong,—keep your wheels greased!"

"I've been a long time meaning to ask you for a dime to get a new oil-can; my old one doesn't hold enough for all day Saturday," said Little Bill, when I had finished.—S. S. Times.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways.

For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars.

Then as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache.

At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile.

The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something.

Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing.

Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby.

The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled.

The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification.

The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo.

The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remem-

branches to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face.

The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat.

The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time.

Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. —Orphan's Friend.

FEAR OF SPIRITS IN CHINA.

To give you an idea of how the Chinese are held in a bondage of fear of departed spirits and devils, I want to tell you of an offering we recently saw to appease the spirit of a departed relative, which is supposed to be the cause of many sorrows which have visited the family.

Living near us is a family of some distinction, whose fortunes have for some time been in the descendant. The son and heir, who should be the pride and joy of his house, although still quite young, is a wreck from smoking opium. Twice he came to Dr. Worth to break off the habit, and each time went back to it. He behaved so badly that his father deemed it necessary to keep him under lock and key. The daughters of the house also brought sorrow upon the father.

The mother of the family having passed out of this life, the father had taken another wife. He became convinced that the spirit of the departed, having been offended in some way, was not at rest, and had caused all these calamities to descend upon a once prosperous and honorable house.

To propitiate this disturbed spirit, it was decided to place before her an offering of such importance as to touch the heart of even the haughtiest and most revengeful of spirits; accordingly on a vacant lot just back of the residence a miniature of a great house, perfect in every minutest detail, was built and furnished, everything constructed entirely of bamboo and paper.

In true Chinese style the house was built, consisting of three houses with open

courts between, each house having a large central room, with bedroom opening out on either side, and in the rear court, kitchen and bathroom, the whole enclosed by a wall.

The width of the house was probably sixteen to twenty feet, the side walls seven or eight feet, it was quite large enough for a number of people in a room at one time. Nothing was lacking in the furniture or ornaments.

There were chairs, tables, beds, scrolls on the walls, ancestral tablets, a clock, vases of flowers, ancestral portraits, books, pipes, bed clothes, draperies, pillows, cups, bowls, kitchen utensils, shovels, teapots, and kettles; no one but a Chinaman could ever have created such wonderful things of paper and bamboo and a little rice paste.

When all was in readiness a crowd of priests, after the performance of sundry rites and ceremonies within the home of the family, came and heaped gold and silver paper ingots and paper money used for burning to the dead (for, strange to say, with all their fear of departed spirits, the Chinese make only counterfeit offerings to them), inside and outside the house and over the roof; and then with more incantations, beating of drums, blowing of horns, and clashing of cymbals, the whole was set on fire, and soon had all gone up in smoke.

Does this give you some idea of what heathenism means to these people among whom we live? Not one of the three religions of China offers any hope for perishing souls; thousands are dying every day with no knowledge of the Saviour's love.

In closing let me repeat the quotation on the cover of "The Missionary."—

"Thou hast a pardon in thy hands to save thy fellow-creatures, not from temporal, but eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, designed for all, sent to all; thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?"—In "The Missionary," by a missionary on the field.

ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together

The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it "adding,"
And I like it first rate.

There's one queer thing about it—

Whenever you get ten,
You have to "carry one," she says,
And then begin again.

That's what we do with pennies

When I have ten, you see,
I "carry one" to Jesus,
Who has done so much for me.
L. A. S.

World Wide Work.

CHURCH UNION IN INDIA.

By OUR MISSIONARY REV. WM. WILSON.

For the RECORD.

Since the beginning of the century, eight years ago, the cause of union in South India has moved with rapid steps. In 1901 the American Madura Mission appointed a committee to consider, with representatives of the London Mission Society Missions in South India, the question of any possible union between the two Missions. The L. M. S., promptly responded.

Shortly after this, a third, the Travancore Mission, took steps to unite with these other two in a joint committee on Union.

Negotiations with the Presbyterians in South India had been proceeding for some time, but it was agreed to suspend these "until the Missions represented by the Joint Committee had drawn nearer together, in order that they might unitedly approach the Presbyterian brethren."

The Joint Committee proceeded to organize the Church Unions into a General Assembly to be held in July, 1905. The American Ceylon Mission of Jaffna was invited to become a party to the Union, and accepted the invitation.

Accordingly the First General Assembly of the United churches of the London Missionary Society and American Board of Missions, in South India and Ceylon, was held at Madura in July, 1905, as determined.

Concerning this Assembly, it is said that its first meeting was "largely devoted to the delightful duty and privilege afforded to the delegates of making the acquaintance of each other, as well as that of churches hitherto unknown even by name to many of them."

In the meantime the Presbyterians were not idle in the matter of union. Indeed, several years previously steps towards unification of the churches were taken, but it was not till February, 1900, that a Joint Committee of the American Arcot Mission

and the Free Church Mission in South India met.

The outcome of this was a meeting of the Synod of South India at Vellore in October, 1901, consisting of the Classis of Arcot and the Presbytery of Madras. This was regarded as a provisional synod, and the union was finally formed the following year at a meeting held in Madras.

Stimulated perhaps by the movements in South India, the Presbyterians in North India redoubled their efforts for Union and as a result the First General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India was held at Allahabad in 1904.

The South India Synod joined, but on the distinct understanding that when things were ripe for union with the Congregational churches in the South, it would feel it right to join with them.

That time speedily arrived, for at the second General Assembly of the Congregational churches, the scheme of organic union with the South India Synod of the Presbyterian church was unanimously adopted in 1907. Accordingly in the end of that year the South India Presbyterian Synod sought and obtained permission to withdraw from the Presbyterian Assembly of North India at its meeting in Calcutta.

The way was now clear for the union of the two bodies in the South, viz., the South India Synod and the Congregational Assembly in South India. Arrangements were accordingly made to consummate the union at a meeting to be held in Madras in July, 1908. This meeting has just been held, and having had the privilege of being present as a delegate from the Presbyterian Assembly I may be permitted to give a brief account of it.

The church building selected for the meeting was one belonging to the Congregationalists, situated on a narrow street near the dense population of Blacktown, now called Georgetown. It was erected in 1810 and is believed to be the oldest non-conformist church in South India.

With it are associated the names of some distinguished missionaries to South India. Among them are Henry Martyn, and Ringeltaube, who there preached his last sermon before embarking on a boat never to be heard of again. As the President remarked we felt we were on holy ground.

There was a good attendance of the representatives of the negotiating churches, the great majority of whom were Indians, Tamil and Telegu speaking, most of them however understanding English.

Prior to the united meeting, the contracting bodies met to settle some details before going out of existence as distinct organizations. The Congregational Assembly met in the auditorium and the Presbyterian Synod in the large vestry to the rear.

At the appointed hour, the members of the Synod led by the moderator, an Indian pastor, filed into the church where the Congregational brethren stood, beginning to sing as they came in, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The Presbyterians took up the hymn as they scattered among their brethren of the sister church, mingling their voices in that grand song of victory as the two churches now blended into one. Devotional exercises were continued for a time, the moderators of the two uniting bodies, both Indians, jointly conducting.

After the roll call of delegates or commissions, the Declaration of Union, the Confession of their Faith and the Constitution, were read and accepted. Officers were then elected, Dr. Wycoff, formerly of the Arcot Mission, being chosen as President (Moderator), and a most efficient presiding officer he made. Alert, keen, tactful and prompt he guided the Assembly with a firm and skilful hand.

It was a happy augury for the future that from the beginning to the end of the Assembly there was not a jarring note, and nothing to indicate to an outsider that the members of the new Assembly had not been associated as one church court for years. Sometimes, when two rivers of different colored waters join, a clear line may be traced for miles along the stream, out in these two church streams no dividing line was visible.

When union was first suggested difficulties many and great seemed to stand in the way, but when with earnestness and perseverance the church set to work to deal with them, one by one they were overcome. When they came together and discussed the situation it was found that the several churches were doing the same work, with organizations bearing different names, but discharging practically the same functions. And no doubt when in the course of time other unions shall have taken place the same thing will be found true, and churches will wonder why they did not unite long ago.

Delegates representing the Presbyterian Church in India, the Wesleyan Methodist and the Methodist Episcopal Church were given a cordial reception by the Assembly and conveyed the greetings of their respective churches. A Baptist pastor in his own behalf spoke warmly, appreciating the drawing together of Christ's people.

The tone of the delegates gave good ground for the hope that the union just formed will prove the precursor of wider unions in the not distant future, and that the evangelical bodies, kindred in faith and practice are growing more and more ready to unite their forces in the prosecution of their common work.

In line with the sentiments that thus found utterance, the Assembly appointed a committee on Federal Union with other ecclesiastical bodies to meet with the representatives of other churches and particularly with that already appointed by the Presbyterian Church. The following is the resolution:—

Whereas the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India, in transferring its South India Synod to the South India United Church, has expressed an earnest desire that between the Presbyterian Church in India and the South India United Church some sort of Federal relationship be established, and whereas it is known to this Assembly that there are other ecclesiastical bodies, more especially in South India, between which and the South India United Church a very close unity of spirit and a considerable measure of uniformity in doctrine and practice exist; therefore resolved:—

(1) That the Assembly appoint a committee on union, which shall be authorized to enter into such conference, with a view to drawing up some scheme by which all bodies which may accept it, may without sacrificing their autonomy, band themselves together for mutual helpfulness.

(2) That it be an instruction to this committee to aim in the first instance at such a federal union as will include, so far as may be found practicable, the following points:—

(a) A simple statement of doctrine, or, if it be preferred, the mutual recognition of such doctrinal statements as are already in use in the churches entering the Federal union.

(b) Mutual recognition in the matter of Ministerial orders, church membership and church discipline.

(c) Arrangements for co-operation and fellowship along lines to be mutually agreed upon.

(3) That in the case of ecclesiastical bodies which are unable to enter a Federal union on the lines proposed, the Committee be authorized to confer with them as to such co-operation and fellowship as may be found practicable.

(4) That the Committee report all negotiations to the General Assembly after communicating the substance of the report so far as may be found practicable and desirable to the church Councils, for expression of opinion.

(5) That in particular the Committee is empowered to respond to the invitation sent by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in India, to confer with it regarding the establishment of Federal relationship between that Church and the South India United Church.

A meeting of these two Committees was held and a plan of action agreed upon with a view to laying some definite and practical scheme of union before the church for their consideration.

It seems to many that organic union of missions is out of the question because of their connection, among other things, with the home churches, but there is ground for hope that a close federal union is possible

which will secure much of the result of organic union and at the same time prepare the way for organic union among the native churches as they come to take upon themselves the work of Evangelizing their own country.

One could not fail to notice that the Indian members of the Assembly were deeply interested in any action that looked to the gathering together of the scattered elements of the Christian Church in one national organization. It was encouraging to see the spirit with which some of them entered into the life of the Assembly, and the earnestness with which they took part in the discussions of matters pertaining to the practical work of the Church.

History was being made that day when these two important branches of Christ's church merged into one compact body, with a combined community of about 150,000 Christians, with the object of "developing a self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating Indian Church, which shall present a united living testimony to Christ, and worthily represent to the world the Christian ideal."

AN INFIDEL LAWYER IMPRESSED.

I remember a strong man, a lawyer and an infidel, living in Ohio.

On visiting a city one day to attend court, he concluded to pass the night with an old friend, a member of the Church.

When evening came, the friend said to himself, "How can I read and pray to-night in the presence of this infidel?" With fear and trembling he took down the Bible and said, "It is now time for evening prayers; will you join with us?"

The gentlemanly infidel replied that he would be glad to do so.

But when the plain farmer read and prayed, he did it in such a scared way that the infidel said to himself, "I know this man and he knows me, and he never would have done this if he had not had a mighty conviction that he ought to. There must be something in religion that will control a man in this way."

He kept thinking, revolving that scene in his mind till he himself determined to be a Christian.

**THE MANIFESTATION
OF GOD'S GLORIOUS POWER
AT CHIN CHOU, MANCHURIA.**

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. J. GOFORTH.

For the Record.

Mr. Keers, of Chin Chou, with an elder and deacon from that church, were at Kuang Ning when the Holy Spirit so mightily moved the people. They pleaded that I go and hold a series of meetings at Chin Chou. Consequently I arrived there on March 21st and that evening gave an address on the sin of neglecting prayer. The dozen or more who followed in prayer showed that the Holy Spirit had convicted them of that sin.

Sabbath, 22d.—

The a.m. address was an account of the movement in Korea. The facts seemed to tell, but no unusual movement followed. There were seven or eight who led in prayer. The p.m. address told how the early church relied only on the power of God and sought that power by prayer. Afterwards twenty-one men led in prayer, short, full of humble confession. No woman's voice was heard, though they listen well. One man wept while he prayed.

Monday, 23rd.—

Before and during the forenoon address I felt an intense pressure upon me. It was as if I must break down and weep. Tears filled many eyes. The audience was deeply moved. Right after the address, a man started to pray, but broke down weeping. Several others followed with choked sentences just on the verge of weeping. Then one man broke completely down.

After that for about twenty minutes the church resounded with sobs and cries and bitter lamentations. Many at the same time were confessing to God in prayer, but it was impossible to catch what they said. O that mysterious, mighty power of God! How resistless when He comes into His temple. Tears could not but flow for all were melted before Him.

When a lull came, a man with tear-stained face stood up and exclaimed: "The Holy Spirit has assuredly come, let us thank God." Then several thanksgiving prayers followed and we dismissed the meeting.

Some time previous the wife of an ex-official thought to enter the church on her social standing and got very angry because she was not admitted. To-day she was convicted and wept bitterly.

Another woman, even when the audience was dismissed, was weeping as if her heart would break. Her husband is an old backslider and her daughter had been dismissed from the hospital for stealing medicine. The father is a native doctor and had prevailed with his daughter to steal so as to supply him with drugs. When I left several women were kneeling down around the weeping woman trying to comfort her.

During the evening address, there was evidence of deep conviction, but the time afterwards was one of quiet prayer and confession. This is likely a providential ordering because we could scarce stand the strain if every meeting had such mighty manifestation of God's wondrous power. Many told God in prayer that His truth was searching their hearts and they confessed that His cause did not prosper because of their sins.

Three native preachers arrived to-day from Chow Yang Chen, four hundred miles away. Mr. McNaughton hearing of these meetings had sent them hoping that they would return with blessing.

The a.m. address of Tuesday, 24th, was on hindering sins. Each prayer which followed was a confession of sin.

Last night a note was sent me requesting that I speak about two notorious cases of hindering sins and have prayer offered for the guilty ones. The one was where two brothers, one a preacher, the other a deacon, constantly quarreled with each other. The other was a case where a preacher and his wife quarreled so that they didn't live in the same house. This caused so much talk that the cause of God was almost dead at that outstation.

I at once refused saying I relied on the Holy Spirit to make the guilty confess. A man broke down and confessed that he was censorious and ill-tempered at home, thus causing many to speak evil of Christianity. That was the elder of the two brothers mentioned in the note. Another man cried out in an agony of grief beating

the seat before him. He confessed that his temper was so bad that there was no peace in his home and his neighbors sneered at Christianity. That was the preacher who quarreled so with his wife.

A deacon sitting right in front of the pulpit wept much and confessed to harshness in his home, even confessing to having reviled his wife and children. The leading elder cried with much agitation, confessing that he had not enforced Sabbath observance in his home, that he had robbed God of the tithe, and that in reckoning up his expenses for mission work he had overcharged. He paid back the amount.

Many others especially among the men were weeping. Many by their prayers showed that the Holy Spirit had convicted them by the truth spoken during the afternoon address.

To show how careful the Holy Spirit would have us be let me confess the following:—At afternoon tea I told of a certain happening. I left out a part. After the address, while people were praying, there came a strong conviction from the Spirit that by leaving out part of that happening it was apt to be misleading.

secretly asked forgiveness and resolved to tell the other part. As soon as I had thus resolved in my mind men and women all over the audience commenced to sob and cry and confess. "And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, Malachi 3:3.

After the Wednesday 25th a.m. address the Boys' School teacher, a son of the elder who confessed yesterday, confessed several sins. One of which was that he neglected to lead his wife to Christ, and for a preent he had kept eighty cents for another was that out of money collected himself.

A deacon confessed his censoriousness in dealing with men, but especially with his own family. He broke down and cried saying his old mother remained unsaved because of his bad temper. He promised to tithe hereafter.

A school boy who had stolen six dollars confessed and cried as if his heart would break.

A young druggist confessed to the neglect of the means of Grace. He wept and came and put down four dollars for their native church as a pledge of future watchfulness.

A teacher confessed to falsehood and other sins.

A deacon's wife who was once a Bible woman, now makes considerable with her sewing machine. She had fallen into a worldly cold hearted condition, now she broke all down and promises to train her children aright, and to give a tithe.

Another woman wept in an agonized way, but I could not learn for what reason. Many others both men and women were weeping all over the house.

I tried five or six times to close the meeting before I succeeded. The service lasted about three hours. The mighty God awed and melted every one. A heathen who had just come in to see and who sat near the door was convicted and knelt down and wept as others did.

During the evening address there was wonderful attention. Many faces had the look of people in the judgment hall about to hear their case tried. Others again had the look of peace and triumph. They had met the Lord, had yielded everything and had assurance that His mercy reached unto the clouds.

A helper confessed neglect and laziness as the reason why people were not saved at his outstation and prayed for many of them by name. A deacon confessed to even hatred of those who opposed him.

The prayers seemed so real and heartfelt. Most were on the verge of weeping and one did break down altogether. Then an old white bearded man of seventy told of his son, an opium sot and worse; a low down prodigal. His heart seemed broken. He begged us to pray for his son and weeping fell in a heap on the floor.

Thursday, 26th.

There was close attention during the address, then prayer followed, several men breaking down. The women up till to-day had not joined much in prayer. Now the

leading elder's wife, noted only for coldness and love of the world, broke down in a great agony of grief and confessed along those very lines.

A Bible woman also broke down, just as completely, confessing to lack of love for souls and selfishness. Soon all the women seemed to be weeping and praying. This gradually spread until everywhere among the men there were pitiful wails and cries for mercy.

As soon as the grief had partly spent itself we sang a hymn and tried to close the meeting. But so many were overcome and wanted to confess, we had to continue.

A deacon confessed that he prospered in worldly things and had forgotten God, had ceased Sabbath observance, was harsh in his home, family remained unconverted. When pressed to come to church he came and just edged inside the door. Now under the Spirit's mighty power he was all broken up.

A helper confessed to having taken indemnity money intended for another. It was now a great burden. His family remained unsaved. He fell crying to the floor and all prayed for him.

Another deacon weeping bitterly confessed to even hate towards some people, to neglect of God's work and to disunion in his outstation. Among others who confessed one was to covetousness, another to adultery.

After the evening address the people were so broken up that scarcely one could finish a prayer without weeping. A young man confessed to incendiarism and false witnessing for money, and that though he had joined the church he had never repented of his sin. Crying for the congregation to pray for him he fell to the floor as if shot.

Another young man, convulsed with weeping, confessed to bad temper, to despising the opportunity to testify for Christ, and to having been tempted to commit many sins.

A man confessed to secret use of opium and to idolatry. He pleaded that all pray for him, for in God's strength he determined to reform.

Another man well connected, whose face showed signs of deep conviction, confessed

to adultery and other sins. He took off a large gold ring and gave it as a pledge of reform. His whole body trembled as he stood there and wept.

A helper who had promised to give up the use of tobacco, and secretly used it now, was deeply convicted and promised to quit it. There were many other moving prayers and confessions at this service, but let the above suffice.

Friday, 27th.

After the noon address there was much praying, weeping and confessing. The grief of some seemed uncontrollable. Among the many confessions we mention the following:—A man said none were being saved in his district and the sin must rest on him. He afterwards knelt down and wept like a child.

Mention is made above of the two brothers who were at enmity, and how the elder of the two was convicted. The younger now confessed to misappropriation of church funds; to bad temper and to unjust treatment of his brother. He went weeping and kneeling down with his face on the floor before his brother and they were reconciled.

Another who has been in much trouble these days on account of sin, confessed to idolatry, adultery and gambling. He said "the devil got his hook in my heart and hauled me off to sin.

A helper told how he got money by using the name of the church. His wife told him that it was wrong, but he got angry with her and built a church with the money. He said when his wife got sick he wouldn't buy her any medicine, hoping she should die off and he would get another. He just writhed in his agony of conviction.

During the evening address there was a very hushed attention, and as soon as the meeting was open for prayer people all over the building commenced praying and weeping. It lulled for a little so that I thought of giving out a hymn, but soon it started up again with greater power than ever.

The women had been hindered by the men praying in such quick succession, therefore I said "we will now let the women have an opportunity."

A soon as the meetings were over the leaders organized and went in bands through the fourteen out stations in the Chin Chou field. I have since heard that in every out-station the Holy Spirit manifested His almighty power in reviving the Christians and giving them a love for the lost they never had before. Backsliders are being reclaimed and heathen are being convinced and converted.

Mention has been made above of a helper who quarreled so with his wife and hindered the work at that out-station. This man filled by the Spirit, went back and made things all right with his wife and then a powerful revival began at that out-station which shook things to the very foundations.

It was stated above that Mr. McNaughton had sent three men four hundred miles to be present at the meetings. They went back filled with the Spirit and mighty revivals followed in Chao Yang Chen and An Hi Ho in the Kirin province.

Then a fine looking young woman arose. She was the medical assistant mentioned above who had stolen medicine. Much prayer had been offered that God might move her to come out to these meetings. To-day she came for the first time. She had always been too proud to own up, but now she broke down in great distress and confessed everything.

The young woman's mother in bitter weeping confessed to lack of heart in Christ's service and to trying to live without the Holy Spirit. She prayed fervently for her husband and her children.

One of the helpers who has been very much broken up these days now made a complete break and humbled himself as dust with great weeping.

An ex-helper under deep conviction, confessed to having broken all the commands of the decalogue and to quarreling with the teacher and pastor about his daughter who had been corrected in school for disobedience.

Four of the school boys confessed with heart-breaking crying. One said that because of his example his father remained unconverted. Another whose father is one of the preachers, told us that his father asked him to have family worship at home during vacation and instruct his

mother and brother, but he had disobeyed. Another a small boy said his great sin was fighting and hating those with whom he had fought, and the fourth confessed to immoral thoughts and deeds.

At times everywhere all over the building men and women were weeping and praying. Many more confessed, one even as bad as adultery and theft, but we will pass them over.

It was wondrously spontaneous and natural, and was the most remarkable meeting of the series. It lasted about four hours and even then we had to check it. The missionaries are rejoicing greatly.

"YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT."

A missionary in Manchuria, writing of the great religious movement there, one feature of which has been the deep conviction of sin and open and startling confessions, writes of the revival in the city of Mukden:—

"As one returned home late at night after a meeting, the streets presented an unusual sight. Crowds of men and women, and even children thronged the road, in groups or singly, each with his paper lantern held before him, little points of light dotted over a great heathen city.

The same intensity that characterized the meeting was still evident in their manner and speech.

The strange events of the last few days were discussed in no low tone but, as is usual with Chinese, at the top of their voices, and as one passed swiftly through the crowd from one side and another came to one's ears words never before so spoken in Moukden,—sin, repentance, forgiveness, Jesus, Holy Spirit, prayer. These, and short extracts caught from conversations, suggested that a new day of spiritual awakening had dawned on the land.

"Our progress being stopped on one occasion, the following conversation was overheard. First an angry voice said, 'Why did you make such a fool of yourself to-night at the meeting? You have lost face before every one. If you wanted to confess sin, could you not have gone home and prayed in your own room.'

The answer came impressively and in awe-struck tones. 'Do you think I wanted to stand up before every one and confess the awful sins I did? No. I struggled in agony against the impulse, but, my brother, when the Spirit of God tells you to get up on your feet and confess, *you've got to do it!*'"

IN A MISSION HOSPITAL INDIA.

BY AN EVANGELISTIC MISSIONARY.

"The besetting sin of evangelistic work is slackness. Our colleagues on the educational side have certain incentives which we have not. The result is apparent. If you want to see Duty spelt with a capital letter, go to a well-worked mission school. Such a visit is a tonic.

Another tonic is to be found in the other wing, the medical. There you can study the opposite of your own defect, for a medical mission is nothing if it is not thorough. The punishment for slovenly work is sure and swift in the medical as in the educational. Only the thorough succeeds.

In our evangelistic work it is somewhat different. The result of a slack hour does not show at once. The stain it leaves on the conscience, the absence of something that might have been wrought in another soul, these are symptoms of decline often invisible to our eyes. Only God and the sorrowful angels read them aright at first.

As things are, then, it is good sometimes to break away from one's own sphere, and go into another for a while. It helps to ensure against mental cramp. It draws the lowered standard up, and gives one a tonic, so to the Neyoor hospital I went.

I was looking, half-attracted, half-repelled, at the various contrivances and instruments, when a shuffling noise proclaimed an arrival, and an old man, a cataract case, was helped up the steps, and into the room, and on to the table. The little knives that were waiting in a bath of solution looked cruel. They were waiting for that old man.

"He's nervous," said the doctor, who was vigorously scrubbing his hands. "You might talk to him; tell him it won't hurt."

The patient was a thin old man. He lay like a corpse, with a quilt for a shroud, his blind eyes staring straight up, his lips tense. He was a Hindu from our district, I found. The home voice seemed to reassure him. He lay more naturally.

There was prayer for a successful issue. The merciful cocaine had done its work. The eye was ready. The doctor began.

We realised then, as we had not before, how much hung upon how little. One infinitesimal carelessness as to surgical cleanliness, one moment's diverted attention, one swerve of the knife in the doctor's hand, and that particular door of access to a soul for whom Christ died might be barred.

It was awesome to feel that such a tremendous consequence depended on something so delicate that when you would define it exactly you could not. Viewed in this searching surgical light, everything short of the most scrupulous attention to even apparently unimportant minutæ, everything short of intense concentration seemed criminal.

But only a few minutes had passed since the old man had lain down. "Look," said the doctor, and I saw the yellow-ochre lens slip smooth, like a ripe little seed from its cell. The doctor held up his fingers "Count!" and the old man counted four. There was a moment of pure human pleasure then.

Later I saw that happy old man. He had a room to himself, where his friends were allowed to wait on him. He was peaceful, had no pain, did not mind his bandages, wearied not at all. To one who finds half a day's idle captivity pure misery, the patience of these people is rebuking. He made a perfect recovery, and it needs but a little imagination to see him as he truly is in his distant village to-day, a contented old man, an inspirer of hope to those in whose eyes, "the cataract flower has fallen."

He and his heard daily while in hospital about the great Eye Opener, for whose sake that help was given. In this case the result is not known. But it is impossible to believe the story would leave no mark upon him. And could there be a kinder way of making a mark for eternity?

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

Out of 28,000,000 people in France, there are about 650,000 Protestants. This is a small proportion, and yet the influence of this body of Protestants upon the French nation cannot be accurately gauged by its size. Protestant stands for a certain freedom in the judgment and action that agrees well with the genius of the Republic, but does not consort with the ancient demands of the Church of Rome.

At present in France, as also in America, the hierarchy is slowly, and not without considerable friction, striving to adjust be a factor in the regeneration and disinpeoples. The end is not yet in sight.

Within eight years, 1,000 Roman Catholic priests in France have left their Church and ministry because of unbelief in the teachings of that Church. These have not all become Protestants, but still they will be a factor in the regeneration and disintegration of the Church of Rome.

The extent of the disaffection toward that Church in France may probably not be unfairly estimated by the complexion of the National Legislature, that is able to pass by such large majorities legislation so bitterly opposed to the hierarchy.

Rome is fighting not against a few men, but against the very spirit of the age; and when it has taken the race thousands of years to reach its present conditions, it will take more than a fiat from Rome to turn it back.—Missionary Herald of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

NEED OF CHINA FOR BEST MEN.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has received the Report of the Deputation which visited China to see the working of the Board's missions, and to advise as to China's needs. One of the recommendations of the Deputations presented to the Prudential Committee of the American Board is as follows:—

"In our opinion in the conditions that now prevail in China it is futile to send there any missionary except those who give promise of being able to deal with the extraordinary, complex, and difficult situation which within the next generation they will inevitably be compelled to face.

"The primary quality beyond that of deep spiritual insight and the love of souls will be the capacity for leadership, the ability to inspire the Chinese, and to develop in them a sense of responsibility for the support and advancement of the institutions of the gospel in their own land.

"In an increasing degree the contact of our missionaries in the future must be with the educated classes and with those in authority.

"In order to be of the largest service to the Chinese in their period of intellectual awakening the Christian missionary must be alert, not alone spiritually, but also intellectually.

"In the ordinary routine of their work they will have need so to organize their activities as to conserve their own intellectual freshness and power and to equip them for the largest service.

"In selecting missionaries for China these facts should be kept prominently before us."

"Medical Missions" in commenting on the above, says:—

"The above recommendation, while referring primarily to the ordained missionaries, applies with equal force to the medical staffs of all our China missions.

"In a time of upheaval, like the present, if we are to influence aright the future of medicine in China, and make it a handmaid to the Gospel in the persons of native practitioners, who shall be well educated as medical men, and who shall realize their calling as one to be exercised in the spirit of the Good Physician, two things are needed.

"We need, in addition to the medical missionaries now on the field, a further body of first-class men in point of medical and surgical power and skill to teach; and we need also that the various missionary societies should recognize the pressing importance of such union in their work as that by mutual arrangement at important centres, good medical schools should be formed which should stamp the future of medicine in China with a healthy Christian tone.

"Great Britain and America are alike in-

terested in reaching forward to such a result. What is wanted now is that missionary societies and Christian men generally should realize that the thing is possible, and that the present opportunity is one either to be grasped now or lost for ever.

"Every provincial capital in China represents a kingdom with an average population of something like 22,000,000 of souls, and there are eighteen such capitals. It is most important to secure a good medical school at each of these provincial capitals, in which the medical missionaries should exercise a guiding influence."

DOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"The world is growing better in spots," it is said, and it is pleasing to know that the spots are growing larger and brighter; in some cases taking whole nations, and in one case a whole continent.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, on his return from South America, gave an optimistic view of conditions there. He finds that revolutions are not so frequent now as formerly, and that governments are becoming more just.

The people are beginning to grasp both the duties and blessings of liberty.

Protestants are not now molested so much as they were, and Protestant educators are being appreciated among the better classes. The colleges of the Methodists and Presbyterians are having a marked influence.

In every capital Protestant churches have missions, and, when the needs of the people are fully realized, evangelizing work in outlying communities will be pushed from these centers.

There is a timely lesson in Paul's prayer for the Philippian Christians: "And this I pray that your love may abound yet more and more" (Phil. 1.9). He is not asking that they shall have grace and courage to quit some evil habit or smite some social sin or to war against some civic iniquity. His wish is not that they may be kept from threatening ills, many though they be, but that they may come up to and abound in that which is good.

Do not bark at the bad, but chant over the goodness of the good and set down something that will help somebody. There is a phase of religion that expresses itself in the continual harping on the evil of the times, the criticism of things imperfect, the seeking out and chasing down and denouncing the faults that are easy enough to find—faults in the church, in the city government.—Ex.

All nations shall serve Him

CALLS INDUCTIONS, ETC.**Calls From.**

St. Andrews Church, Sudbury, Ont., to Mr. E. S. Logie, of Hartney.
 Knox Church, Guelph, Ont., to Mr. Geo. W. Arnold, of Petrolia.
 Woodville, Lindsay Pres., to Mr. A. J. Mann, of West Lorne.
 Vankleek Hill, Glengarry Pres., to Mr. P. F. Sinclair, of Toronto.
 St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, to Mr. Jas. G. Clarke, of Westmount, Que.
 Buckingham, Ottawa Pres., to Mr. W. F. Crawford, of Chesterville.
 Snow Road, Kingston, Pres., to Mr. A. J. MacMullen, of Merrickville.

Inductions Into.

The office of Superintendent of Missions, for Northern Ontario, 29 Sept., Mr. Child-erhose, of Huntsville.
 Corunna, Mr. W. E. Wallace, 18 Aug.
 Kew Beach Pres., Church, Mr. B. S. Black, 4 Sept.
 Haynes Ave. Ch., St. Catharines, Mr. Crawford Tate, of Delhi, 6 Sept.
 Orangeville, Mr. W. M. Morris, Aug. 26.
 Knox Church, Pictou, N.S. Mr. Wm. McNally, 22 Sept.
 Scotstown, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, 15 Sept.
 Riverdale, Mr. J. A. Miller, 17 Sept.
 Oxford, Wallace Pres., Mr. Geo. S. Mitchell, 1st Oct.
 Port Perry, Ont., 8 Sep., Mr. W. H. McInnes.
 Scotsburn, N.S., 22 Sept., Mr. A. W. Ross,
 Knox Church, Pictou, N.S., 22 Sep., Mr. Wm. McNally.

Resignations Of.

Metis, Que., Mr. Wm. Hay.
 Lake Megantic, Que., Mr. J. M. Callan.
 Hornby and Omagh, Mr. Jno. McKenzie.
 Holland and Camille, Mr. J. R. Frizell.
 Lancaster, Mr. J. D. McKenzie.
 St. Andrews, Rossland, Mr. T. G. Robinson.

Vacancies.

Huntsville, North Bay Pres., Modr., Mr. G. B. McLaren, Huntsville.
 Blenheim and Guilds, Chatham Pres., Moderator, Mr. Hugh Cowan, Chatham.
 Hartney, Moderator, Mr. Russell, Lauder, Man.
 Sombra, Moderator, Mr. E. C. Currie, Sarnia.
 Bondhead and Schomberg, Barrie Pres., Moderator, Mr. C. H. Cooke of Bradford.
 Desboro, Algoma Pres., Moderator, Mr. J. A. Black of Massey.
 Wallace, Yorkton Pres., Moderator, Mr. A. Murray, Stornoway, Sask.
 Hornby and Omagh, Moderator, Mr. W. D. Turner, Norval.

Stevenson, Chathan Pres., Moderator, Mr. J. P. McQuarrie.

Holland and Camille, Glenboro Pres., Moderator, Mr. R. C. Pollock, Treherne, Man.

Lancaster, Glengarry Pres., Moderator, Mr. J. N. Tanner, Lancaster, Ont.

St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, Moderator, Dr. McMillan, Halifax, N.S.

First Pres., Church, Truro, Moderator, Mr. A. A. Smith, Valley Station, N.S.

Huntingdon, Que., Mod'r, Mr. W. R. Cruikshank, Montreal.

Riverfield, Que., Mod'r, Mr. Geo. Whillans, Georgetown, Que.

THE CLERK'S STORY**Regarding Sunday.**

The following is the story as he told me, as nearly as I can remember it;

"I was brought up to have little regard for the Lord's Day. Soon after marriage I came to the city and began work as a clerk seven days every week. When we discussed the need of Sunday closing in the labor union, I began to realize that I needed Sunday rest. We induced our employer to close Sundays. I greatly enjoyed being at home Sunday with my wife and babe. I found it was a great thing for my health. One Sunday when my wife as usual brought in some steak from the meat market, I set to thinking of something I had not thought of before. I said: 'My dear wife, those men in the meat market need Sunday rest and home just as much as I do. Please hereafter get our Sunday meat Saturday evening.' She gladly consented.

"But the next Saturday she said, 'John, let us go to-morrow and get baby's picture taken.' I said, 'All right.' But I set to thinking again. After a while, I asked her, 'Don't that photographer need rest and home Sunday just as well as I? This Sunday rest does me much good. It does you good. It makes our home happier. I will get off some week day to get baby's picture taken.'

"We had been in the habit of going to father's frequently on the Sunday train, but one day I did some pretty hard thinking and said, 'Mary, I have been thinking a great deal about the men that run the Sunday train. That engineer works under such heavy strain that he needs Sunday rest much more than I do. His wife and children need him at home Sunday. It seems to me that when we ride on a Sunday train we are responsible for all the serious damage that comes to the lives and homes of those railroad men. I cannot ride on a Sunday train again.'

"A few weeks later I said: 'Sunday has brought us such blessings that it seems at though we ought to go to church and thank God for His gift of one day in seven for home and rest. Truly it is a love gift.' So we became regular church goers, and later active workers in the church."—Selected.

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as it is decided, also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, Truro, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 24 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness,
3. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace, Northport, 20 Oct.
6. Truro, Truro, 20 Oct., 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Halifax, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
8. Lun and Yarmouth.
9. St. John, St. John, 20 Oct., 10 a.m.
10. Miramichi, Newcastle, 29 Sep., 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Richmond, 1 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Maxville, 1st Tues. Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lan, Renfrew, Arnprior, 24 Nov., 10.30
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

17. Kingston, Kingston, St. A., 8 Dec., 10
18. Peterboro, Campbellford, 29 Sep., 10.
19. Lindsay, Urbridge, 22 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
20. Whitby, Oshawa, 20 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 10 Mar.
23. Barrie.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma, Sudbury, 22 Sep., 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd, 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, Thurs. 12 Nov., 10.30
31. London, London, 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
32. Chatham.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 8 Dec. 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Egmonville, 10 Nov., 11.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 1 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior, Fort William, March, 1909, 10
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Belmont, 2nd Tues., Feb.,

41. Glenboro, Elm Creek, Feb., 1909.
42. Portage-la-Prairie, P. la Fra., 1 Mar., 7.
43. Dauphin.
44. Minnedosa, Rapid city, 9 Feb. 2 p.m.
45. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Indian Head, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 9 Feb., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle,
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Feb., 1b.
54. Battleford, N. Battleford, 1 Tues. Feb. 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Alberta, Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton.
56. Vermilion,
57. Red Deer, Bowden, 21 Sept., 2 p.m.
58. Lacombe, Ponoka, 17 Sep., 2.30 p.m.
59. Calgary, Calgary, 28 Sept., 8 p.m.
60. McLeod, Lethbridge, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia, Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Feb., 1909.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster.
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

QUARRELLING CHRISTIANS.

No man will properly develop as a Christian who lives in a state of quarrel. In enmity against God, he is, of course, not a Christian at all; but reconciled to Him, he must remain a dwarf unless he secures peace with those around him.

Fighting the brethren, fighting angrily in behalf of reform, contending with bitter words and hard strife for even the best of doctrines, he will stunt the growth of a divine life within him.

Even fighting against sin is not to be done in a quarrelsome way, but in a spirit of honoring God while abhorring the sin and pitying the sinner

We are to conduct a warfare, but our fight is to be a "good" one, which means that it is to be directed against wrong and in favor of right, but also that it is to be waged so that in the darkest day of defeat we may be able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Ex.

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Aug.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Aug. 31
Foreign Missions....	\$1219.30	\$6,320.38
Home Missions.....	1274.01	2,163.73
Augmentation.....	218.11	1,354.70
College.....	3762.78	4,085.14
A. and I. Ministers..	1480.75	1,520.48
French Evangelizatin	143.80	368.59
Pt-aux-Trembles....	31.00	116.05
For North West.....	440.00	1,051.40
Children's Day Col..	—	10.37
Assembly Fund.....	14.00	42.25
Bursary Fund.....	334.38	753.88
Library Fund.....	9.80	87.20
Manitoba College....	—	—
Widows' & Orphans..	—	201.97
Temp., Moral Reform	38.00	87.00
Unallocated.....	145.00	1,464.67

Total..... \$9,110.93 \$19,627.81

Received during August
at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
By Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Reported.....	\$10,516.88	Mabon.....	31.75
Noel Miss. Soc.	20	Port Hood.....	8.25
Hampton.....	2.43	New Mills.....	20
Nauwigwauk.....	5.20	Woodville.....	20
Rothsay.....	3.50	"A. B. C.".....	5
Hopewell, St. Col.	4	Sherbrooke.....	11.45
Truro, St. Pauls c.	20	J. R. Cowans.....	17.50
Roderick McKay.....	5	New Glasgo, United..	758.25
Rev. Layton.....	5	Annie Campbell.....	10
R. M. Hattie.....	5	Scotsburn, ce.....	19.70
Springside.....	33	"Friend".....	12.50
Cape North.....	36	David McLure.....	50
Little Narrows.....	19.60	New Richmond.....	40.90
Fairville.....	25	Mait.....	26
Antigonish.....	55.82	Black Riv. & c.....	35
Sunny Brae.....	43.45	New Dublin & c.....	15
"A Friend".....	10	Boulardarie.....	14
Hampton, Rothsay & c	1.95	Carleton, Chebogue..	14.25
Sheburne.....	5	Harvey, Acton.....	59.25
Thomp on.....	13	Shemogue.....	50
Thomas Harris.....	200	Rev. J. D. McGillivray	100
Nashwaak, Stanley....	28	S. Richmond.....	2.10
Refund.....	25	Refund.....	4.84
Milbank.....	6.25	Truro Berachah m. c.	100
Bartibogue.....	10	Consolidated Rev....	6,916.91
Albert Co. Circuit.....	60	Total.....	\$19,627.81
Up. Stewiacke.....	60		

The Presbyterian Record

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.
Editor and Manager, E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

Price, in advance, seventy-five cents, yearly.
"To congregations, twenty-five dollars per hundred."
Same rate to small churches in parcels of six or more.

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The Presbyterian Record,

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The Master of the Heart.

By ROBERT E. SPEER.

A book of twelve chapters, which are not essays but addresses, spoken in the first place to the young men and women at the Northfield Conferences. The title of the book sums up its meaning. It deals with Christ and the heart; What Christ is to the heart, and what he does for the heart and life. It is very simple, very practical, very interesting, very helpful, not goody but very good, as might be expected from the writer and the subject. It deals with its questions not in a stereotyped, but in a fresh and easy way. The ignorant can understand it. The most learned will appreciate it. No one can read it with open mind without a clearer, fuller, knowledge of Jesus Christ, and a better attitude towards Him. Pp. 240. The Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, etc. Price \$1.00 net.

There are in the average church three classes of people, the Reliables, the Unreliables and the Liabiles. On those who make up the first class you can depend absolutely and always. May their tribe increase! On those of the second class you can never depend. They have attained a certain sort of reliability in being always unreliable. They may be crossed entirely out of any book of expectation of service or use. It is, perhaps, those of the third class that most bring gray hairs and wrinkles of concern to the pastor and to those charged with the administration of affairs. You never know how to take them nor where to find them.—Zion's Advocate.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The long evenings are coming, are here, with their opportunities for reading. The best thought of the world's wisest and best may be ours for the taking, making us, if we will, wiser and better. Here are some books that have recently come to our table.

For Young Husbands and Wives.

First are two companion books, a little out of the ordinary, but which we have no hesitation in mentioning here, and recommending. If read and followed they will do much towards making healthier, happier homes, and a healthier, happier world.

They are:—

What a Young Husband Ought to Know
By Sylvanus Stall, D.D., and

What a Young Wife Ought to Know
By Dr. Emma F. A. Drake.

These books are pure and wholesome, and none can read them without a purer, higher, nobler ideal of the married life, and it is safe to say that few, if any, will read them without being thankful for them.

Nearly 300 pages, price \$1.00 each. Wm. Briggs, Richmond St., Toronto.

Talks to the King's Children.

This is the second series of "Object Sermons to Children, by Sylvanus Stall, D.D. The First Series, sent out two years ago, met with a cordial reception from press and public. The Second is a worthy successor and will be heartily welcomed. It will be interesting to the little folk, and will assist those who wish to talk to them helpfully and suggestively. It is the kind of a book that parents, teachers, superintendents and others like to have when trying to instruct the young.

Each talk is a lesson from some object. Some of its thirty-seven talks are:—"Grasshopper and Ant—Negligence and Industry"—"Tobacco what it does and what we should do"—"Seeds—Sowing a Good Name"—"The Book of Life—Is my name written there?"—"Salt, The Saving Power of Christians"—etc. pp. 250; price \$1.00. William Briggs, 33 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Sermons Which Have Won Souls.

By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., of Denver, Colo., and published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, etc. Price \$1.40 net. In his introduction, Dr. Banks says:—"The sermons in this volume are all Sunday morning sermons, selected from those preached during the last two years, Because of the fact that they have been peculiarly blessed of God. I send forth this, as I have the many volumes which have preceded it, with the sincere and humble prayer, that the blessing of God which has been on these sermons in their proclamation, may abide with them on the printed page." Preceding the sermons is an introductory chapter,—"The Pastor as a Personal Soul Winner."

What Shall I Believe?

A series of addresses by the Faculty of Auburn Theological Seminary, N.Y. Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, U. S. A. The themes of the several addresses are:—"What shall I believe"—"Concerning Belief"—"Concerning God"—"Concerning Jesus Christ"—"Concerning the Bible"—"Concerning Man"—"Concerning the Church"—"Concerning the Resurrection"—"Concerning the Future Life"—The book is a valuable one in that it sums up in brief, clear, simple form, the great truths of the Christian religion, answering the problems and questions of to-day in the thought and language of to-day. It would have been more complete had there been a chapter on "what shall I believe, concerning The Holy Spirit," in whose dispensation we live. But it presents clearly a wide range of Christian truths, and the Faculty of Auburn and the Presbyterian Board have done a great service in bringing out a book of its kind and excellence. "The Presbyterian Board, Philadelphia."

The Heart of the Gospel.

By JAMES M. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"A Popular Exposition of the Atoning Work of Christ." In a series of thirty-two chapters, the writer discusses:—"The Atonement in Old Testament Teaching"—"The Place of the Atonement in New Testament Teaching"—"The Problem Involved"—"The Forgiveness of Sin"—"The Barrier to be Removed"—"The Production of Repentance"—"Things that follow Repentance"—"The Rationale of the Cross"—"The Vicarious Principle"—"The Sacraments and the Atonement"—"The Holy Spirit and the Atonement," etc. The keynote of the Book is the opening sentence of the Introduction,—"The Heart of the Gospel is the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ; and the interpretation of that sacrifice is the foremost problem of Theology." To that problem the writer devotes his book. The Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, etc. Price \$1.25 net.

The Fact of Conversion.

By GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

This book is the Cole Lectures for 1908, delivered in Vanderbilt University. The subject is treated in six lectures—"The Reality of Conversion as a Fact of Consciousness"—"The Reality of Conversion as a Fact for Life"—"Varieties of Conversion"—"The Rationale of Conversion"—"The Psychology of Conversion"—"Present Day Preaching and Conversion." The keynote of the book is:—"We are not done with conversion, we never shall be done with it. But we must tell our own generation what conversion means." This the book does, in the language and thought of our generation. Every Christian worker, every Christian, would be helped by a careful reading of it. Toronto, William Briggs:—Montreal, C. W. Coates:—Halifax, F. W. Mosher. Price \$1.00 net.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

The charities that soothe and heal and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers—Wordsworth.

The "beatitudes" have never been copy-righted. Any one may print them on every leaf of their lives.

The bolts which hold back the windows of heaven are always on the human and never on the Divine side.

The highest ambition of love is to be a servant. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to serve.—Chimes.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There is something a good deal better than saying you are sorry when you have done wrong, and that is instantly facing about and doing right.

"Take up your bed and walk"—to the flat roof and sleep there is all the medical advice needed to check the decline and breakdown of many a pale, listless city dweller."

I sought Him; and now, a fig for all the worm-eaten pleasures, and month-eaten glory of earth, since I have found Him, and in Him all I can want or wish.—Rutherford.

Young Christians make many mistakes in working for Christ but they may make a greater mistake in not working for Him. No failure in making the attempt is so bad as to fail to make it.

It was said of one that as he prayed he spoke as if God was near, and talked with him so really and confidently that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—Taylor.

Every promise is built upon four pillars; God's justice, which will not suffer him to deceive; his grace, which will not suffer him to forget; his truth, which will not suffer him to change; and his power, which makes him able to accomplish.—Salter.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells; in ourselves the music swells; everywhere the heart awake, finds what pleasure it can make; everywhere the light and shade, by the gazer's eye is made." This is the secret of that fine art which people possess of always finding good and beauty in others. They have goodness and beauty in themselves.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.—Earl of Shaftesbury.

Much of the success of the McAll mission in France is due to the eagerness of the people to spread the Gospel. A cobbler's wife, a milk woman, an old soldier, a blind man, all these carry the good news—truly like the early Christians.—Missionary Review.

Before men we stand as opaque beehives. They can see the thoughts go in and out of us, but what work they do inside of a man they cannot tell. Before God we are as glass beehives, and all that our thoughts are doing within us he perfectly sees and understands.—Beecher.

Believe always that every other life has been more tempted, more tried than your own; believe that the lives higher and better than your own are so not through more ease but more effort; that the lives lower than yours are so through less opportunity, more trial.—Mary R. S. Andrews.

When you have prayed, look upon yourselves as thereby engaged and encouraged, both to serve God and to trust in Him; that the comfort and benefit of your morning devotions may not be as the morning cloud which passes away, but as the morning light which shines more and more.—Matthew Henry.

Watch against all fretful and discontented thoughts which do but chafe and corrode the mind to no purpose. To harbor them is to do yourself more injury than it is in the power of your greatest enemy to do you. It is equally a Christian's interest and duty to "Learn in whatsoever state he is therewith to be content."—Mason.

Prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar. Years upon years of true thoughts, like ceaseless music shut up within will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into correspondence, and the harmony of visible form matches the unheard harmonies of the mind.—James Lane Allen.

"Eberhard, the murderer, fled to Chicago. From there, so he averred, a mysterious power drove him back to the scene of his horrible deed. He could not rest. And when, after his arrest and stubborn as well as continued denial, he finally broke down and confessed all, he felt as though a load had been lifted off his mind. And yet some men say there is no conscience."

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PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

NO. 11.

The L. M. M.

One of the features of our age is its multitude of cabalistic names or titles. Y. M. C. A., I. O. O.,—G. O. M.,—G.O.P., etc., etc. An organization at first receives its full name. Then as it becomes well known, it is abbreviated; its initial letters soon becoming as familiar as the name itself and standing as a permanent title, while the full name is seldom heard.

Is it too much to say that one of the very latest of these, The L. M. M., representing the Layman's Missionary Movement, is one of the greatest; if not the greatest, among them all. It is simply the world's christian men, the membership of the world's evangelical churches of every name and clime, realizing the greatness of the work to be done, its pressing importance, that if done at all they must do it, and rising up as one man and saying. "It is our work; we will do it."

L. M. M., if it fulfils its present promise, will pass down into history as one of the great world departures marking that history for good.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

Collier, in his "Great Events of History" says:—"The Great Event of all History is the Crucifixion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This statement is not a religious extravagance but a reasonable, sober fact. Only through the death of Jesus Christ has true life and hope come to the world. The greatest thing in the life of any man is his redemption from the guilt and power of sin. What is true of any and every man must be true of all men. Hence it follows that the greatest thing now in the world, is the telling of that way of deliverance to all men, so that they may find for themselves deliverance from the guilt, the power, the wretchedness, the ruin of sin.

The one great thing has been done. Jesus Christ did it. The other he left for men to do. Having finished the one, He bade his followers do the other. "Go ye into all the world

and preach the Gospel—the good news—to every creature." So soon as men hear of it, that hearing involves the obligation to "pass it on." To know of that "Great Event of all History" is more important to men as men and to nations as nations, than to know any or all else of the world's knowledge, and the making known of that knowledge is more important than the making known of any or all else of the world's knowledge. Call it "Missions" or whatever else you may choose, it is the greatest thing in the world to-day.

In this Generation.

The L. M. M. has a motto which expresses its ideal, that at which it aims. The motto is "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." This ideal has often been set before the churches, but it has never been taken hold of, as at the present time. It has been an ideal of the "Young People's Missionary Movement" but the young people could not do it unless they were sent. Now it is being taken up seriously by the men who have the means of the Church, and they are aiming at it as a definite goal.

Not only so, but they are aiming at it in a very definite manner. The leaders in the Movement have made very careful calculations as to the millions that are yet pagan; and they have divided these millions up among the different churches of the world according to the size and strength of the churches, and the question presented to each of these churches as the movement is being inaugurated among them is, "Here is the number which is considered your fair proportion, will you undertake it?" The answers thus far received have almost invariably been, "We can and we will."

The World Parcelled out.

Not only has the share of the whole that each church should undertake been very carefully estimated, but the place where that share is has in many cases been definitely

located. By what is called the "Comity of Missions" the different missionary societies have gradually worked into different territory so as to prevent overlapping and to economise effort, and to-day a large part of the heathen world is thus parcelled out.

Our own church has:—in the Eastern Division, part of the New Hebrides, the E. Indians in Trinidad and Guiana, and North Eastern Korea. The Western Division has Central India, North Formosa, North Honan, and part of Canton Province, South China.

In these fields we have our full share of the pagan world. In North Honan alone we have eight millions, more people than in all Canada, and in Central India three millions. No other Church is working in any of these fields. They must receive the Gospel from us or not at all.

There is our share of the heathen world, in our own mission fields, left to ourselves. The question is, "shall we give them the knowledge of the greatest thing in the world and shall we do it in this generation?" Thus far wherever the question has been fairly put to our people the answer has been "yes." It only remains to make the promise good.

What about Home Work.

It is a fact of universal experience that in proportion as a church becomes interested in telling the "Good News" to the "members of the family that don't know," it takes a deeper interest in all that concerns the work of the church at home, and does more for that work.

A good story has been recently told in illustration of this fact. Some time ago, a minister in the U. S. A. said to his congregation that as they would have quite a burden raising their own support, he would not ask them, this year, for anything for missions. Next year their revenue was less and they had to reduce his salary. Next year a further reduction had to be made, and the next he had to resign.

They then called another minister at a greatly reduced salary. He threw himself into the work of missions. His own support was gradually increased and it was not long till they were doing more for self-support than they had ever done before, and were

at the same time supporting their own missionary to the heathen. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

In addition to the above it may be added that. The Layman's Missionary Movement, so far as Canada is concerned, has a direct interest in our work at home as well as abroad.

WHAT "OUR SHARE" MEANS.

Principal Gandier, Convener of the Assembly's Committee (western division) on Systematic Giving, in his letter to presbyteries, says:—

"At the lowest calculation there are twelve millions of people in the fields allotted to our church in India, China and Formosa. No other Protestant Missionaries are working among this people or will go to them for, under the comity of missions, they have been left to the care of our Presbyterian Church in Canada, Western Division. Unless we give them the Gospel it will not come to them. God and Christendom alike hold us responsible for the evangelization of these twelve millions.

"Can we claim to have occupied this field, or to have met our responsibility for these Christless millions unless we provide at least one ordained missionary or one medical missionary for each 50,000 of the people, together with a proper staff of lady workers and all needed equipment? That is the irreducible minimum, and yet even to do that we would need to increase the number of our ordained and medical missionaries and general equipment **five fold**.

"At the present time, apart from the gifts of our W. F. M. S., our Western Section of the Church spends about \$90,000 a year upon work in India, China and Formosa. Multiply that amount by five, add what is needed for work among Indians, Jews, Chinese and Hindus in Canada, also what is needed for administration, and we reach an amount not less than \$500,000. This amount would be required of our congregations quite apart from the gifts of the W. F. M. S.

"But in Canada the Laymen's Missionary Movement includes all forms of Home Missionary work, and no Canadian Church can ever consent to neglect the manifold work required in this new country so rapidly fill-

ing up with people of many races and from many lands.

"Further, in order to overtake our College work, to push vigorously our Home Mission work in all its departments, including French Evangelization, to care for our aged and infirm ministers and the widows and orphans of those who have fallen on the field, we need during this current year \$380,000. With the opening up of North and West to settlement and the rapid growth of population, an annual increase of ten per cent. in the amount needed is a very reasonable estimate. It is clear, therefore that by the time the full results of any forward movement can be realized we will need \$500,000 annually to meet the need at home.

"In a word, if the men of our Western Division of the Church are to meet the need of the immediate future, they must be prepared to underwrite a budget of one million dollars a year, half a million for work in Canada, and half a million to evangelize the twelve million heathen outside of Canada for whom we are responsible. Nothing less will meet the need, nothing less is loyalty to Jesus Christ. This is what we must do if we can do it.

But is it possible. Is not \$1,000,000. a year an intolerable burden to place upon the men of our Church, in addition to the support of ordinances in their own congregations?

"For answer, ask another question: Does anyone imagine that a gift of twenty or twenty-five cents a Sunday for the missionary and educational work of our Church in its completeness, would be a burden upon the average Presbyterian family in this Dominion; or that a gift of ten cents a Sunday would be a burden upon the average Presbyterian communicant? Would the average person in our Church know at the end of the year that he had given anything, if he had not kept strict account? Yet this average per week over the Western Division of the Church would give us the million dollars required.

"We say this, not to make ten cents a Sunday a standard for anyone, but just to show how absurd it is to claim that we cannot raise the million dollars, and to show that the great need is, to get the multitude

of our members giving small sums regularly week by week. Had we systematic weekly giving for missions, the whole amount could be raised even though there were not one wealthy person in the Church.

"Dare we aim at doing less than all our Home work, and giving at least one ordained or medical missionary to every 50,000 of the 12,000,000 heathen for whom we are responsible? Dare we say to God that we recognise the need and the unparalleled opportunity, and that an average of ten cents a week represents a sacrifice our Church cannot be expected to make?

"There are some who cannot give, some congregations, it may be, and many individuals whom we never can reach, but think of the many who will find it their privilege and their joy to give their hundreds and their thousands to this, the grandest enterprise of the ages!

"Our appeal is this—Will not you as a Presbytery, definitely assume your share of the million dollars, and set about realizing that amount by an effort to introduce the spirit of the Laymen's Movement into every congregation? Will you not arrange to visit every congregation, get the men together, put facts before them, speak to them of the Laymen's Movement and what it has led the men of other places to do, and ask them if they as men will not become responsible to see that their congregation gives its share of the million dollars.

It is best to give each congregation a definite figure to work for. In country congregations it may be best to work on the basis of the family as the unit, and have the men start a campaign to secure pledges that will average at least twenty-five cents a week, or \$1. a month, from each family. If the men take it up, the weekly, or at least the monthly offering can be introduced almost anywhere.

Say to the men: 'You are worried with a multitude of collections for this and that and the other thing. You complain that there are too many schemes and too many appeals. Now secure us an average of twenty-five cents a week from each family for the whole work we have outlined to you, and there will be no further need of special appeals or extra collections. That will cover all.' "

THE MARITIME SYNOD.

Truro, October 8, 1908.

Dear Record,

This our oldest Synod has been meeting here for the past three days, in the church of one of the oldest Presbyterian congregations in Canada, dating its first call to a minister from 1770, 138 years ago. Here was organized the first regular presbytery in Canada, 2nd August, 1786, 122 years ago. Here was organized the first Presbyterian Synod in Canada, 3rd. July, 1817, 91 years ago.

Truro has always been a favorite meeting place. Many are the memories that cluster around the Synod gatherings in this good old Loyalist town with its kindly people; memories of "fathers and brethren" well beloved, who have passed on; of forward movement undertaken with high hope and strong resolve; of progress reviewed with thankful hearts.

This Synod has some special features. While sharing with the other Synods in French work and Home Missions in the Northwest, and having the Aged Ministers' Fund in common, it supports and practically controls its own College, Home, Augmentation and Foreign Work. Its meetings have thus a special interest to its constituency and are usually better attended than most of those farther west. A word as to our statistics. There are 709 preaching places, 27,671 families, 44,133 communicants, a Sabbath School attendance of 31,042, and giving for the past year for all mission purposes of \$88,478.

The recent meeting was held in the First Presbyterian church. It was opened with sermon by Dr. A. B. Dickle, after which Dr. Robert Cumming was chosen moderator for the current year. Among the first subjects to be brought before the Synod, were two that have not direct official connection with the Church, and with regard to which she has neither responsibility nor control, though they are closely allied with her, the Presbyterian Witness and The Ladies College, Halifax. The former reported steady increase in circulation and was warmly commended to our people by resolution of Synod; the latter reported hopefully and was also commended and a visitor appointed as usual for the year.

The Synod's College, the oldest college in the church, but nameless yet, rejoicing in the sobriquet of "Pine Hill," reported steady increase in the two essentials of a college—students and resources. It has a splendid field for the former and there are ample means for the latter, which should soon remove the adverse balance of eleven hundred dollars. The College has had a long and honorable history and its friends look for its golden age yet to be. Dr. Denny, of Glasgow, is to give a series of lectures there near the close of the present session.

Home Missions and Augmentation, two branches of our great home work, were found encouraging. Receipts for the former were \$18,500, an increase of nearly \$2,000 over previous year. Of this \$4,000 was sent to the Northwest. Augmentation is solvent, and asks \$11,000 for this year. To these two nursing funds a large number of our congregations East and West, owe their existence to-day, with their ability to help others. These Funds are a splendid investment on the part of the church. They are her secret of growth and perennial youth.

Foreign Missions has ever had a foremost place in this Synod and the "scattereth yet increaseth" has been realized. There is unfortunately a debt of \$12,000 on the F. M. Fund, which is simply a larger opportunity of sharing with the Master in sacrifice for the world's redemption. Foreign Mission giving in the Synod should be increased by at least one third during the current year. While some have done what they could, many could easily double their gifts, and will do so and more when the church realizes that her great business, for which she exists, is to save the world.

Seldom has the Synod in its Home and Foreign night such an array of speakers from afield. Besides our own members there were Dr. John Pringle, of Yukon, Drs. Grant and Coffin, of Trinidad and D. Macrae, of Korea.

One thing of which we are a little ashamed is that we are not doing our share towards the Aged Minister's Fund; that is, some of us are ashamed and some are doing nothing. Our aged ministers gave their lives to the work for which the Church exists, and are entitled to a living as long as they

live. Most of them could have made abundant provision for old age if they had chosen other work. Our Synod, seldom behind in doing its part, will surely not be content to be wanting in this work. A very little from each congregation would suffice to make up our share for our own aged men.

One pleasing feature in connection with the report on systematic giving was that the speaking, which was strong and earnest, was done by the elders, shewing more especially the effect of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in leading the men of the Church to realize that the real business of the church is the redemption of the world. But this Movement must move if it would be of service. The debt of \$12,000 on the F. M. Fund, \$1,100 on the College and \$800 on the Synod's share of the Aged Ministers' Fund awaits removal, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement, if living up to its name, must move it, and then move forward to greater things if it is to be worthy of us.

Other important matters there were before Synod: French Evangelization, Temperance and Moral Reform, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, etc., all of them important, but they have been fully reported in the daily and weekly press and this letter is already long enough. Yours, X.

OUR COLLEGES.

Of our six theological colleges, from ocean to ocean, three are in the throes of birth or change and three are pursuing the even tenor of their way, all of them eager to receive and train more men, in response to the cry of the home and foreign fields.

The youngest, with its venerable name, Westminster Hall, closed its first session, a Summer session, 29 September, with due ceremonial, in the presence of a large and interested congregation in St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver.

Principal Mackay is very hopeful as to the future of this child of promise. It was intimated at the closing that there are no less than twenty-one students in sight for next year and they are to be favored for longer or shorter time with the teaching of Drs. Denny and George Adam Smith from Scotland and Drs. Welsh and Gordon, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

Rev. John A. Logan of Eburne, B.C. has been appointed financial agent and has also been giving instruction in the college.

The Presbyterians of Vancouver city and of the coast generally are enthusiastic over

their own theological Institution. May it be increasingly a centre of influence for good in the future of the Pacific Coast.

In Manitoba College no special changes mark the opening of the session, which has begun with good promise.

Knox College, Toronto, is making new departures, with a new principal and prospective new buildings. The appointment of Dr. Gandier as principal has been received with universal approval, the old building is under option and its sale probable. Good as the past has been, Knox is planning and working for still larger and better things in the days to come. The College opened, 7 October, with a good attendance of students.

Queen's University, Kingston, has still before it the question of church connection.

The University was founded by Presbyterians. By its charter only Presbyterians were members of the Board of Trustees. Some years ago a change was made and though the church as such has neither responsibility nor control, twenty-seven of the thirty-seven trustees must still be Presbyterians, though more than half its students belong to other denominations.

Principal Grant when living had been working for some time to have the charter changed, making it entirely non-denominational in name as in fact. In 1903, after his death, the Assembly decided in favor of retaining the connection. In 1908 the Assembly was asked to reverse that decision but confirmed it instead. The Board of trustees, in response to request of the Senate, has again, at its meeting, 14 October, ult., agreed by majority to petition the General Assembly to remove from the charter these denominational disabilities. The session has opened with an increase of more than a hundred students in advance of the previous year, in Arts, Science, etc.

Whatever readjustment may be made regarding the University the Theological Faculty, of course, will remain as a college connected with the church.

Rev. Ernest Scott, M.A., a distinguished graduate of Edinburgh and Oxford, has been appointed to the chair of Church History.

The Presbyterian College, Montreal, was opened 7th October under very hopeful auspices, with the attendance of students among the largest in the history of the college. The teaching staff, which has been more or less broken by death and removal during the past six years, is now complete.

The Presbyterian College, Halifax, has not opened at this writing, but the outlook for the coming session, as to quality and number of students, is very good.

GIVING MISSIONARY KNOWLEDGE.

DR. R. P. MACKAY.

C. P. R., near Regina, 3 Oct., 1903.

Editor Record,

A prominent layman in Montreal stated the other day in a public meeting, that he had once heard a sermon on "Mission Sunday," but there was not an item of mission information in it. At the close of the sermon, however, there was an almost frantic appeal for a good collection that they might do a little better than they did last year.

The speaker said "I looked around in my pocket for one cent, which I put in the plate, to show my contempt for that kind of thing. The preacher had no interest in missions but wanted to save face with his Board by going a little in advance of former years. But," said the speaker, "I after that heard another missionary sermon, when there was no appeal at the close, but it was so full of information and inspiration that I put my cheque for \$100 in the plate, and I afterwards put into my will \$1000 for foreign missions."

The day after, another prominent layman in Ottawa said to me, "Put information into the people, without that there will be no abiding result."

These are two striking testimonies from two representative men, well known in Canada as leaders in financial circles and in Christian liberality. Their judgment will be endorsed by all interested people. There must be an intelligent foundation laid and maintained in order to get enduring results.

That that is the judgment of our ministers and people is seen in the demand for literature. "More and fresh literature" is the unceasing cry. Allow me to recommend to all ministers, laymen, young people's societies and others the literature now being published by the Laymen's Movement. We probably never had in so cheap and usable a form, so much fresh, up-to-date literature as they offer. It is sold in packages of eighteen booklets and one book—all for one dollar, post paid.

Any minister can find in this one package material for fifteen or twenty addresses that will kindle his own heart and the heart of his people, as it has already kindled the enthusiasm of thousands of men on this continent. It is an opportunity that should not

b lost for the Church's sake, as well as for the minister's own sake. It will bring him into intelligent fellowship with this movement that is touching so many people and will sooner or later touch his people, and upon whom he can lean in Christian work as never before.

These booklets were prepared by such men as R. E. Spear, J. R. Mott, Hon. S. B. Capen, N. W. Rowell, Toronto, J. Campbell White, Hon. W. H. Taft, Dr. J. L. Barton and others. They are concentrated information and inspiration, and the booklets can be purchased singly for five cents each, or, as already stated, in bulk, with the book, for one dollar. Certainly lack of material can not be urged as an excuse for an unintelligent and uninterested people. This literature will continue to grow and can be had on application to "The Office of The Laymen's Missionary Movement," Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

How Weekly Giving Helps

And how a weekly offering is managed, are two questions tersely discussed in a little leaflet just issued by the Presbyterian Publications, Toronto. Eleven good reasons for a weekly offering as the Scriptural, and in all respects best, method of giving, are set forth, and a description is given of the series of envelopes provided by the Presbyterian Publications and recommended by the recent General Assembly as fitted to "greatly facilitate good methods of giving in the congregations." The weekly offering or congregational revenue, by long and thorough test, has been proved to be unquestionably the best method. The experience of the present year in scores of congregations which are now using the weekly method for the Mission Funds of the Church is equally emphatic. One church reports 60 per cent. larger contributions, another, as much given each week as previously given each month.

It will be worth while for treasurers to send to Dr. R. Douglas Fraser, business manager, Presbyterian Publications, Toronto, for price list and samples of the various sorts of contribution envelopes, including the popular duplex, or twin envelope, which contains two compartments, one for congregational revenue, the other for the Mission Funds of the Church.

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 24 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness.
3. P. E. I. Charlottetown, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro.
7. Halifax, Halifax, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
8. Lun and Yarmouth, New Dublin 11 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Chatham, 8 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Richmond, 1 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Maxville, 1st Tues. Nov.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lan, Renfrew, Arnprior, 24 Nov., 10.30
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

- 1.7 Kingston, Kingston, St. A., 8 Dec., 10
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 Dec., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 15 Dec., 11 a.m.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 20 Jan. 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 10 Mar.' 09.
23. Barrie, Orillia, 15 Dec., 1.30 p.m.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma, Thessalon, 1 Tues. Mar., 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd. 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Brantford, Thurs. 12 Nov., 10.30
31. London, London, 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 8 Dec., 11 a.m.

34. Startford, Stratford, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Egmonville, 10 Nov., 11.30 a.m.
36. Maltland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 1 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior, Fort William, March, 1909, 10
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake Belmont, 2nd Tues., Feb.,
41. Glenboro, Elm Creek, Feb., 1909.
42. Portage-la-Prairie, P. la Pra., 1 Mar., 7.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb., 09.
44. Minnedosa, Rapid city, 9 Feb., 2 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 3 Mon. Feb., 7.30 p.m.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Indian Head, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 9 Feb., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, Feb., 09.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Pense. 3 Tues. Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Feb., 10.
54. Battleford, N. Battleford, 1 Tues. Feb. 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Alberta, Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton, Strathcona, 8 Dec., 8 p.m.
56. Vermilion, Vegreville, on or about 15 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
57. Red Deer.
58. Lacombe, Camrose, Feb., 09.
59. Calgary.
60. McLeod, Lethbridge, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia, Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Feb., 1909.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster, Vancouver, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

"At the founding of the Presbyterian Church of India in December last the first General Assembly adopted a resolution declaring that any gifts or bequests are received on the distinct understanding that the Church has power to alter its standards."

CALLS, INDUCTIONS RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from.

Margaree, to Rev. J. D. McFarlane, of Cape North.

St. Jas. Church, Darmouth, to Rev. Dr. W. H. Smith of Sydney.

Musquodoboit Harbour, Pres. of Halifax, to Rev. J. A. McKean.

Woodville, to Rev. A. J. Mann, of West Lorne.

Blenheim, Ont., to Rev. A. V. Campbell, of Quaker Hill.

Cooke's Ch., Toronto, to Rev. Andrew Taylor, of Gaston Memorial Church, Philadelphia.

Vegreville, Alta., to Mr. H. R. Gratz, of Alberton, P. E. I.

Inductions Into.

Knox Church, Calgary, Rev. J. S. Shortt, of Daysland, Oct. 9.

Resignations of.

Knox Church, Lancaster, Ont., Mr. J. D. MacKenzie.

Omeme & Mt. Pleasant, Ont., Mr. H. Parkover.

Salem Church, River John, Mr. G. L. Gordon.

Vacancies.

Prince St. Church, Pictou, Moderator, Rev. J. Roddick.

West Bay, Moderator, Mr. R. H. MacPherson.

Chesterville, Brockville Pres., Moderator, Mr. Geo. Yuile, Winchester, Ont.

Haliburton, Pres. of Lindsay, Moderator, Rev. Jas. Wallace, Lindsay.

St. Helens & East Ashfield, Pres. of Maitland, Moderator, Chas. M. Rutherford, Dunnannon, Ont.

Belgrave and Calvin Ch., East Wawanosh, Moderator, Mr. Wishart.

Huron Church, Ripley, Moderator, Mr. MacLennan.

Kincardine, Pres. of Maitland, Moderator, Mr. Bremner.

Olds, Alta, Pres., Moderator, Mr. W. C. Brown, of Red Deer.

Eburne, Man., Moderator, Mr. J. A. Logan, Vancouver.

Grand View, Man.

Alvinston and Euphemia, Pres. of Sarnia, Moderator, Mr. N. A. Campbell, Inwood, Ont.

Our Foreign Missions

THE TRANSLATION OF A CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

REV. R. A. MITCHELL, HONAN.

For the Record.

In the village of Little Fort, lived a man named Wang Sang, (Exalted King). As a lad his spirit was shown by the fact that one day when he was displeased with something his father told him to do, he decided to spite his father, and so put his own finger on a block, and chopped it off with a hatchet.

When he was fourteen years old, the Taiping rebels passed through the country, and all the villages set to work to build walls for protection. At this time Exalted King took his place with grown men in carrying full loads of earth for the wall.

As he grew up he married, and had daughters, but a son was denied him. So he took to him another wife. Moreover he became the head of a society to go to the temple of "Old Grandmother of Great

Mountain," at Hsun Hsien to pray for a son. At the age of forty-one he was blessed with an heir, and the following New Year went to the mountain at the time of the great fair in order to pay his vows to the Old Grandmother.

Near the foot of the mountain he saw a crowd gathered about a foreigner listening to an old man saying that he had lived all his life at the foot of the hill, but when he had gone blind the Old Grandmother had not been able to help him. This foreigner, however, had been able to give him sight after six years of darkness, and had also shown him that the Old Grandmother was helpless clay.

As Exalted King listened, the word found a way straight to his heart, and he so believed that his votive offering never reached the goddess on the top of the hill.

From that day began a work in his village which seemed of great promise. Nearly half a hundred began to learn the

doctrine. Little Fort was about twenty miles from the mission station, but Exalted King frequently walked in for Sunday morning service and home again in the evening.

As with many others, his motives in embracing christianity were not unmixed, and his understanding of the true nature of the church was limited, so that on several occasions he found himself at variance with the pastors, trying to force them into the yamens on behalf of professing christians, or to take his attitude on various other questions. He was a problem to the pastor who was in charge of that region.

After some years in which the early hopes of his villages gradually vanished, and the church was rent by troubles with Roman Catholics, he gradually learned the more spiritual side of the church, and eventually was called to leave his home and help preach the gospel. He was a small man, but full of energy, with no trace of laziness, so that he got through a great deal of work. A thirty or forty mile tramp in a day was no unusual thing for him.

Of a nervous disposition, his preaching was at such a rate that few of the foreigners who heard him could keep pace with him. His sermonizing was not of the orderly type, yet he never failed to hold his Chinese hearers, and the Christians were all glad to have him visit them. Scripture he could quote by the chapter. His exegesis of it left something to be desired, sometimes being more striking than trustworthy.

In February of this year he was among the fifty odd men who were proclaiming the truth at the hill where he first heard it. He was not feeling very fit, thinking he had strained his leg in a long tramp to conduct a funeral service. From the fair he went to the hospital to consult the doctor, who feared he had a fatal disease. For two months he continued gradually sinking, but always cheery and uncomplaining. No fear of death ever clouded his mind, his thought being only for his widow and five children, on whom he asked his pastor to keep an eye.

On the morning of his last day, some of the preachers came in to see him. At sight of them he smiled and said, "God

has called me above to labor for Him, you will have to do the work here. I wanted to work longer here, but he has seen best to call me to Himself"

In the afternoon, I went to see him, and found him sitting up, face all aglow, pointing up and saying, "The Lord has come to receive me, and angels,—one, two, five angels." Then he called his eldest son to him, took his hand and pointed up, saying, "See the Lord coming."

While in this joyous rapture he still recognized those about him, and pointed to the pastor when named.

When asked, "are you afraid of death?" he replied, "With the Saviour coming to receive me, what have I to fear?" And so he continued, talking joyously, the lips gradually refusing to make the sounds corresponding to the spirit's speech, but we doubt not that his joy was continued uninterruptedly as he passed through the experience of which practically every Chinese confesses himself afraid.

This joyous entrance to the life beyond has been a great strengthening to his fellow-laborers among his own people as well as among those from over the seas. When our time comes, may we face it as calmly, and as joyously.

RUTLAM AND OUTLYING FIELDS.

By REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL, D.D.

Rutlam, Central India 17 Sept., 1908.
For the Record.

I am asked to tell the history of our work in Rutlam and the outlying districts.

Before we ever came, Mr. T. Middleton, a godly Eurasian master in the Rutlam High School, who afterwards assisted us in Mhow, had witnessed for Christ in his private life, so that his name is fragrant in Rutlam to this day.

A Jain sevak, or deacon, also joyously welcomed us, and produced a New Testament and tracts which many years before he had received in Gujrat. Thus our way had been prepared, and also by an introduction from our friend General Forbes, then in charge of Mhow.

We first visited Rutlam on the first of March, 1879, on tour from Mhow; and were kindly received by H. H. Ranjit Singh the father of the present Rajah, and by the

Superintendent, Mr Shahamat Ali, who gave me written permission to preach. For years thereafter I continued to visit it from Mhow.

On our return from furlough in the end of 1885, it was arranged that we should try and open Rutlam as a new station.

The Diwan of the time had been assisting Sir Monier Williams, Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, and he seemed friendly to us. He assured us that neither the Maharajah nor he would have any personal objection to our planting a station at Rutlam, but that the "punches" (a sort of council formed of leading men of the various communities) must be consulted; and he would intimate the result.

When our Mission Council met, no word had come from him; but, on the ground of what he said, the Council's sanction was given, and after a tour through part of our old districts—to the Nurbudda, on the south, and Jhabua, on the west,—we reached Rutlam early in February. Then we learned that our planting of a Mission station was objected to,—the fear being expressed that it might lead to disturbances and trouble with the Imperial Government.

As this was our Mission's first attempt at a station in a native city and state, the interests of all similar places, as well of as Rutlam itself, demanded that we should succeed. Living in our little tents, till, for the midday hours of every day, the heat kept us lying on the ground with wet towels on our heads, we succeeded by the help of an Indian friend, who professed his faith but has never been baptized, in renting a native house on a back lane in the city. In this, with our faithful brother Bapoo Torne and his family, we lived a year.

The fear was expressed to us that we might be subjected to violence; but we experienced nothing of the sort. Personally, the Rajah was kind. The Political Agent Col. Martin, when he visited Rutlam, was very friendly; but we avoided seeking his official aid, preferring to gain our footing without that.

The result was good. Frightened people became familiar. The attempts of enemies to get us into quarrels, failed. After a year, the Diwan said,—“If you are determined to remain, there is no use making one uncomfortable;” and we were allowed

to rent part of a state bungalow. Finally, the Rajah kindly sold us a choice site just outside the city, the first land obtained by our Mission in territory under native rule.

The foundation of a house was only partly laid when we had to remove to aid in the work in Indore, from where, for more than two years, was superintended the work done in Rutlam by a few helpers; so that the house was not completed till 1891.

From the beginning, medical work was done along with more directly evangelistic work.

The Printing Establishment was brought to Rutlam in the end of 1890.

Orphanage work had a place from the beginning, though it (orphanage work) was not a Mission Agency till the famine of 1897. This orphanage work has proved by far the most fruitful of our agencies, both in individual conversion, and in providing helpers for mission work.

At the time of our first visit the Rajputana-Malwa Railway had just reached Rutlam; and by 1881, it had given us railway connection with Rajputana.

In 1895-96 Rutlam became the junction of that line and the lines connecting with Bhopal, Cawnpore, etc., on the east, and with Bombay and Gujrat, on the west. When the new part now under construction is completed, this latter will be the main line connecting Bombay with Delhi and the north.

These railways are a great help in reaching the various parts of the district and the other stations of our Mission. Rutlam is midway between Neemuch on the north, and Mhow on the south; and between Ujjain, on the east, and Dohad on the west, Dohad is both a station of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and the nearest railway station to our own Amkhut.

Out-stations have been maintained at Jaora, about twenty miles north by rail, capital of Jaora State; for a time, in Barnagar, twenty-nine miles south by rail, and Khach Road (both in Scindia State); and lately in Alote (Dewas State), fifty miles east and north by rail; and Seetamow (capital of Seetamow State), fifty miles north by rail and then eighteen miles east by road.

Barnagar and Khachroad have had to be closed temporarily from want of suitable

helpers, and because these fields seemed less ripe than the others. The helpers occupying Alote and Seetamow, and assisting Bapoo in Jaora, are fruits of our orphanage work.

The movement in the northern part of this district, which has resulted in the planting of Alote and Seetamow as out-stations, has specially interested the members of our Mission; and I have been asked to tell about it in particular.—

During the great famine of 1900, a sadhu (holy man, fakir) in Jaora came to our catechist there, asking to be told about our religion, and giving as his reason, "I see that there is something in your religion which is not in other religions; here are you showing mercy and kindness and taking great trouble to relieve people who are not of your own religion, or caste; while our own Hindu and Mahomedan religious leaders are indifferent—even to their own people. I am convinced that your religion which shows such love must be of God, and I wish to learn more about it."

After a time he expressed a wish to give up his life as a sadhu, and earn his own living. He said that he had originally been a weaver, and if only he could get a loom and the other necessary things, he and his wife would try to earn their own living by weaving.

These were provided for him. He proceeded to earn his own living; and, in addition spent a good deal of his time in talking to his former disciples and friends, who kept coming to him and asking him if he, a sadhu, was not ashamed to become a Christian, as he had done after a short probation. Largely through his conversations, one after another from his own caste, and one or two from other castes, became Christians, till there was a Christian community of over twenty in Jaora.

On our return from furlough in 1893, however, they were found to be scattered by the plague which was raging in Jaora; and from that time a number have entirely disappeared.

The former sadhu had gone to a distance, and was in a most wretched state when found by us—he and his wife ill, and in great need. They were brought back and given a fresh start; but, from time to time, he was found to be slipping into drink and

other compromising relations with his caste-fellows; and, for some time, he has disappeared from our view.

Meanwhile, in a village near Jaora, in which he was living, he had led two men and the wife of one of them to a profession of faith and, in October 1906, to baptism. Like himself, these men were only temporary residents of that village; and, after a time, both returned to the districts from which they had come—one from Alote, and the other near Seetamow. Both are ignorant and not ideal Christians; and yet they have so talked to their neighbours and acquaintances that one after another has professed his faith. First from Alote came word that three men wished for baptism. A catechist was sent to examine and instruct them, and he presently reported increasing numbers.

Meanwhile, the one from Seetamow brought here with him two applicants for baptism—one of them had written out from his ignorant teacher's lips a remarkably clear and correct statement of the great facts and doctrines of the Gospel.

In March, 1896, Mr. Anderson and I visited both districts—in the former baptising this man with his wife and little girl, and in the latter baptising thirteen adults. The movement in both has slowly advanced, and sixteen have since been baptized.

A number of others have, at different times, expressed a desire for baptism; but have either been kept back for further evidence of their fitness, or have themselves shrunk back through fear of the consequences which their neighbours told them would be sure to follow. More or less persecution has been endured, and is being endured, by those who have been baptised.

Most of them are exceedingly ignorant, unable to read, and therefore entirely dependent for instruction on the living voice of the young helpers who have been planted in their districts. For them we rejoice with trembling, seeing what seems to us evidences of sincere faith, and yet recognising their great weakness, ignorance and imperfections. They are subjects for prayerful thanksgiving on the part of Christians at home, as well as of us in the field.

Of the movement among the Bhils, in the western part of Rutlam district, something may be told on another occasion.

OUR TRINIDAD COLLEGES.

In connection with our Trinidad Mission, besides the fifty-eight mission schools, with their enrolment of 6,785 children, and chiefly supported by Government in result fees, —there are three Institutions for more advanced training and education, Naparima College, the Training School, and the Presbyterian College.

The first is for giving a better general education to young East Indians who may desire it, and corresponds to our High School, or Academy. It is under the control and management of our mission, but is supported by the Government.

The second is for training young East Indians to be teachers in the schools of the Island, and to-day there are nearly one hundred and fifty native teachers, certificated by Government, who were trained by the Mission, and thoroughly grounded in religious as well as secular knowledge.

These two schools are in the same building; their work is, in some subjects, carried on together, and the Government grant and the fees of the pupils meet the expenditure of both.

The third, the Presbyterian College, is a theological Institution, for the training of catechists and a native ministry, and has a building of its own.

The two College buildings are grouped with the other mission buildings in the mission grounds in San Fernando.

Naparima College.

By REV. DR. COFFIN, PRINCIPAL.

Religious instruction has been systematically imparted as in previous years. A considerable number of the boys took part in the annual examination of the Trinidad and Tobago S. S. Association held in October, and in the several grades their work gave very satisfactory results. The interest manifested in Bible study has been highly encouraging and full of hope.

The attendance at the beginning of the present year is considerably in advance of previous years and the outlook for the future is hopeful. If, however, the Institution is to accomplish the work which those interested in it desire, certain things must be kept in view:

(a). The teaching staff must be kept high-

ly efficient. This work can only be well done by men well equipped and skilful for such service. We have been most fortunate in the character and ability of the men that have come to us year by year to carry on this work, but the time now seems to have come when a more permanent appointment should be made. Such a position offers a splendid opportunity for Christian service. The brightest and most hopeful of our youth would be directly under his personal influence and their moral and religious welfare his personal concern.

(b). To meet the growing demand from students for residence on the College premises, the need of more space and better dormitory accommodation must be kept in view. It is also possible that in time other departments may be required to be added to the present equipment and thus render larger premises a necessity.

(c). In connection with the work of this college, hopeful signs are not wanting. We are encouraged by the increase of boys from our own mission circles. Teachers and catechists are sending their own sons and influencing others to place their boys under our influence, which always tends, on their part, to a firmer adhesion to our Church and to a larger insight and sympathy with our methods.

As the work of our Church expands, this college may be used more largely than has even yet been done in the interests of our mission. Without diminishing its efficiency as an educational institution it may increase in power as a real missionary force and in all respects be a source of genuine light and truth for our people.

Presbyterian Training School.

By REV. DR. COFFIN, MANAGER.

Religious instruction forms a part of the school work, and an effort is being made to train our students not only for the ordinary work of primary teachers but also to fit them for leadership in Christian service. During the year a part of the Teacher Training Course of the Presbyterian Church in Canada was systematically covered and a beginning made in the practical work of lesson preparation. All the pupils took part in the annual S. S. examination of the local Association with good results. Four were graded

in the Honor Roll, the others placed in the first class.

Several estate Sabbath Schools are conducted by the students of our Training School, who go out in groups every Sabbath morning to carry on his work. In this way a considerable number of heathen children are reached who otherwise would be neglected.

When we review the work of this school during the past twelve years we can see much that it has accomplished. In 1895 only a small number of our teachers were at all qualified for their work. Year by year the number of more capable men has increased, largely through the agency of this School, until to-day our mission has a large body of fairly efficient East Indian teachers who compare favourably in intelligence and character with any similar body in the colony.

Much remains yet to be done before anything like complete satisfaction should be enjoyed by us, but we feel that results are manifest which should give courage for future effort. The School has had some influence in the past in developing a spirit of unity among our younger workers and in deepening the spirit of loyalty among the young people. This spirit is to be encouraged.

The purpose of such an Institution must be kept in view. Our work in the past has been too largely that of giving instruction in the different subjects, and the practical work of "training has been too much in the background. In time, as the pupils come better prepared than at present, the difficulty may be overcome, if an experienced teacher is at hand to carry forward this work in the light of modern knowledge and methods.

The study of Hindi is an important element of the course. All our graduates must be qualified to use both English and Hindi in speaking and writing. They are thus prepared to meet the demands of a rapidly increasing element of our East Indian population, who use English alone, and also keep in touch with the older people and late emigrants from India through their knowledge and ability to use the Hindi language.

The importance of this school is emphasized when we keep in mind that the larger number of our future catechists and native pastors are to be men who have received their preliminary training in this Institution.

Having shown their ability as teachers and a fitness of mind and heart for Christian service it is our desire to gather them to our Presbyterian College for further training as evangelists and native pastors.

Presbyterian College.

By REV. DR. COFFIN.

During the year the work has been conducted according to the plan of previous years with slight modifications as circumstances demanded.

At the beginning of the year a complete course of studies for candidates for the native ministry was presented to the College Board and accepted. This course is arranged in four groups, corresponding in a general way to a four years' course in a home institution.

The students are expected to complete satisfactorily the several groups of studies in order, taking the time necessary to do so without a time limit. This plan has been found to be best adapted to our conditions.

This arrangement, so far as college preparation is concerned, classifies our workers into four grades. Those who have satisfactorily completed the whole course are considered mentally equipped for the position of native pastors, while the others are classed as catechists or evangelists according to their standing.

The first group of studies corresponds to the Teacher Training Course of the Trinidad S. S. Association. This course is completed by extra-mural classes at the four mission centres, Princetown, San Fernando, Couva and Tunapuna. Students are expected to complete this work before taking up residence at the Presbyterian College.

During the year these classes have been regularly conducted on Saturday, with increased interest and attention on the part of the members. About seventy young men participated in this work.

In December the annual examination was held. Thirty-one of the number passed in all the subjects of the course and have received the T.T. Diploma of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Others have partially completed the work and, later, will receive the Diploma.

These young people, with few exceptions, are certificated teachers, employed in our primary schools. In addition to ordinary

school duties, they have charge of the religious instruction of their pupils and conduct the Sabbath Schools. Several of the more mature men conduct regular church services on the Sabbath, are the leaders in the Christian work of their community.

It is from this body of workers that our College must draw most of its students for the native ministry. This year, three promising young men of this class resigned their positions as teachers to give their whole time to Christian work and take up their studies at the Presbyterian College. This is the only class of men available for both English and Hindi work, and, from their experience as teachers, capable of becoming leaders for our young people. Our hope is that in the coming years the number of such may increase and that a number of men fitted in mind and heart for the work of a field already "white unto the harvest" may be forthcoming.

Nine students were in residence according to the plan of former years. The class met in two divisions, junior and senior. The juniors have completed the second group of studies, and the seniors—four in number—the greater part of the third group. The character of the year's work has generally been good, although sickness in some cases retarded progress.

No work was undertaken this year for the Hindi speaking catechists. Classes are conducted on one day each week at the mission centres by the missionaries for these workers.

The thought that has controlled our work, during these years, has been to make the Presbyterian College work of permanent value to as large a number as possible. We have endeavoured to do our part in the general religious educational work of our colony and lift such up to a higher level and more prominence than before. Our Teacher Training course has done something to impress upon our teachers the thought that religion and religious education are of primary importance in the life, and that the teacher has a great mission to the young. Without these broader efforts, it is not likely that we shall ever succeed in any large measure in raising up an efficient native ministry, fitted for leadership and aggressive work.

Progress with the men in residence has not been very rapid, but we have endeavoured to lay as broad and thorough a foundation of

knowledge for their future work as time and their ability permitted. We would regard it as unwise in the extreme to hurry forward a body of our young men for ordination before they have arrived at a certain maturity of thought, solidity of character and practical efficiency. These qualities come to our young people only through years of discipline and practical effort; but with such training there is no reason to doubt but that the outcome is extremely hopeful.

TRAINING SCHOOL, NORTH HONAN.

The First Year's Work.

REV. HAROLD M. CLARK.

Weihwei, Honan, 1 June, 1908.

The school year is almost at its close and while it has been only a year of beginnings and, to some extent, small beginnings, yet we look back with thankful hearts at what has been accomplished. We can feel that God has been with us and has blessed us.

Speaking generally, the school has given very little occasion for special anxiety to those in charge and has been in many ways a great joy and comfort to us all.

We had very rough materials at the outset from which to make a normal and High School for training those from among whom we hope to get our future workers. In most of the subjects we had to begin practically from Lesson 1, but the great majority of the students went to work with a will and have already made a very perceptible advance towards usefulness in our church; and in the case of those not connected with the church a great step has been taken towards friendliness with us and confidence in us.

The numbers in attendance have gradually increased during the year until about one month ago they reached a total of forty-six, thirty of whom were taking the full course, and sixteen taking English only.

Of the thirty taking the full course twenty-three are included under the term "connected with the church," and seven are not so included.

At the present time only two not connected with the church are boarding in the school. One of these comes from the country with a Christian student who is a friend, and the other, since coming to school,

has returned home and put away all the idols out of the house which is in the city, and says he wishes to be a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel.

Six students whom we did not admit to residence have rented rooms outside and are living near the school premises.

The spirit among all the students has been good. There was one embryo fight when one of our Christians struck a classmate who rebuked him for smoking and broke his pipe for him, but he repented of his ill-temper and made a public apology.

On the football field the students mingle together in perfect good feeling and are learning lessons in taking care of their bodies as well as cultivating a right spirit of comradeship. There is much room for better facilities in the direction of a recreation ground—the health of some has suffered because of this lack.

There has been religious instruction on the Life of Christ every day. All of those in residence attend this class and an average of about eight of those not in residence.

On every Lord's Day two or three bands go off in the afternoons to preach to surrounding villages. One student who could not even read Chinese was taken in and put in a special class with one or two others to work up as a sort of by product of the school. This student referred to has well rewarded the effort put upon him. He had devoted himself to study with untiring energy, on one occasion staying up the whole of a winter night that he might be sure of his lessons for the following day. He can now read his New Testament with a fair amount of fluency and preaches with extraordinary earnestness when he has opportunity. I confidently hope that he will make a valuable helper in another year or two, whereas without the opportunity afforded by the school it would probably have been many years, to say the least, before he could have come to the place where he now stands.

The subjects taught in the school during the past year have been: The Life of Christ founded on Luke's Gospel, Arithmetic, Geography, Chinese History, Hygiene, Zoology, Romanization, Chinese Classics and writing of characters, English, music, a little Astronomy and Physical Geography.

One feature of our work which ought to

be carried on energetically has been practically rendered impossible by the location of the School so far from the Boys' School in the compound here. This is the work of practical training in Normal methods which students can only get through the actual practice of teaching under capable direction and criticism. Two of the students have done some teaching from day to day in the Boys' School, but, unfortunately, so far we have been unable to give them much in the way of help in their profession. This situation strongly calls for remedy.

Of all the students taking English five are Christians, three of whom are from Chias Tso and four of whom had already studied this subject before entering the school.

The post master at Wei Hwei and the agent in the telegraph office here have also attended the class in English.

Of the other students who take English only, most, if not all of them, seem a very attractive and worthy lot of young men. They are mostly from the merchant class which we have found it so hard to reach. I hope and believe that their association which us for a while each day will have a permanent effect on their lives and be of permanent benefit to our work here.

Bills for board and all the fees have been promptly paid. There is practically not a cent uncollected. The fees from all sources amount at the present time to over \$50.00 per month.

Mr. Djang, the first Chinese teacher, has been very satisfactory on the whole.

Much of whatever success has attended the work of the past year is due to Mr. Mitchell, who kindly gave his time to the work during the absence of the head teacher. Mr. Lohead has also done much to help since his return from Japan and Mr. Thomson has assisted on occasion. Our hearty thanks are due all these.

A pleasant social was held a week or two ago at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson at which practically all the students were present. A very pleasant evening with sports, games and music was spent, the students themselves taking a full share in the entertaining.

In closing let me say that the future of the school seems bright with hope and promise. May God lead into more perfect paths of usefulness and may he guide us continually.

OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

In a recent letter from Kongmoon, the headquarters of our Macao Mission, Dr. John A. McDonald writes:—

I mentioned the very strong opposition we were meeting in trying to enter Chin Lin. If one can judge from the actions of the people this is gradually breaking down. I have been making trips regularly twice a week unless other work prevented.

One of the cases I have been attending lives in one of the more remote of the string of villages on the island. To reach his house I have had to pass two or three small villages, where the children have been particularly bold in their cries of foreign devil, and the older ones have been given to sneering as I walked along with my bag. Though quite brave at a distance, the children have always run when I came near.

A few days ago I was returning home a little tired and I must say a little disappointed. In passing one of these villages, an old man stopped me to get some medicine. While attending to him they brought me a young boy upon whom malaria, which had not been treated, though running for years, had left its mark. I examined the boy and promised to bring some medicine.

Then turning to a little chap near by I said "Don't you want me to open that boil," for he had a large one on his forehead. He answered in the negative. A little persuasion won him and in a few minutes I was able to give him relief, while the crowd which by this time had gathered around, cast furtive glances at the knife. As the little fellow did not cry, they were sure that the solutions which I washed his head with must have some power to deaden the pain.

On my next visit there were several waiting me at this place. They took me into a porch to do my dressings. It proved too hot, so they suggested their ancestral hall, a large building near by. I was glad of the change and have since been able to use it. As yet we have not had a chance to preach but I believe that is coming. As a further evidence of the change the children instead of calling me foreign devil call me master.

Before referring to other parts of the work I must mention one of my earliest friends on the island, a deaf mute. On one of my first trips he saw me taking the wrong road and stopped me, showing me the right road, since then, whenever possible, he has been an interested onlooker as I dressed the patients.

One day he pointed to his teeth and made signs that he wanted some pulled. His friends said it was his tongue he wanted cut and I could not make much out of the case until a week ago. I took my forceps with me and in the back room of the store where he works as a coolie I pulled out five roots, after each one of which a broad smile covered his face. There were more but he made signs that it was sufficient for the occasion.

During the early part of June we had very heavy rains, with the consequence the river overflowed its banks. The water came up to the door of our house while the chapel and dispensary were flooded. All work was suspended and people had to travel around in boats. On account of the swiftness of the current many of the smaller cargo boats sailed across the fields.

Most of the early rice and a large amount of the mulberry were spoiled here. Further up the river the damage was more serious, sweeping away whole villages and destroying life. Those who escaped are now on the verge of starvation and every thing is being done to relieve them. The great trouble now will be in getting rice seed for the second crop.

For a while it seemed as if we might have to give up the chapel which we had rented in Ngoi Hoi. The younger brothers of the landlord and the gentry made some trouble but it has all quieted down. I have already made three trips and on each occasion been well received. Those who came to look on outnumbered the patients. Last week however I had over twenty and Dr. MacBean not many less. Ngoi Hoi is a large village and if we can build up a work there it will mean much to our work in this district. It will be a steady, hard work.

The number of patients coming from a distance is increasing daily and our only regret is that we have to turn some away for lack of proper accommodation. Some of the operative cases have gone to Canton others to Hong Kong. I am hoping that land may soon be obtained and a hospital erected.

Our India Mission

INDORE.

(Station Opened 1877.)

Indore (pop. 86,244) is the capital of the third largest State in Central India. The total population of the State is 850,690. The mean density of the State is eighty-nine persons per sq. mile, which is a decrease within ten years of twenty-six persons per sq. mile. But since 1891 the plateau region has lost forty-two persons per sq. mile, due for the most part to famine, and the diseases following it.

In the whole State nearly nine per cent. of the men are able to read, while of the women the proportion is only four in a thousand.

Across the railway from Indore city is the A. G. G.'s camp bazar (pop. 11,118). Within the Residency limits are the Residency and Government offices of the Agent to the Governor General, and also those of the Resident to the Indore State, the Raj-kumar College for the education of the sons of chiefs and gentry of Central India, the Canadian Mission College, the Girls' Boarding School, the Widows' Home, the Women's Hospital, and the bungalows of the missionaries. The Holkar College is outside the limits on the road to Mhow.

MHOW.

(Station Opened 1877.)

Mhow is a British cantonment in the Indore State, with a large bazar (pop. 34,740), fourteen miles southwest of the Indore Residency and connected with it by the R. M. Railway and a good road. Of its population 20,755 are Hindu, 9,466 Mohammedan and 3,562 are Christian, including Europeans.

Within it are the fort, fine stone barracks for the troops, Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican and Roman Catholic churches, the C. P. Mission Church and School building, Girls' School, and the Mission bungalows.

About two miles from Mhow on the Indore road is the Boys Orphanage, known as Rasalpara, so named in memory of the late Rev. N. H. Russell through whose efforts largely, it was located there.

On the site leased from the Indore Darbar, stand the workshops, dormitories, and the bungalow of the missionary in charge. It is in the open country, on elevated ground, and possesses a fine outlook over

the surrounding plain with its villages, limited in several directions by the conical or flat-topped hills which in the Mhow district form a prominent feature in the landscape.

UJJAIN.

(Station Opened 1878).

Ujjain (pop. 39,892) is the second largest city in the State of Gwalior and is situated on the river Sipri in Malwa and connected by railway with Indore and Rutlam, from which places it is distant forty and sixty miles respectively.

It is one of the seven sacred cities of India and a favorite place of pilgrimage. In ancient times it was the Capital of Malwa, and the seat of Vikramaditya, in whose honor the Samvat era, beginning B. C. 57, was founded. It marks the spot from which Hindu geographers count their meridians.

The ancient city is now in ruins, destroyed by earthquake or flood. The modern one stands near the old site which is a favorite hunting ground for searchers of antiques. It is surrounded by a stone wall with round towers, now allowed to fall into decay.

Within the walls are the Mission hospital and dispensary, and at the distance of a mile or so from the gates of the city is the Mission compound with its two bungalows, and about a mile beyond is the new palace of the Maharaja Scindia. The site granted for the leper hospital is also outside the walls.

Within the city is the Madhava College, called after his Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior, for which a fine building has recently been erected.

NEEMUCH.

(Station Opened 1885).

Neemuch, near the northern and western boundary of Malwa, is a town (pop. 6,190) and British cantonment with bazar (pop. 15,398, including Europeans) within Gwalior territory, on the R. M. Railway, and about one hundred and fifty miles to the north of Indore. Of its cantonment population, 9,400 are Hindus and 4,303 are Mohammedans.

Neemuch is an excellent centre for district work; it being itself only a small town with many villages in proximity to it.

RUTLAM.**(Station Opened 1886).**

In addition to Rutlam State this Mission field covers the whole or parts of Jaora, Sailana, Sitamau, Gwalior, Dewas and other States, making up an area of over 3,000 sq. miles and a population of over 300,000 since the famine.

Rutlam (pop. 34,976) is the capital of the State of Rutlam which since the famine has a population of 83,773. There are in the State 206 villages. Excluding the city the mean density of the State is fifty-four persons per square mile.

The State is Hindu in character, sixty-two per cent. of the population being of this religion and seventeen per cent., Animists, worshippers of spirits and demons, while seven per cent. are Jains. In Rutlam city fourteen per cent. of the population is Jain, this place being the stronghold of the Jain religion in Central India.

There is a college teaching up to university entrance, and about seventy vernacular schools in the State. The Raja of Rutlam is descended from the Jodhpur Raghors, and ranks as the first Rajput chief in Western Malwa. Near the city are the mission and church buildings.

Rutlam being at the intersection of the B. B. & C. I. and R. M. Railways has become an important railway centre. It lies midway between Mhow and Neemuch.

Jaora an out-station, is a city with a population of nearly 24,000, capital of Jaora State with a population of over 84,000. Its rulers are Mohammedans, but about half of the people of the city and about seventy-four per cent. of the people of the State are Hindus.

DHAR.**(Station Opened 1895).**

Dhar, (pop. 17,792) is the chief city in the State of Dhar. It lies thirty-three miles west of Mhow with which it is connected by a good road. The ruins and remains of walls in the neighbourhood of Dhar indicate that at one time it was a city of great extent. Among these are discovered from time to time inscriptions of much archaeological interest.

The present city is surrounded by a mud wall. On a little hill, rising about forty-six feet above the plain stands a red sandstone fort with walls thirty feet high fortified with round and square towers. Between the fort and the city is the Hindu high school in which students are prepared for the University Entrance. Beneath its walls on the other side is the Mission compound with its two bungalows.

Within the city a short distance from

the entrance stands the little stone church erected by a donation from Knox church, Galt. At a distance of about three miles outside the city on a fine site is the new leper asylum.

As in the case of Rutlam the population of Dhar is largely Hindu with nine per cent. Mohammedans, and twenty-three per cent. (Animists).

Besides Dhar city there is a town, Kuksi, with a pop. of 5,402 and 514 villages. The total population of the State is 142,115.

The mean density of the State including the towns is ninety-nine persons per square mile which shows a decrease of nineteen per cent. from that of 1891.

AMKHUT.**(Station Opened 1897).**

Amkhut is the name of a group of Bhil hamlets in the State of Ali Rajpur in the hilly country west of Dhar, below the Malwa plateau.

The population of the estate is 50,185, dwelling in 307 villages, of which 296 have less than 500 persons. The Capital is a town with 3,954 inhabitants, and the chief village, Bhabra, has 1001.

Of the entire population eighty per cent. are classed as Animists. The Hindus and Mohammedans are confined to the larger villages while the forest tribes, Bhils and Bhilalas, live in the smaller villages and hamlets scattered among the hills. The illiterate condition of these people may be judge by the fact that there are but five schools in the state.

Amkhut in the midst of whose hamlets the Mission bungalow and church are built is forty miles from Dohad a station on the Rutlam, Godbra Railway, and is reached by ox-cart trail through much broken, hilly country.

"If I can live to make some pale face brighter, and give a second lustre to some tear dimmed eye; or e'en impart one throb of comfort to an aching heart; or cheer some way worn soul in passing by; If I can lend a strong hand to the fallen or defend the right against a single envious strain, my life, though bare perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair to us on earth, will not have been in vain."

"What kind of a Church would our Church be, if every member were just like me."

Faith begins as experiment, and ends as experience.—J. H. Jowett.

Young People's Societies

TOPICS FOR 1908.

Jan.—Principal MacVicar.
Feb.—Rev. Dr. Geddie.
Mar.—The Gordons of Erromanga.
Apl.—Mackay of Formosa.
May.—Mackenzie of Korea.
June.—Norman Russell of India.
July.—J. W. McLeod of Trinidad.
Aug.—John Gibson of Demerara.
Sep.—T. Craigie Hood of Honan.
Oct.—Dr. Lucinda Graham of Honan.
Nov.—Dr. W. A. MacKay.
Dec.—The Congregation a Missionary Organization.

TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.

WM. A. MACKAY, D. D.

By J. G. SHEARER, D. D.

He was my first teacher. I count it a privilege to write of him. He was one of the famous "Zorra Boys" many of whom he has immortalized in his book of that title.

He had the special advantage of being the son of an exceptionally able, beautiful, pious mother, who died only five years before he himself went to his rest. He tells of hearing her importunate prayers for him a wee lad while she was but a young woman, as he followed her in the gloaming to her prayer-retreat amid the stumps of the little clearing in the forest where his father had hewn out their humble home. To her death at almost ninety she bore about her the atmosphere of Heaven and the peace of Heaven reigned and ruled in her heart. The sons of such parents could hardly miss being Godly and good.

He was born in 1842 and died in 1905. After getting what schooling was in those early days possible in a country school and Woodstock Grammar School, he taught school himself, and with Scottish perseverance worked his own way through the university course and preparatory work, won first-class honors on graduation from Toronto University in 1867.

Three years later after a distinguished

*Address all correspondence to Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston, Convener.

course in Theology, he graduated from Knox College, and the same year was ordained to the ministry. After brief pastorates in Cheltenham and Baltimore, he was called, in 1876, to Chalmers Church, Woodstock, in which congregation he ministered, to a devoted and loyal people, for well nigh thirty years, until his death in 1905.

Dr. MacKay was a man of many and varied talents. He was a strong preacher, full of evangelical fervor. He was a faithful, kind and much-loved pastor. He was a platform orator of exceptional gifts, and was widely sought for lectures and popular addresses.

He had literary gifts and ambitions; "Pioneer Life in Zorra," "Zorra Boys at Home and Abroad," and some works on Baptism are among his productions. He was a keen controversialist, honorable but severe, logical, sarcastic, humorous, and altogether gave his opponents a hard time unless they were abnormally thick-skinned.

But Dr. MacKay was more widely known as a moral reformer than as aught else. Temperance was his specialty among reforms. The harm of the liquor traffic, the hearts it was breaking, the homes it was wrecking, the lives it was blighting, the boys it was ruining, the money it was worse than wasting, its corrupting influence on political life, besides the bodies it was annually sending to hopeless graves, and the souls to a Christless and hopeless eternity, burned themselves into his soul.

And the audience into whose souls he could not burn the same awful indictment was dense indeed and sadden in selfishness. Rum sellers and drinkers, who had the courage or curiosity to come and hear him, became like worms trying to wriggle out of the fire.

He not only talked, he worked for temperance. He was the leader of the forces for Oxford County for many years. For some years also before he died, he was the president of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the

liquor traffic, in which he had been for long one of the leading spirits.

He was an uncompromising prohibitionist. To him there could be no final settlement of the liquor problem on its Legislative side short of complete suppression.

But in his later years, he recognized increasingly the practical difficulties in the way of reaching this end. He saw it must be reached by stages.

His views indeed seem to have very largely harmonized with those of the Board of Moral and Social Reform, of the seven Central and Western Synods, and of the last General Assembly, in holding that the goal of Prohibition must be reached by degrees; through local veto, through the abolition of the bar-room altogether, and then through the suppression of the retail liquor shop also, but allowing to cities and towns the option by majority vote of having temporarily some form of sale that will eliminate altogether the element of private gain.

Dr. MacKay's son, Mr. John F. MacKay, business manager of the Toronto "Globe" in supplying the writer with the biographical data for this article, says:

"Father would, in my opinion, have been greatly interested in and delighted with the temperance policy adopted by the Winnipeg Assembly. For some years before he died he was persuaded that the temperance forces must concentrate their efforts on the abolition of the bar-rooms, and upon the elimination of the private gain from the residue of the traffic by some form of government, or of public ownership. If he had had the physical strength he would in all probability have entered upon a campaign along this line during the last two or three years of his life."

He used also to be impatient with the church for not taking a more active part in temperance and other moral reforms. It would have gladdened his heart to have lived to see the General Assembly unanimously and enthusiastically, as it did, instituting the department of Moral and Social Reform, and setting apart one of its ministers to give his whole time to this work. Doubtless his labors contributed largely to this result, and so he being dead yet speaketh in the interests of those great reforms that lay heavy upon his heart.

HOW TO HAVE HEALTH.

Here is some good advice once given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked for her recipe for remaining "such an evergreen:"

"Never work on till you are seemingly at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it.

Get all the beauty-sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good-for-nothing the next day.

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it.

That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but, they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever-heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. That half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it.

Try to cultivate calmness; but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still."—London Family Herald.

THE LIVING WATER.

From the Cross of Jesus flow over all the earth streams of regenerating love. You are weary. Life has been hard. Men failed you. You have failed yourself. You need some lift out of your disappointed hopes and broken ambitions.

From every forest, field and mountain and from every ocean in the dawning of the morning, from every city street and home where men and women rise refreshed by a night of sleep for the toil and glory of another day, comes the thrill, the leap, the gladness of the promise: He maketh all things new. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. His mercies are new every morning. And for each man or woman who will begin life again with God it is daybreak everywhere —Charles F. Aked, D.D.

When any one has offended me I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.—Descartes.

The Children's Pages

CHATRA BHUG.

By DR. MARGARET O'HARA, DHAR.

For the Children.

Our missionary, Dr. Margaret O'Hara, writes of Chatra Bhug, a teacher in Dhar:—

"When Chatra Bhug was ten years old a Methodist missionary, Rev. J. Lyon, came to his village and preached and started a school. The child was at once attracted by the Gospel and went home and told his mother that he had heard such good news.

The mother tried to persuade him not to listen, but every time the Gospel was preached in the village he went and his mother remonstrated, but as regular services were being held, she, the mother, took her two sons and went to Beawar, Rajputana, little thinking that there was an established Mission Station in Beawar with Rev. J. A. Brown as missionary in charge.

The boy began attending the services and became a Christian, but he would not vex his mother by being baptized. However, when he was over twenty years of age, and ten years after hearing the Gospel for the first time, he had a dream of two European men coming to him and asking him for a drink of water, and he gave a glass of water to one, whereupon the man instead of drinking the water poured it upon Chatra Bhug's head.

He awoke in a great fright; but interpreted the dream to mean he ought to go to Mr. Brown and be baptized. So he went and was baptized.

His mother and elder brother turned him out and he went as a boarder in connection with the Normal School, where he studied for five years and passed out, the first of seventy boys.

He then became a pupil teacher; but as his eldest brother was an invalid, and his mother blind, he felt he ought to do something towards their support. As he could not get sufficient salary in the mission he joined a theatrical troupe, where he got twenty-five rupees (eight dollars) per month and his board and travelling allowance.

He got the money for his people; but he had no peace of mind. He felt he was not doing the Master's work. He gave it up and came to Mhow, hoping to get work in Rasalpora.

Mr. Ledingham met him, or he went to see Mr. Ledingham. They had prayer together and he was asked to return again. Next day they had prayer together, and then Mr. Ledingham advised him to come to Dhar where Mr. Davidson gave him a place in School, in July last.

Before the young teacher had been many days in Dhar he was attracted by one of the girls in the orphanage, and asked for her in marriage. She refused, and on his pressing for a reason she said she had taken a vow not to leave her Miss Sahib (Dr. O'Hara, Ed.) but to care for her in her old age.

The Miss Sahib would not listen to this and advised Bakhturi, if she cared for the young man, to marry him, and not think about her Miss Sahib. So Bakhturi promised to marry him if he would promise never to leave Dhar; and also promise to take her to see her beloved Miss Sahib every day, both of which he promised and has performed so far.

He was a Brahmin before his baptism and is an earnest humble Christian now.

WANDERERS IN THE WEST.

Here are some of the men whom our home missionaries are seeking to help in the West.

"There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gipsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest."

This is the class of men that the missionary in British Columbia is continually meeting. Yesterday they were in the mountains of Colorado; to-day they are in the boundary country of British Columbia; to-morrow they may be in the wilds of Alaska.

Many of them start with a vision of a "large stake" and the prospect of settling down; but that seems to pass away, and the wild, roving, free life of the mountains seems to hold them as in bands of steel.

Theirs is a life open to almost every temptation, and it is sad indeed that so many of the very choice of men, men who endure great hardships and do brave deeds, fall into the shares of the evil one. This is the class of men who need Christ; this is the class that I would like to reach. Wm. E. Rose in Home Mission Pioneer.

EDGED TOOLS.

I knew a man once whose wife became intensely interested in a revival meeting as a seeker of salvation. He was a skeptic and a scoffer, and when he found her constantly reading the Bible searching for some promise that would comfort her, he said:

"Bosh! I will give you enough of that. I will read the Bible to you every day, till you are sick of it;" and he began. Day by day when he came home he read the Bible—chapter after chapter, having his wife sit and listen. At last one day, when he had finished the third chapter of John, he said:

"My wife, won't you pray for me? I am a poor lost sinner;" and they knelt and prayer, and God came in mercy, and both were converted.

I knew another skeptic and scoffer—a great physician—my mother's cousin—who was a frequent visitor at my father's house when I was a boy. On one occasion he complained because he could find nothing in the library he wanted to read.

"Will you read a book I will bring you?" my mother asked him.

"Yes, I'll read anything. I'll read an almanac, a patent-office report—anything"; and mother brought him the Bible.

"The Bible! the Bible," said he. "Why, I haven't read the Bible since I was a boy."

"But you promised," mother said, "and I hold you to it;" and he began. He scarcely laid it aside even to eat or sleep for four days and nights.

"The most absorbing book I ever saw," he said.

After a hundred hours passed thus, away in the night he knocked on my mother's door and said:

"Cousin Lucy, Cousin Lucy, won't you get up an pray for me? I am a poor lost sinner."

And she did, and God heard that prayer, and the great doctor was saved. Edged tools cut.—M., in the Cumberland Presbyterian.

THE MAN WHO KEPT SILENCE.

"It sounds like fiction, but it is only plain, unvarnished truth," said the one who was telling the story. "It all happened years ago. The man was employed in a big business house and filled a very responsible position, where he handled a good bit of the money of the firm.

It was the old story of losses, suspicion and finally accusation of this heretofore trusted employee. He asserted his innocence and honesty; they urged a complete confession, felling sure that they were

right in their suspicions. It ended in his dismissal under the shadow of a distrust that barred him from many another good position.

But he said little, and did the best he could. Some said that if he were really as honest as he claimed to be he would have made more stir and fuss about his being considered guilty. But he had no proof—what could he do? He let it pass and settled down with apparent content into a lower position with less pay and no chance to steal.

"Then came his vindication. Another man was hurt fatally—and before he died confessed that he and not this silent victim was the thief. The firm did all in their power to make amends, and they say when the story was told to the victim of another's crime he turned white and trembled with the sudden shock of joy. Then only did they see how deeply he had felt the stigma of disgrace. But the first thing he said told them more—it told them how he had kept fast hold of faith and courage through all the dark years. He looked into the face of the messenger and said simply:

"They say in Persia: 'God rights the man who keeps silence.' He has righted me," and then it was that they knew he had not suffered and said nothing alone in his trouble. He had had a Friend—and that Friend had brought his vindication in good time. He had grown through trial, and now came the reward of his faith.—Young People.

"USING JESUS CHRIST RIGHT."

If only we could get one clear vision of Jesus Christ; then the whole problem of missionary finance and missionary workers would be settled.

I do not ask you to pity the heathen, for pity is often a weak thing that spends itself in tears, and then forgets the object of it. But I do ask you, with all my heart, simply to treat Jesus Christ right.

I submit to you the question: "Is it right to receive the eternal life from those scarred hands, and then give Him only the spare change we happen to have left after we have supplied ourselves with luxuries?"

Is it right to receive heaven at the price which He paid and then give Him the odds and ends, the convenient service, the things that cost us little or nothing.

The crumbs that fall from your laden table are not enough; they will not do to meet the need of the world that gropes in its ignorance, in its blindness, without God. You have no right to crucify the Lord Jesus Christ afresh upon the cross of your convenience."—Sel.

HIS FATHER'S NAME.

"It isn't as if this were the first time, mother," said Mary, sadly. "Business could not keep Roger every night. I am afraid—so, very afraid, that he is down town with Sidney Fisher, though what he sees in him I cannot understand. Mr. Harris will not trust him if he sees him in such company, and next thing we know, Roger will lose his splendid position."

"Light the best lamp, Mary, and set it on the supper table," directed her mother. "This old house is too dull for one so full of life. If we made things more cheerful, perhaps we could keep Roger at home at night. Where is he now?"

"Upstairs. Don't you hear him walking about? He is getting ready to go out again after supper." There was time to say nothing more, for Mr. Ramsay entered from the kitchen, and Roger from the stair door.

Mr. Ramsay, not aware of the constraint that held the other three silent, discoursed freely on the events of the day. "A shameful escapade, that breaking of Horning's window," he remarked. "You weren't mixed up in that, of course, Roger?"

"All the boys were, more or less," answered the young man lightly. "It was a jolly lark; my, wasn't old Horning mad!"

"Please remember," said the father sternly, "that you bear the name of Roger Ramsay, a name borne by five generations of honest men. I trust you will not be the first to bring disgrace upon it."

"What's in a name?" quoted the boy, carelessly playing with his fork.

"Everything," retorted his father, warmly. "This very day, in my business, the name of Roger Ramsay was taken as readily as cash. Many and many a time has the mere mention of the name Ramsay saved me from inconvenience and loss. Son, as I received it from my father, so do I hand it down to you. Take care how you guard the inheritance."

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," repeated his mother, softly.

"I'll take the riches," said Roger, flipantly; and he rose from the table as he spoke.

"Bring the crokinole board, Mary," said Mrs. Ramsay, with alacrity. "Come, son, you and I against your father and Mary."

Mr. Ramsay, not seeing a particular motive for so exerting himself, said he thought he wouldn't play.

"You'll have to count me out of that deal, too, mother," said Roger, with a forced laugh. "Fact is, I have to run down town again. Awful bother but I won't be long."

A look of entreaty, hard to meet, hard to avoid, came into his mother's eyes.

"This going out at nights is getting much too frequent," said his father, sharply. Roger muttered something about it being the busy season. "You'll stay until the book is read," said Mr. Ramsay, in the voice no one ever disobeyed.

A hasty memory of a parcel lying under the lilac bushes in the yard, of the appointment in the dark, of the time a certain train was due, came to the young man's mind. But, above all, he must not arouse suspicion. He pulled out his watch, glanced at it, then sullenly backed up to the wall and folded his arms.

Mary thought her father might have made a more tactful choice than the story of a prodigal son, for his reading passage. Roger was not such a very bad boy. Might not his father's blunt treatment only provoke him to rasher action? She could see by the way he studied the carpet through his fingers that he was in one of his stubborn moods.

Her father prayed for them all by name, and entreated especially for Roger that he might be honest, and sober, and a credit to his family. Mary was relieved when he had finished.

But Roger was not angry, as she feared he would be. When they arose from prayers, he came to his father and held out his hand. "Don't bother about me, dad," he said lightly. "I'm not worth it."

Then he stooped, and kissed his mother's care-worn face with unwonted tenderness. "Don't wait up for me; you see to it, Sis, that mother goes to bed, will you?" And he was gone.

Fumbling among the lilac bushes at the gate, he found the parcel he had thrown from the upstairs window an hour before. The whistle of the train, leaving the station ten miles above, warned him that there was little time to lose. Yet he stood as if rooted to the spot, with agonized face turned toward the light in the window.

"I suppose it's as final as if I had been carried out of that door dead," he muttered. "Good by, mother, good by, dear old home." Then he put down his head, and ran in the direction of the station.

Presently some one sprang out of the darkness, and stood in the path of the runner. "You're late," complained Sidney Fisher. "Did you have to wait for prayers?" he sneered.

Roger didn't feel like telling him that that was exactly what had detained him. He kept on walking rapidly, half throwing off the heavy arm on his shoulder. "Still bound to go?" demanded Sidney.

"Yes," growled Roger, "I am."

"You're an idiot," said Sidney Fisher, bluntly.

"Am I?" asked Roger, as if he more than half suspected that the other spoke the truth.

"Stay a day or two, why, we haven't got more than six hundred or so, and old N.K. doesn't suspect a thing."

The train was rushing in. Roger shook him off, and stepped upon the platform. "Tisn't safe, Sid. Besides, I'm sick of the whole thing."

"Old Harris won't know for a month."

"Old Harris knows now!" Some one who had come up on Roger's other side fairly hissed the words. It was "Old Harris" himself.

Roger made a dash for the train, but a firm grip held him. "You had better come with me, young man."

Roger staggered back, "Stand by me, Sid," he implored brokenly.

A laugh answered him. Sidney Fisher stood on the platform of the out-going train, "Good-by!" he called with a wave of the hand.

Roger's face hardened. What a fool he had been to be the catspaw. How much of the money taken secretly from his employer had ever found its way into his own pockets? None. Sidney Fisher had it all, while he was left to take the punishment.

Blindly he staggered across the street, and into the familiar private office; the manager, following, closed the door with a snap. Then the two men faced each other across the table.

"You will be kind enough to go over the books with me," said Mr. Harris, curtly, as he pushed a huge volume in front of Roger. "I believe there are a few little matters that need explanation."

Roger sank into a chair. "I admit everything, Mr. Harris," he faltered. "I will take my punishment. I am to blame."

The old merchant, who had begun to pace the floor, blinked over his glasses at his captive whenever he passed. He was struck by the manliness, the purity, the courage still expressed on the boyish face. "How did it happen, anyway, Ramsay?" he inquired presently, more leniently. "Considering your father and your family, such a thing seems to me incredible."

"Sidney Fisher proposed a scheme from which we were to share large profits. There were difficulties, at first, and I was to borrow from you, until the profits started to come in."

"The scoundrel! And to think I had my hand on him. He has tried that same trick in other towns. But that doesn't excuse you, Ramsay."

"No, sir," said Roger. "I have nobody to blame but myself."

"I suppose you know the penalty," said the old man.

Roger shuddered; and Mr. Harris began to walk the floor again. Suddenly Roger sprang up, and fronted the old man with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, if there were only something in me you could trust, he whispered.

"Eh!" demanded the old man. "Eh!" And then for many minutes he looked into the face of the young man who stood before him. What he saw was the Roger Ramsay of forty years ago, the chum of his boyhood, the trusted friend of his mature years.

"There is your father's name," he said at last.

Roger grasped wildly at this straw of hope. "Do you mean," he panted, "that because I bear my father's name,—an honest and trusted name—that you—that you—"

"I am an old fool," muttered Mr. Harris, blowing his nose violently.

"Sir," cried the boy, seizing his employer's hand, "you shall never regret it—that I solemnly promise. I will work for you, for what you will, for nothing even, until every cent is paid."

Mr. Harris had dropped into a chair by the table, and was gazing, with unseeing eyes, at the books. "Do you mean, sir," asked Roger, still hesitating, "that I may go out, free and trusted? That I may go home? Your forgiveness is very wonderful."

Still the old man did not reply, but he made no objection when Roger turned to go.

Back through the night the boy hastened, back to the light that still burned in a lonely window.

In a deep chair, drawn close to the fire, some one stirred. "Mother!" he cried.

"I was praying that you would come home soon," she smiled. "And you have come."

He sank on his knees, laying his weary head on her lap. So they remained looking into the fire. Although she asked no questions, she easily divined that a crisis had come, had been met—and was past. Swift thanksgiving flew heavenward.

At last the faint winter dawn streaked the last. "Mother," said Roger, "if dad would say that prayer for me again, it—it might make a difference."

"What? Say it again? Ay, that I will, lad." It was the old man who had crept from his sleep-deserted bed.

"Ask that I may never dishonor the dear old family name," entreated Roger. "I have found out to-night what an honest name is worth."—Mabel Burkholder in "East and West."

WHICH DID YOU WIN ?

Little Boy was in a very serious frame of mind; in fact, he was quite gloomy and dejected. To be sure, his side hadn't won the cricket match, but that was scarcely enough to account for his present state of feeling. He had lost before, and usually with pretty good grace. But to-day no sympathy appealed to him, no cheerful encouragement won so much as a shadow of a smile. The hopeful, merry Little Boy had entirely disappeared.

Mother, whose experience with little boys had warned her of occasions when it was a case of "do-better-do-nothing-at-all," as Hans says in the Grimm story, waited for the situation to develop, and at last the silence was broken. Slowly, seriously, solemnly, Little Boy said it:

"Mother, God was on the side of the bad boys, and they won. You see, we fellows thought we would try awfully hard and not get mad or cheat or say bad words. And not one fellow did. And the other fellows did—like fury. I guess they swore. And they won and we were licked. God was on their side all right, and it's not fair."

Ordinary comfort and explanation availed nothing. The fact remained. The faithful little band that had tried to do right had been beaten by the rough little crowd that didn't care anything at all about it. God was on the side of might—not right. This was self-evident, and did not admit of explanation; and who wants comfort for injustice? Not Little Boy. After a while Father came in, and before Little Boy saw him, Mother had presented the case.

He thought carefully a moment. Then his cheerful voice was heard.

"Well, my boy, I hear you won out to-day."

"Well, then," in a voice of awful solemnity, "you heard wrong, 'cause we didn't; we were licked."

"Oh, but I heard that there were two contests; which did you win?"

"Why, I don't know what you mean, father."

"Mother told me about it. She told me you lost the match, but you won the big important thing; you didn't beat the other fellows, but you beat yourselves, and conquered all the anger and unfairness and bad language. Congratulations, old fellow. You won out, and I'm proud of you."

Little Boy's face was slowly undergoing a change. It was growing once more interested, happy, hopeful. "Why, that's so, dad," he said, joyously, after a minute; "I didn't see that. And God was on our side, after all, wasn't he?"

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said the father, with a smile.

That night when Little Boy said his

prayers, this is the way he ended his petition: "And, please, God, excuse me for the way I thought about you this afternoon. I didn't understand."—Grace Duffield Goodwin, in *Congregationalist*.

THE STORY THE PENNY TOLD.

I've been in such a funny place! Guess where it was. It was in Charlie's pocket. At first it was very dark down there; but before I came away I was acquainted with many friends; a string, five buttons, a piece of chalk, six marbles, a fireracker, and a match. There were others that I did not have time to be introduced to.

Yesterday Charlie went into a candy store three times, and each time I felt a fat, warm hand feeling 'round among the marbles and string until he found me. He squeezed me pretty tight. I heard him say something about birthday penny and thank-offering to himself, then he let me drop back to my friends again.

Once he put me on a counter, but picked me up quickly, and I heard him say: "I was seven years old yesterday! Guess I'm not going to buy any candy with it!"

To-day Charlie brought me to the Mission Band with six other pennies. They said they were going 'way off to help build a school in China. I like the looks of those pennies, and I guess I'll be glad to go with them and help. Good-by.—Selected.

WHY HE FAILED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average. And this conversation took place:

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind, this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed some dime novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to mention it until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't

put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket—it will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chip dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.—Cut Gems.

BERTRAND'S VALENTINE.

Bertrand had only been in London a few weeks. He talked such broken English that when he went to school the boys all laughed.

"We'll have lots of fun out of him," Dick Steele observed. "Oh, my! Ain't he a picture?"

Yes, he certainly was a picture—the sleeves of his old coat out at the elbows, patches on his knees, and his tattered shoes tied to his feet with strips of leather. But notwithstanding these drawbacks a true artist would have enjoyed sketching him. A sturdy little form, a pleasant face with honest blue eyes, an obedient son, a kind brother, a true, brave boy—that is a picture of Bertrand.

He did his best to master the English language, and the other boys did their best to torment him. But he tried not to mind their teasing. One day, after morning school, he saw Herbert Downing and Dick Steele looking at something which he thought very beautiful.

"Hallo!" called Herbert, "watching us, are you? Want to see what we've got?" and he displayed a wonderful silken-fringed valentine, with cherubs floating about in a blue sky, underneath which flowers bloomed and birds fluttered. "I'm going to send this to my sweetheart, Dutchie. Where's your valentine for your sweetheart?" Laughing as if his question were a good joke.

"I haf got a sweetheart—my Gretchen," said Bertrand seriously, "but I not buy de valentine—haf no money," and the boy turned away from the merry, laughing boys with a misty look in his big blue eyes.

On the way home Dick and Herbert, with two other boys, stopped to look at a shop window in which were displayed valentines of all kinds.

"I say," said Dick, "let's hunt up a comic valentine to send him to-morrow, a ragged boy bowing down to a ragged girl."

"Good! so we will," assented Herbert.

The valentine was bought—a ludicrous thing—and stored it away in the coat pocket of Herbert until morning should come.

But the boy for whom it was intended did not arrive at school, much to Herbert's and Dick's regret. They found out from one of the scholars where he lived, and after school they raced out to the dingy old tenement. A sweet-faced, crippled girl opened the door in answer to their rap.

"We'd like to see Bertrand," they said.

"Come in," she said politely, "mine brudder is ill."

They stepped within and stood mute and motionless at the scene before them. A sick woman was lying on a cot looking very pale and weary. A young woman, with one arm in a sling, seemed to be waiting upon her. And Bertrand sat before a smouldering fire with bandaged throat and head.

"I'd get up if I could," he said, "but my head feels as if 'twould split when I move. You're good to come and see me. Please sit down."

The boys felt as if they were anything but "good." But they found their voices.

"What's the matter?" asked Herbert.

"I haf taken cold some way," and he shivered.

"'Tisn't very warm in here, is it?" asked Dick, wondering why the folks did not stir up the fire this bitter day.

"No, 'tisn't very warm," Bertrand said.

"We can't have it any warmer," put in the little crippled girl. "We're out of coal."

"Hush, Gretchen!" and the boy's face flushed.

The boys had heard enough and seen enough. In another moment they were out of doors. Their eyes looked rather red and misty. "I believe there never was a meaner fellow than I've been," said Herbert.

"Unless I am," added Dick.

"And the poor little chap got that cold going without an overcoat!"

"And Gretchen isn't a sweetheart, but his own sister."

Daylight was just fading into night when a package was left at Bertrand's door. It was marked "Bertrand's Valentine." It was opened quickly. Ah! Bertrand would not take cold so easily, again, for there were a warm overcoat and cap and shoes—all new; a nice suit, partly worn, a book with pictures, some delicacies and other things. But there was another rap at the door, and a man set inside the door a sack of coals and some provisions, with the sententious remark, "More to follow."

There were smiles and tears and prayers in the humble home that night, and as for Herbert and Dick, they learned a lesson worth a great deal, and in the future they never treated unkindly "one of the least of these."

SKIPPING THE HARD POINTS.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of a country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you; if you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned, you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at ease; he can not forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a new study, that you will go through it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained himself to a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.—School Day Visitor.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

A collier came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you said to-night."

I asked him why not.

He replied: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive them if I just turn to him. It is too cheap."

I looked at him and said: "My dear friend, have you been working to-day?"

He looked at me slightly astonished and said: "Yes, I was down in the pit, as usual."

"How did you get out of the pit?" I asked.

"The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top."

"How much did you pay to come out of the pit?"

He looked at me astonished, and said: "Pay? Of course, I didn't pay anything."

I asked him. "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in the cage? Was it not too cheap?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.—Campbell Morgan, in *British Weekly*.

CARRYING OUT OUR PLANS.

When the doing of a proper thing has been decided upon, then it ought to be done at any cost save actual wrong-doing. There is nothing that so quickly and surely demoralizes our character and our will-power as failure to carry out our plans. There is nothing that so tones up and builds up character and will-power as the resolute, insistent carrying out of plans at heavy cost to ourselves.

If you have made a plan for to-day's work, let nothing but the hand of God stop it. His hand may show in the arising of unforeseen circumstances that are wholly beyond our control, or in the pointing out of a new duty that would make the carrying out of the other plan clearly wrong. Nothing short of such providential hindrance ought to deter us.

Yet most of us are more or less willingly turned aside from our plans for hard work by circumstances that were meant only to test us. Every time this occurs we have weakened our wills and sapped our characters. We say that when we tell a child or an animal to do a thing, we ought, for that one's sake, to insist on its being done. Why should we not be as fair to ourselves as we are to animals and children?—S. S. Times.

"SOMETHING IN IT."

A landlord, coming to eject a family of tenants who had not paid their rent, found several members of the family sick and a deaconess caring for them.

"How is it you can have a nurse when you can't pay the rent?" he asked the father.

"We don't pay her," was the answer.

"Don't pay her! What does she do it for, then?"

"For Jesus' sake," she says."

The landlord changed his mind about putting out the family. "I never came so near feeling that there was something in Christianity as I did that day," he said afterward. "That little woman working for those people—it took something outside of human to do it."—Selected.

HOW MADIE SOLVED HER PROBLEM.

The schoolroom was very quiet, and as it contained thirty or forty boys and girls, the fact proved beyond a shadow of doubt that something unusual was taking place. That something was the June examination.

In the corner of the room farthest from the teacher's desk sat Maidie Vinton. She was engaged in biting at the end of her pencil and frowning. This was rather unusual for Maidie. She was generally good-natured and smiling; but now she was frowning at the second example, for it would not come out right.

"I can't see where it is wrong," she told herself, "but I know that nine thousand, five hundred bricks couldn't cost as much as ten thousand do," and Maidie emphasized her words with a vicious nip at her pencil.

The little girl glanced disconsolately around the room. She wondered if any one else were having the same trouble she had. She felt that it would be a comfort to her if they were. Then she would not feel that she was more stupid than her class-mates.

She looked around, but each head was bent industriously over the examination questions—each head but one, the head of Bob Warren, and never was boy more appropriately named. He bobbed from morning to night.

He had seen the unusual frown on Maidie's face, and as soon as he could catch her eye, he asked her what was the matter.

He did not ask the question aloud; he did not even move his lips; but where is the schoolboy who can not turn his face into an interrogation point?

Maidie answered him by holding up two fingers and frowning more than ever. Then she remembered that the examination rules said there was to be no communicating with each other in any way, and she brought her eyes back again to the troublesome example.

Presently something struck her on the arm and then fell to the floor. It was a piece of paper rolled into a little ball, and on looking up, Maidie saw by Bob's face that it had come from him.

Maidie shook her head warningly. Such conduct during examination means serious trouble if detected, and Bob was so good-natured and obliging, Maidie did not want him to get into any scrapes.

She glanced towards the teacher's desk, and so did Bob, but the teacher was looking in another direction, and had not noticed what occurred.

Bob held up two fingers and nodded toward the paper ball. Maidie knew at once what it meant. The example was worked

out on that piece of paper. She had only to pick it up and read it. She leaned over to get it, and then suddenly drew back.

"That would be cheating, was the thought that came to her. Bob was watching her eagerly, looking first at Maidie, and then down at the bit of paper.

With a decided shake of the head, Maidie bent once more over her work, and Bob turned away with a look of disgust. It was no use trying to help some people, he thought.

For some minutes more Maidie worked at that example, but with the same result. It would not come out right.

"Oh, dear!" she thought: "I wonder where it is wrong. Of course there is a mistake somewhere, but I can't find it. What good are examinations, any way? I've a good notion to leave it and not try it again; but then, I suppose I don't get promoted. I wouldn't like that. Oh, dear!"

Her eye fell upon the paper that was still lying at her feet. It looked very tempting. All would be easy then, and she had tried so hard.

"The others do it," thought Maidie. "They say it's no harm, and it's no worse for me than it is for them. Bob expected me to do it," and she glanced over at the boy, but now he was not looking towards her. "I know he thinks me a goose, but—" with a little sigh, "I'll be an honest one any way."

Just then the sound of some one singing came through the open window. It was a familiar tune, one Maidie often sang in Sabbath-school, and as she listened she thought of the words:

"Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

"I wonder if it would do any good to pray over this example," thought Maidie. "I don't see why it shouldn't. It's trouble to me."

She leaned her head against her hand and from her heart went up this little prayer: "Lord, help me to get this example right. I have tried and I can not."

Once more she set herself to work, going carefully over each part, and this time she was successful.

"I have been saying nine times nine are eighty-seven," she thought. "No wonder it wouldn't come out right. But why didn't I think to pray about it before?"—Daisy Howard in Central Presbyterian.

Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy, or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome.—Charles W. Eliot.

Life and Work.

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND THE CHURCH.

That is a big word. It means "mind cure" or "mind healing," a subject which has lately been receiving much attention from many thinking Christian people. The following regarding it from the pen of Dr. H. M. Wells of Philadelphia, is worthy of careful study:

"Psychotherapy is an agent capable of causing as much harm as it can do good, and while comparatively few physicians as yet understand its field and methods of application, nevertheless it is being extensively employed by medical practitioners and the results that are being attained far surpass those of any so-called 'religious' cults that have come into existence during recent years.

There can be no doubt but that the development of Christian Science, Dowieism and similar bodies, have, in some localities drawn no small proportion of people away from their physicians, but their attacks on the profession have moved it but little, and with the growing knowledge of scientific psychotherapy among medical men the influence of the mystic forms of mental treatment are fast fading away.

"Christian Science, that strange mixture of truth, mysticism and of fraud, has already reached its high-water mark, and while it will no doubt leave a deep impression upon the therapeutic methods of the future, we do not hesitate to say that ten years after the death of its organizer it will be but a lifeless remnant of a once active body.

"To the Christian Church, however, the question of mental therapeutics has become a much more serious problem than it has to the medical profession. The success of the Christian Scientists in curing the bodily ills of many individuals naturally led such persons to entrust the welfare of their souls to the same organization.

Thus a large and influential body of persons have been led to abandon the principles of historical Christianity and have fallen under the influence of the 'divine mother,' whose edicts have pronounced sin to be non-existent and the world, the body and disease to be mere phantoms of abnormal mentalities.

How to prevent this exodus from the Church, therefore, has become a matter of no small import. Recently the suggestion has been made that the Christian Church enter the field of psychotherapeutics and thus meet the demand that apparently exists in the minds of the people for the healing influences of religion. It is hoped by this

means to offset the effects of Christian Science and allied cults.

"Many of us, however, who are willing to concede the influence that a calm and elevating religious faith may have in preventing and in aiding in the cure of certain diseases are by no means convinced that it is the duty of the Christian Church to establish dispensaries and to publicly proclaim her intention and her ability to cure disease, even of a functional nature, by means of mental treatment. This is a question that cannot be decided lightly and there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

"The Church furnishes a field for useful and unselfish activity. It is a well-known fact that psychasthenia, neurasthenia, hysteria and other functional disorders of the nervous system frequently develop among men and women who have lost interest in life and who have little to do but to while away their time and spend their money.

The mind thus deprived of normal interests and activities becomes self-centred and introspective, and is abnormally conscious of every physical sensation. Until this mental condition is overcome a cure is almost impossible and there is nothing more potent to lift the introspective neurotic out of the narrow confines of his own selfish mentality than self-sacrificing and useful activity for the sake of his fellow men.

For the Church to attempt to invade the field of the physician or even to attempt to establish 'a mind cure department' for the treatment of nervous disorders would be unwise and ultimately harmful both to the souls and bodies of men. Her duty and her opportunity lies in the inculcation and realization of the great truths that have been entrusted to her and which if consistently and rationally followed lead to the highest development of man—physically, intellectually and spiritually."—Ex.

THE UNSUSPECTED GOOD.

You never suspected your grumbling neighbor of capacity for love—but watch him with his little child. There is more good in the world than we have been ready to allow, more kindness, faith and hope and joy. If there are wintry corners in the hearts of men, are we without them? May there not be defect of vision in our study of the world? May not some part of the retarding winter which we feel about us as we go our melancholy way spring from our own hearts' frosty atmosphere? It will be so, indeed, if we go about the world like the east wind in May, that holds the leaves and blossoms back, and keeps the birds from song.—The Congregationalist.

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT.

Our thoughts make us. They are the silent builders who work day and night on the temple of character which each one of us is rearing. What our ordinary thoughts are, that we become. As a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." If his thoughts are white, a white life grows up. If he thinks vain, empty thoughts, the life will be vain and empty. If his imaginations and mental recreations are stained and unworthy, a life stained and unholy will be the outcome.

Some people suppose that it is no matter what they think so long as they do not let wrong thoughts take form in expression. Hating another in the heart, they say, does no harm if it does not show itself in word or act. Indulgence in impure fancies is not sinful, they think, if the fancies lead to no evil acts. But this is not true. Wrong thoughts are sins, even though they find no outward expression in act.

Of course, it is not so bad merely to think evil as it would be to speak or do it. An unkind thought may not hurt the person it concerns as it would do if uttered in sharp, cutting words; but it is a sin against God and against love, though it remain only a thought hidden in the heart, and leaves its hurt in our own life. It is important, therefore, that we keep a most sedulous watch over the thoughts as they rise in our mind.

It is well to understand where sin begins. Temptation is not sin. Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Evil thoughts came to the door of His heart, and clamored for admittance. If He had opened to them, welcoming them, He would have sinned. But he refused to let them in, and kept his heart pure and clean through all his three-and-thirty years of human life in this world.

That is what we should seek to do. We cannot live without being tempted, but we may resist temptations. We cannot keep evil thoughts from buzzing about our ears, but we can keep them from coming into our heart to nest and home there. We can refuse to read any book or paper which contains words that would start evil thoughts in our mind. We can shut our ears against any irritating, debasing, or indecent words. We should turn our eyes away firmly from seeing anything that would suggest evil.

A godly minister in his old age told how when he was only a lad, a schoolfellow took a book from his pocket and showed him an improper picture. He looked at it only for an instant, but it left a stain in his memory which plagued him through all his years.

One way to keep out bad thoughts is to

keep the mind and heart always filled with good thoughts. Napoleon used to say, "To replace is to conquer." The best way to keep weeds from getting root in a garden is to cultivate lovely plants and flowers. The house left garnished and empty was soon occupied again by the evil spirits which had once been cast out, who brought back with them sevenfold more evil spirits. The house when empty of demons ought to have been filled at once with good angels.

If we would expel wrong thoughts and keep them out, we must fill our mind with pure and good thoughts. Dr. Chalmers once preached a great sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." Love the good if you would shut out the evil. Let the Holy Spirit rule in your heart if you would destroy the rule of Satan there.

Another way of guarding the thoughts is to watch one's daydreams and broodings when alone. Some people allow their minds at such times to linger on things that are not good. They indulge in imaginations which are not right. They allow their thoughts to run on subjects of which they would be ashamed to speak to anyone.

A great deal of harm comes from this habit. It leads to self-consciousness, which is always unwholesome. Much degrading sin can be traced to feelings and emotions which are indulged when one is alone. If we would keep our thoughts white and clean we must maintain most careful guard over our mental moods and ponderings in solitude.—Forward.

HABITS.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass, about a foot or fourteen inches wide, will be trodden hard, and that is a path. The more you do it, the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is traveled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing.

Bad habits are like the ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads—they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy, his hands were as limber as yours. He could open them easily. But for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of shutting down on the lines that they finally stayed shut. The old man's hand never can open.

So it is with habits. Once formed it is almost impossible to change them. So you see how important it is to form right habits.—"The King's Own."

PRAYER FOR THE SCHOOLS.

The school term has opened. It is proper and a "bounden duty" that prayer be offered in every church and in every home for the blessing of God. The millions who are of school age and the vast multitude of teachers alone call for the prayers of the people. The fact that these pupils are at the character-forming age is a command to us to seek for the teachers the wisdom necessary to give proper training and guidance, and for the pupils the spirit of study and obedience.

The school is the adjunct to the family. From the nursery the children go to the care and moulding power of the teachers. Parents in the home give the first impulses; the teachers follow closely and give shape and character to the life. The pupils of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. They come quickly into all the duties, powers and responsibility of life in the home, in society and in the nation. The subsequent life is simply the working out of the principles instilled and the habits formed in the home and the school.

A very large number of those who enter the schools come from homes in which there has been no moral training. Poverty, intemperance, irreligion and vice are the primary classes from which many enter the public school. They are placed under the care of those who, if competent and faithful, may overcome these first evils and give new direction to life.

Again, many are from homes of purity and Christian grace. Their first knowledge of the larger world is in the school in contact with some who have not had such training. It is for the teachers to throw around them the protection of a pure, Christian life, a warm heart and great personal power.

Upon no class do greater responsibilities rest than those assumed by our teachers. Our prayer, therefore, should be earnest and persevering that every one may be competent in moral power as well as in intellectual ability, and that every school may be a place of effective training in the formation of character and preparation for useful lives.—United Presbyterian.

GAINING SELF-CONTROL.

It is not enough for us to pray for self-control. We must all study the cause of irritability. If men would often go to a sanitarian concerning their health habits, they would find an answer to prayer in his revelation of truth.

I have known men who prayed for good temper in vain until their physician prescribed eating so much meat, for they could not endure such stimulation. So long as they ate abundantly of animal food, they could not control the irritability; but as soon

as they were put on a milder diet, they were able to keep their temper. The physicians by the aid of science revealed to them the cause of that irritableness, and their prayer was answered. They were not unwise in praying, but they were wise in adding hygienic advice.

It is quite in vain to pray for a tranquil spirit or a genial, hopeful spirit when the organs of digestion are out of order. Not that one who is suffering from sickness should not pray for health, but prayer is to be conjoined to hygiene. It is in vain to pray for patience and then run heedlessly into those very conditions where experience shows causes which lead to impatience.—Henry Ward Beecher.

MUST USE IT OR LOSE IT.

There is a law of nature than man must either "use or lose." If you are unwilling to use the powers and opportunities that God gives you, you must lose them. If you will not use those capabilities of the soul, such as the love of the beautiful, true and sublime (the sentimental side of your nature), they will disappear and leave you cold, heartless and disappointed.

Many a man in a mad scramble for wealth has refused to yield to the tenderer side of his nature, and has killed the faculty by which he can enjoy while seeking the things he thought he would enjoy.

Many a man who has gained wealth is shocked to find that all the finer and tenderer side of his nature is paralyzed. Beauty in nature, art, literature, no longer appeals to him. Money has mounted to his side, but the enjoying power is dead. Straining and striving have starved the soul.—Christian Observer.

LOVE WITHOUT JEALOUSY.

Christian love is the only kind of love in which there is no rivalry, no jealousy. There is jealousy among the lovers of art; there is jealousy among the lovers of beauty. The glory of natural love is its monopoly, its power to say: "It is mine."

But the glory of Christian love is its refusal of monopoly. The spiritual artist—the man who paints Christ in his soul—wants no solitary niche in the temple of fame. He would not like to hear any one say: "He is the first of his profession; there is not one that can hold the candle with him." He would be very sad to be distinguished in his profession of Christ, marked out as a solitary figure. The gladdest moment to him will always be the moment when the cry is heard, "Thy brother is coming up the ladder also; thy brother will share the inheritance with thee."—George Matheson.

KEEP CLOSE TO THE BOYS.

Some fathers are not well acquainted with their boys. They know their names and faces, but do not know what they are doing when out of sight, nor where they spend their evenings, nor the company they keep, nor the aims they have in life, nor the principles which are being instilled into them. They are not on familiar terms with their sons. They do not have their confidence.

It is indispensable to be very close to the son if one will help in the formation of his character. It is a great point gained when the son prefers the company of his father to any other company. Blessed is that father whose son's heart bounds with gladness when his father comes home and says, "Come, let us take a walk, or play a game, or talk about the book you are reading."

The victory is half won when the boy really enjoys the company of his father, but it is a hard case when the father is cold and indifferent to the interests and feelings of his son. When the father is the best friend his son has and acts so that the son knows it and appreciates it, that father can do almost anything with that boy. He can mold his soul as he will. Let fathers spare no pains to get very close to their sons and abide there.

Too many fathers seldom speak to their sons except to reprove them and scold. There is a time for reproof and punishment, but it is not all the time. There is a time for clouds and rain and snow, but if these things lasted all the year round, the earth would be a barren and desolate planet. There must be much sunshine. Luther Burbank is a great lover of plants, and he has done wonders by way of developing excellent varieties of plants, flowers and fruits. He says that three things are absolutely essential to the successful issue of a series of test of plant development—clear sunshine, fresh air and wholesome food. Other things must be considered, but these are absolutely necessary.

So it is with the development of good character. It cannot be done without sunshine. Put sunshine into your countenance, sunshine into your counsels, sunshine into your home, sunshine into your religion. If the atmosphere of the home is cold and gloomy, and the atmosphere of the saloon warm and bright, the boy will go away from the home to the saloon. It may be false sunshine, but it draws him. If the father will live close to his son, he must not be gloomy and sour.

No one can abide in the heart of his son unless he is thoroughly sincere. He need not be learned, but he must be sincere. He may not be a philosopher, but he must be sincere. He may not be able to overwhelm his son with powerful arguments, but he must attract and hold him by his sincerity.

A son will understand whether his father believes the things he says or whether he is

talking for effect. If he is not honest to the very core of his being, his words will fall to the ground. But if he is thoroughly sincere, a single word will weigh more than a volume. His words will be as apples of gold in baskets of silver. They will be like nails fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies.—Christian Advocate.

COERCION.

Control should never degenerate into coercion. Plato said: "A free mind ought to learn nothing as a slave." There is no life-giving power in coercion. God meant our characters to be positive, not negative. Coercion may repress evil: it never eradicates it.

The child should not be conscious of the restraint of external control through the personality of the teacher. Punishment and pain are the lowest means of control. England's greatest educational philosopher says:

"A daily minister of pain cannot fail to be regarded with a secret dislike, and if he causes no emotions but painful ones, will inevitably be hated. Conversely, he who constantly aids children to their ends, hourly provides them with the satisfactions of conquest, hourly encourages them through their difficulties and sympathizes in their successes, cannot fail to be liked; nay, if his behavior is consistent throughout, must be loved.

"And when we remember how efficient and benign is the control of a master who is felt to be a friend, when compared with the control of one who is looked upon with aversion, or at best, indifference, we may infer that the indirect advantages of conducting education on the happiness principle do not fall far short of the direct ones.

To all who question the possibility of acting out the system here advocated, we reply as before, that not only does theory point to it, but experience commends it. To the many verdicts of distinguished teachers who since Pestalozzi's time have testified this, may be here added that of Professor Pillans, who asserts that 'where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play, seldom less delighted; nay, often more, with the well-directed exercise of their mental energies than with that of their muscular powers.'—The Canadian Teacher.

"During the years I was in Parliament," wrote Gladstone, "I came in contact with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians."

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest become strong, without which all strength is unstable as water.—Mrs. Jameson.

GOD'S "RIGHTEOUSNESS."

The phrase "God's righteousness" is not used to signify that attribute which we call righteousness, but rather the way or method, by which God provides justification for sinners. Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for therein is God's righteousness revealed." That is, God's plan of salvation is revealed in the Gospel of Christ.

Barnes in his commentary on this passage says, "The phrase righteousness of God' is equivalent to God's plan of justifying men. In this sense it stands opposed to man's plan of justification, i. e., by his own works. God's plan is by faith."

Contrasting the two plans Paul says, "By the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." "But now God's righteousness (God's plan of justification) without the law is manifested even the righteousness of God through faith in Jesus Christ." Sinners are justified freely by His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus." "that He might, be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." God's righteousness is the plan of salvation for sinners.—Ex.

BUILDING A HOUSE.

The eighth chapter of Matthew gives in the closing verses a picture of two builders, the one wise and the other foolish.

The folly of the latter, however, does not show itself in the building process for no doubt he knew much about building and chose a picturesque location not too near the shore.

The material he used was of the best, the corners of the building were right angles, the walls were perpendicular, the doors and windows were in their proper places, the beams supporting the upper floors were strong, the rafters had the right pitch and were roofed over with material impervious to the rain. The windows in the tower commanded a splendid view of the distant landscape.

When the building was completed his friends praised him for his fine achievement and thought him very wise.

But a testing time came that led them to change their minds. A driving storm beat down upon the sea and the foaming tide dashed high upon the shore. The swirling current began to wash away the embankment and to encroach nearer to the house, till at last the yielding sand gave way beneath and the structure was imperiled.

The man is at his wits' end to know how to avert the threatened disaster. He stands by in dismay as the splendid mansion begins to tremble. Now it leans, it totters and finally with a thundering crash it falls

to the ground a total wreck. As his friends gather to view the ruins they discover that instead of building on the solid rock he had built upon the sand; and now they call him a fool.

This is a picture of many an outwardly beautiful moral life in which there is no faith in God and no trust in Christ, "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid which is Christ Jesus."—"Michigan Presbyterian."

HOW TO PROFIT BY CHURCH.

Very much of the benefit to be derived from going to church depends upon the attitude of the hearers. If they come in a devout, prayerful and receptive spirit the hour of worship may be one of great profit. If, however, they come in a careless spirit, their minds full of the world, the hour may bring them no profit at all. It may even add to their condemnation that in "hearing they heard not."

Our Lord strongly emphasized the importance of right hearing. That beautiful nature parable called "The Sower" might just as properly be called, "The Four Kinds of Hearers," for however faithfully the sower may sow the good seed of the word the final result depends upon the way it is received by the hearers. "Take heed what you hear" and "take heed how you hear" are commands that impose important duties upon those who go to church.

Bishop Vincent gives some pointed suggestions that are well worth remembering:—

"Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour when the service is announced to begin. Then you will not disturb other worshippers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the services about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought fix your eyes on no object, utter no word that will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part; as hearer, as worshipper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship."—"Michigan Presbyterian."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The late Dr. Mahan, when speaking about "always seeing the bright side," used to tell the following story:

During the great war in America between the North and South, a chaplain in the Northern army lay in his tent, burning and racked with pain from a Southern fever. Early one morning a dark face peered into his tent. A colored woman entered, and with the greatest tenderness inquired:

"Massa, does you see de bright side of dis 'ere?"

"No, Nannie," replied the minister; "all seems dark where I am."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"How is that, Nannie? It may be you have not had any great trouble."

"Mebbe I haben't, massa," she replied.

Then in her broken way she told him that, when a slave in Virginia, all her children had been sold one at a time and taken down South. Then her husband was sold from an auction block and driven off likewise. Last of all, she was sold in a similar manner, and driven off to labor, and, as she expected, to die, in the rice swamps. There she was all alone, not having seen one of her relations for years.

"Mebbe I haben't seen any great trouble, massa."

"Well, Nannie, is it always bright with you?"

"Allus, massa, allus."

"How is it, Nannie, that you always see the bright side. Do tell me."

"Well, when I sees de dark, cloud risin', and about to come crushin' down upon me"—and then she waved her hand as if she saw the cloud coming down within the tent—"when I sees de dark, black cloud comin' crushin' down upon me, I jist slips round on de udder side, and dar I finds Jesus. Den it's all bright and clar. It's allus bright, massa, where Jesus is."

"Well, Nannie, if you can do that, I ought to do it."

"It 'pears like you orter too, since you is a minister ob Jesus."

Nannie disappeared, and the minister, turning over on his blanket, said: "The Lord is my Shepherd; and now come sickness or health, life or death, burial on the Yazoo Bluff, or among friends at home, all is well."

With the peace of God in his heart, he quietly fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself in a gentle perspiration. The cloud had been lifted from his soul, and the fever had left his body. Nannie's faith had saved him.—Life of Faith.

THEATRE AND BALL ROOM.

The "Michigan Christian Advocate" has the following:—

A ruined young woman of Detroit, whose case recently became notorious through the daily newspapers, in an interview, despairingly said:

"My life is ruined, and I would like to see him pay the penalty! I wouldn't mind being imprisoned for life, if I could get even. There's one thing sure: I've lost all faith in man, and I would like to advise young girls to avoid theatres and dances."

The warning of this ruined girl, who pants for vengeance against that father of her hapless child, is one that should be headed by thoughtless patrons of the dance and playhouse. Such warnings are by no means infrequent. Four-fifths of the fallen women of America were ruined by the ball-room.

Mr. Wm. H. Holmes, an ex-dancing master of San Francisco, says he "found the ball-room the avenue to the destruction of multitudes." "It is the truth," said he, "burned into the hearts of thousands of downcast fathers and broken-hearted mothers; and husbands are legion who can look into the deserted homes, left desolate by wives and daughters who have been led captive by this magnificent burst of harmony and laying on of hands."

A young girl in a Chicago dancing-house, in reply to a party of Christian visitors who were remonstrating with her, said: "It is mother's fault. She insisted on my learning to dance, so as to become graceful, and through her interceding. I attended dancing-school. I was only sixteen, and coming in close contact with men was too much for me. I lost virtue, grace and all."

Prof. Henry Stripes, the renowned champion dancer, being asked by T. A. Faulkner, author of "The Gates of Death; or, the Ball-Room Unmasked," what is the best move to crush out this ball-room curse, replied:

"It all lies with the church and parents. If the reform workers would look where the vice germinates and crush it there, they would soon wipe it out; but as long as the public schools teach prostitution by having dancing taught, there will be prostitutes. And most ministers haven't courage enough to condemn dancing, for fear of offending some of their members."

The noblest question in the world is: What good may I do in it?—Benjamin Franklin.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

World Wide Work.

GOD'S MIGHTY CONVICTING POWER AT HSIN MIN TUN, MANCHURIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. J. GOFORTH.

For the Record.

Mar. 29th, Sab. After both services many were ready to lead in prayer. The prayers were not ordinary. They shewed that conviction had already begun. Each saw his own hindering sins. Though several were on the verge of weeping while praying yet there was no real break-down. One confessed to reviling and adulterous thought and to murder before conversion. Another to reviling and fighting. Some confessed to covetousness, some to unfilial conduct and many to neglect of family duties and to bad temper. Though quiet the result of to-day seems hopeful. There were about four or five hundred at the a.m. service.

Mon. 30th. The Holy Spirit was working deep conviction during the a.m. address. Conviction and fear was written on many faces. Several afterwards made prayer confessions. One that to save his life in the Boxer year he had recanted and also had kept money which belonged to the church. His voice choked with sobs. Another in broken sentences, almost weeping, confessed to unclean thoughts and to covetousness. Still another that his sins were more in number than the sand. There were others who prayed and most all with the personal note.

During the p.m. address the Spirit was searching hearts with mighty power. Then followed about a dozen heart confessions. Their sins seemed to grieve them so. A woman then prayed. She was the first woman who has prayed. She never finished for her prayer ended in weeping. Another woman commenced praying but broke down weeping. A man attempted to pray but ended crying. Then another woman in prayer sobbed out her sins and broke in an agony of weeping. The women and girls were now all praying with suppressed weeping. It soon spread among the school

boys and the men until finally the upwards of four hundred people seemed to be weeping praying, confessing. Some were falling on the floor, others were swaying to and fro. Some were beating the seats, others were beating their breasts; some were rigidly upright, others were down with their faces on the floor. Some were stamping the floor others were writing in agony. Loud, cries and walls filled the room while at the same time voices of intense prayer were piercing through all other sounds.

After about half an hour of this awful grief we tried, to stop it by singing hymns but only the missionary and myself joined in. The audience under conviction paid no heed at all. Again and again we shouted out the chorus of "Jesus loves me." Gradually we caught the ear of the school boys. But the Holy Spirit was cleansing His temple and would have His way. Though we almost shouted in pronouncing the benediction yet we could scarce be heard through the sound of agonized weeping. The service lasted about three and a half hours.

Tues. 31st. During the a.m. address there was very deep attention. When liberty was allowed for prayer a woman weeping confessed to having stolen a quilt. A young man confessed to having reviled his mother. He wept as he prayed. After the evening address a man confessed to having joined the bandits in order to revenge himself on a Boxer, who had injured him. He had been providentially hindered. He wept and asked for prayer. The several who prayed for him seemed intensely moved. In a short time the whole audience of over four hundred seemed to be weeping and praying. The same signs of intense agony as last night were in evidence all over the building. Some were loudly crying for mercy while others were triumphantly praising God for coming with gracious power among them.

When it seemed that the people were weeping long enough we tried to stop them by singing of choruses again and again. We

were just going to close the meeting when the audience broke out again in an agony of weeping. But night fall had come and we were compelled to stop the meeting to send away the women and school girls. Many of the men were in such agony we continued the meeting for them. A helper confessed to envy and fell down weeping asking for prayer; a student to adulterous thought and promised full obedience; a helper that his bad temper offended people and hindered Christ's cause. Another helper confessed to having appropriated for his own uses twenty dollars of red cross funds.

Wed. April 1st. Before the address a helper confessed to having been in league with the mounted bandits supplying them with cartridges. Another worker confessed to bad example in his home thereby hindering those he most loved.

The address was used to deepen conviction. One man was so pressed that he got up and begged me to pause that he might confess. I told him to wait and he knelt beside the pulpit until the address was finished, then deeply moved he confessed to cheating in business and to adultery which his wife knew about. He flung himself on the floor crying loudly. A preacher confessed, weeping, to reviling and to keeping had company in secret. Another worker to bad temper and pride which offended many and hindered the cause. A doctor over sixty years of age to breaches of the seventh commandment and to neglect of all religious instruction in his home. There were other confessions also. Most of those who confessed wept and begged for the congregation's prayers.

In the afternoon before the address a man confessed in deep contrition and requested prayer. As each request was made the whole congregation would join in audible prayer. After the address it was the same. Many confessed and asked for prayer. Most of such flung themselves on the floor crying while the whole congregation joined in prayer. Confessions of covetousness, unfilial conduct, theft, reviling, cheating, gambling, bad temper, &c. Such conviction of sin! Men seemed to have no option but to confess. Such wondrous freedom in prayer!

Thur. 2nd. Preceding the address con-

fession and prayer with tears followed in quick succession. Marvellous attention was given during address, even the young boys of less than ten sat as if riveted. The a.m. address was no exception. A church member confessed to having killed two men in fights before conversion and to selling opium since conversion. Though a great strong fellow he wept like a child. A school boy confessed to breaking the fifth, eighth and ninth commandments. The boy whom he had slandered also wept freely. Another school boy confessed to idolatry and adultery and fell down weeping. Many others confessed and were prayed for. The mysterious wondrous power of God seemed to fill the building. The missionary's prayer was a model of humility and contrition. This trait was a marked feature of to-day's prayers.

The evening meeting cannot be adequately described; a sweeping spirit of conviction prevailed. The address was an hour later than usual because so many begged to be allowed to confess first. One of the school teachers, a most able man, who had a few days ago confessed to bad temper, now seemed mightily convicted. He said the devil had tried hard to hold him back but he said he feared if he let this opportunity slip it would be fatal. He confessed to theft, adultery, and lack of love for his pupils. An enquirer confessed to having been a Boxer, to adultery, to thefts and gambling and to keeping money which he found on the floor of the shop a few days ago instead of handing it to his master; a helper, to covetousness, selfishness and pride—(he promised to contribute to the church a property worth \$250); a deacon, to covetousness, adultery, bad spirit at home so that his family was hindered. He said he had decided not to confess but the agony was so awful that he would rather face the shame than face God with the guilt. Several school boys confessed to theft, idolatry, adulterous thoughts and words and unfilial conduct. Many others were along the same lines. An old helper when he heard his grandson confess cried like a child.

After the address, all over the male audience men's faces showed an agony of conviction and they were standing everywhere wanting to confess. A school boy of

about fourteen confessed to hate in his heart He had vowed to take vengeance on a boxer who had murdered his father in 1900. Trembling with emotion he said the Spirit had convinced him that he ought to love his enemies. Struggling against the Spirit for two days he could neither eat nor sleep. Now he yielded, confessed and got peace. Another large boy said the boxers had killed his father and two uncles in 1900. It had appeared only right that he should avenge their deaths. But it had been made clear to him these days that the thirst for revenge was not the Spirit of Jesus. Now he asked that all pray for him that he might be forgiven. A boy confessed to theft, idolatry, infillial conduct and to adúltrous thought. Many boys confessed to having broken the 9th, 5th, 8th, and in thought, the 7th commandments. Many boys confessed to lying, slander, fighting and neglect to teach their folks at home.

Boys even eight and ten years of age were in agonies of grief on account of sin. Several of the larger school boys came and confessed that during the first two days, when so many were crying and confessing, they were making sport of it but now they were so troubled they could neither eat nor sleep. They confessed to theft, adultery, bad language, disobedience to teacher and to parents.

After the meeting had continued over three hours we dismissed the congregation but the people would'n't go. With agonized voices they pleaded with us we could'n't sleep, neither can we to night if we do'n't get rid of our sins."

There was nothing for it but to hear them. We sent the women and girls to the girls' school room where their confessions were continued with Mrs. Keir in charge of the gathering. Mrs. Keir said all of them confessed and prayed.

We continued until 9 p.m. The meeting had lasted five and a half hours. Scores confessed and pleaded for prayer. Such prayers! Such weeping!

We will only take time to tell of one out of the many who confessed. He is one of the brightest preachers in the Manchurian Church. He came and kneeling before the pulpit and confessed to several sins but he didn't seem to get any relief and continued

kneeling. I quoted the first chapter of first John about the forgiveness of sin. But there is another thing, said he, that the Spirit is convicting me about and I wont yield. "I want to kill the Boxer who murdered my father in 1900." "Just a few days ago a friend of mine said to me. "If you do not revenge your father you cannot be a true son." I quoted various scripture texts bearing on forgiveness, but after kneeling long, with many praying for him, he went away saying. "I cannot yield." Before we condemn this man let us try to put ourselves in his place.

Fri. 3rd. Prayer and confession continued for an hour and a half before I could get a chance to give the address. There was intense feeling during the address and during the prayers and confessions. A man confessed that another owed him a certain sum of money but had refused to pay it, whereupon he and his son had taken an oath that they would either have that money or the man's life. These days the Spirit convicted them of that wicked vow and coming to the front with that account they tore it to bits in the presence of the whole congregation.

Such an eagerness to confess! Theft, revenge, covetousness, adultery, railing, unfillial conduct, bad temper, bad example, &c., all were confessed. A list with the names of more than two hundred boxers, who had helped in the massacre of fifty four members in 1900, was brought up. This was a secret list kept by the congregation, unknown to the missionary. They hoped that a day of reckoning would come and they would be able to wipe out old scores with the boxers. Now in presence of the whole congregation the leaders tore the list all to bits.

The helper who could not forgive his father's murderer last night, now in sight of all said he had received grace to freely forgive. Then lest his example might have hindered some of the school boys he called upon eight of them who had parents or brothers or uncles killed by boxers to stand up. He then presented each with a handsomely bound copy of a hymn book, saying. "Every time you open this hymn book to sing I want you to remember that helper Chang received grace to forgive his fa-

ther's murderer." A Korean who, had been attending the meetings sent in a written confession. He couldn't freely speak the Chinese language. The whole congregation prayed for him while he wept and beat the seat. A Mongolian, the only one of that race who belonged to this church, confessed his sins. Many others wished to confess but as the meeting had lasted so long and I had to catch the afternoon train for Mukden, I put them off till the evening meeting.

Hsin Min Tun seems to have been completely swept by the mighty power of God. Three young men volunteered to become preachers. Many agreed to give the tithe. The people organized to go throughout the twenty four out-stations and tell the good news. We have since heard that everywhere the Spirit wrought mighty conviction and wondrous changes in all the out-stations.

I will close with an extract from Mr. O'Mulvena's letter written about a month after the special visitation of his people. "My scholars here, both boys and girls, are on fire. The boys go out to villages on Saturdays to preach and sing and sell books; the girls on Wednesdays to teach. This morning a group of five girls came into school about ten o'clock thoroughly fagged out and hoarse. Yesterday they had gone to some heathen friends 15 li away. They had three separate lots of heathen woman to speak and sing to, about ninety in all. They hardly got any sleep and this morning had to march back in time for school. Their prayers are refreshing to us all.

"Last Sunday there was a great temple festival. Our fifty odd school boys were out singing and preaching early in the morning. After breakfast others sold books on city streets, then Sunday school and Church service and evening service. Poor boys! they had no rest, and Saturday they had been out preaching in the villages. Since you were here the congregation has agreed to call and support a native pastor."

"It is one of the paradoxes of the kingdom, that the more strength one puts into any spiritual duty the more one seems to have left for the next."

What Missionaries Have Done.

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven-tenths of the world's speech.

Missionaries have done more than any one class to bring peace among savage tribes.

All the museums of the world have been enriched by the examples of the plants, animals, and products of distant countries collected by missionaries.

The export trade of the United States to Asiatic countries jumped from about \$58,000,000 in 1903 to about \$127,000,000 in 1905, which was due chiefly to missionary influence.

Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land than all other classes combined.

It is to missionary efforts that all South Sea literature is due; there is not a single case on record of the reduction to writing of a Polynesian language by another than a Christian worker.

The missionaries have expanded the world's commerce. The trade with the Fiji Islands in one year is more than the entire amount spent in fifty years in Christianizing them. A great English statesman estimated that when a missionary had been twenty years on the field, he was worth in his indirect expansion of trade and commerce ten thousand pounds per year to British commerce.—Ex.

"Shanghai is one of the largest cities of the world, with a population which has increased since 1842, when Shanghai with its 50,000 population was made one of the five ports in China open to Western commerce, to near a million souls at the present time. She is the commercial heart of the East and the rallying point of the forces which are shaping the course of New China."

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and know how much may be accomplished.—William M. Taylor.

CHINA IN TRANSITION.

It has been affirmed, probably without exaggeration, that China has made greater progress in the last five years than any other country in the world. And this is not the hasty generalization of some snapshot traveller, but the sober conviction of men who have spent long years in the country, and are familiar with its history.

Sir Robert Hart—than whom no one is better qualified to speak with authority—testifies as follows:—

"During the first forty-five years of my residence in China, the country was like a closed room without a breath of fresh air from the outside world. She was not in the least conscious of the existence of outside nations. During the past five years, breezes from all parts of the world have been blowing through China."

Changes in China are affecting every department of life. Within eleven years, 3,500 miles of railway have been built, 1,600 miles in course of construction, and 4,000 miles are projected. Within the same period telegraph lines have been extended to all the provinces. A few years ago there were no modern post-offices, now there are over 2,500, and the number is rapidly increasing. Ten years ago there was only one daily paper in Peking, and that an official one; now there are ten dailies in the same city, one of which is a woman's paper. Printing presses are numerous, but they are not able to supply the demand for translations of western works.

In one respect at least China is following the example of Japan. She has sent Imperial Commissions to America and to various countries in Europe to study all that is worth studying, with a view of bringing back to China whatever will aid in the regeneration and uplifting of the Empire.

She is also sending students in vast numbers to other lands, especially to Japan, and these will return to their native land with new ideas on almost every subject that can affect the destiny of a nation. In April last 15,000 of these students were in Tokyo, and 650 of them came from the Province of Sz-Chuan, involving a journey of eight weeks' duration in order to reach a college.

Historically China has the longest continuous existence of any nation in the world. It had a civilization and a government before Abraham pitched his tent beneath the terebinths at Mamre. But nationality in the deeper sense of loyalty, patriotism, race aspirations, has always been conspicuous by its absence, especially since the Manchu dynasty ascended the throne.

In only one direction has love of country shown itself, and that is the intense de-

sire of the Chinese, roam where they will and die where they may, to have their bones brought back to China and laid in Chinese graves. But to love his country with a patriot's love, and gladly give his life in its defence—this is something which the average Chinaman cannot understand.

Indications to the contrary notwithstanding, it may be questioned if the sentiment of patriotism, once generated, is ever entirely extinguished, however much it may be repressed.

Using the word in its political and not in its religious sense, the prophet's question, "Shall a nation be born at once?" seems likely to receive—nay, is receiving—an affirmative answer in China.

A thrill like the breath of Divine inspiration is passing through China's millions, and aspirations unfelt for centuries are stirring the nation's heart. Railways and telegraphs are uniting the provinces, a national school system will unify educational methods, text-books on patriotism are being studied, the national flag floats over modern school buildings, a constitutional government is promised, an army and navy on modern lines are being created. China as a nation will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

One Evangelical Protestant Church for China is the ideal of most of the missionaries, and of all the native Christians sufficiently advanced in knowledge and experience to give the matter serious thought, and such a consummation is in line with the awakening national aspirations of the Chinese people.

The union movement in Japan, as well as in other countries, is an object lesson, the significance of which the Chinese Christians will be quick to appreciate. May the Home Boards have grace to adjust their policies to the new conditions and help on the glorious work.

The spread of Christianity in China, very slow for the first half-century, is now far greater than most people suppose. At the end of thirty-five years from the advent of Robert Morrison there were six native Christians in the Empire, and by the middle of the century perhaps not over one hundred.

At the present time there are at least 180,000, and if adherents are included as well as communicants the number will not be far short of one million.

The ratio of progress is phenomenal, and promises to become greater as the years go by. Even now thousands are held back from baptism because there are not sufficient teachers and preachers to give them proper instruction.

As in other lands, some prove unreliable but the percentage is small, an even if it were larger, "What is the chaff to the

wheat? saith the lord." The native church in China has passed through the fires of persecution and has come forth as gold. Not since the days of primitive Christianity have there been more striking examples of devotion even unto death.

And fidelity is all the more striking when it overcomes temptations that are harder to resist than the desire to escape from martyrdom. There is living to-day a native presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church whose ability and character were such that it was proposed to appoint him Viceroy of a province, but he turned his back upon the seductive offer, and continued his work of preaching the gospel on a salary of \$12.50 per month.—"Missionary Outlook."

THE NEGRO QUESTION, U.S.A.

The negro question will not down. There can be no gathering of a national character into which the question will not in some way force itself. Newspapers every week discuss it. Magazines every month treat the matter in some way. The great political parties find it like Banquo's ghost. Gradually the nation is becoming aware that the question is greater than any single political question.

The recent educational convention in Cleveland, Ohio, heard the matter discussed by the great modern apostle of the race, Booker T. Washington. He told the assembled educators the truth. He said:—

"The negro race of America now numbers not far from 10,000,000. Within a few years the race will have increased to 15,000,000. I repeat that they are going to remain in this country for all time and principally in the Southern States. These millions of my race can be made to become criminals or law-abiding citizens.

"Some people are fond of asserting that education as a force to uplift the negro is a failure. The great bulk of our people have scarcely been touched by education. On the basis of school population, each child in the Northern States had spent upon him last year for his education for teaching purposes about \$5. On the basis of school population, each negro child in the South had spent upon him for teaching purposes about 50 cents.

"I don't criticize the South, but I simply state facts. The South out of its poverty has done well, and it deserves credit for what it has done. What is the one great need of the race to-day? In my opinion it is strong, unselfish, intelligent negro leaders and workers." The nation must solve the negro problem or it will dissolve the nation.—Philadelphia "Westminster."

"GOD HELPED ME ALONG."

At one of the Bible classes held for women at a mission station in Korea, a bright, clean, earnest woman with a baby on her back, walked from her home to the meeting, a distance of one hundred miles.

When she told of her journey and saw the astonishment in the face of the missionary, the devoted woman said, "It was not difficult, God helped me along."

This simple and sincere expression of one recently brought from heathen darkness to gospel light has in it a great lesson for the Christian worker. Any hard service becomes exceedingly difficult when we attempt it in our own strength. How bright are the days and how cheering the reward when we can say of the most difficult undertakings that God helps us.

Happy is the Christian worker, especially the missionary in the foreign field, whose burdens of service are always heavy, who has complied with the command of the Psalmist to cast his burdens on the Lord. The promise which follows this command, assuring us that he will sustain us, enables us to overcome difficulties with a courageous spirit and to bear our burdens with a light heart.

Happy is the Christian at home or abroad who can say, "It was not difficult, God helped me along."—The Missionary

"SIR, I WANT TO BE BAPTIZED."

"Sir, I want to be baptized, I want to be a Christian," said a Chinese student to the head-master in the Anglo-Chinese missionary college at Hong Kong. In the conversation which followed Mr. Barnett found that six months previously he had resolved to ask for baptism, but his father refused to allow him to acknowledge himself a Christian.

"Now," said the student, "God has spoken to me again. I do not wish to be unfilial to my father, but, even if he turns me out, I must now be baptized."

The missionary invited him to kneel down and pray. An open Bible was on the study table. In his prayer the student put his hand on the Book and said, "O God, this is Your Book. I do not know much about it yet, but I ask You to teach me. Whatever You will please teach me I shall do in Jesus' Name."

This young Chinaman was one of seven students from this mission-school baptized on Whit Sunday last year. The lads there are all sons of well-to-do Chinese gentlemen.

The college was started five years ago with seven pupils; there are now between 120 and 130 students, all under daily Christian teaching and influence.—The Rev. E. J. Barnett.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN INDIA.

BY PANDITA RAMABAI.

On my arrival in New York last spring I was told that a new philosophy was being taught in the United States, and had already many disciples. The philosophy was called Christian Science, and when I asked what its teaching was, I recognized it as being the same philosophy that has been taught among my people for four thousand years.

As I was born and educated in this philosophy, having taken my degree of Pandita in it, I am acquainted with both its literature and its influence upon my people, and I want to witness to its degradation. To study Indian philosophy one must go to India and see its results and learn to read the Shastras in the original. It is all very nice to read pretty translations, where much that is base and degrading is expurgated, but the original is quite another thing.

I have sounded the depths of that philosophy, and what did I find? I will give you an idea in my own language. It means just this:

The Philosophy of Nothingness.

You are to take the whole universe as nothing but falsehood. You are to think that it does not exist. You do not exist. I do not exist. Can you realize it?

There was once upon a time a great being called Brahma, and that person was no person at all, but something like air, full of joy and knowledge. Can you think of air as being full of joy and knowledge? I cannot understand it, but philosophy tells you that you have to believe that this being, full of joy and knowledge, without any personality, existed once upon a time. That being had no mind. It did not want to say anything or have anything near it, and, therefore, of course, it did not understand anything.

Then came another being just like itself, and that being was nothing but darkness. It was all falsehood. Now this air united with that darkness and assumed personality. It became male and female, and as that person has formed all things, the logical inference is that everything is falsehood. The birds and beasts that you see do not exist. You do not exist.

When you realize that you have no personality whatever no life, no knowledge, nothing, then you have attained the highest perfection of what is called "yoga," and that gives you liberation and you are liberated from your body and you become like it, without any personality. You draw on the blackboard zero, plus zero, minus zero, multiplied by zero, divided by zero, and it equals zero. It is just like that, nothing more.

Its Fruits.

Hindu philosophy has ruined millions of lives and caused immeasurable suffering and sorrow in my land, for it is based on selfishness and knows no sympathy or compassion.

And what has Hinduism done for the people of India? Its grandeur and beauty must be judged by its fruit. You are a people of some feeling. Everything is real. You feel that when other people are starving you ought to give them something to eat, but out in India they do not feel that. Men do not feel any sympathy for others. They do not feel for people who are starving or being killed in war.

In our late famine our philosophers felt no compassion for sufferers and did not help the needy. For why should they help when they claimed the suffering was not real, neither were the dying children real? The first result, then, of the philosophy is the basest cruelty and selfishness; no compassion for sufferer and supreme egoism.

The people of India and the philosophers who have studied with the learned men ought to feel alike towards all people and all beings; but they never show a particle of kindness to the women, and their lives are made so unbearable that they want to kill themselves.

These philosophers have shown mercy towards all lower animals. They have established hospitals for animals, but they have never established hospitals for woman.

The preachers who have come over here to preach Buddhism to the American people have established a hospital for animals in Bombay. In that hospital there is a ward devoted to bugs and a man is hired to feed those bugs on his blood every night. They never take any thought of the women who are dying under the weight of this philosophy, but they just show their charity towards the bugs. I recommend that hospital for the edification of American students of Buddhism. Let them stay one night in that bug ward. That will pay them for all their labors in studying that philosophy.

A Hindu Woman's Religion.

The Hindu women have been made slaves, and it is the Christian people who are now bringing them the liberty of Christianity. Our philosophers have never established schools for our women and girls, but they have taught that it is a religious duty to burn thousands of widows alive. The women are very necessary in order to cook the food and care for husbands, but they are good for nothing when their husbands die.

When I was in Calcutta, I was asked by some of the philosophers to speak on

something of the religion of the Hindu women. They tried to make a preacher of me. If I had become a preacher of the Hindu religion I do not think I could have remained a Hindu a single day.

I was told in the first place, by our learned people, that the women must never study the holy books of the Hindus. The men of India think that the very study of the books gives them salvation, but if the women study those books they are lost. What is good for men is not good for women in India. That is their belief.

I just overstepped that rule a little and made a study of the religion. What do you think that I found woman's religion was? This religion said, you must never read or write, and knowledge is not the thing that is desirable for women. Women are naturally wicked and if they get any knowledge they will become worse and worse.

The next duty of a woman is that she must be married, no matter how old or how young she is. You cannot find many unmarried women in all that country. The religious books teach that unmarried women are going to hell to be doomed to eternal punishment, and so the first care of the parents is to get a girl baby married.

As soon as a girl baby is born in the family, the father begins to think where he can get a husband for her. When she is about nine or ten months old, he goes to a neighbor and says, "I have a daughter, and you would like your son to get married, and will he marry my daughter." And so the contract is settled between them. That is marriage under Hindu philosophy, and it is binding.

Perhaps there are 700 girls in 1,000 that are married under ten years of age, for no girl is allowed to remain unmarried after she is twelve; it is only the low castes who allow them to remain unmarried until they are fourteen or fifteen.

What happens after? If the man dislikes the woman, why he has the divine right of marrying as many women as he likes, for man is considered the incarnation of the god Vishnu and that god had 6,000 wives in this life. A man can get married to several women at a time. There are some high caste people who get so high as to marry 100 or 150 wives at a time. They do not have a very good memory and so they keep a directory of their wives and children.

As the husband is immortal, the Hindu religion says that a woman must never marry again when her husband dies. If she wants to get to heaven then she must burn herself alive. Seventy years ago the women used to be burned alive with the dead bodies of their husbands, but now that is stopped by law. Now the women

are taught to cast themselves in the sacred rivers, or take opium, and thus go to their heaven where they may find their husbands.

The husband is considered a god, and my country women are taught that in heaven they must be the servants of their husbands, the same as upon earth. On earth or in heaven the Indian woman can never be free. The only other place open to her is hell. The man does not go there to trouble her and that is the only place where she can be free. That is what the Hindu religion says regarding woman, and that is the only religion that is given to her.

The Hindu woman's religious duties consist in household cares and the worship of her husband. After rising early and attending to the cares of her house, her next duty is to put her head on the sacred feet of her husband and worship him.

When he comes home from business with bare feet her duty is to take warm water and wash those beautiful feet and drink the water in order to purify herself. Woman is naturally unholy and drinking that dirty water sanctifies her. That cleanses her from all sin and there is nothing else, and in this way she is to live all her life. I wonder how many of these American disciples of Hinduism would like to realize that religion?

Hindu Widows.

There are 23,000,000 widows in India, and probably one fourth of the whole number are under twenty-five years of age. We have probably 70,000 little children that are doomed to live in widowhood, 13,000 under four years of age. They have to work without much food being given to them and they have just one meal a day. The people think they ought to be punished for being widows. Many of these poor little creatures are committing suicide. Many of them want to go away and take liberty, and that liberty is taken to their own destruction.

That is how the women are treated, and if American women think that they would like that philosophy, I wish they would feel it before they forsake the Bible and take it up. India is the best place for the study of the results of Hinduism. Go out there and see what it has done for women and you will know what religion is.—Record of Christian Work.

People who make mistakes are those who quarrel with one another before their children, or who allow the latter to grow up in idleness; those who talk about their troubles before strangers; the father who tells his children to go the way he does not go himself; and the young woman who does not make a confidant of her mother.—Lutheran Observer.

HOW GOD GRACIOUSLY VISITED HAI CHENG, MANCHURIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY REV. J. GOFORTH.

For the Record.

Sabbath, April 5th.—The account of God's wonderful work in Korea seemed to deeply move the people. Many eyes were filled with tears. The expression on most faces was shame for having done so little.

It was said before the meeting began that when the time for prayer came a certain deacon would take up most of the time by his rambling prayer, but he never opened his mouth. Eight or ten prayed and their prayers were full of contrition and confession.

After the afternoon address, perhaps ten men led in prayer. All the prayers showed deep conviction for sin. None wept but the look on people's faces, as well as the fervent prayers, indicate that the Holy Spirit is moving in the assembly. He shall have His time and way.

Monday, April 6th.—Elder Hou, at the 10 to 11 o'clock prayer meeting, told of the great movement in the Mukden outstations. The prayers were marked by much fervency. Two women, while praying, broke down and wept. During the address, many faces looked troubled, many eyes were full of tears. The personal note in the prayer was very distinct. Two men wept while making prayer confession. Others were on the verge of weeping. The prayers were very humble. Though the floor was cold cement, most of the people went to their knees of their own accord. One old saint in triumph praised God for the Holy Spirit's presence in our midst to-day.

During the afternoon address, the Spirit wrought mighty conviction. It was very evident that hearts were being searched through and through.

As soon as the address was ended, the deacon above mentioned, deeply moved, confessed in prayer to hate in his heart against an enemy. He asked God's forgiveness and promised to go and acquaint his enemy of his changed attitude.

Then a licentiate, one of the ablest among the young men of the church, confessed, in a prayer of deep emotion, to sins which until

this evening, he had dared to hide from man. He said the Spirit's conviction was so painful that he must get relief by confession. He confessed to hatred of a brother, and to Achan's sin. He said that he had gone as a delegate to the Y.M.C.A. conference at Shanghai last year and thought the church ought to pay his expenses, but since they did not he had secretly taken it out of the church funds. His confession made a profound impression, and all over the house there were sobs and thanks and fervent amens.

An elder wept and confessed to breaking God's commands. He promised fifty dollars to the church right away as a pledge of repentance, and besides promised about one hundred dollars for the spread of the Gospel.

Another, a very poor man, promised to go out preaching twenty days each year at his own charges.

The deacon mentioned above, again weeping aloud, confessed to envy, hypocrisy and to sowing discord among brethren.

Another deacon from Ta Sluh Chiao confessed to his having been the cause of splitting the church at that outstation.

The other prayers were all confessions. The Holy Spirit seemed to so fill the building that one felt it would be possible to forgive any enemy.

Up till the evening, no official had prayed or confessed.

Tuesday, April 7th.—As soon as the address ended, prayer commenced and lasted almost an hour. Each one was burdened with his or her own hindering sins. The prayers were deeply touching.

Three women who took part in prayer were much moved. One of them wept freely as she confessed to pride, bad temper and selfishness as her hindering sins. At times all over the audience there was quiet weeping.

During the afternoon address, it was evident that the Holy Spirit was mightily moving the people. When the time came for prayer there was a manifest eagerness to engage in it. At no other place have I listened to such a succession of powerful prayers.

A Mr. Huang, perhaps the ablest man in the Manchurian church, but noted for coldness and self-sufficiency, prayed. He con-

fessed the failings which every one knew to be hindering sins. Such intensity! Such a sense of unworthiness! Such bitter regrets for missed opportunities! Such longing for Divine power and such resolves for a revived life of power for days to come!

A poor man prayed with burning earnestness, saying "O God; don't call me a son; I am unworthy. Call me a slave. I will give time and money to extend thy kingdom. "Then as the Spirit gave him utterance he pleaded wondrously for the unsaved.

Then a deacon prayed. What humility! What self-loathing! What pleading for the church, for the lost, for native land! He told God Formosa had been lost and so had Korea, and now Manchuria was as good as lost, and yet that their rulers sleep on, rejecting the Lord of glory. He broke down and wept. Some in the room cried aloud; many silently wept.

The pastor (Chinese) then prayed, confessing to pride, envy, division, hate, coldness and lack of love for souls. Then as he pleaded for the church and for the lost with a solemn earnestness almost weeping, a great mysterious hush filled the room, the whole audience seemed to be weeping.

The missionary of Kuan Cheng Tsu, hearing that I could not go there, sent one of his helpers to be present at the meetings. He has come two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles. Others are here also from other centres.

The elder mentioned above as promising to give so much money, says he has \$500 in a partnership business where idolatrous things are sold, but as soon as he can get it out, he will turn it over to the church.

Wednesday, April 8th.—In the preliminary prayer meeting, when requests were made, the whole assembly responded in united prayer. The audience was the largest yet and the attention during the address was very intense. As soon as permission was given to pray a man started in a low voice but he was silenced by a man in agony crying with a loud voice—"God have mercy on me, I am constantly hindering thy cause by my pride." He continued some time weeping and praying. Many others were also weeping and praying.

A woman made a remarkable prayer. She wept and was greatly agitated, yet her pray-

er was all in verse. Finally she was so overcome that a verse of a hymn was sung to pacify her.

Again a season of prayer was allowed when a man led with intense emotion, but he had scarce ended when a man burst out with a loud and bitter cry, "O Lord, I must confess; I can't help it. I am guilty of adultery and I have killed two children." He continued to cry for some time with a loud and agonized cry. When he became calmer, he besought all to pray for him. A friend of his, blessed by these meetings, had sent for him yesterday. He just arrived this morning and this was the first meeting he had attended.

During the afternoon address, there was awe, intense attention, then when permission for prayer was given, all seemed eager to engage in it. Prayer seemed to be their breath, their very life. It was impossible to follow for many were praying at the same time. Many were weeping. Some confessed and promised gifts of time and money; others wept and prayed for a father, a mother, a sister or brother. Some prayed for the church in their district. One prayed for the lazy helper at their outstation. Others prayed for heathen neighbors and for their country. Prayer continued for over an hour. The Holy Spirit was mightily convicting of sin!

The school teacher and the schoolboys had a serious quarrel some days before these meetings commenced. So far neither side is willing to yield, and the school is stopped. Both the teacher and the boys seem to be under conviction but none among them have so far prayed. This quarrel is hindering the Spirit. There is not the complete sweep here as in other places. When any one made a request for prayer, the whole congregation would join in simultaneous prayer. When Mr. Webster asked prayer for his unconverted son at school in London, the response was most hearty.

Thursday, April 9th.—During the afternoon address, there was most intense attention. Many seemed as if about to break out weeping. About two-thirds through the address a man went to his knees and remained kneeling until the address was finished and then prayed. Some seemed in great agony of soul and wept aloud.

Mrs. Wang, the native pastor's wife, made a most heart-moving prayer, confessing to pride, envy, impatience with her husband's gentle way. She said, "O Lord, I have not been willing to forgive the seventy times seven." Then she took off her silver bracelets, saying "Surely the Lord has given me a perfect arm, why do I need to ornament it? Surely my head does not need all these adornments," and so she took off all her head ornaments, weighing about half a pound, of silver, and gave them to the church.

This same woman loved ornaments, for on her wedding day the bridegroom, the missionary and all the friends were in the church waiting, but she absolutely refused to go until she got her wedding ornaments. She said "my intended promised me gold ornaments and now not even silver ones are forthcoming. I won't marry him unless I get my ornaments." The ceremony was delayed three hours while her intended hustled around to get the ornaments. But now the Spirit fills her heart and earth's jewels have lost their charm.

The lazy helper mentioned yesterday in one of the prayers was convicted and prayed for grace and energy to do his appointed work.

A very solemn feeling pervaded the assembly. God seemed very near. A man gave several dollars to the church as a pledge of new obedience. Others promised service and money.

We were conscious of hindrance in the audience. At times it seemed as if every barrier was broken down and God was going to have his perfect way. Again a lull, a stoppage was evident.

During the afternoon address, it was evident there was very deep feeling. It seemed as if the assembly was certain to be swept by a very tempest of prayer and confession. But a certain conceited deacon who already has prayed more often than anyone else started to pray. He worked himself into a frenzy. But it was so evidently of the flesh that we stopped him by singing. In a short time he was at it again. We again drowned him by singing. Prayer was again rising in intensity when he started in the third time. We again stopped him, but then his old deaf brother twice broke out in rambling prayer. Though there were prayers of real spiritual

power yet the enemy seemed to be hindering mightily. I fear the unconfessed sin of the teacher and scholars is giving the enemy a foothold and grieving the Spirit.

Friday, April 10th.—A deacon in great distress confessed to having hindered the cause in two of the outstations by swindling people out of several hundred dollars. He called upon Christians present from those two places to make his confession known and say that he was going to make full restitution. Even the youngest seemed to drink in every word of the address. Then a young man, greatly agitated, confessed to several hindering sins. Also an old man from one of the outstations who a few days previously confessed several sins, now confessed to drunkenness and bad temper as hindering Christ's cause in his district. Many others prayed and confessed but the native pastor's prayer was one of great power, carrying one right into the presence of God.

After the afternoon address, there was a grand spirit of prayer. Again and again requests were made, and the whole audience responding with volumes of prayer. But the request for the Emperor and Empress Dowager called out the most hearty response.

Some seemed so pressed in spirit to pray. A Bible seller confessed in prayer to stealing the book sales and that when he put in his claim for boxer losses, he made it about three times larger than it ought to have been. He wept bitter tears over it now.

Another colporteur confessed to absorbing the proceeds of sales and to secret opium smoking. A church member confessed to adultery. Many others confessed. Among them were sins of cheating, stealing, lying, adultery, etc. One promised he would hereafter give a fifth of his income.

The elder who had given so liberally as stated above, now promised an additional \$400. One woman brought her costly ornaments and gave them to the church. Another woman gave her watch. Others gave money. Some promised tithes; others promised time. There is great rejoicing, for all the women and girls have prayed and confessed, and all the men and boys except the teacher and scholars. They all look guilty and troubled and the teacher's wife says her husband cries at home between the meetings. They are resisting the Spirit.

Saturday, April 11th.—I visited the prison reformatory. It has over 150 men. They all work at trades and share the profits. Some men, I hear, send home to their families, as much as \$50 a year. They secure medals for good conduct. In this way some men reduce their term of servitude by a half. They were weaving, carpentering, blacksmithing, printing, tailoring, making caps, boots, valises, bags, jade ornaments, etc. The official has a preacher hold religious service every Sabbath with the men. They all quit work and listened while I preached on Jno. 3:16. The truth seemed to have great power over them and many declared a desire to become Christians.

During the last two days of the meetings the church could not hold all who came, and fifteen men sent in their names to be recorded as catechumens. My addresses were only intended for Christians, but God in mercy brought heathen to repentance as well.

On the Saturday night after I left, the school teacher had a dream. He dreamed he was out walking when three men seized and bound him and carried him before the magistrate. In the accusation, there were five things charged against him, and these were the very sins he had been guilty of in his conduct of the school. The magistrate said: "There are two roads for you to take. One is refuse to confess and make restitution and you shall be punished; the other is confess and make things right with the wronged and you shall be free. With that he awoke. He went to church Sabbath morning, broke down and confessed before all and begged the boys to forgive him. They in turn all broke down and confessed their faults. There was instant reconciliation and wondrous rejoicing, for now, every one, old and young, male and female, had been blessed "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit."

A problem for solution by some of our Experts is that Rome demands toleration and equality with all Protestants "in a Protestant country, but absolutely refuses to permit Protestant work in a nominally Roman Catholic country. Rome demands equal rights (and more) with Protestants in North America and England but anathematizes all Protestants in Peru. Rome's motto in Peru is prohibition, intolerance, but in England to-day equality and usurpation.—Ex.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA.

Africa is an immense region. It has long been known as the Dark Continent, but the light of the Gospel is rapidly dawning upon it.

This huge continent has now 2,470 missionaries, with 13,089 native assistants. There are 4,789 places of regular worship, 221,156 church-members, and 527,700 professed Christians. There are 95 hospitals and dispensaries, 16 publishing houses and printing establishments.

North of the equator Egypt has more missionaries than any other region; the west coast countries come next.

Fifty years ago Krapf, the missionary, was laughed at for his dream of a chain of missions across Central Africa, from ocean to ocean. Now his dream has come true.—Ex.

The world is made up of units—you are one. As the heaven leavens the meal, so the world is to be permeated with the good spirit. Are you ordering your life so that it is being felt as an uplifting unit in the great mass? Every individual leaves the world better or worse by living his life in it. On which side does your present influence count?—Rev. J. P. Hicks.

A marked increase of candidates for the ministry, and greater interest in Bible study, are declared by Dr. Hugh Williams, president of the Calvinistic Theological Seminary in Wales, to be among the permanent results of the recent revival in that country. He says that while the emotionalism of the movement has passed away, "there remains a valuable deposit of spiritual strength." Converts continue faithful and many capable men who were converted are steady-going and faithful officers of the Church. A true revival will always result in an increase in the number of candidates for the ministry and a deeper and more devotional study of God's Word.—Christian Observer.

A Presbyterian missionary of many years of experience describes the present condition in China as follows: "We feel that a great crisis is upon us. The present opportunities are unprecedented. If China is to be won for Christ, it must be done soon, as strong influences are working in other directions. We must put five or six times our present missionary force in the field if we are going to tackle this problem in earnest. God's promises are with us, and we must lay hold of them in the manner that he directs."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Sept.	Rec'd Mar. 1st to Sep. 30
Home Missions....	\$3,736.59	\$21,941.58
Augmentation....	286.78	2,327.35
Foreign Missions....	1,194.12	15,963.15
Widows' & Orphans'	34.00	2,213.54
Aged Ministers.	53.45	4,009.47
Assembly.....	47.95	571.48
French Evangeliztn.	326.74	2,628.24
Pt-aux-Trembles....	76.25	1,551.34
Tem. Moral Reform	141.85	910.23
Knox College.....	61.14	295.33
Queen's College....	18.75	88.06
Montreal College....	8.75	54.38
Manitoba College..	79.45	219.74
B. C. College.....	1.00	26.62

Received during Sept.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Rev. John Fletcher, .. \$ 5	C. Mathieson .. 10
Roland Man. 27	Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Cox. 10
Grand Frienre .. 28 58	Carling, Ont. 12 20
Wakefield, Masham. 24	Mrs. K. Cameron .. 1
Edward Saunders .. 5	Flodden, Que. 31 95
Winchester, St. Paul's 20	Last Mountain .. 2
Bathurst, S. Sherbk. 32	Innisfail, Alta. 127 55
Stoughton, Sask. 2 25	Agrioola, Alta. 2
Peterboro', St. Paul .. 350	J. & L. McCurdy .. 2
Chiselhurst .. 4 25	Rev. J. A. Matheson .. 5
Exeter .. 7 78	Lonsdale .. 70
Kendal .. 3 03	Prof. McFadyen .. 5
Kirby .. 1 97	A. Wheeler .. 1
Palmerston, Knox .. 15	"R. T." .. 10
Dundas, Knox .. 52 50	Misses Cameron .. 5
St. David's .. 10 67	R. Henderson .. 20
A Sympathiser .. 1	Stirling, St. And. 8 40
Mr. McGeachy .. 5	Principal Gordon .. 10
Toronto, Riverdale .. 44	Rev. N. MacThee .. 5
Woodstock, Chal .. 15	Grand Valley, Alta. 7 50
Mrs. E. A. Harrison .. 10	Aberdeen, Ont. 1 90
"A. C. W." .. 10	Macdowall's, Ont .. 80
Clydesdale .. 5 90	Gordon Lake, Ont. 80
Apsley .. 5 35	Bracefield, Ont .. 22
Rev. E. G. Walker .. 30	John McGeachy .. 50
Vaughan, Knox .. 30	Rev. J. M. Nicol .. 9 15
Per Ross McFarland .. 5	Mrs. John Burns .. 25
Toronto, Dovercourt .. 126	Friend .. 4 86
St. Helen's .. 45	John Weatherston .. 5
Truro, 1st ss. 12 25	"Two Friends" .. 8
John Watt .. 10	Ainslie brothers .. 10
John J. Gartshore .. 10	Dr. John MacMillan .. 5
Mrs. Wm. Graham .. 5	S. J. Jarvis .. 3
Thos. Wilson .. 10	Mrs. A. M. Gunn .. 5
Rev. P. F. Langill .. 5	Victoria, St. And .. 65 60
St. Lamb't, St. Cath ss. 18	Mr. & Mrs. Young, Que .. 62 50
Forest .. 40	Paisley, Kx .. 35 80
"E. F. P." .. 2	"S. T. M." .. 5
Dr. J. A. McDonald .. 22 50	Hagersville, St. And. 8 60
Fleming, Sask. 5	Napier, St. And. 47 85
Fleming, Sask. ss. 2	Bala, Ont .. 3
Hanover, St. And. 3	Henry Morton .. 5
W. D. Staples .. 20	Milliken, St. John's .. 3
A Friend .. 5	N. Easthope .. 26 48
Strathroy, St. And. ss. 4 48	Dorchester Station .. 5
Hillcrest .. 1	"G. G." .. 3
Per Agent, Hx. 147 55	Kilsyth ss. 2 50
Rev. J. McNicol .. 5	Cromarty .. 10
Austin .. 10	A Friend .. 1
Westmont, St. And. 225	Mrs. R. M. Boswell .. 250
Manotick .. 47 60	Mrs. Patterson & Mrs. 250
Maxville .. 94	McEwen .. 55
Rev. A. Henderson .. 5	Helen F. McEwen .. 20
Tor., College St. c.e. 18	William Stephen .. 3
Walkerton, Knox .. 137 85	Thamesford, St. And. 23 50
Woodstock, Chal .. 78	Stratford, St. And. 30
Newtonville .. 7 42	West Adelaide .. 13 87
"Presbyterian" .. 2	

Port Hope, St. Paul. 6	Kingsbury, St. And. 33 35
Pleim Coulee .. 5	Langley .. 15
Pr Rev. A. D. Menzies, 399 70	Hx., Grove ss. 1
Coldstream .. 6	"Four Little Girls" .. 1
Eli, Ont. 1 35	Homeewood, Alta. 6 55
Berriedale, Ont. 3 87	Kirkhill, Ont. 25
Ceebe, Ont. 90	Rev. G. A. Brown .. 1
W. F. McLaren .. 10	Rev. R. C. Steele .. 10
Friend .. 1	Amos, Ont. 62 90
Moore, Burns' .. 30	Maria Elliott .. 5
David Currie .. 5	Toronto, St. Giles' ss. 9
Mont. MacVicar Mem. 22	W. Bentinck .. 4 62
Mary Campbell .. 10	Wick, W'minster Gld. 11
Rev. J. R. Craigie .. 5	L'Amable ss. 2 15
Dwight .. 15	Turrit ss. 3 26
Rev. R. Marrin .. 5	Westwood, Sask. 13 50
Fort William .. 14	Ste. Therese .. 16 23
Grace Bay, St. Paul .. 60	St. Eustache .. 6 50
Woodstock, Knox .. 25	Miss C. M. Dawes .. 10
Paris .. 78 65	Port Perry .. 21
Stratford, Knox .. 200	Keene, Ont. 21
Nassagaweya .. 91	"Presbyterian Reader" .. 1
Muskoka Falls .. 11 25	D. Fotheringham .. 10
Mrs. McKay .. 5	Reid's Mills .. 9 50
Dal. Mills, Cote St. Geo. 28	Tor., St. Jas. Square. 46 30
Gordonville, Arthur .. 8 35	J. K. Macdonald .. 25
Edith P. Allan .. 1	Rev. W. J. Booth .. 2
Mrs. D. K. Finlayson .. 1	Wolsley, Sask. 26 75
Gertrude R. Smith .. 9	Earlswood, Sask. 10
Taber, Alta, Kx. ss. 5	Kirkwall, Ont. 7 90
Uptergrove .. 11	Dunblne, Ont. 2 65
Per Rev. Wm. Beattie .. 2	Rev. F. H. Russell .. 13 60
Dr. Wm. MacLaren .. 10	Quebec, Chalmers' .. 2 00
Durham .. 54	Prof. Kennedy .. 10
Belmore .. 52 70	N. River, Kippewa .. 12
Barton .. 14	Eden Mills, Ont. 20
Rev. S. McL. Fee .. 8	Namur, Que. 12
A Friend, Kaslo .. 40	John McNichol .. 5
James Kent .. 5	Ballinad ss. 5 18
Burlington, Knox .. 14	Toronto Junction, Vie. 150
A Friend, Pt. Credit .. 2 01	Walton, Duff's .. 30 20
Proof Line .. 48 96	Fairfax, Man. 38
Friend, Carlisle .. 1	Lily, Man. 10
A. McDougall .. 3 25	Acton, Kx. ss. 11 05
Innisree .. 6 30	Piccadilly ss. 2 25
Sault Ste. Marie, St. And. 10 80	Hillsburg, St. And. ss. 9
Bethel .. 2 50	Portneuf .. 6 80
Spanish Mills .. 13 35	Mont., Taylor M.O. Soc .. 25
John Island .. 9 44	Perth, Kx. 33
Rev. A. P. Ledingham .. 2 95	Sooke, B.C., Kx. 10 75
Presbyterian .. 3	Katrine Sand Lake, &c. 5 20
Normanby, Knox .. 23 25	Pembroke Cal. 38 40
Kirkwall ss. 10	Mrs. Wm. Colquhoun .. 10
Mr. & Mrs. J. Milliken .. 5 80	Miss B. Colquhoun .. 5
Yearley .. 5	Rev. Wm. Ross .. 7
Brampton .. 225	Armpror St. And. 12
Hampden .. 6 50	Crinan Argyle .. 40
"A. W." .. 15	Presbyterian .. 1
Mrs. J. F. Farlingr .. 5	Lake Charles .. 7 60
Lackey, Alta. 2	Whitehorse ss. 10
Miss E. G. Weir .. 5	Roseisle ss. 5 30
Zephyr .. 36	Moline, Man. ss. 7 30
Alex. McIntosh .. 1	Maynooth ss. 2 40
Johnson, Ont. 4 25	Lake St. Peter ss. 3 60
Claude, Ont. 50	Glischen ss. 2 50
Pictou, St. And. 4	Muir's Sett. 7 75
"J. F. A." Guelph .. 10	Shakespeare ss. 13 13
Mrs. David Fraser .. 5	Crowland .. 15 75
"W. W." Hamilton .. 10	Whitehorse ss. 15
North Brant .. 12 24	Port Sydney .. 10 25
Mrs. Dr. McKay, Van. 20	Utterson .. 4 20
James Alexander .. 5	Raymond .. 6 50
Ottawa, Bethany ss. 5	Silver Lake .. 50
Martintown, St. And. 220 20	Wpg. St. And. 200
Williamstown m.b. 5	St. Ann's .. 8 50
Molesworth .. 63 35	T. Kent .. 10
Mr. K. & A. Stewart .. 2	Lashburn, Sask. 5
Isabella Sillers .. 2 50	Per Rev. Dr. G. Milne .. 607 21
James Stewart .. 2 50	Rae, Edin., Scotland .. 200
Palmerston .. 13 40	Tor., Old St. And. 200
Grand Bend .. 5	Englehart, St. Paul .. 11 15
Sympathizer .. 10	Rossburn, Man. 8
Miss Jelly .. 5	Alexander Connell .. 15
Hazeldean ss. 4 20	Seymour St. And. 79 34
Berlin, St. And. 12 60	Cargill, St. And. 21 75
Mitchell, Knox .. 15 84	"J. T. F." Tor .. 5
Atwood .. 15 48	Craigmont Ladies' College, Edinburgh .. 387 04
Helen Robertson .. 5	Homeewood, Alta. 7 74
Dunwich, Duff's .. 23 19	Tor. Emma's ss. 4
W. H. M. S. 888 70	Nashville ss. 6 69
Friend, Glenoe .. 2	

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(Recommended by the General Assembly): For Congregational Revenue (White); For Missions, etc. (Blue); For both the above in one envelope, the Duplex Envelope. Each set of 52 envelopes in neat, strong holder. Send for Illustrated Price List and Samples. R. DOUGLAS FRASER, Presbyterian Publications., Toronto.

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Carlisle ss.	4 85	N. Bruce St. And.	13 50
Clatsville ss.	8 04	N. Easthope St. A. ss.	10 49
Oakwood ss.	10	Goderich Kx. ss.	13 11
Woodville ss.	6 15	2nd W. Gwillimbury ss.	11 86
Tor. Central.	1 030	Fitzroy Hrbr. ss.	6 32
Miss N. McIntosh & Cl.	3	Ballyduff ss.	2
D. K. Ferguson.	15	" A Friend " ss.	5
W'mount, Mel. ss.	3	Allendale ss.	11 26
Dalhousie Mills ss.	11 95	Smith's Falls, St. And.	7 51
Winchester, S. Pa. ss.	13 50	Dundas, Kx.	86 55
Martintown, St. And. ss.	23	Caledon E., Kx. ss.	4 25
Niagara Falls, St. And.	3 65	Mooretown, St. And. ss.	3 61
SS.	9	S. Plympton, Ont.	20
Gananoque, St. And. ss.	9	Dalhousie, St. Js. ss.	2 05
Chatsworth ss.	2 95	Hopetown ss.	2 45
Adjala ss.	7 26	Watson's Cors. ss.	4
Kent Bridge ss.	9	Mooretown, K. ss.	5 25
Courtright, St. ss.	1	Cedar Grove, Zion ss.	5 38
Curry Hill, St. And. ss.	12 20	Sturgeon Falls ss.	5 38
Varna ss.	2 51	Mattawa St. And. ss.	5
Beaverton ss.	4 61	Thessalon Zi. ss.	5 67
Nottawa, West ss.	3 58	Dorset ss.	4 30
Grvin, Sask. ss.	3	Espanola ss.	1 10
Maynooth ss.	4 77	Dixon's Cor. ss.	3 50
Campbellville St. Dav. ss.	19 26	Englehart, St. Paul's ss.	1 40
Leamington Kx. ss.	7 52	L. Williams, Ont.	10

Mr. A. Spence.	25	Kurtzvil., 3rd Line ss.	1 26
Oro Tp., Central ss.	3	Hallville.	17
Scarboro' Zi. ss.	13 25	Livingstone ss.	11 10
Brookdale, Man.	13	Clinton, Willis	13 42
Oberon, Man.	52 55	Penetanguishene ss.	5 40
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Rev. T. C. Court.	56	Motherwell ss.	30 02
Mr. D. McCaig.	75	St. Mary's 1st ss.	12 35
Sunderland.	9 50	Gamebridge ss.	4 15
Zephyr ss.	6 75	N. Brant ss.	6 68
Alberton ss.	3	Dorchester ss.	3
Mimico ss.	5 79	Tor. St. Js.' Sq.	2,000
Tor., Central ss.	8 63	Roy's ss.	9 36
A Friend, Atwood, Ont.	2	Dewittville ss.	3 14
Varnay, Kx. ss.	6 75	English Riv. ss.	8 13
Hespeler ss.	2 56	Grattan, Un. ss.	3 35
Lonsdale ss.	2 05	Deseronto, Ch. Re-	
McKillop, Duff's ss.	4	deemer ss.	5 33
Cedar Grove, Zion.	20	Rutherford Caven ss.	2 75
Showers Cors. ss.	8	Ste. Marie, St. Pa. ss.	5 81
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Greensville ss.	12	Callander ss.	3 14
Teeswater, Kx. ss.	13	Whitney, St. And. ss.	5
Mont. West ss.	8 60	Raymond ss.	2 10
" Fairmount ss.	8 36	S. River, Ont. Chas. ss.	1 12
E. Gloucester.	30	Glenburnie ss.	4 77
Lonford Mills, Mem. ss.	3	Maxville ss.	17 56
Ripley Kx. ss.	15	Belleville, St. And. ss.	17 41
Rosemount ss.	4 88	Bulle Lake ss.	1 35
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Mon Dufferin ss.	1	Brule Lake.	4 25
Winchester Spgs. ss.	3	Spanish ss.	5
Wood's, St. Matt. ss.	4 85	Cowal, Chas. ss.	9
Stone's Cors. ss.	3 60	Silver Water, St. And.	
Allanville.	2	ss.	4 40
Bath.	20	Wroxeter ss.	10 63
" Sympathy "	2	Preston ss.	11 37
Lachute.	43	Tor., Chas.	450
Rev. Dr. Paterson.	20	Warsaw ss.	9
Hann. McNabb.	240	Brown's Cors. ss.	5
Barrie St. And. ss.	11 80	Keene ss.	9
Rothsay Calvin ss.	1 75	Pinkerton ss.	3 70

The Church Funds, East.

	Received during Sept.	Rec'd Mar 1 to Sept. 30
Foreign Missions.	\$19,168.72	\$25,489.10
Home Missions.	1,503.14	3,666.87
Augmentation.	368.90	1,723.60
College.	139.03	4,224.17
A. and I. Ministers.	45.30	1,565.78
French Evangelizatin.	48.85	417.44
Pt-aux-Trembles.	32.00	148.05
For North West.	1,171.88	2,223.28
Children's Day Col.	152.96	163.33
Assembly Fund.	32.00	74.25
Bursary Fund.	3.00	756.88
Library Fund.		87.20
Manitoba College.	1.00	1.00
Widows' & Orphans.	2.00	203.97
Temp. Moral Reform.	9.00	96.00
Unallocated.	12.80	1,477.47

Total \$22,690.58 \$42,318.39

Received during September.

at the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
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We should widen our expectations to the magnificent sweep of His promise.—MacLaren.

During the whole time that Christ was on earth only one person gave enough to attract His attention.—Sel.

A Christ about whom you do not think is as good as a dead Christ, as far as you are concerned.—Rev. Dr. McLaren.

Probably most of the difficulties of trying to live the Christian life arise from attempting to half live it.—Henry Drummond.

A soul is lost when it is separated from God by sin. A soul is saved when it is separated from sin to God through Christ.

It is not the sight of our sinful heart that humbles us; it is a sight of Jesus' Christ. "I am undone for mine eyes have seen the King."—Andrew Bonar.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If there is anyone here who has not "rest", it is because he has not "come."

No man gets ready for an emergency in a moment. What he is in an emergency is determined by what he has regularly been doing for a long time.—Edward I. Bosworth.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all our privacies are open?—Anon.

By the continual inflow of His long-suffering I am to be kept from irritability and from temper; by the inflow of His love into my heart I am to be kept safe from selfishness and inconsiderateness.—G. H. C. Macgregor.

We ask God to forgive us for our evil thoughts and evil temper, but rarely, if ever, ask Him to forgive us for our sadness. Joy is regarded as a happy accident of our Christian life, an ornament and a luxury, rather than a duty.—R. W. Dale.

"Remember that you have only one mind, and if you dissipates it in frivolities, you have only a dissipated mind to bring to the contemplation of divine things, and divine things are not comprehended by a dissipated mind."—Dr. Phillips Brooks.

You have cramped your life, you have made it small and narrow. But never dare to think that this was God's plan for your life. He drew its architecture on a lordly scale. He built you to be "temples of the Holy Ghost."—Phillips Brooks.

It is reported that there are 130,000 women who are working in 3,900 factories in New York City. Large numbers stand all day; many operate dangerous machines; many work in air laden with steam or dust; some work in dark, ill-ventilated rooms; all work under high pressure of speed.

Do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death. Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. O, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

My father has a grapery. Sometimes, as I watched him prune the vines, he would cut off so much that only a skeleton remained. "He will surely kill them!" I thought. But, when bearing time came those thoroughly pruned vines were bowed down with fruit! One vine was left without pruning and it produced comparatively few grapes.—Ex.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin causes suffering to others besides those who commit it.—George Elliot.

We are tested by our duties. We do not begin to realize how much depends upon our faithfulness in the common days. To fail in our testing is to come unready to great crises. We say God does His own work in the world. Yes, but not without us. Our faithfulness is essential to the carrying out of the Divine purposes.—J. R. Miller.

Self-consciousness injures the effect of any kind of labor. The man who does not lose himself in his work, of whatever kind—political, philanthropic, or religious—his work may be, but is ever thinking of himself and the results of his actions upon his own prospects, can never become an enthusiast; and it is only enthusiasm and enthusiastic action which can really affect mankind.—Stokes.

"I try more and more every year to hold judgment of others in suspense till I can know all the facts at first hand," said one who was accused of being too lenient toward offenders. "Certainly I am not qualified to judge till then. God's commandment is 'Judge not!'" As we know instinctively and often protestingly that others cannot judge us rightly, let us try to remember that we are not qualified to pass judgment upon others.—The Wellspring.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AUTHORITY

OF

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN

CANADA.

Volume XXXIII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1908

REV. E. SCOTT, M.A., D.D., Editor.
OFFICE, Y. M. C. A. Building,
MONTREAL.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXIII.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 12

ENDING OF ANOTHER VOLUME.

This issue closes another volume, the thirty-third yearly volume, of THE PRESBYTERIAN RECORD, the seventeenth volume under the present management. The regular monthly issue has been sixty thousand copies, each containing about three millions of pages, or a total for the year of thirty-six millions of pages. The year's RECORDS would equal, to use a previous comparison, say one thousand libraries of three hundred volumes each, of ordinary three hundred page books containing four hundred words to the page. The outside back cover alone has been equal to a tract distribution of nearly three quarters of a million pages during the year. All over Canada and all through the year have these leaves been scattering, some of them, may we not hope, carrying with them healing and helpfulness.

With thankfulness for anything the RECORD has been permitted to do, with regret that it has not been more worthy of its opportunity, with the consciousness that the past cannot be recalled and improved, with the hope that the next may be better, this volume receives its farewell.

Thanks are due, from all over the church, to the men and women, young and old, who have given freely of their time and care to the distribution of the RECORD. It is furnished to congregations in parcels at cost, and the helpers who kindly take up subscriptions and distribute it to readers are doing freely, for the congregation, a work which is sometimes scarcely appreciated.

In connection with this work of distribution there are two points that we would like to impress. First, that subscribers should show their appreciation of the work done for them in distribution, and make it as light as possible, by promptly handing in their subscriptions before the beginning of the year to the one who kindly acts as agent for the congregation, thus saving the agent the trouble of seeking it.

Second, that the better way, the way repeatedly urged by the General Assembly, is for the congregation to order a copy for each family.

By this latter method, which many congregations follow, the cost is the same to those who would subscribe, they can put their quarter dollar into the contribution box, and the only extra cost to the congregation is for those who might not otherwise subscribe. But these are the families that should have it. Many of them have not now the opportunity of acquaintance with the work of the church. Knowledge would create interest, and financially it would pay many of our congregations to place a copy for the year in every family. This would save all the work of collecting subscriptions. The distribution would also be much less trouble, simply placing a copy in each pew at church.

Now that the church is awaking to a fuller realization of duty to her Master and responsibility for the non-Christian world, missionary knowledge should be given as fully and freely as possible, and in no other way can so much of this knowledge be given at so little cost, as by every congregation placing the RECORD in each of its families.

Latest Missionary Literature.

Two ladies of Truro, N.S., Miss McCulloch and Miss MacCully, have each made a recent addition to the missionary literature of our church. Miss McCulloch has published a selection of the early letters of Mrs. Geddie, from the New Hebrides. To be had of Miss Fraser, 28 Victoria Road, Halifax, and Miss Parsons, Confederation Life Building, Toronto. Price 20 cents. Mrs. Geddie and her husband were the pioneers in Canadian Missions, going to the New Hebrides sixty years ago. She was widowed thirty-five years ago and still lives in Melbourne, Australia. Both Dr. and Mrs. Geddie wrote excellent letters.

Miss McCully is again publishing her Missionary Calendar, which has met with kindly welcome the past two or three years. It aims

at greater excellence each year, and the plan is to have 1909 more fully illustrated than previous years, with photos of our missionaries and maps of our missions. To be had from Miss McCully, Truro. Price, 50 cents.

The profits of both these publications is devoted to women's work in Korea.

TWO WESTERN SYNODS.

Dear Record,

Our two Autumn Synods of the West, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, have held their Annual Meetings, the former in Winnipeg on the tenth of November, the latter a week earlier at Indian Head.

Manitoba meets yearly in Winnipeg, and the annual reunion amid familiar surroundings, with Manitoba College, of which a third of the ministers are graduates, as a centre of association, and its reception a central function, is a family home gathering, the tribes going up to their Jerusalem, with all that an older city life can give.

Saskatchewan, on the other hand, but three meetings old, and each in a new place, is still in the tabernacle stage, but pressing, with equal vigor, towards the occupation of its promised land.

One of the most striking evidences of prairie progress is to have synods of the church meeting in Indian Head and Saskatoon and other places where till quite recently the only gatherings were buffalo or Sioux.

The two Synods have much in common. The great work with both is Home Missions and its allied Augmentation, for much of the work in both is in these stages.

But do not think of it as our work. It is yours in the older Synods of the church as well. The only difference is that we are in the midst of it, bearing the brunt of it, giving our lives to it; you are giving of your means, and as you come to see it as we see it, there will be still more earnest effort to have it overtaken.

Closely allied to the above subjects is Manitoba College. Its claims and needs, both for men to train and means to train them if our fields are to be supplied, were strongly presented in both Synods. The fact that thirty-three new missions, each with its group of stations, were opened in the Synod

of Saskatchewan alone during the past year gave emphasis to the plea.

Evangelism had a place at both Synods and each of them decided to appoint a synod evangelist for a time, to cope the better with the inflowing tide of population and the materialism, if not worse, that usually accompanies.

Besides the evangelist, Manitoba decided to appoint an immigration chaplain, to look after the myriads that are passing through Winnipeg, and to notify ministers in different places of their coming, so that among the earliest influences brought to bear upon the strangers may be the Bible and the church.

The Laymen's Movement was earnestly presented and heartily endorsed at both Synods.

While there was so much to encourage, of this one thing we were ashamed, that owing to the slackness of some congregations in paying back their loans to the Church and Manse Building Fund, its funds were all out and it has a large overdraft at the bank.

This fund has been one of the most helpful agencies in the Northwest. Dr. Robertson's farsighted wisdom planned it and by his untiring energy, he raised a goodly sum, to be loaned out in small amounts, without interest, to struggling congregations, to assist them in building, the same to be repaid by them in instalments, so that it might be again loaned out to help others.

Some congregations seem to lose sight of their obligation in this regard, and make no effort to repay. They should remember that they are hindering God's cause, stopping the good work of this Fund, failing to keep their obligations, and no congregation can do this and expect God's blessing on its work. They are robbing God and their neighbor, and worship under such conditions is but mockery.

There is a great work to be done here, to win and keep Western Canada for Christ and righteousness. It is your work in the older provinces as well as ours. We are trying to make it a success. The hindrances are many and great, but the helps are more and greater. The question is not whether the work will be done, but when it shall be done and who will share in the doing of it and in the "well done."

A GREAT AND CHEERING FACT

The recent campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, carried on from farthest east to west of Canada, has resulted, so far as resolutions of the laymen's meetings are concerned, in this one great fact, that while last year, twenty-three of the leading towns and cities of Canada gave over half a million dollars for missions, at home and abroad, they have resolved to give for this year over a million and a half, nearly three times as much as last year. The figures as given out by the Canadian Council of the L. M. M. for the twenty-three towns and cities, from Sydney to Victoria are as follows:—Given to missions last year \$530,970. Standard set per year, \$1,515,625.

The details for these different towns and cities are given below. The reports for other places visited have not come in at this writing.

	Given to Missions Last Year	Standard set per Year	Average per Communi- citant
Winnipeg	\$53,000	\$175,000	\$10.00
Vancouver	27,000	75,000	8.62
Calgary	15,500	40,000	8.38
Toronto	141,000	500,000	8.33
Montreal	100,000	250,000	8.33
Moose Jaw	2,950	10,000	8.21
New Glasgow . . .	7,000	10,000	7.69
Medicine Hat . . .	2,400	5,000	7.69
Edmonton	7,900	25,000	7.35
Portage la Prairie,	2,720	10,000	7.00
Victoria	4,400	25,000	6.90
Regina	5,000	12,000	6.66
Ottawa	28,250	75,000	6.12
Hamilton	40,000	75,000	6.11
St. John	16,000	50,000	5.06
Amherst	3,500	8,000	5.00
Brantford	13,800	30,000	5.00
London	25,000	50,000	5.00
Moncton	3,100	12,125	5.00
Stratford	6,000	18,500	5.00
Sydney	4,000	10,000	5.00
Truro	4,700	10,000	5.00
Halifax	17,750	40,000	4.75
	\$530,970	\$1,515,625	\$7.39

If these resolves are carried out (some churches have already raised their share) and if the movement extends from these centres to surrounding towns and villages, and to the country districts, Canada should ere long be able to give the Gospel to "her share of the world."

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

Crescent St. Ch., Montreal, to Mr. R. W. Dickie, of Brandon.
Knox Ch., Scarboro, to Mr. James Anthony, of Waterdown.
Hartney, Brandon Pres., to Mr. A. C. Campbell of Strathclair.
St. James Ch., Dartmouth, N.S., to Mr. D. S. Dix.
St. Giles Ch., Hamilton, to Mr. J. B. Paulin.
First Con. Ch., Hamilton, to Mr. T. B. Hyde, Harrowsmith, Ont., to Mr. J. P. McInnes, of Cedarville.
Sturgeon Falls, North Bay Pres., to Mr. C. R. Ashdown. Accepted.
Bridgeburg, Hamilton Pres., to Mr. Robert McIntyre.
St. Paul's Ch., Fredericton, to Dr. W. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B. Accepted.
Red Bank, N.B., to Mr. E. E. Mowatt, of Stanley, N.B.
United Church, New Glasgow, N. S., to Mr. J. H. MacVicar. Accepted.

Inductions into

Alexandria, 6 Dec., Mr. D. Stewart, called from Morewood.
Cooke's Ch., Toronto, 20 Nov., Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, D.D.
Waldemar and Maples, 24 Nov., Mr. W. D. McDonald.
Presbyterian College, Halifax, as professor, Thomas Stewart, D.D.
Knox College, Toronto, as Principal, 19 Nov., Alfred Gandier, D.D.

Resignations of

Kenora, Mr. S. O. Nixon.
Oneida Ch., Hamilton, Mr. T. L. Turnbull.
Blue Mountain, N.S., Mr. F. L. Jobb.
Pittsburg and Sandhill, Kingston Pres., Mr. W. J. McQuarrie.
Tignish, etc., P.E.I., Mr. W. A. McKay.

Obituary.

Rev. Malcolm McGregor, M.A., died at his home in Toronto, 3 November ult., aged fifty-six years. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1852. When but a lad, his family came to Canada, and settled on a farm at Streetsville, Ont. He was educated at the Oakville, Ont., High School, and at the Toronto University, graduating in 1878. He took his theological course in Knox College, graduating in 1881. He was shortly afterwards called and inducted at Tilsonburg, where he remained as pastor for twenty years. In 1901 he resigned his charge to become western editor of The Westminster, with headquarters at Winnipeg; and since 1903 has been editor of The Presbyterian in Toronto. He had been ill for some time but hopes were entertained for recovery, until pneumonia set in and hastened the end.

Rev. Dr. Gaudier's induction, as Principal of Knox College, Toronto, on the 17th November ult., was a notable day in the college annals. With the new Principal, whose appointment received such hearty and widespread endorsement, and the new building looming up in the near distance, with the strength of mature years and the optimism of youth, Knox looks forward from a good past to a better future, corresponding to its greater means and opportunities. The greatness of the occasion was marked by the most liberal distribution of academic largesse in the history of the college, no less than eight ministers receiving the honorary degree of D.D. Four of them were her own graduates, Revs. D. MacGillivray, of Shanghai, W. J. Clark, of Westmount, Wm. Farquharson, of Durham, and J. McD. Duncan, of Toronto. The other four were Dr. Duval of Winnipeg, Principal Gordon of Queen's, Prof. D. J. Fraser of Montreal, and Prof. Fleming of Manitoba. To the new Principal, the spirit of the Institution whispers lovingly "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." May it be fulfilled as with those of the past.

A MORMON INCIDENT IN ALBERTA.

A few years ago, on hearing of Mormons, one thought of Utah. Now they are in considerable numbers in our own North West.

Miss Laura E. Marshall, B.A., tells in the Home Mission Pioneer of an incident in Taber, Alberta.

It was only four or five years ago that a Mormon settlement began to grow up around a mine that had been opened about thirty miles east of Lethbridge, on the Crow's Nest line of the C.P.R. The village was called Tabor, after that mountain in the Holy Land. Later, when the C.P.R. built a station there, it was agreed to spell it Taber.

Several mines were opened, and the Mormon village grew. The municipal government consisted entirely of Mormons, and the settlement was arranged upon the Mormon plan—each family having a small tract of land adjoining the house. This made the village scattered.

In time others besides Mormons began to come in, and when one coal company began operations on an extensive plan in the vicinity, it was seen that Taber was going to be one of the prosperous towns of Alberta. In the wake of the mining operations real estate men, business men and builders began

to flock in, as well as great numbers of settlers to take up land for miles around the town.

The "Gentiles" did not live in the immediate vicinity of the Mormons, but naturally began to build their homes and business houses apart from the others. This made the village more scattered, and roughly speaking, the railroad became the dividing line between Mormons and "Gentiles."

In the school which was built first, a Mormon school mistress held sway. As the village grew there was dissatisfaction among the Gentiles that their children should be taught by a Mormon teacher. And so a new school was built on the other side of the track. But there was constant friction in school matters, and others besides.

By the summer of 1907, the village had grown to a sufficient size to be incorporated as a town. Nominations were held for mayor and town council. Naturally the parties were divided into Mormons and "Gentiles." But the "Gentiles" were in the majority, and when the election was over, the mayor and practically the whole council were non-Mormon.

When the time came for the previous council to hand over their records to the new one, they refused. Surprised and startled, the new council and the magistrate of the district prepared to enforce the law, but by the time they were ready, the members of the previous council had slipped quietly over the border, and the municipal records were nowhere to be found.

Under ordinary circumstances, however, one might live a long time among Mormon neighbours without any such startling revelations. They seem to live like ordinary men, though they have a few external traits peculiar to themselves. The laboring class among them is usually lazy, probably due partly to the class of people who become proselytes to the Mormon faith. Generally speaking, the Mormons one meets are rather ignorant, easy going and good-natured. They remind one sometimes, however, of Bret Harte's heathen Chinese—the bland, child-like smile, but "with ways that are dark and with tricks that are vain."

They do not, as a usual thing, become successful beyond a certain point, whether in business, farming or in their education. They do not seem to be encouraged to do so.

THE BIBLE AND THE PRIEST.

BY ANTOINE PELLETIER, COLPORTEUR.

For The Record:

In the month of June last I took leave of my mission field at Dequen and joined an old friend and former pupil of the Point-aux-Trembles Schools to make a colportage tour around Lake St. John, selling Bibles and Testaments.

All went well at the start, as my companion had travelled this district as colporteur for about two years. We began at Roberval, which is a stronghold of Roman Catholicism, and then visited the parishes of St. Prime, St. Felicien, St. Methode, Normandin, and Albanel, and after fourteen miles of a walk through the woods, we came to Mistassini, a port on the other side of the lake from Roberval.

I will pass over many interesting incidents that occurred by the way and speak only of what took place at Mistassini. Of course I should say that the weather was fine and that we called upon all the parish priests by the way and on the whole were not unpleasantly received by them. However, not one of them ventured to say that our books were good and that we might sell them in their respective parishes, and knowing their views as we did, we did not expect them to approve of our work.

Nevertheless, at Mistassini we had very good success. We sold several New Testaments and two Bibles, one being the DeSaci version and the other that of Crampon. It was the priest of the place who bought the latter, and unfortunately it was the last Bible I had with me. Our stock was all sold. Everything was going on well. We had arrived about noon and soon learned that a steamer had just arrived. As she called here only once a week and we had sold all our books, we decided to return to Roberval by her when she sailed next morning, in order to lose as little time as possible.

I should say here that there is a community of Trappists at Mistassini. We went to see them. It was their hour for prayer so they could not show us around the establishment. We could not offer our books to them for we had none left.

For some reason or other they do not appear to be held in high esteem by the people.

On the other hand they have no great love for the people and still less for their curé, for until recently they had charge of the parish, but the bishop has taken it from them and placed it in charge of a curé.

While we were there the superior of the order arrived from Oka, and the monks vigorously attacked the poor curé. He was reproached for not having prevented the sale of our books in the parish and they insisted upon his going among the people and gathering up all the books which we had sold, to bring them back to us or to have them burned.

In the meantime, wearied by our day's work, we had gone down to the wharf and were talking and fishing with some sailors. To our great surprise we soon saw the curé coming towards us with a great parcel of books, the very books which we had sold in his parish, and followed by a crowd of parishioners who no doubt expected to see him put us to rout.

Almost his first words were: "Mr. P., I've brought back to you the books which you sold in my parish, and also the Bible which I myself bought from you. The money which you have received for these books will be lost to us, but we believe it is better to lose a few dollars in a poor place like this than to expose our people to the danger of losing faith in the Holy Catholic Church."

"I answered, "M. le curé, we have done what we did in open day; we called at every house as long as we had Scriptures to offer to the people, and we have now no thought of taking them back. I know that as a rule curés do not like to discuss religious matters with Protestant missionaries, but will you be good enough to give reason why we should take back these books."

At once, the good curé gave what appears to him a very plain reason, saying that our books were all bad and that his parishioners were ignorant and could not understand the Holy Scriptures, and besides they were not permitted to read them.

I replied among other things, "M. le curé, you say that my books are bad. Very well, I will admit what you say when you show me that they are bad.

Taking up two or three New Testaments of DeSaci and holding them in front of me he said, "Our Church does not approve this version to-day."

"Very well," I replied, "and your church is infallible, as you say, and therefore what she approved in the past she should approve at present, as well as in the future."

He then became excited and angry and called me arrogant and sophistical.

I asked why the version of the New Testament by Bishop Baillargeon, which was a Canadian version and had the approval of the late Canadian Cardinal Taschereau, was forbidden to the people, and pointed out to him that what the Church had done concerning the Baillargeon version, she had done concerning several other versions, of which the DeSaci is one, but that all that did not prove the book bad.

"Moreover," I said, "M. le curé, you said to me to-day, when buying this Crampon version that it was a good one, and now I ask you to open this Crampon version which you have brought along with the rest, and read a verse anywhere you like and I will then read the same verse from DeSaci.

He opened at the 5th of Matthew, and read a verse, and then I read the same verse from the other version, and in this way we read several passages but found no contradiction.

He closed the book, and said "I do not wish to enter into any long discussion with you. I came solely to see you in obedience to my superiors, and also to show to my parishioners that I am charged with the responsibility of them, and the salvation of their souls.

"M. le curé," I answered, "I can only congratulate you on your expressed interest in the welfare of your parishioners, but should you not, with the apostle, be willing to obey God rather than man."

He took me by the hand and shook it warmly, and also that of my companion and said "God bless you, young men," and took his leave.

His parishioners gathered around to talk with us. We were already explaining to them something of our beliefs when the curé came back and ordered them to follow him.

I returned to my work at Dequen and a few weeks later I learned, through a Roman Catholic who returned from Mistassini, and who attended our service, that the curé himself burned all the books he had gathered up.

OUR MISSION TO THE JEWS.

By REV. J. MCP. SCOTT, TORONTO.

For the Record,

The Mission to the Jews, established in Toronto by authority of the General Assembly, is reporting gratifying success. Suitable Mission premises central to the Jewish population have been secured and are fairly well equipped.

From the commencement of the work last Spring evidence has abounded that our Church entered upon this work none too soon. Mr. S. B. Rohold, who, at the invitation of the Foreign Mission Committee, came to this work from Glasgow, after nine years' experience of a similar kind there, has proved himself an able, capable and hard-working missionary.

The organization of the work is fairly complete and somewhat extensive, as it must needs be if men, women and children of the Hebrew people are to be reached.

The preaching services, in the open air and indoors, have been unusually well attended. The night school, Bible classes, Sunday School and women's meetings are well attended.

The Medical Dispensary has more than met expectation. Real gain has come to the mission through this good work.

Converts to the Christian faith from Judaism are comparatively few, nevertheless, converts in this mission have approved themselves and have been admitted to full communion in our church.

True there has been opposition from the Jews. This is not feared and so far has done little harm. It makes it clear that our mission is being taken seriously by them.

This, the youngest mission of the church, should be well supported if it is to meet the opportunities that face it among the increasing Hebrew population in Toronto. Up till the present very little has come into the church treasurer for this work.

If you don't count for much, it's only because you won't pay the price of the component elements of a man of heft. Some of these elements are seriousness, steadfastness, sincerity, justice, love and patience.

Our Foreign Missions

A GLIMPSE OF MISSION LIFE.

Our Missionary, Miss Blackaddar of Taricagua, Trinidad, writes in "The Message:"—

We have a holiday, so I take the chance of doing all the writing I can. After school I am too weary to write; in the evening my eyes will not let me write.

The day is close and damp. I have just been round the village, have seen one of our teachers, very ill of fever. Oh, such holes filled with dirty water, such smells, I wonder we have such good health as we generally do have. No wonder there are soil poisons.

We have had two cases of yellow fever, and now there are cases of plague in Port of Spain. Mrs. Thompson, of Couva, laid her little son beside the grave of Mrs. W. Thompson in the cemetery of Port of Spain. We now have seven graves in Trinidad.

All the mission families are well, I think. I have not seen many of them as I am alone in this village.

Our school is well attended, average for last week, though very wet, 162. Many of them are small, wicked and dirty; but they are bright and soon get on. Many of them have sores, so we have to get them looked after and cleaned; a breakfast is often saved in this way; one feels like fasting after an exercise of this kind.

A friend sent me a Mayflower, and it came so quickly that a faint perfume still lingered around the flower. Oh there are charms about our own land of the north that will never be found in the sunny south.

IDL PROCESSIONS FORBIDDEN IN CHINA.

REV. MILTON JACK. B. D., FORMOSA.

Oct. 21, 1908.

Dear Dr. Scott,

I enclose you a copy of a proclamation issued against idol processions, by the viceroy of the Min-che provinces, China. I thought the readers of the Record might be interested in it as indicating something of the trend

that events are taking all over China, at the present time. The proclamation was issued when I was at Kuliang last summer.

In reading the proclamation it should be borne in mind that the viceroy issuing it is not a Christian, but simply a highly educated Confucian scholar of the progressive type, who rules over a portion of the Chinese Empire having a population about eight times as great as that of the whole of Canada. The proclamation is as follows:—

Translation of a Proclamation against Idol Processions, by His Excellency Sung Shou, Viceroy of Min-che.

Sung (Sung Shou,) the Viceroy of Min-che of the highest "Button," Ex-officio the Governor of Fu-kien, holding the rank of a President of the Ministry of War, also a Senior Censor, and in charge of Commissariat supplies, Government Salt Monopoly, Imperial Maritime Customs, and the Imperial Arsenal, issues the following prohibitory proclamation:—

Idol processions as well as idol celebrations, of which vagabonds generally avail themselves to cheat people of their money, are really detrimental to the welfare of the populace. "Idol processions" have generally been used as an excuse for obtaining some evil ends and the joss celebrations have been resorted to for gathering rogues together. Nominally they are doing meritorious deeds, but really they are leading astray the ignorant.

The idol processions and idol celebrations not only lead to waste of treasure and prodigality, but also encourage heterodoxy and sorcery. This is by no means a matter of insignificance, and a strict law has, therefore, been made, that the leader or leaders are liable to punishment, and so are the village elders if they fail to report the matter as soon as they become aware of it.

Furthermore, as people are being enlightened during the recent years, there is more reason for them to renounce the bigotry in idolism and desist from these useless undertakings.

It has come to my notice that the vagabonds who have no regular occupations to pursue, and wish to raise money for their own benefit have very often, under the excuse of "idol processions," gone round to every house to collect contributions, gathered crowds of people together to burn incense, and devised street revelry and pageants, beating gongs and drums and making clamorous noise day and night, during which period female and male persons are mingled together, idling away their time and neglecting their occupations.

Rascals have often taken advantage of the occasion to commit adultery and kidnapping. Sometimes they have even come to fights which result in blood-shed or slaughter, and carried the outbreak to such an extent as insurrection. All these various offences committed by them, will really cause great detriment to the peace and order of the country. Excepting strict prohibition, no measure is adequate to stop this bad custom, and preserve peace among the people.

Besides instructing all local authorities, military as well as civil, to be on the alert for the arrest of offenders, I have to issue this proclamation for general information of soldiers and people within my jurisdictions, that they should hereafter regularly pursue their peaceful occupations, and on no occasion engage themselves in any idol processions or joss celebrations, nor should they thereby start any trouble.

Should they be so obstinate in their fanaticism, as to resort to their former practice, they will be severely dealt with according to law, and verily not the least leniency will be shown them. If "Pao-chia" (local, guards or policemen), constables and yamen runners, should try to encourage or shield the offenders, they will all be brought to strict justice.

Let all parties concerned respect and never profane this proclamation.

The above proclamation is to be promulgated.

Dated this 34th year of Kuang Hsu, 5th moon, and —day. (July 1908).

A Proclamation to be posted up with sufficient paste, at such a place in the ward, where it will not be likely to be damaged or washed away by storms and showers.

Foochow, China, July 1908.

Mr. Jack continues:—

The province of Fu-kien, one of the eighteen provinces of China over which Governor Sung has jurisdiction, is right across the Channel from Formosa. Many of the inhabitants speak the same dialect as the Chinese of Formosa. Hence the issuing of such a proclamation is likely to have a profound influence, not only upon the people of these provinces, but also indirectly upon the Chinese here in Formosa as well. For in China it is true in a special sense that the common people take their cue from the educated, and men of letters.

The people, therefore, coming to see that the higher class of officials have no faith in idols and in many of the superstitions of the past, are beginning themselves to lose faith in these things.

The question then arises—What is going to take the place of these old beliefs? Is China going to be allowed to drift into agnosticism? Are her people discarding the little faith they have in the supernatural to be allowed to imbibe a false philosophy and false ideas of the universe? Or shall we, who are the inheritors of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, give to them that Gospel which has done so much for us and for our land?

Already in Formosa I have met quite a number of bright Chinese young men, who have drifted into agnosticism, because of the fact that they have thrown over the superstitions and beliefs in idols that their forefathers held. They came in contact with agnostic or atheistic views in attending the Japanese schools or in associating with other educated Chinese.

The result is that having no true theory of the universe to guide them, having no right conception of God as the great Father and Governor of all, revealed to men in Jesus Christ, they have wandered into agnosticism and unbelief. Some of these young men are teachers in the government schools and one can easily understand how injurious their influence must be upon the rising generation of students.

If these young men could be influenced and led to see the truth of Christianity, their influence, instead of being detrimental to the cause of Christ, would be wielded in His behalf. The task before the Christian Church is certainly an urgent one, and the opportunity is unique.

"FOR MY SAKE."

Faithful Women in India.

BY MRS. MARY LEACH ADDISON.

For the Record.

Early in the history of our mission in Central India, a Bengali babu (gentleman), came under the notice of Dr. Wilkie, who taught him the truths of Christianity.

Miss Ross, of Mhow, went to the home of this Bengali babu and taught his young girl wife to read Hindi. (At that time she could only speak Bengali, having just come, a bride, from Bengal to Central India). She learned to read Hindi and then her husband taught her to read Bengali. The husband accepted Christianity and taught his wife its truths.

As the years passed, children came to the home, till there were four girls, who, as they grew old enough, were sent to the Mhow Mission Girls' School.

As the years passed, missionary succeeded missionary in the zenana and school work at Mhow, but all without exception followed up the interest taken by Miss Ross in the women of this household.

The husband, a sincere Christian, in profession and action, never received baptism, because of the opposition of his old mother, who made his house her home. He wanted to openly confess Christ in baptism, but the mother said she would beat her brains out on the stones if he did. So he waited, saying that when she died he would be baptized. In 1903 plague came and Akshoy Coomarr Das was among its first victims.

His widow was heartbroken, and her prayer was that she and her four children might speedily follow him. Weekly, sometimes bi-weekly, I visited them, read and explained God's Word to them, and many a delightful hour was thus spent in discussing the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. Prayer was offered at the close, and one always left with the impression that in this house were true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

While longing for them to ask for baptism, no appeal was made to them. The most that was ever said was but an expression of faith that the day would come when they would openly confess Christ

In 1904 another visitation of plague carried off the youngest girl.

The eldest was married, and according to caste rules, was in purdah and not allowed to attend the Mission School.

The two other girls, Usa and Pana, attended regularly and made rapid progress in every subject taught.

In 1904 the husband of Subasi the eldest daughter, came to take her away to his own home in Calcutta, but while in Mhow he died of small-pox. As he had been a heathen, this saved her from a heathen husband, home and influences, for her mother-in-law consented to her remaining with her mother. So the mother was happy in having her daughter remain with her, and they spent much time each day in reading the Bible and prayer.

In December the revival came to our mission, and it reached the Bengali household. One Sunday morning, at Sunday School, a letter was given to me of which the following is a literal translation:

"Beloved Miss Sahib with much love, salam! I write this secret letter to you that you may know that last Sunday, Subasi had a vision, since when our minds have had no rest. We are quite without peace. My heart is set on telling you all about it, but for many days you have not come to us. If I could I would run to you. Surely you could not have had time or you would have come."

At once I set off for the house and found the two women in great mental distress. On Saturday night Subasi had had a vision of the Saviour on the cross. In pleading tones he showed what He had endured for them, and besought them to be baptized for His sake.

This vision disturbed them not a little, but it needed a second to thoroughly arouse them. On the Sunday night Subasi again saw the Saviour on the cross, but this time the love had seemingly gone away and wrath alone was manifest.

Subasi wakened her mother and related all that had occurred. For one whole week, they knew nothing but anguish of soul and fear, fear to receive baptism because of what it meant from the hands of their relatives, fear no, to receive it; because of what it meant to harden the heart against the Holy Spirit.

To me there seemed only one course open, and that was to acknowledge Christ at whatever cost. After consideration of the matter from all standpoints, and earnest prayer for guidance and strength to do the right thing, whatever it might be, I went to the Padri Sahib, the missionary, and told the story. He and his wife visited the women in the afternoon and he told them he was willing to baptize them, on the condition that they announced their intention to be baptized to their relatives, and that they come out openly to the native church and be publicly baptized.

A week, two weeks, passed, and still they hesitated to tell their relatives, and still they had no peace of conscience. Satan strove and the Holy Spirit strove, and the battle was fierce and sharp.

Monday, Feb. 13th, I again visited them and earnestly besought them to win peace of mind and heart by announcing their intention to their relatives. Again God was besought to give strength and grace for the hard task before them. They promised that that very day the relatives should be told, and I left, promising to return the next day, to find out how it fared with them.

The next morning found me at their door, and to my great surprise, I was received by four men, relatives of the women.

There is neither time nor space to repeat the conversation that took place between me and the relatives and which lasted for an hour. I was not allowed to see the women, nor was I given any satisfaction as to what would be done with them. Of one thing only was I solemnly assured, and that was that they should never be allowed to disgrace the family and break caste by being baptized.

Sad at heart I left the house, and went to the school, where a note from Subasi's mother, delivered secretly at an early hour in the morning, awaited me.

'Beloved Miss Sahib, with much love, salam! Yesterday I told my relatives everything and they persecuted me much.

"To-day, my brother-in-law will come from Indore, therefore please don't come, for they will trouble you. We are believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. These people say we

shall not be baptized. My head has no rest. I am locked up in a room since last night and a watch is set at the door."

What followed must be briefly told, though it was lived out in detail by those who loved the women and suffered with them in their sufferings, yet could do nothing but pray to help them.

On Thursday men came and took the mother away forcibly. She resisted their efforts to take her out of her own home, but they were too strong for her, and, roughly treating and binding her, they took her away to Indore. On Saturday the same performance was repeated with Subasi, and she too was taken to Indore, but not allowed to see her mother.

Pana, the youngest child, went with her mother because her screams at sight of the struggle were arousing the neighborhood. Usa was left behind with the aged grandmother.

There was no way of communication with the two women, and we did not know where they were in Indore, and they were evidently so closely guarded that they could not get word to us.

Providentially I went to the house some time after and found that Usa was leaving in a day or so for Indore to join the mother and sister, who were to be taken to Calcutta and be disposed of there.

The next day I was again at the house with a letter and my own address plainly written in Hindi, and this letter was given to Usa to be conveyed to her mother.

Owing to the vigilance of the relatives, it never reached the mother, but the elder sister caught a glance at its contents and secured the address before it was seized and torn to bits. Two days later, a long letter reached me. All their jewels, amounting to thousands of rupees' worth, had been taken from them. They were kept prisoners. All their religious books and bibles and hymn books had been burned and they had nothing but the clothes they wore. Food was given them, and no hurt done their bodies, but they had no liberty. They were to be taken to Calcutta on the early morning train passing through Mhow at 6.30. If the Miss Sahibs could be at the station, they might get a glimpse of them.

Needless to say, the Miss Sahibas were at the station, armed with a copy of John's Gospel and writing materials and addressed envelopes, which same they carried back with them as they had no opportunity of giving them. Nothing could possibly have escaped the eagle eyes of the three men guarding the helpless women. Three sat in the compartment with them and one stood at the door on the platform. A few words of comfort and hope were spoken to the women we loved and whom we would gladly have succored, had that been possible.

Just as the train was about to start, one of the men said, "What can your Christ do? He can do nothing. We have stopped these women from being baptized and He has done nothing. There is no Christ."

It was pointed out to him that those who knew Christ did not speak that way, for they knew the fact of Christ. It was only those who did not know Him who denied his existence, and only knowing Him could prove to them that He is, so that all further argument was useless, as there was no common ground.

The train steamed out and that was our last look of these two women who had decided to be faithful to their Lord and Saviour, even unto death. We have had no word, we know not whether they are alive or with the Lord whom they love, but this we do know, that nothing could make them deny Him. This is our confidence in them that having come thus far through great tribulation, they will persevere and receive the reward promised to the faithful who endure to the end. And this is our confidence in Him, who brought them to this point that He who began will finish.

Mrs. Addison, in an inclosing letter to the Record, says.—"The above was written some time ago. It is true, all true, only it has been toned down. One-half has not been told. Since that day we saw them leave for Calcutta, they have been hurried from town to town of India, and I have reason to believe that the mother, if alive, is back in Mhow. I have no proof that she is, and at times I feel that she is with the Lord she so faithfully loved. Wherever she may be, I have never seen her since that day we said good-bye to her at Mhow station."—Ed.)

FORMOSA.

A Visit to the East Coast.

By MRS. C. WINNIFRED JACK.

22 October, 1908.

Dear Record,

The facilities for travel, which have been added in the last decade or two, are particularly striking in these Eastern lands. Many of us find it hard to realize that steamship and railroad lines are being multiplied here as rapidly almost as at home, and whereas other barriers in the way of reaching all mankind with the Gospel message, are still great and many, yet the great barrier of isolation and hard travelling is rapidly being removed.

To reach the East Coast at present requires only a little over two hours' run by railroad to Keelung, and six or seven hours by steamboat to the harbour at the South end of the plain. Miss Kinney, Mr. Jack and I took this trip and spent eighteen days during May and June in visiting the chapels there and doing evangelistic work.

Let no one imagine that in visiting fifteen chapels in a given district, there is monotony, or that when one has been seen, all have been seen. Each place possesses its own individuality, not only of surroundings, but of people, with their varieties of characteristics which differentiate it from all others and create its own interest.

Our first stopping-place was a small fishing village, called South Wind Harbour. Along the ridge of high mountains, which rise a short distance from the shore, huts of the military cordon are distinctly seen. These little huts are stationed about a quarter of a mile apart, with a bamboo fence crossing the intervening space, thus marking the limits of savage territory. In each hut, two of the police force live, to guard against inroads from the savages. Each year the troops advance against the headhunters, driving them farther into the interior, and gradually the defence line is also moved in.

South Wind Harbour is very isolated, reached only by the small fishing boats, and in stormy weather cut off from the main landing by the stormy sea. A small hamlet of Pepohoa fisher folk live here. They are of Malay extraction, the aborigines of the island, who, after the invasions of the Chinese, remained in the plains, and adopted

their dress and customs and their language.

Our first impression of them was their lack of curiosity. Ordinarily, when foreign women enter a Chinese village or city for the first time, they are besieged by crowds of curious onlookers. Here we sat down in the chapel to rest—the first foreign woman who had ever been there, and it was some time before anyone came in to see us. Finally, when the drum had sounded the signal for service, the women and children crowded into the chapel, for the men had gone out to spend the night fishing.

We noticed both here and elsewhere that the women and children of the Pepoan race sing much better than the Chinese.

The chapel had been built in 1884, but had been allowed to fall into disrepair, corresponding to many of the houses in the village. Broken windows filled with stones, plaster fallen off the wall in large patches, discoloured walls and the accumulated dust of the place, bore sad testimony to the needs of the people.

You can only faintly imagine the downward pull on a Chinese preacher who is sent to work in such difficult places. If we find it hard to work under adverse conditions, and to maintain a high spiritual life, can we not feel how much harder it is for them?

Few of our chapels are so desolate; but I have mentioned this one, hoping that it may help the readers to realize the hard work which our Chinese brethren have to face, and that we may learn to pray for them more sympathetically.

From south to north on this plain on the East Coast, there runs a narrow-gauge tram line. Small, flat cars are pushed rapidly along narrow tracks by the car coolies. They hold long poles with sharp steel ends, which they dig into the ground and push on, thus propelling the car forward.

This method of travel gives the passenger a chance to enjoy the scenery and fresh air, and is greatly welcomed after the uncomfortable experiences of chair-riding.

The Gilan Plain is very level, with a seaboard of about twenty-five miles in length, and enclosed by high mountains, which run back from the sea-line, forming a triangular plain. In May, the rice fields were nearly ready for the first harvest, and the wide stretches of tall, waving grain reminded us of wheat-fields at home. The villages are

all surrounded by bamboo trees and these groups of trees were the only break on the landscape.

One of our happiest recollections is of a night spent at the home of a well-to-do Pepoan farmer. His house is situated in the south-west corner of the plain, the mountains rising abruptly behind the house. The mountains are covered with sub-tropical vegetation, very rich and varied. The house is large and conspicuously clean, inside and outside. Contrary to custom, the pigs were not allowed to run across the yard and in the house, at will, but were tied in a place of their own, and the courtyard was immaculate.

In the evening, an open-air service was held in the courtyard. The chairs were arranged in a circle with a lamp on a table for the preacher, for the night was very still. As the Christians gathered for service, it was pretty to see the little lights from their lanterns winding through the rice-fields from all directions. We had a song-service while waiting for all to arrive, a preacher accompanying the hymns on an accordeon. Afterwards, Pastor Keh and Mr. Jack addressed the people.

Looking at some of the long stretches of waving bamboo trees, the uninitiated would hardly suspect the presence of a village of 200 or 300 or more people behind. Entering one of these groups at Tanabi, we found another avenue of bamboo trees, forming a main street down the village, the houses being built on each side of the avenue. After a walk in the hot sun, the coolness of these shaded avenues is refreshing.

Miss Kinney and I visited Tanabi alone, the men holding a service there at another hour. The women were so pleased when they heard that the women from the mission were coming to visit them, that they bought firecrackers with their own money and welcomed us by firing off large quantities of them. We taught them some new hymn tunes which they were eager to learn, heard them read, and Miss Kinney talked to them.

Ten days of our time were spent in Lo-tong, the second largest city on the plain. This city is entirely heathen with the exception of a few hearers, who have been attending service since a chapel room was opened, over a year ago.

We lived in the home of Pastor Keh, who

has the oversight of all the chapels on the plain. Each morning, we went out to visit some chapel near by, returning in the afternoon. Then Miss Kinney taught the women who came in, or went to their homes to teach them, while I taught the boys and girls. In the evening, evangelistic services were held, two or more preachers and Mr. Jack addressing the crowds. The men, besides conducting the morning services, usually went out to talk with groups of individuals, who would listen and invite them to come to the chapel and hear more.

The city inhabitants were largely Chinese, so there was no lack of curiosity to draw the crowds together. Although few of the women came a second time, large numbers came alone, or with a friend or two, and Miss Kinney talked with each one, telling the message of salvation. These talks with individuals and visits to their homes will, we trust, arouse in some a hunger and thirst after righteousness, which will not rest, till satisfied with the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Of the boys and girls, about eighty came at the beginning, but the crowd varied somewhat from day to day and grew smaller towards the latter part of the time. Nevertheless, at the end, about twelve or fifteen could repeat the romanized alphabet and spell out simple sentences. They learned to sing "Jesus loves me" and "There is a happy land," till we seemed to hear them sung by children wherever we went in the city.

At the evening services, for one or two nights, the crowd was so large as to become almost an unruly mob; but after that, first curiosity subsided and the gathering was more attentive. The men distributed tracts after the service and encouraged all who would do so, to remain and discuss these matters. It was a time of seed-sowing and some time we hope to hear of a harvest being reaped there.

In the largest city of the plain, we could only remain for two nights, holding two afternoon and two evening services. There seemed to be great readiness to hear there also; but for this year our visit could not be a long one.

Altogether, during this visit, the men conducted nearly forty services, some to mainly Christian audiences but many to those who were heathen. We found that the churches

on the Gilan Plain had made good progress. Up to June, there had been about eighty added to the number of those able to read the Scriptures, since the previous summer. The congregations had all been studying Philipians, the Catechisms and part of Mark. This sign was most encouraging, because a church studying the Word of God must be growing stronger.

In two villages, the people had built new chapels, larger and better than the old ones. The cost of over \$150 each was entirely subscribed by the Christians themselves. In two other places, over \$250 had been subscribed to build chapels, one of which has since been completed. Other chapels had been renovated and whitewashed and most of them presented an attractive appearance.

While these facts are encouraging, we feel most strongly that our staff of missionaries needs to be increased sufficiently to allow one man to spend a larger part, or all of his time, in developing the work in the strategic centres, i.e., the three large cities of the Plain. In the largest of the three we have had a chapel for years; but the congregation is small and has not received much help, owing to the heavy pressure of work, which has kept the missionaries so busy on the West Coast that only hurried visits could be paid to the East Coast. In Lotong, as I have already stated, the work is merely in its initial stages. In the third city, an effort is being made to open a street-chapel this year; but up to the present, there is no place of service.

The villages are largely inhabited by Pepo-hoans, who are regarded by the Chinese as an inferior race. Therefore, they are not effective workers to evangelize the Chinese in the cities.

The Japanese public schools are training up a generation of more enlightened and intelligent young people; but the bias there given is adverse to Christianity and religion.

In the three cities, there is a population of about 40,000 people and in the country districts of the plain perhaps 60,000 more.

We are praying that we may have a sufficient number of workers to give suitable attention to this needy part of our field, and we are looking to those who are interested in the cause of mission work to unite with us in this prayer and send us more workers.

LETTER FROM HONAN.

BY MISS ISABEL MCINTOSH, WEIHWEIFU.

Chefoo, Aug. 14th.

Editor Record.

This being the anniversary of the relief of Peking, a very impressive "praise meeting" was held here this afternoon on the sea-shore in the shadow of a great rock. The writer had the privilege of being present. Most of the missionaries who attended were those who had been in Peking during the siege, or in other parts of the empire when the cruel persecution and slaughter of the Boxers uprising in 1900 was at its height.

Some of the speakers were men and women who have been labouring for the uplift of China for over forty years, and, needless to say, have seen many wonderful changes and have also passed through many dangers.

The object of the meeting was not to recall the trial and suffering endured, but to praise God for the great blessing that had come out of much suffering. Some had seen their nearest and dearest endure hunger, thirst and scorching heat, for days and weeks, and then, surrounded on every side by angry mobs who had stripped them of their clothing, and beaten them cruelly, with their last breath, offer a prayer for the forgiveness of their enemies.

Little Jessie Saunders, the child martyr, of whom we have heard many times, said "Mama they wouldn't treat us this way if they knew Jesus would they; they took His clothes from Him."

The question has been asked "what good could come of the innocent little children suffering in this way." The beautiful story of this one child martyr has been printed in five different languages and has been used of God to bring many children into His kingdom.

It showed what the grace of God could do in the heart of a little child, who was never bitter against those who treated them so cruelly, but could say "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Many of those who led in that terrible attack against the servants of Christ have since come to know Him, and are giving abundant proof that they are indeed—"new creatures in Christ Jesus."

One saintly woman, who is a nervous

wreck from the strain endured at that time, said that the greatest joy she had ever known was to be permitted to return to Shan Hsi and shake hands once more with some of their Christian women who had had crosses cut in their foreheads by the Boxers, were beaten and left for dead.

These faithful souls awakened from that painful sleep to realize that though bruised, bleeding and faint, they had not denied their Lord.

Yes, the mark of the cross is deep enough to remain in the forehead as long as they may be privileged to bear witness for Him who was wounded for our transgressions.

Other women in the same community had their hands beaten off, their bodies also cruelly beaten, and were left for dead.

Dear reader in the face of all this, do you think it pays to give the Gospel to the women of China? Are they worth the money and the precious lives that must be given if we would serve our day and generation?

Millions of souls in Honan for whom Christ died have never heard the name of Jesus, and never can hear it in this life, for there are not enough missionaries to give the message even if we preached night and day.

Mr. Mitchell tells us, if he preached every day for ten years, taking one town or village a day, he would not have covered his field even once.

A short time ago the writer was out on a tour in Mr. Grant's field, accompanied by a Bible woman and one of our best helpers. Upon our return, as we rode along in the carts, over rougher rough roads, the helper was for some time depressingly silent, and then, addressing me, he said:

"Do you know there are seven hundred and twenty-five towns and villages in this Hsien (one of the four districts in Mr. Grant's field) we have been able so far, to reach only ten of them."

In this one district there are 50,943 families with from ten to one hundred people in a family. In China when a son marries he brings his bride to his father's house, and so there may be several sons with their children and grandchildren in what is called "one family."

Can we whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high;

Can we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny?

Life and Work

"INTERFERING" A SPECIALTY.

This is what I read on the front of a blacksmith's shop. We know what the blacksmith meant. A horse "interferes" when his feet strike one another as he travels. Horses that have this unpleasant habit must be shod in a special way, and this blacksmith hung out his sign to inform the public that he made a specialty of shoeing horses that "interfere."

There are others in the world besides blacksmiths with whom "interfering" is a specialty.

Alas, that we are compelled to say that some ministers have a well-earned reputation for "interfering!"

Not long ago a minister had a call. He seemed to be the right man for the place, and the outlook was bright. But a neighbouring minister, whose advice and judgment had not been sought, said a few uncalled-for and unwarranted things. He interfered, and there was unpleasant feeling, and a division; and the church is without a pastor.

Two young people are engaged. It is quite evident that they are in love with each other, although no one can quite understand why they should be. Again the man who "interferes" is on deck; only this time it happens to be a woman. It is no part of her business, but the match doesn't suit her. He is too old, or she is too young, or they don't look well together. She is an expert at "interfering," and the result is misunderstanding and mischief.

This young man is not on the social committee; but you would think, to hear him talk, that he was the whole committee.

He does not even sing in the choir; but, if you didn't know, you would say he was the chorister. He is not even a member of the church; but, if he owned it, he could not be more officious.

"I am my brother's keeper" doesn't mean that I am to intrude my nose into his private affairs, and try to run his family and his business for him.

It has been said that the reason why some people do not mind their own business is, first, they haven't any business, and, second, they have no mind.

Blessed are the peace-makers; but read what the Bible has to say about the man (or woman) who meddles with strife that does not belong to him (or her), Proverbs 26:17.

When duty called, or danger,

'Twas seldom he appeared;

But, like Carlo in the manger,

He always "interfered."

—C. E. World

THE WEEKLY ALLOWANCE.

"Yes, we solved it," said Mrs. Alling, smilingly. They were discussing a recent, showy, expensive wedding in the neighbourhood, urged by a selfish daughter who had been indulged all her life by a hard-working father and mother. The poor father was swamped by the wedding debts incurred.

"We wanted to teach our children the value of money, but didn't know just how large an allowance to give them. Then Ben hit upon the idea of giving them as many cents a week as they were years old, and it worked beautifully!"

"Besides their regular birthday presents, Ben always gave them each ten cents on their birthdays to spend exactly as they pleased, thinking the children would enjoy the feeling of being a bit extravagant after the year of careful planning. And they did enjoy that ten cents immensely; but, do you know, I believe they thought more of their 'raise' of a penny a week than anything else.

"They had to use their allowance for little things, such as slate pencils and sponges for school, their church and Sunday-school offering, and car-fare for their Saturday singing class downtown.

"When they got older, in their earliest teens, Ben gave them each a dollar and a half a week with which to buy their clothes, with my help, of course, and guidance in buying; and now and then, when something unusual had to be bought, we helped them out. He increased the allowance as they grew older, until Martha had three dollars a week, and was helping me with the housework. When she began to teach and earned a salary of her own, she knew how to use it.

"Even though we provided for them when they were little, just as much as other fathers and mothers did, they had responsibility and felt as if they were doing it all alone, for they planned about the spending of their money and helped to decide just what clothes they would buy.

"Yes, it's very valuable training. You ought to see how those children took hold and helped, when Ben was out of a position for a while. Any they saved, too, do you know! And when Ben or I had a birthday, if they didn't surprise us with some nice present!

"Oh, yes, it paid. We always recommend allowances of that sort."—Zion's Herald.

THE FUND.

There were exactly twenty-three dollars and sixty-eight cents in the fund. The little mother counted it over with trembling fingers, and replaced it in the old pewter teapot with a heart almost bursting with happiness.

To be sure the round-trip ticket would cost twenty dollars, leaving a very slight margin for incidentals, but then there were never very many incidentals charged to the personal account of the little mother. In fact the personal account of the little mother showed very few figures of any kind.

Back in the old home-place there was to be a great celebration. The missionary brother was coming home for one of his rare visits, and the reunion was to include all the widely scattered members of the large family connection. In the old home place the little mother had been the eldest daughter of the household, while the missionary brother was the younger son, and the special object of his sister's devotion and care.

The fund had grown slowly,—very slowly. Not because the hens had failed to do their duty, for they seemed to catch the contagion of her enthusiasm, and to do all within their power to help her realize her heart's desire. Nor had the butter yielded less than the usual income. On the other hand it had been uniformly good in quality, and had always commanded the highest market price.

But there had been so much to deplete the fund. First of all there was the unexpected expense of a new dress for Lois when she was asked to serve as bridesmaid for Mary Henderson. The little mother could not bear to disappoint Lois, and the pretty dress with its dainty accessories had cost so much more than she anticipated. Then there was Philip's trip to the city—Philip, who chafed under the restraints of farm life and who longed for a wider field of usefulness. To be sure he had secured the coveted position in the office of a small manufacturing concern, but his salary was barely sufficient to meet his living expenses in the city.

Last of all there was cousin Sarah's visit. Cousin Sarah was a semi-invalid, who felt the need for dainties which the farm did not afford, so the only available money was borrowed from the fund to provide her with the luxuries which seemed necessary to her comfort and happiness, and the new black taffeta dress which had been a part of the little mother's dream of delight was given up, as was also the new bonnet which she had intended to wear with it.

But despite all the inroads which had been made upon it, the fund was still of sufficient proportions to cover her traveling

expenses, and the heart of the little mother was full of joy and content. Hung away in the best room was her old black silk, turned and remodeled with the utmost care, and in its box on the shelf above was the bonnet, already in its fourth season, made smart with fresh ribbon ties and a tiny sprig of heliotrope.

"Let me see," she mused happily, "this is the fifteenth of September,—exactly a month to the day." Already the little mother fancied herself out in the apple-laden orchard, helping set the long tables under the trees, helping seat and serve the guests, helping clear the tables that there might be nothing to interfere with the celebration of the afternoon, helping everybody with everything,—the little mother was always helping.

The first Sunday in October had been set apart by the Presbytery of Blairsville as "Missionary Sunday," and in every church in the presbytery a missionary sermon was to be preached on the morning of that day. A real, live missionary was assigned to the church where the little mother worshiped and labored, and the hearts of the people were filled with the joy of anticipation. For the church had a strong missionary spirit, though it had never been in a position to make large contributions to the Board.

The speaker was an enthusiast, and the little mother's heart was stirred within her. By and by he began to dwell especially upon the different objects which might be accomplished with certain specific sums ranging upward from a single dollar.

It was when he mentioned the sum of *twenty dollars* that the struggle really began. She heard very little after that, and as she walked home through the soft October haze, the tall, wind-swept grasses seemed to twine and interlace themselves into the magical figures, and every bird-note sounded in her ears the same refrain: "Millions perishing for the Gospel, and twenty dollars hidden away in an old pewter teapot."

In the quiet of the Sunday afternoon the little mother counted over the fund once more. Down at the village store she had already exchanged the greater number of silver coins for two crisp ten dollar notes, and with these in her hand she dropped to her knees, her slight form shaken with sobs.

Two pictures rose before her. Away to the eastward she saw an old orchard, and a company of men, and women, and little children who gathered about a long table spread beneath the overhanging branches of the trees, and at the head of the table the missionary brother who had sacrificed and suffered, and endured, and triumphed in behalf of the cause to which he had many years ago dedicated his young life: And close beside him there was a vacant place,—the place she had been expected to fill.

The other canvas presented a direct contrast to this beautiful picture of home-life, depicting upon a dark background a perishing multitude, starved alike in body and in soul,—a multitude with outstretched, pleading hands, which tugged at her very heart-strings.

Upon her knees the battle was fought, inch by inch. Upon her knees the victory was won, and it was a mighty one. When she passed from the scene of conflict her face was as serene as the Sabbath evening; and in her heart was the "peace which passeth all understanding."

The Eastern mail on the following morning carried two messages from the little mother. One went to "the folks" back at the old home-place, and was full of the love and longing of her great heart. The other was addressed to the treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, and contained two crisp ten-dollar notes,—the little mother was helping.—Selected.

WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.

Let what you do not believe in alone.

You believe in Christ's holiness. Stand by that and let there be fostered in your heart the spirit of holiness.

You believe in Christ's love, let there be fostered in your heart the spirit of a pure affection, animating you in all your dealings. That is an acceptance of Christ, and is enough for a beginning, and is as much as the first disciples were equal to at the outset.

In other words, do not try to be accomplished theologians, but strive to be Christian in incarnating in your own character and life the personal truth and charm that were illustrated in the Christ.

Do not try to bring the stars down out of the sky or to measure their breadth and altitude, but stand down quietly and adoringly under the soft, mellow light that it is their sweet ambition to shed upon you.

There is too much querying about what we do not know and too little acting on the basis of what we do know, becoming so bewildered by the unsearchableness of the sky as to go stumbling along over the plain road that is marked for use on the ground.

There is no objection to astronomical research, but observatories are built on the earth, not in the air; and whether it be the secrets of the material or of the spiritual firmament that are the object of our quest, the prime secret of discovery is sincerity, and the consecrated use of what we believe to-day is the sure stepping-stone to the larger and richer belief of to-morrow.

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest

STRIKE AT THE HEART.

I heard the Bishop of Nova Scotia relate the following incident:—

One day a zealous missionary was preaching to a large assembly of Hindoos in the open air. Riding by, came the Rajah—a scoffer—followed by his splendid suite.

"Well, missionary," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"Telling these people about God," said the missionary.

"About what—God? Why, my dear fellow, you are foolish. I am God myself! See that mighty river there—the Ganges—the vast stream of water rolling on to the great ocean. Now, I'll pour the dew-drop from this leaf into the hollow of my hand. That's water, too. See yonder sun flaming in the sky? And the spark that splashes up from this match? It's the element of fire in either case. The beauty of this splendid horse, of that tiny flower, of the mighty divinity of the universe—it all differs, in degree. But it's alike in kind, beautiful beauty. God is more than I am, still we are alike. He is divine, so am I. I am God."

The people laughed and applauded. The foreigner had been worsted. The gospel seemed defeated by metaphysics. The missionary's influence seemed gone forever. But he was a man of prayer, and God showed him what to do.

"Rajah," he shouted, "are not you a liar?"

Now, the prince was a notorious cheat and liar. The people saw the point; it delighted them. Yes, the man who claimed to be God was a sinner vile. They gathered around the preacher; derisive shouts went up; the defeated infidel slunk away—to ponder, may we hope, the truth that had so roughly been pressed home upon him.

And so, may we not say to our brother, the genuine or would be infidel, "Brother, aren't you a sinner—perhaps impure, dishonest, profane, debauched; or perhaps selfish, self-righteous, unconcerned about your brother, man; your Father, God?"

Let us attack the heart—the stronghold of unbelief and all wickedness; and not engage in intellectual tournaments with the Pharisees, who would fain seek to entangle us.—War Cry.

I have come to see that cleverness, success, attainment, count for little, that goodness, or character, is the important factor in life.—G. J. Romanes.

"Give as you would to the Master, If you met His searching look; Give as you would of your substance If His hand your offering took."

KEEPING CHILDREN ON THE FARM.

The problem of the children leaving the farm is one that is more far-reaching than most people realize. It is not possible to keep all the boys and girls on the farm, for the very simple reason that there is not an opportunity on the farm for all of them to make a good living.

Every boy and every girl has an ambition to at least make a good living, and they are to be credited for the ambition. If it were possible for each one to have an opportunity to make that kind of a living on the farm, we would hear less about children leaving the farm for the city.

But under the conditions as they now are the surplus of the boys and girls will continue to leave the farms, and the best the farmer can do is to supervise their emigrations.

Many country parents are woefully ignorant of the conditions that surround their sons and daughters when they go into the cities. If it were not for this ignorance, almost no parents would permit their daughters to go into the hotels in the small or large towns as waitresses and chambermaids.

When the daughter of a farmer leaves home, it should be the business of the father and mother to know all about the employment into which they are to enter, and to know as much as possible about the conditions that surround it.

For the girl that leaves the farm home, one of the very undesirable employments is that of a waitress in a city restaurant. Her parents should keep her out of this if possible.

There are practically no safe employments away from home; especially for girls that go to a great city. Probably the safest of all is that of servant in a home, but this is not a kind of service that appeals to the Canadian farm girl.

The parents of the farm girl bent on leaving her home for employment in the city should be suspicious of all advertisements appearing in the city daily papers. Many of these advertisements are all right, but some of them are all wrong and this is not generally the fault of the publishers.

Many innocent-looking advertisements are published that really conceal traps that are carefully hidden. An advertisement that promises an easy life and good pay to girls should be looked upon with suspicion always, as there are no desirable positions of this kind begging for takers.

The farmer's son, if well-intentioned, can go to the city and find few traps waiting for him. But even in the case of the son, the help and care of the parents should be given till the boy is well started on some

career. A little help and a little supervision will often go a long way toward keeping the newly-made freeman in the right path.—Adapted.

BETTER THAN GOOD ADVICE.

There is a character in one of George MacDonald's novels, a man of culture and refinement, who had forfeited his bright prospects of promotion in a college library because he drank. Arguments and entreaties were useless; at last his friends left him to himself.

Then a student won his confidence, and became a daily companion. The drunkard was proud of the student, for whom there was promise of a brilliant career. One day, however, the young man began to drink. His friend said, he thought; then why not he?

The friend entreated him to break the habit he was forming, and pointed to himself as a warning of the results of continued indulgence. But his words had no effect, till he proposed that he would never drink again if the student would make the same promise.

So, side by side, the old man and the young man fought their battle, and won. The student took the place in life for which he was fitted; the old man became almost young again, and was given a place of responsibility in the library. What he could not be persuaded to do for his own sake he had done for the sake of a friend; and the reward came in his own life. In self-forgetfulness lies one secret of self-mastery, as well as of achievement.—The Guide.

THE GOSPEL THE ONLY CURE.

As workers with Christ and for humanity, we must never forget that love is the conquering power. It is the power by which we reach others. "The love of Christ constraineth me," said the great apostle. This it was that had mastered him and brought him into obedience to Christ; and this it was that sent him forth upon a world-mission, that men might know the love of God in Christ Jesus. "Love in the heart is power in the arm." Philanthropy must be impelled by this love-power, else will it weary in well-doing.

And, without love, social ministry only scratches the surface of human want, leaving the deeper regions of need untouched and unhelped. And hence it is that the Gospel of Christ is the world's only panacea—the gospel of divine love ministered through an agency love-inspired. All the schemes of men for social redemption can never take the place or do the work of the Gospel, for the reason that love is neither their message nor their motive.—"Michigan Presbyterian."

A WORD TO STUDENTS.

BY PRESIDENT FALCONER, TORONTO
UNIVERSITY.

Those who graduate from the University this year are, I hope, looking forward with confidence to their future. Some, it may be, aspire to undertake and accomplish tasks such as only the strong essay; others will be content to do life's average work as it comes; but whatever you set before you to perform, remember that your abiding success will be what you yourself become.

A man is far greater than the words he speaks, the professional skill he displays, the bridges he builds, or the books he writes. Those who can follow the advice of Sir Thomas Browne, "be substantially great in thyself and more than thou appearest unto others," will discover that they possess an ethical reserve which will increase with the years.

In a palimpsest manuscript the obvious surface writing may be of slight importance, while the underlying words, all but obliterated, and rendered visible only by careful treatment, are of the highest value. The worth of a man also is determined not by superficial academic distinctions which are known and read of all men, but by the reserve of character concealed under these distinctions, professional skill, or social position, and which, by the subtle treatment of life's experience, will be made to stand out clear and permanent behind all the aptitudes and acquired knowledge.

THE TRIPLE INJURY.

Talking people down behind their backs is about as ingenious and far-reaching a kind of sin as the Devil has yet invented.

Such a missile kills three birds with one stone. It injures the one talked about, the one talking, and the one talked to. A reputation is smirched every time we pass on an unnecessary criticism of a fellow-being. Our own character and self-control are weakened with every such word. And the mind of the listener is poisoned; he who ought to be helped to see and think about the best in others has been degraded, part way at least, toward the unworthiness of our own low level.

Once in a while an almost knock-out blow is given to this unworthy and unfair kind of fighting by some one's quietly mentioning a good quality in the absent person who is being criticized. This almost invariably brings gossip to an abrupt close. We shall do well to end others' gossip by this means; and we shall do still better to end our own before it begins.—S. S. Times.

THE GREATEST MARVEL.

EUGENE STOCK.

In the great Eternity which is beyond, among the many marvels that will burst upon the soul, this surely will be one of the greatest, that the Son of God came to redeem the world, that certain individuals were chosen from mankind to be the first-fruits of the new creation, that to them was committed the inconceivable honor of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to their fellow-creatures still in darkness, and that they did not do it. Centuries were allowed to move slowly by, while millions of the lost race were passing into that mysterious and awful Eternity without the knowledge of Him who died for them.

Those chosen ones in each age who knew Him were not without love and loyalty. They did glorify Him in their lives and sometimes by their deaths. They defended His truth; they cared for his poor; they gathered for His worship.

But—but—the one grand purpose of their existence, as the living, spiritual Church, that they should be witnesses unto Him "unto the uttermost parts of the earth," that they should "preach the gospel to every creature," this they failed to fulfil; it scarcely occurred to them that they had to fulfil it.

Here and there an individual among them would rise to a conception of his calling, and would spend and be spent for the perishing heathen; but the Church, the spiritual Church, was asleep.

At last some few members of it awoke. They stirred up others. The evangelization of the world was undertaken. Yet how feebly! In Eternity, we repeat, will any feature of the Past be more startling than this?

"THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS."

He will gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom. I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat bent far outward, and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel, and I said to the dragoman: "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" and the dragoman said: "It is a very young lamb he is carrying; it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom, and I said: "There it is now Israel's description of the tenderness of God."—Dr. Talmage.

Little words, not eloquent speeches, little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic or mighty martyrdom, makes up the Christian life.—Bonar.

SOMETHING ABOUT STRONG DRINK.

(Please remember that the principles and lessons in the following article, copied from "The Philadelphia West minister" regarding the drink evil in U. S. A., are the same for Canada as for U. S. A. Ed.)

"The saloon is the heaviest clog upon progress, and the deepest disgrace of our age."

It is said that an Oriental prince was once asked to name the worst of these four evils, namely, murder, robbery, unchastity, and intemperance. He passed by the first three with a shudder and named intemperance. A wise old man replied, "You have chosen that one that brings with it all the others."

Drink deadens the moral sense so that a man will strike his wife or child when drunk and commit other crimes that fill him with remorse when sober.

Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, said, "Over eighty per cent. of crime is due to liquor." That is about what all the experts say. Yet we go on drinking. We also go on selling rum.

An old-fashioned institution for the feeble-minded had a queer way of discovering real idiots among those sent to the asylum for treatment. They were put in a room overflowing with water from a running spigot and told to mop it up. A keeper explained, "Them as isn't ijots turns off the water." We act unwisely as long as we hope to free our land from drinking and drunkenness while the tap is turned on.

In Birmingham, Alabama, prohibition has been in force since January last, and during the first seven months of the year there have been 342 arrests for drunkenness, while in the same time last year there were 1237! And that record was made while the city was full of left-over liquor.

Drinking liquor is a very costly sin. It costs our people in the United States much over one billion dollars a year. We wonder whence come financial panics.

Three glasses of beer a day will cost a man fifty dollars a year, but that only begins the bill of expense. Yet that is more than many a Christian gives to keep up the services of the church.

The beer habit robs thousands of families of meat and clothes and books. It robs a wife of a good, neat husband, and children of a kind and devoted father. When liquor comes in at the door, peace and plenty fly out at the window.

It has lately been affirmed that in Great Britain there are 500,000 homes where the wives and children of drinking men know none of the joys of home.

Lady Henry Somerset deplored the fact that so many women in her native land are arrested for drunkenness. Pity it is that number is constantly increasing. God save our country from a like disgrace.

Our wise young people will let liquor severly alone. Give it the go-by. Stonewall Jackson said he never used strong drink, and was more afraid of it than Yankee bullets.

Every drunkard is made by the effort to be a moderate drinker. There is a difference between the moderate and immoderate drinker: the moderate drinker could stop drinking if he would; the immoderate drinker would if he could.

The young men of our country should be warned lovingly against the dangers of beer-drinking. It is especially dangerous because of the lying arguments constantly put forth by brewers that beer is a food, a valuable tonic, safe and wholesome. It is nothing of the kind. It is full of poison, and made from almost everything but hops. A long string of poisons are employed in its brewing. A saloon-keeper says it rots fingers, shoe-leather, clothes, and he believes it would rot iron, and he says further that he sells it but does not drink it. A user of beer stricken with pneumonia or typhoid fever has few chances for recovery. Better let it alone.—In the Philadelphia "Westminster."

DRUDGERY.

It was to drudgery that the old masters owed their success and fame. Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, posting himself on every curve, and convolution, and angle, and elevation, and depression of the human body, and this drudgery determined his style. In painting he prepared his own colours; neither servants nor students dare mix them.

Raphael, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, gained his success by keeping constantly at his chosen profession. "I've made it my principle," said he, never to neglect anything."

Da Vinci often went to work at daybreak and did not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink till the light had left him.

Millais said, "I work harder than any ploughman; my advice to boys is, 'Work.'"

Drudgery is the secret of success every time. The old German inscription on a key, "If I rest, I rust," is as true of men as it is of the iron in the key. To be bright and shining, to be successful and consequently happy, we must keep ourselves polished with the oil of work.

One of the chief lessons young men must learn is the nobleness of drudgery, doing that which may not have any immediate effect in stimulating the best powers, and which but remotely may serve the purpose of general advancement. It is our business to contribute to the general wealth of life—others sacrificed for us—and the one who ignores his obligation to serve his generation is a traitor to the race.—Ex.

REMEMBER THE ABSENT CHILDREN.

Much has been said and written about children that leave the home nest, and neglect to write regularly to their parents. This worthy but well-worked theme suggests another, equally important, though less prominent. Parents and guardians should remember absent children with regular letters and gifts.

Several years ago, two girls that had been neighbors roomed together in a distant city. Margaret Jones and her mother exchanged letters twice each week, but homesick Nell Reeves was unsuccessful in obtaining regular answers to the letters mailed at fortnightly intervals.

"Our folks hear frequently from me; so they know I'm well and all about my small hopes and plans, but father and mother literally starve me to death for home news. Six weeks since I've received a line," sobbed the neglected girl, while the sympathizing Margaret, sitting opposite, was engaged in reading a long, "homey" letter from her mother.

Nell's parents talked and fretted a great deal over her absence, but knew she would hear of them through the letters Mrs. Jones sent to Margaret, therefore did not take time to write often themselves.

A young man, who was devoted to his home, complained that, though he heard regularly from his parents and sisters, he had never received a gift from them. He went twice to the post-office on his birthday, also twice on Christmas, which occurred a week later, with the lingering hope that there might be a package from home.

"I really didn't expect anything," he explained with a downcast air to a friend, "but hope is the hardest thing in existence to kill."

Yet this young man never failed to remember each member of the home circle with birthday and Christmas presents, which were received as a matter of course by the recipients. Joe was earning lots of money; why shouldn't he send them gifts? He could afford to get everything he needed, hence wouldn't care for simple things from home. The time eventually came when people wondered why so fine a fellow as Joe Thompson drifted so young from under the sway of home influences.

A marked contrast is the case of Tom Gleeson. Tom was considered rather giddy when he went to the city, but he was bound so firmly to the home circle that temptations could not touch him at all.

"Haven't time for your kind of fun, Dick," he said in answer to his roommate's invitation to spend the evening in questionable amusements. "This is mother's night. She is laid up with rheumatism this winter, and

depends on me for entertainment. I want to write her a description of the new music-hall this evening. The description I sent her of the art gallery has been printed in our local paper.

Mother writes me all the home news, and not a week passes without a remembrance from some member of the family. This week the gift was a tiny curl from Trix's head. Trix is our beautiful brown and white water-spaniel. Dear doggie! we count him in with the rest of the family. Last week I got a few autumn leaves from our big maple-tree. It would pay you to see that tree, Dick. There is not another maple-tree exactly like ours. Mother wrote me almost a volume about its wonderful beauty.

My little sister sends home-made taffy, acorns, buckeyes, pebbles, clover blossoms, and bits of moss, gathered in the old yard. Father remembers me with such funny things! Why, once he even sent a big sunflower. I couldn't help crying when I opened the box. It reminded me so much of home. No, siree, Dick; our folks never fail me, and I will never fail nor disappoint them."

Dick's face was a study. "I haven't heard from home for a month," he grumbled in a defiant tone. "When they don't care, why should I?" He immediately left the comfortable room to join a crowd of foolish young men whose influence was extremely harmful.

Children should not forget the old folks; but, on the other hand, parents should bind the pleasures and interests of the home, simple as these may be, with the cords of love around the hearts of their children. Scores of young people can testify that the weekly letters and gifts from home saved them in the hour of temptation.—In C. E. World.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A story is told of a little shepherd boy who was obliged to keep watch over the sheep, and so could not go to church. He had, however, never been taught any prayer, and so kneeling down he began with closed eyes and folded hands, saying the alphabet, "A, B, C, D," and so on to the end. "What are you doing, my little man." said a gentleman passing by.

"Please sir, I was praying," replied the boy.

"But why are you saying your letters?"

"Why," said the little fellow, "I didn't know any prayer, only I felt I wanted God to take care of my sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew He would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! He will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong," said the gentleman.—Sel.

HOW THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

While the cobbler mused there passed his
pane

A beggar drenched by the driving rain,
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of faggots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.

Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest.
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray;
"Why is it, Lord, that Your feet delay?
Did You forget that this was the day?"

Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

A DEADLY SIN.

Covetousness seems a trivial fault. It is not heresy; it is not a blasphemy; it is not a positive hurt to others; it is simply a disease of the individual soul.

Yet I do not know of any sin to which the Old Testament, attaches such a stigma. "The covetous renounceth the Lord." You will observe it is not said: "The Lord renounceth the covetous." The renunciation is on the human side—on the side of the covetous man himself.

A greater stigma could not be attached to any sin. Many a heretic longs for God; many an agnostic thirsts for God; many a blasphemer speaks in an hour of madness what is not the voice of his sober mind. But to renounce God, to calmly refuse his advances, to repudiate his fellowship, to shut the door deliberately against him—this is the acme of antagonism.

And why has covetousness incurred this deadly imputation? Is it because the spirit of covetousness is the extreme opposite of the Spirit of God. It is more extreme than

atheism. Atheism only fails to see a divine Being; covetousness sees him quite well and admires not his beauty. That which the covetous man admires is God's opposite.—Dr. George Matheson, in the London Christian World.

MY NEW YEAR'S ANGELS.

It was New Year's Eve and I was lying on the couch, resting after a hard week and also making good resolutions for the coming year. The warmth from the wood fire mingled with the fragrance of heliotrope together with my excessive weariness made me drowsy, and presently I slept.

Suddenly I saw beside me two angels in soft white robes. They carried between them a pair of golden scales. I gazed up into their beautiful, shining faces, and trembled as I looked, I knew not why.

"Fear not," said the elder of the two, "we will be loving as well as just," then turning to his companion he said in a low voice:

"We will weigh her faults first."

I shuddered for I knew their enormity.

The low voice continued and I listened breathless. "Vainglory, false pride, a quick temper, narrow-mindedness, bitterness, covetousness," but here the voice broke and I was startled to see tears in the angel's eyes, a pained look on the lovely face. I never realized before the grief of the angels in heaven when I sin. I opened my lips to say how sorry I was, but a gentle hand mentioned me to silence and the voice went on, "Anger."

I bowed my head, but the younger of the two interrupted with,

"She has virtues, let me name them and place them in the scales."

"Very well," returned the first angel.

"Generosity, a tender heart, a willingness to help in any way those who are in trouble or sorrow and," here the angel paused.

"Can you not think of other virtues," asked the elder angel.

"No," softly and sadly replied the younger.

The golden scales were lovingly held before me and I could only cry as I raised my eyes and looked above and beyond the angels to my Father in heaven.

"Please, dear Lord, do not weigh my merits, but pardon my offences, for Christ's sake, Amen."

I awoke.—Ex.

The liquor interest knows neither morality nor compassion. That a thing so brutal should control politics is a disgrace to popular government.—Philadelphia, Westminster.

The Children's Pages.

GET IT DONE.

BY REV. F. W. MURRAY, NOVA SCOTIA.

A building contractor, not long since, put a man not twenty years of age, in charge of the work. In reply to a question about putting a youth like that ahead so fast, his answer was, "He never bothers me about the troubles on the job, and he gets the work done!"

There were the usual disappointments. Lumber did not arrive on time. Some of the help was indifferent, and hard to get work out of. The season was an unusually busy one. But the young foreman said nothing of these things. He simply made out his orders and got them filed as best he could and got all the work he could from the class of help he had, and—he got the work done.

That was the important thing; he got the work done. That is a point that counts greatly. We may be peculiar in one way or another, but, if we can get the work done that is an essential thing.

No one wants to hear much about our difficulties. Very few will know anything about them if we do not advertise them. But a good many will be able to appreciate the fact that we get the work done. The public may say little in the way of appreciation. But a finished job carries its own recommendation.

There are limitations in every occupation. Things may seem to go smoothly. But, if they do, it is because someone is working and working constantly. That is the only way work ever gets done. People who groan over their limitations, or the difficulties in the way, get very few responsible jobs in these days, for such men cannot "make good."

Work can always be done. It always will be done. And the men who can get it done will be increasingly needed.—Ex.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A lady in Scotland, whose husband had left her a competence, had two profligate sons who wasted her substance with riotous living.

When she saw that her property was being squandered, she determined to make an offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds and gave it to the London Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry at this, and told her she might as well cast the money into the sea. "I will cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters."

The sons, having spent all they could obtain, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to

India. Their positions were far apart, but God so ordered in His providence that both were stationed near good missionaries. The elder one was led to repent of sin and embrace Christ. He died shortly afterward.

Meanwhile the widowed mother was praying for her boys. One evening as she was taking down the family Bible to read, the door softly opened and the younger son appeared to greet the aged mother. He told her he had turned to God and Christ had blotted out all his sin.

Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the cross had had on his own mind, while his mother with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed, "Oh, my twenty pounds! I have cast my bread upon the waters, and now I have found it after many days."—Gospel in All Lands.

THE SCOTTISH SAILOR.

James Henry Potts, D.D., in his book, "The Upward Leading," tells this story:

"A Highland boy, whose parents had taught him to honour God, became a marine on board a British man-of-war. A battle rages. The deck is swept by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. The captain, James Haldane, a profane man, orders another company on deck to take the place of the dead. At sight of the mangled remains of their comrades, the marines become panic-stricken and ungovernable. The captain raves at them blasphemously.

"Up steps the pious Highlander, a man now full grown, and touching his hat, says: 'Captain, I believe God hears prayer, if He hears yours, what will become of us?' When the battle was over, Captain Haldane reflected on the words of the brave marine, became interested in the claims of religion, surrendered his heart to God, became a preacher of the Gospel and pastor of a church in Edinburgh.

"Through his instrumentality, his brother, Robert Haldane, was brought to reflection, became a decided Christian, settled in Geneva, stirred up Protestantism there, and became the means of leading a large number of theological students in the light, among the number being J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, author of the immortal "History of the Reformation," and the father of the Rev. Dr. d'Aubigne, whose visit to the United States served to create new interest in the evangelical religion of France."

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

THE FATE OF A BORROWED PENCIL.

"What is the matter, Elizabeth? what are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying. I'm just th-thinking." Elizabeth's handkerchief made two sly dabs at her reddened eyelids, as she stifled a sob and bent her eyes diligently upon her spelling book.

"Excuse me. I thought I heard you sob, but I must have been mistaken," Miss Moses said, as she passed quietly down the aisle to her desk.

Elizabeth kept her eyes fastened upon her spelling book until she could spell every word either up or down the column.

"I wish I hadn't touched Arline Warren's box of pencils," she sighed, as another hysterical sob was stifled in the depths of handkerchief.

"I don't suppose she ever would think that I lost the pencil," she began to assure herself, and as the thought took possession of her mind her face suddenly brightened. "What is the use of saying anything about it, anyway," she went on reasoning. "It isn't at all likely she will ask me if I took it; and if she should happen to, I only have to tell her—tell her—well, it is time enough to think up an answer then." This decision reached, Elizabeth stuck her wet handkerchief up her sleeve and went to work on her history lesson.

When Miss Moses again passed down the aisle Elizabeth's face showed no trace of its recent disturbance save a pair of slightly reddened eyelids. Several times during the hour preceding the noon recess, however, Elizabeth found herself mechanically pulling the books out of her desk, and passing her hand along the empty space as if feeling for something.

But when a thing is lost, it is lost, whether it be a pencil of your own, or one that belongs to somebody else. And each time the books were shoved back with a mental determination not to do such a foolish thing again.

At dinner, Elizabeth was unusually silent.

"What is the matter with you, Beth? You're as grumpy as if you'd been doing something you were ashamed of," was her brother Ralph's teasing comment, after two or three unsuccessful attempts to unloosen her tongue.

Elizabeth gave a guilty start and immediately broke into an erratic outburst of conversation as perplexing to her hearers as her silence had been.

"Oh, dear! I wish that box of pencils was at the bottom of the Red Sea!" Elizabeth ejaculated, as soon as she was a safe distance from the house, on her way back to

school. "I wish Arline would miss the old pencil, and have it over with," she went on, soliloquizing, as she walked slowly into the school yard.

As if in answer to her wish, Arline suddenly appeared before her with the ill-fated box of pencils in her hand.

"Just see, Elizabeth! one of my pencils is missing! Something is always sure to happen if you stay at home from school, if it is only for a day. Did you see anyone at my desk while I was absent?" was Arline's excited greeting.

Elizabeth drew back, and then as suddenly controlled herself. The ready lie leaped to her tongue;—not a black lie, she assured herself, for how could she have seen the guilty person when it was she who had done the deed?

"No, Arline, I haven't seen anyone at your desk. Are you sure the pencils are not all there? Perhaps you have counted wrong." How easy it was to go on, now that she had started. But this should be the last time. If she succeeded in escaping detection this time, nothing should ever again tempt her to borrow anything from an absent pupil; of this she was determined.

Fortunately, Arline was of a sunny disposition, and the loss of her pencil was soon forgotten. Elizabeth was her dearest friend; and when she saw her moping round for the next day or two, she used every art at her command to bring a smile to her face.

"What can be the matter with her?" she asked herself, one morning, as Elizabeth hurried past her with only a nod, pleading as an excuse for her unwonted haste that she must look over her English before the school hour, as she had neglected to prepare it the night before.

"I'll ask her right out what the matter is. That is the surest way of getting at it." With this resolve in her mind, Arline hurried after her friend, and linking an arm within Elizabeth's, said, in her usual frank, outspoken manner: "You have acted so strangely for the last few days, Elizabeth, that I want you to tell me what it all is about. If I have done anything to offend you, dear, I am willing to be forgiven. Come! make a clean breast of it and let's be friends again."

Elizabeth was taken entirely by surprise, and therefore off guard. Her face flushed and she shrank from Arline's clinging arm and appeared so altogether upset that Arline impulsively burst forth:

"If we had not been friends for so long, Elizabeth, I certainly should say that you had been doing something that you were ashamed of. I never knew you to act so queerly. You never speak to me if you can avoid doing so; and it all has come about since the day I was absent from

school and lost that horrid pencil, I wish"—

Before Arline could voice her wish, Elizabeth seized the hand which had been withdrawn from her arm at the beginning of her friend's passionate outburst, and said in a husky voice: "Arline, I borrowed that pencil and lost it. I hadn't the courage to tell you so when you asked me about it, and so I l-l-ied to you! O Arline I have been so m-m-miserable! I have almost wished I could go away where I never should see you again!"

"And is this all that has been the matter?" exclaimed Arline, as she twined her arms about the sobbing girl. What if they were in the street! "Friends have a right to make up anywhere," she insisted, as Elizabeth, with an hysterical sob, wondered if anyone was looking at them.

"I felt sure that miserable old pencil was at the bottom of it all," Arline declared as the two entered the school yard with arms interlaced; a custom that had been interrupted during these four wretched days.

"I think, after all, that the pencil had less to do with it than the lie," Elizabeth asserted, in her usual straightforward manner,—“the trouble all began with that—O Arline!”

"What in the world is the matter now? are you going to faint? You are as white as a sheet."

Elizabeth's only answer was a slow withdrawing of her hand from her coat pocket.

"What have you found, you silly girl? If it were a gold mine you couldn't make more fuss about it!" ejaculated her friend, her patience nearly exhausted by Elizabeth's unusual behavior.

"A gold mine in my pocket couldn't make me any happier than this, Arline," Elizabeth exclaimed, holding up to view a long red lead pencil. "I must have slipped it into my pocket instead of putting it into my desk when Jane Sanderson asked me to let her take it, because she saw the point was sharp, to write her name on her history paper. I remember I wore my coat into school that morning because it was cold. I borrowed your pencil for the same purpose, because I saw that it was nicely sharpened when you were using it the day before. Now it's all out; there's nothing more to confess, and I am the happiest girl in Weston."

The sob which choked her voice was this time a sob of joy.

"Dear me, don't strangle me, Elizabeth!" Arline said, in a laughing tone, although her eyes were misty; "we will use the box of pencils together, hereafter."

But Elizabeth firmly declared that one of the pencils had already caused her so much trouble that she never wanted to see another. "It would be forever reminding me of that horrid lie I told," she insisted.

And no amount of persuasion ever could tempt her to use one.—S. S. Visitor.

HUMOUR OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

"When we first began work in Chin Chow," says a well-known medical missionary, "I went to visit a mandarin's wife. It is the Chinese custom to give you tea and cakes before allowing you to see the patient. I told them I hadn't come to feed; but to see the lady.

She was lying on a bed, which was curtained round. A male doctor is not allowed to see the patient, so the usual thing is to have a slit in the curtain, and the patient's hand is pushed out as far as the wrist, a book being placed under the hand to steady the pulse. A Chinaman thinks you can diagnose any thing—even a housemaid's knee—by feeling the pulse.

The mandarin's wife was suffering from an illness which necessitated the use of the stethoscope; and I suggested throwing the curtains on one side. This simply horrified them. I indignantly made tracks for the door; but when they found that I really insisted on a proper examination, they thought better of it. After I had attended the woman for three weeks she recovered.

I remember one of her attendants who, whenever he saw me, used to cry out: 'The foreign devil's coming!' This man, later on, had an ulcer in his leg, and came to our hospital. To make a long story short, he was cured, but it had to be done by skin-grafting. None of my students were willing to part with a bit of skin, so I took a piece off my own leg, and put it on his.

"Now," I said, as he was leaving the hospital, "you will not call me 'foreign devil' any more." And why?" said he. "Because," I said, "you will remember that you are a bit of a foreign devil yourself, you know!"—"Daybreak."

BE HONEST.

The great explorer, David Livingstone, writes in one of his books: "Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only part of the traditions I feel proud of is this: One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that when he was on his deathbed, he called all his children around him and said.

"Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you, or any of your children; should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you, Be honest."—The Children's Friend.

PETER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

There was no denying the fact that Peter Larkin was a hard case. No one could say that he ever had done anything specially bad. "That will probably come as he grows older," had been said with a groan by some of those in the little chapel who were striving to win the boys in its neighborhood, to pure lives, and true manhood.

Peter was a knotty problem. His honest face, the frank eyes with which he looked straight into the eyes of those who could hold his attention long enough to catch their natural expression, made one feel sure that slyness or underhand dealing could not be numbered among his faults. The trouble seemed to be a wide streak of perversity, causing a stubborn resistance to all attempts to tame him.

"I don't believe there's any good in him," said Ned Brand.

"Oh, we'll not say that," said Miss Janet, his Sunday-school teacher. "The thing is to get down to the good. You should have seen the grace with which he picked up my bag the other day when I dropped it on the sidewalk. Handed it back to me like any little gentleman."

"He might have run away with it," admitted Ned.

"Yes," said Miss Janet. "Now, if only we could hold Peter down long enough to get to the good that must be somewhere in him. Don't you think you could get him to come here? If we could manage to interest him at first, he might keep on."

The boys promised to try, but still with the underlying feeling that there was not much good lying loose anywhere in Peter's make-up.

He came, but the result was not encouraging. Taking his seat next the aisle he tripped up the small boys who passed him. He whispered loudly, entered into small scuffles with boys who sat near, and made those who were farther away laugh at his grotesque grimaces. Finally, in the moment in which the teacher began to hope that she was engaging his attention, he got up and stamped noisily out at the door, giving a long, loud, whoop as he rushed away.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Ned.

"But," Miss Janet said, "we'll not give him up yet."

So no opportunity for a pleasant word with him was lost. It became known that his home life was unhappy, that he lived with a dissolute father who gladly would have taken him from school and put him to work, but that Peter, having a taste for what he learned there, co-operated with the authorities who saw that children of the poor were given a fair chance.

By degrees Peter got into a way of listening for the pleasant words, so rarely coming into his forlorn life. Many times he lingered about the small building, sometimes with a wistful look that led Miss Janet to the belief that with a little more coaxing he might be persuaded to come among them. But the boys who formed the soliciting committee, headed by Ned, said:

"We'll leave him alone a little longer. All he wants is a chance to make a disturbance again."

Ned and Sam, who as time went on, had constituted themselves staunch supporters of everything connected with the little chapel, were one evening going by it when Sam suddenly grasped his companion's arm with a suppressed, "St—what's that?"

On one side of the little building was an alley, now in deep shadow. Through a chink in the wall bounding it, they saw something which looked suspicious.

"What are they up to?" said Ned below his breath.

"That is more than I can tell, Ned."

Two boys, larger than themselves, were silently busy close to the wall of the building, piling up fragments of wood and paper. Ned grasped Sam's arm in excitement, both knowing what it meant. The stand taken by the chapel people against neighboring saloons had aroused deep indignation among some of the surrounding dwellers, and many threats had been made.

"Look there!" again whispered Sam. In still deeper shadow stood a boy, evidently, like themselves, watching what was going on.

"That's Peter, waiting to give notice if anybody comes. Let's run for the police."

But sooner than might have been looked for, a brisk little flame shot up from the kerosene-soaked combustibles.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried Sam, and both rushed to prevent the mischief. But the wall was too high to climb and they had to run some distance to get around.

In those precious moments the lightly built little structure might have been in serious danger, but for something which caused the two to pause for a moment in surprise. For, eyes as quick as their own had caught the first gleam of fire, and Peter sprang forward with a shriek which frightened the incendiaries, who melted into the darkness, while he threw himself on the threatening peril. Pulling, stamping and kicking—at first, single-handed, he fought bravely. But willing hands soon joined his, and only a few minutes had passed before the three were gazing at each other over the subdued foe.

"Did you get burned, Peter?"

"No," growled Peter.

"If it hadn't been for you the whole thing would have burned up."

"Me, nothing," said Peter turning his back and walking away.

Once a week those interested in the chapel exercises gathered for an evening of a little study, with a great deal in the way of songs and games—a "regular good time," the boys called it. As the evening succeeding the attempt at burning the building approached, a little more than the ordinary stir might have been noted. Pictures were hung, vines draped, and recitations studied.

Ned and Sam had bound themselves to every effort within human means to see that Peter should be present. As the hour approached they "lay low" for him, knowing about the time when he would come out from his miserable home and stray about aimlessly, trying to weary away time before going back.

"We're going to have a good time tonight, Pete!"

"I know what you mean," said Peter shortly, "but I'm none of your goody sort."

"We're not that sort either. We're too jolly for that. Just come, and look on."

As the boys gathered later, Peter hung about those in the rear and did not resent it when Ned offered a word of kindly encouragement.

Many of the company must have had a sly understanding, for as they crowded in, Peter seemed, in spite of himself, to be in their midst. And in the walk down the aisle—how was it that he was getting nearer and nearer the front, never suspecting the cunning of the concerted movement by which others quietly fell back until he found himself among the very foremost.

He could not help it, as he was still pressed on, until, before he realized, he was occupying a seat which he thought unpleasantly prominent.

This, however, was soon forgotten in the interest of what was going on about him, and he laughed and stamped with the others, finding it good for a while to forget the troubles of his unhappy life.

After much of the jolly doings a man began talking about a boy who had done some good, brave thing. It did not at first quite appear what, but as he went on, telling about the kind of boy of whom such things might be expected, Peter thought it would be nice to be such a boy. Faces grew brighter, boys laughed, and clapped their hands, and there was at length a shriek of noisy enthusiasm as the man said:

"We all are proud to be friends of this boy who by his quickness in seeing a thing to be done, and his bravery in doing it, saved this house from burning the other night."

And, could it be? That compelling hand had urged him to his feet, and it was he upon whom all those eyes were turning in kind friendliness, he of whom such things were being said and such thoughts being thought.

"It's all a mistake." Peter had lingered until all this, and much more was over, and then, in the quiet, sought speech with the man who had talked of him. "It sounded real good, but I'm not that sort of boy."

A kindly hand was laid on the boy's shoulder. "We all like you. And if there was any mistake, you can set it right if you're not that sort. You can be, you know."

"I will be, if I can," said Peter humbly.
—S. S. Visitor.

GETTING THE WORST OF IT.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them."

So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know that I may not cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose the berries, you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence, or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind; the one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.—Selected.

The boy who refuses to follow the rules of arithmetic will never get his sums right. We all recognize that. But the kindred fact that the boy who refuses to follow the Ten Commandments will never get life right, we sometimes forget. Yet one is as true as the other.

During the whole time that Christ was on earth only one person gave enough to attract His attention. She gave all she had. He gave Himself.

"PROBABLY YOU ARE TOO GOOD."**A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.**

I recently heard a charming story. It is Japanese. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its peaceableness and content.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humbler friend and asked him where he thought the trouble lay.

"I have land enough, and house enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied thoughtfully, "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on a rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats, I immediately break out with, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right.'

"But the maid will not have it that way! She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief, and with beaming face cries, 'Oh, master, what a blunderbus I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.'

"You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well, that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling."

And the rich man, after thinking a moment, slowly said, 'I see it all. It would be very different at our house. I would turn to the maid with, 'Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build.' And the maid sullenly mutters, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room and get in busy people's way.' I guess you are right, we are all too good—or at least we think we are."

Here is a pretty dog story, which is also quite true.

During one of the latest birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair."

She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her, as though fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal.

When she had finished, he came and put his paw very gently into her hand, and licked her check.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side while she was indoors, and when she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—Scot-tish-American.

THE CRIPPLE AND HIS FATHER.

Not even the wide-flapping trousers of his sailor suit could wholly hide the slender form wasting away from lack of use. Smoldering brown eyes illuminated the little face, made wizened by hours of pain, as he smiled up at the tall man at his side, who, broad of shoulder and strong of face, smiled back encouragingly.

A troop of small boys noisily invaded the car at the next station. Reckless in their good spirits, one of their number was roughly pushed against a crutch, causing it to fall to the floor. The man's eyes blazed more with anguish than with anger as he exclaimed harshly, "Be careful!"

The sturdy urchins, awed by what had occurred, subsided in seats opposite. The man looked over their heads into space. The child looked first at the boys, then with questioning eyes back at the man.

"Father," he whispered, as he lightly touched his sleeve, "would you love me better if I were like those boys?"

The man gave a startled glance across the aisle at "those boys," insolent in their perfect health and boyhood vigor, then tightly grasping the hand nearest to him said, "No, son, I love you better than all the world—just as you are."—Selected.

FLOWERS FROM A ROCK.

A Tale of an Abandoned Criminal.

The Baroness von Wrede is the daughter of a former Governor-General of Finland. When quite a girl, her heart and life were surrendered to Christ, and sanctified by His Spirit.

She began to seek for souls in the convict-prisons of Finland when about nineteen years of age, her father's high position giving her access to places to which ordinary persons would have been curtly denied permission.

For years her influence for good among the convicted criminal classes of Finland has been extraordinary.

In her early womanhood she appeared to be the victim of a rapid decline, and the doctors gave but little hope that her life could be saved. Her father was in an agony of grief.

"Oh, Matilda!" he cried, "what can I do to save you? Will you not try to get well again? Will you arouse and determine to recover if I promise to give you a house, an institute, for your prisoners' mission?"

"Yes, dear father," she replied, her eyes sparkling brightly at the prospect, "indeed I will; God helping me, I will be strong again."

She made a good recovery, and gained the house for her prisoners; and, in addition, a considerable extent of land. For her overjoyed father, as a thank-offering, made over to her one of his estates in Finland. To this day it is being used for the reception of discharged prisoners who give signs of sincere penitence and a genuine desire for reformation. One of her brothers (a man like-minded with herself) takes the oversight of this humane and Christian enterprise.

On one occasion the Baroness, calling at a prison on her customary visitation, was informed that a particularly violent and ferocious criminal was in his cell awaiting trial and punishment. He was charged with the commission of no fewer than eighteen murders, some of them being of peculiar atrocity.

"Let me see him," she begged of the Governor.

The Governor smiled pityingly upon her. "My dear child, I could not think of such a thing."

"But I must see him. God can save even such as he! Where is his cell?"

It was not difficult to discover the cell, for there were several armed warders on guard outside the heavy door.

"Open, and let me go in!" she demanded. "I really dare not let you risk your life. It is far too unsafe. He is almost a maniac!" said the alarmed Governor.

However, the young Christian worker declared she was willing to take all risk, and insisted on gaining admittance to the cell;

so, with great reluctance, and many protests, they yielded.

"Please do not touch the little slide in the door to peep in; nor interrupt us while I am in there!" was her parting request to the little group of amazed officials who stood in the corridor.

Then the warden turned his key and withdrew the bolts, and, cautiously opening the door a little way, the heroine glided inside. A slight rattle of chains directed her attention to the object of her search, stretched at full length upon his hard bench.

He was a huge, massive, giant of a man. Quickly she walked to where he lay, and stooped slightly over him.

"Are you awake?" she inquired.

The murderer gave a sudden start, as if electrified. It was almost a leap bodily into the air; and his heavy irons clanked loudly as he fell back upon the bench.

"I have come to see you," she said gently.

There was no answer.

"Won't you talk to me?"

"Who are you?" he inquired fiercely.

"I am a friend. I want to be kind to you, and to help you."

"Who sent you here?"

"I have come of my own wish, for your sake."

"I could kill you with one blow! Get out of my cell!" he cried hoarsely, and his chains rattled again with the violence of his passion.

"But you won't kill me," she replied, with a silvery little laugh. "That would not be any use. I want to do you good, not harm—to speak to you about the Lord Jesus."

"Go away, I tell you! I will not listen." Again the rattling clicks, as the ruffian put up his hands to his ears.

"Then I shall pray for you at home; and I shall come to see you again soon. We all need forgiveness; and, when I pray, I shall ask God to forgive you as well as myself. Good-bye!"

The prisoner made no reply, and she left the cell as quietly as she had entered. Again and again the Baroness visited that criminal, and gently pleaded with his seared and deadened conscience.

"I want to know who you are?" he asked on one occasion, curiosity overcoming his petulance.

"I am the daughter of Baron von Wrede," she replied.

The prisoner stared at her.

"You never mean to tell me that a morsel like you are the daughter of that fine handsome man!" he exclaimed.

"Of course I am," she said. "We cannot all be handsome and tall like my father and you!"

At this pleasant compliment his hostility completely collapsed. He was silent for a minute or two.

"It is not the least use your talking to me," he resumed. "Nobody can do me any good. My heart is a rock!"

"How glad I am to hear you say that!" she answered brightly.

"What do you mean?" he inquired, angrily.

"I am glad your heart is a rock," she explained; "for I have seen flowers, yes, and sometimes even trees, growing from the rock, and so have you. A tiny seed falls into a crevice in the side of the rock, and takes root, and grows, and covers the rock with beauty. So I hope some word the Lord will give me for you, may take root in your rocky heart, and grow, I am praying that it may be so."

And it was so. Her prayers were answered. That cruel unmanageable murderer became a changed man. God gave her that soul. His ferocity left him. With deep penitence he took his awful crimes to Him who said, "I will in no wise reject him that comes."

"Lions and beast and savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb."

—Bright Words.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

One day, as Dr. Leighton Parks, now rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, was in his study, a young Japanese called upon him.

When the maid opened the door, the young man entered very abruptly, and said, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the beautiful life?"

Dr. Parks answered. "Do you wish to talk with me about religion?"

"No, sir, I merely want to find out about the beautiful life."

"Have you ever read the Bible?"

"Yes, sir, I have read some, but I don't like the Bible."

"Have you ever been to church?"

"Yes, I have been twice, but I don't like the church. I am trying to find the beautiful life. Many of your people do just as our Japanese people do; they are bad, they cheat, and tell lies, and yet they are Christians. That is not what I want. I do not want your religion. But there is something I want, I cannot tell what it is; I call it the beautiful life, and they told me perhaps you could tell me about it."

"Where did you ever hear about it?"

"I never heard about it, but I saw a man in a boarding house in San Francisco, soon after I landed—a poor old man, not an educated man like myself, who have studied in a university in Japan, and now am studying in one of your great universities; a poor man he was, a carpenter, but he had what all my life I have wanted.

I have thought it might be in the world, but I have never seen it in my own country. I call it the beautiful life. How can I find it? This old man went about helping everybody; he was always happy; he never

thought about himself. I knew him three weeks, and watched him all the time, and I felt that I must have what he had. I have seen some other people who have it. I do not know what it is. It cannot be your religion, because you do not all have it."

Dr. Parks read him the thirteenth chapter of the First Book of Corinthians—that beautiful "love chapter" that means so much to us, and asked:

"Is that it?"

The Japanese said, "Yes, perhaps. It sounds like it; but how can I get it?" Then Dr. Parks took that wonderful story of the perfectly beautiful life, and tried to tell him very simply, and said:

"Now you have just to follow that Life."

And then as he was obliged to go, he gave him a copy of the New Testament. The Japanese said:

"Can you not give me a more modern book? You know, the Japanese are very up to date."

But he said: "No, it is not in any other book, although I can give you some other books that will help you; but this is the one Book you need. You may study it, and pray that light may be given you to live this beautiful life."

Dr. Parks heard nothing from the young man for a year or two, and then received a letter saying:

"I am called back to my own country to an important position. Before I go, I must see you. May I call at a certain hour?"

As he could not be at home at that hour, Dr. Parks wrote that he would see him the following day. But when the following day came, the man did not appear, and he gave him up. The next day, however, just at noon, he burst in as he had done before, very abruptly, saying:

"My train leaves at two o'clock. I must take that train to catch the steamer at San Francisco, to go back to my own country. I have something to tell you."

But he did not need to tell one word. It was all written on that radiant face.

"Sir, I have found the beautiful life. I have found Jesus," he exclaimed; and then, unable to linger, he went back to his own country to tell the people of the Life once lived here on earth, and lived here again in the lives of God's children to-day—The Churchman.

At the recent great Young People's missionary meeting in Pittsburgh, it was stated that 17,000 persons had pursued a mission study course the year that move was inaugurated; but so rapidly had the idea grown, that in 1907, the fifth year of mission study classes, 100,000 persons had enrolled as members.

In Burmah there are 219,000 Burmese Christian and 200,000 Christian Karens, and 500 self-supporting churches.

FAITH FOR A SIXPENCE.

I was walking along the streets of London one cold and wet night with a despondent friend, trying to cheer him, and longing to see a spark of hope kindled in his heart.

In our walk we arrived at Victoria Station. While talking together, a little girl stepped forward with matches and said, "Any light, sir?"

"No, Topsy," I replied, "I don't want any; I don't smoke."

"Oh, but please, sir, do buy a box!" she persisted, in a pleading tone.

"No, no; run away, Topsy," I continued; "I have no use for lights."

But still she persisted. At last, seeing her earnestness, I asked her what she did all day, and at what time she was going home, for it was then past ten o'clock.

"Oh," she replied, "I go to school in the day, and after four o'clock I come out here."

"But why do not your father and mother take care of you?"

"Father has run away, and mother is ill in bed."

"And what do you come out here for?"

"I come and stay here till I have taken sixpence."

"But you don't always take sixpence, do you?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"But you won't get sixpence to-night."

"Yes, I shall, sir."

"Well, how much have you now?"

She seemed inclined not to let me know, but I said, "Come, Topsy, you must tell me all about it." So, half afraid, she drew some coppers from a pocket in her cotton dress and counted out threepence half penny.

"Well now, you will never get sixpence to-night," I said.

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered, "I shall. I always take home sixpence."

"Now, Topsy, tell me what makes you sure of getting sixpence?"

For some time she would not answer, but after a little pressing she said: "Because, before I come out, I kneel down by my mother's bed and say the Lord's Prayer, and mother says our Father will help me to get sixpence; and He always does."

"Oh, but I thought you said your father had run away?"

"Don't you know, sir," she simply asked, "that we have a Father in heaven?"

"Yes, but you don't mean to say He hears you about a sixpence?"

"Yes, He does, sir; and He will send me sixpence."

"Well, if I were to give you twopence halfpenny, what would you do?"

"Why, sir, I should run home to mother, because my Father had given me all I asked for."

It was needless to say that the twopence halfpenny was produced, and suitably acknowledged by the little one, who merrily tripped home.

I turned to my friend, who all this time had stood by without saying a word; our glances met, and my only remark was: "There, H., you have got your lesson."

We forthwith separated—I to my bachelor chambers, and he to be led into hope and righteousness by the faith of a little child.—The Christian.

JIMMY'S TEXTS.

One day the rain was pouring down, and Aunt Carrie was getting run out of stories. So Jimmy Bates said:

"Let's play Church."

There were five Bates children and four visiting cousins, so that made quite a congregation. They put rows of chairs together for pews; and the big arm-chair was to be the pulpit, with the hassock for a step to get up.

The pulpit was so fine that they each wanted to be the minister. But Jimmy said that he ought to be minister, because he knew the most texts, so he must be the "gcodest."

"Why, Jimmy!" said Aunt Carrie.

But the other children said he might, if they could all take turns passing the plate.

The plate was mother's card tray. They had a lot of buttons to put in it for money.

They began by singing a hymn very pretily.

Then Jimmy, with grandfather's old spectacles on his nose, mounted the pulpit by way of the hassock. How they all envied him!

"My friends," began Jimmy.

"You should say brethren," said little Helen, softly.

"And brethren," added Jimmy crossly: "my text this afternoon is, 'Do unto others as you would'"—

"Oh, Jimmy," wailed a reproachful voice in the first row. "You can't have that. You know you took my ball away from me this morning, and I wanted it so much."

Jimmy grew very red.

"Never mind," said he hastily. "My text to-day is, 'Judge not'—"

"But, Jimmy," piped up another voice, "you said this morning you thought Benny Green played truant yesterday because he wasn't in school."

Jimmy was getting pretty cross. He swallowed very hard, and thumping the back of the chair with his fist, he said severely: "Here's another: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Oh, Jimmy," howled the whole congregation. "Not that. You ate up the whole of the jam at the doll's tea party, so that none of us had any!"

At this the poor little minister broke down and cried. But Aunt Carrie said: "I know the best text of all: 'Love one another!'"

Just knowing texts isn't much use, unless we try to live them.—Ex.

World Wide Work

WILL CANADA EVANGELIZE HER SHARE OF THE WORLD?

By NEWTON W. ROWELL, K.C., TORONTO.

(The following is an address delivered at a "laymen's dinner" in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, on Sep. 14, '08. It is printed in Toronto, in tract form, by the Canadian Council of the "Layman's Missionary Movement."—Ed.)

Will Canada evangelize her share of the world and will she undertake the work now? This is the question which the Laymen's Missionary Movement, in co-operation with the Mission Boards of the churches, is submitting to the Christian men of Canada from Sydney to Victoria. Never before has such a question been submitted to the Christian men of any country in a national campaign. Never before have all the Mission Boards united in a common campaign for the extension of the Kingdom of their Lord and Master. It marks a new era in the religious life of our country and is significant of the new place which Christian Missions hold in the life and thought of the Church.

What is Canada's share of the world? The unevangelized in her own land, particularly the immigrants flocking by thousands to our shores, and not less than 40,000,000 people in non-Christian lands.

What do we mean by "Evangelize"? To make intelligible the Gospel of our Lord to those who know Him not and to help them realize His supreme claim upon their lives.

A Change in View-Point.

In the past we have looked upon mission work as the salvation of so many individual souls from eternal loss, and we have judged of the success or failure of missionary operations by the number of converts added to the church.

Now we are realizing more and more that it is not simply a question of individual converts, but far more the planting in the heart of a community of a new and vital spiritual force that, like the leaven hid in the measure of meal, will not cease its working until the whole is leavened. The spiritual life so planted will influence the whole life of the community, modifying the character of scores and thousands of those who may not actually identify themselves with the Christian Church.

In seeking to estimate the power and influence of Christian Missions on the nations where the Gospel has been preached, the least result, in one sense, is the number of converts added to the church. The larger and more important results are the great changes wrought in the whole social and intellectual life and character of the people.

Our Vision Steadily Enlarging.

Not only is our view point changing, but our vision of the character and extent of the missionary work of the church is steadily enlarging. Is it not true that until recently the Roman Catholic Church alone possessed the imperial vision of the universal dominion of our Lord and sought to make that vision a reality? It surveyed the world and sought to extend its form of Christianity from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

The Protestant churches have grown up in different countries under varying conditions, the product, in many cases, of political as well as religious causes, and the result has been the establishment of national churches, as in England, Scotland, Germany and other parts of Europe, with their vision and outlook influenced, and in some measure circumscribed by political and national considerations.

These national churches have in many cases been divided, and the result is that Protestantism has not had that sense of solidarity, that consciousness of unity whence comes the imperial vision, nor has there been established such practical co-operation among the various branches of the Protestant Church as would make possible the realization of this vision.

Within the past half century, the spirit of nationality, that indefinable conscience of unity which influences the development of national life, has brought together the various sections and races of the Italian people until there is now Italian unity. This spirit of nationality has resulted in the establishment of the German Empire. It is this spirit which helps to bind together the various parts of the British Empire.

A spirit, different in kind, but producing somewhat similar results, "the spirit of love and of a sound mind," has been at work among the various Protestant churches of Christendom, and there is coming to these churches this sense of unity, of oneness; and with this sense of unity is coming this imperial vision and the conviction that these

churches can unitedly make this vision a reality.

The conviction is becoming stronger every day that if "the kingdoms of this world are to become the Empire of our God and of his Christ," the churches must forget their differences, must magnify the essentials in which there is agreement, and sympathetically and energetically co-operate in the establishment of this Empire. To-day we see evidences on every hand of the desire of the churches, and the men of the churches to so co-operate.

In this address, I will not attempt to deal with the work before the Churches in Canada, but solely with their share of the work in non-Christian lands.

What agencies are now employed in the work of evangelizing non-Christian lands?

Are these agencies successful?

What resources of men and money are at the command of the missionary organizations?

What additional resources of men and money are required to overtake the whole work

What is Canada's share in this great undertaking?

Let us briefly consider these questions.

What are the Agencies now Employed?

The work carried on may be divided into five departments: Educational, Literary, Medical, Philanthropic, and Evangelistic.

The Educational Work.

It is now being recognized by all missionary organizations that perhaps the only way to finally solve the missionary problem is to teach the children. It is recognized that the non-Christian nations will never be fully evangelized by foreign missionaries. We do not see matters just as they do. The West cannot fully comprehend the East. We cannot get into the same sympathetic touch with the native as can one of his own race and language.

The work of the foreign missionaries must largely be the planting of the gospel and the training up of a force of native workers and evangelists; it must be the establishment of a native self-supporting, self-propagating church. As Christianity has come to us from the East, it may be that in time from the East will come its truest interpretation, both in thought and life.

Among all Protestant missionary societies, educational work is one of the most important departments. You will be interested in knowing the extent of this work, which covers the whole range from the primary school to the university.

There are the ordinary primary day

schools, where the children receive training in elementary subjects, and are brought under the influence of Christian teachers and Christian truth; then come the boarding schools, where the more advanced pupils are taught and are constantly under Christian influence and surrounded by Christian environment. It is largely in these schools the young men and women who are hereafter to be the workers in the Christian church are trained, and from these schools they pass into the higher institutions of learning, where they are qualified for their life work in the Christian church.

Large medical schools have also been established for the training of native physicians, and in many cases technical and industrial schools, so that the natives may be trained in all that is best and truest in our Christian civilization.

The older people are admittedly hard to reach. It is difficult for the missionary even to enter many of the homes of the people of the better class; but recognizing the excellence of the training in Christian schools, many of these same people, even of the nobility, are prepared to send their children to be educated at them.

Many cases are reported by the different missionary organizations where children entering the schools have afterwards been the means of leading their parents to Christ and the Christian church.

Let me give you an interesting illustration of this in Bangkok, Siam, taken from "The Foreign Missionary": "A nobleman, whom the missionary had vainly tried to lead to Christ, sent his only son to the Christian Boys' High School. A year or two later, in an epidemic of cholera, the boy died. The missionary gently told the stricken parents of the Good Shepherd, who sometimes took a lamb in his arms to induce the sheep to follow him.

"Deeply moved the father sketched an outline of the incident and bade an artist paint it. He showed us the picture; a shepherd, with a face kindly and sweet, carrying a lamb in his bosom, while afar off, two sheep, which had been walking away, were turning with wistful eyes to follow their loved one. 'Now,' said the nobleman, 'I want to give 10,000 teals to build a church in recognition of God's dealings with me through my boy.'"

This is but one illustration of many which might be given of the manner in which teaching the children means reaching the parents as well.

At the present time, there are more than 29,010 mission schools carried on by the various Protestant missionary organizations, and more than 1,257,000 scholars being trained under Christian auspices and in Christian truth in these schools. Let us

stop and consider what a tremendous power and influence these scholars will exert when they are scattered abroad as a leavening influence throughout the nations to which they belong.

The Literary Work.

We do not always recognize the significance or importance of this branch of mission work. We do not realize that in many cases, particularly of the non-progressive races in the islands of the seas, it was the missionary who first reduced the language to a written language. It is the missionary who has translated the Bible and made available to the peoples of non-Christian lands some of the best literature of our Christian civilization.

The literary work carried on by the missionaries has been one of the most potent causes of the advancement of these non-Christian nations. There are 160 printing establishments, the property of the different missionary organizations, in these non-Christian lands, and last year no less than 400,000,000 pages of Christian literature, including the Bible, were printed and distributed. Within a century over 200,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 360 different languages.

As qualified writers have pointed out, (and I will not detain you to quote from them) nine-tenths of the results we have to-day in the quickening intellectual life of these peoples in the East is due to improved methods of education and the infusion of Western learning through the faithful work of Christian missionaries in translating and publishing Christian literature.

The Medical Work.

I at one time thought medical missionaries were an expensive luxury. It costs a large sum of money to build a hospital, and I wondered why we should go to this great expense to help the sick and infirm in these foreign lands. Would it not be better to spend the money in the less expensive work of evangelism or in looking after our sick and infirm at home?

I have found out my mistake. The feature of the life work of our Saviour that drew to Him the multitudes, and perhaps as fully as any other manifested his divinity, was that He could not look upon sickness, sadness or sorrow without compassion, and that wherever disease was He sought to help, to heal and to save. Think of the miracles of our Lord, how many were miracles of healing? And so to-day, if we would correctly interpret the spirit of our Lord to these non-Christian peoples, we cannot do so more truly than in the spirit of service and sacrifice, seeking to help those who need help so much,—the sick, the suffering and the maimed.

The medical missions of the various missionary societies are among the most efficient means of opening the hearts and the homes of the people to the reception of the truth and presenting to them what Christianity really is. Our medical missions in their work of love are needed to counteract the misrepresentations of Christianity given by many Americans and Europeans who visit these foreign lands for the purpose of commerce or pleasure, and who do not manifest the Spirit of Christ in their dealings with these peoples.

At the present time there are 1,162 hospitals and dispensaries carried on and maintained by the missionary societies of the world, and last year there were about 2,347,000 patients treated in these hospitals. Those who have studied the diseases of these Eastern lands know how horrible and loathsome the diseases are, how utterly incompetent are such native medical practitioners as they have, and how crude, unscientific and barbarous in their treatment.

Dr. Brown tells of a case in China where a little child was brought into one of their medical missions suffering grievously, and when they looked at the child they found it covered with spots and sores. They asked what was the cause and were told that the sores were caused by the Chinese doctor driving in a needle to drive out the evil spirit that had caused the illness of the child. And so they find all sorts of horrible methods of treatment being resorted to, the people being possessed of the idea that disease springs from some evil spirit. Our churches are doing a most beneficent work in these hospitals.

At the Conference of Missionaries, representing all missionary societies carrying on work in China, which met at Shanghai this year to celebrate the centenary of the founding of Foreign Missions in China, one of the most important resolutions passed was that the various missionary societies of the world should combine to establish a medical training school and hospital for the training of native Chinese doctors in the capital of every province in the Empire, in order that there might be given to the Chinese people the benefit of our improved scientific knowledge in medical treatment.

Philanthropic Work.

There are no less than 333 asylums in Eastern lands for the care of the afflicted and dependent classes, all founded and maintained by missionary organizations. In this unselfish service of caring for those who can render no return we interpret to the minds of the non-Christian peoples the true spirit of the religion of Christ, as well as materially reduce the sum of the world's suffering and sorrow.

Evangelistic Work.

All these different methods of work above mentioned only lead up to and are the means to the one great end, the revelation—the making known of Christ to these non-Christian peoples—to enable them to see Him as He is—to breath in His spirit and live His life.

The evangelistic work must always retain the supreme place. At the present time there are 1,103 organized Christian Churches and a great many unorganized churches in these different countries. Last year they had 1,843,000 communicant members, with 4,359,600 adherents, 901,000 of whom were enrolled as enquirers.

You say, "Less than 2,000,000 Protestant Christians in non-Christian lands; that is small for a century of work"; but when you think of the long weary years that the early missionaries had to toil and teach before the least impression was made upon the customs, prejudices and practices of these Eastern people, and how slow and plodding the early work had to be, you realize the remarkable results which have followed their labor.

In more recent years we have abundant cause to thank God for the wonderful work that has been done along evangelistic lines.

Are these agencies successful? When we consider the difficulties of the work abroad and the comparative apathy of the church at home the results are marvellous.

What resources of men and money are at the command of the Mission Boards at the present time for this work?

Exclusive of missionaries' wives, there are 13,000 missionaries at work, if you add the wives of the missionaries, the total number is a little over 18,000.

The money at the disposal of the various Protestant missionary organizations of the world for Foreign Mission work is \$22,460,000.

At a great congress of missionaries of the various Protestant Churches in India, the whole situation was canvassed, and this resolution reached: It is not fair to ask us to undertake, and we cannot hope to successfully undertake the evangelization of India unless we have at least one foreign missionary for every 25,000 of the people, with as many native workers as each missionary can efficiently supervise, and with the plant necessary for such a force to carry on the work; but if you will give us one foreign missionary, with suitable native assistants and the necessary plant for each 25,000 of the population, we believe within this generation we can make the gospel intelligible to every native of this Empire.

Other missionaries in other countries have

reached practically the same conclusion. They tell us that maintaining this force of one missionary and a suitable number of native assistants, with sufficient plant for each 25,000 of the population, will require at least \$2,000 per year. It is the very minimum we can fairly suggest for this work.

On this basis of one missionary for each 25,000 people, 13,000 missionaries would be approximately enough to reach 325,000,000 people, and there are 1,000,000,000 to be reached.

The Work Still to be Done.

If the mission force now on the field can accomplish this result, which may be doubted, because of the difficult condition under which they work, there still remain 675,000,000 children of our Heavenly Father who will never have a chance to know they have a Heavenly Father or to hear a word about the Saviour, unless the churches at home change their whole attitude and recognize that this work is "the supreme business of the Church." We possess this priceless heritage—a knowledge of the truth as it is revealed, in Christ. Ours is the privilege and ours the responsibility of sending the truth to them.

Share of the Anglo-Saxon in this Work.

It is of interest to ascertain which of the Christian nations are the missionary nations. Out of the \$22,460,000 contributed last year, the United States and Canada contributed \$9,459,000 and Great Britain contributed \$9,361,000, almost the same amount. Great Britain, the United States and Canada, or the Anglo-Saxon peoples of these three countries are doing eighty-five per cent. of the total missionary work done by the Protestant Christians of the world.

\$3,640,000 is the total amount given by all other countries, and it is interesting to bear in mind that in this \$3,640,000 is included the foreign missionary contributions of our fellow-citizens of the Empire in Australia and South Africa. The English-speaking people do more than eighty-five per cent. of all the Protestant missionary work of the world. The Anglo-Saxon race should be a missionary race, our civilization is the direct product of foreign missionary effort.

Then what proportion of the evangelization of the whole world should be undertaken by the Anglo-Saxon race? If eighty-five per cent. of the work now being done is performed by them, then we may fairly assume, if the whole work is to be done, eighty-five per cent. must be done by the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

If so, what is the fair share of the United States and Canada? We together have twice the population, and probably more than twice the wealth of Great Britain, but they

give to missions as much as we. To put our share on the lowest basis, we may fairly say that not less than fifty to sixty per cent. of the total work should be undertaken by the United States and Canada, that is, the evangelization of 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 people.

Canada's Share in this Work.

Canada's proportion of the population of the two countries is nearly one-twelfth. We may therefore say that not less than one-twelfth of this work should be undertaken by the churches of Canada. This would be 45,000,000 to 50,000,000, but having regard to conditions in Canada and our large Home Mission problems, those who have studied the matter have suggested forty millions as the share of the Canadian Churches. It certainly cannot be less.

The Methodist Church already occupies territories for which she considers herself responsible, with a population of from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000. The Presbyterian Church (Eastern and Western Sections together) already occupies territories with a larger population, for which she considers herself responsible. I understand the Baptist Churches (East and West) accept 6,000,000 people as their share.

The Church of England has not, so far as I am aware, defined the extent of her missionary responsibility, but we may rest assured that the Canadian section of that great historic Church will do her share, as will also the Congregational and the smaller Christian bodies in Canada.

Whether therefore we consider the matter from the standpoint of our population or of the population in the districts already occupied by some of our Canadian Churches, Canada's share of world responsibility cannot be less than 40,000,000. This is the very minimum we should think of considering as our share.

To evangelize these 40,000,000 in this generation will require, on the basis I have given, 1,600 missionaries; \$3,200,000 per year.

Now, how far are the Canadian Churches discharging this responsibility? At the present time the missionaries number about 300. The Presbyterian Church has 92 male and female missionaries, the Methodist Church 90, this number includes nineteen who are going out this month; the Baptist Church 57, this includes 7 who are going out this autumn; the Anglican Church 30; the Congregationalists 5, making a total of 274.

Other organizations have sent out a number of missionaries from Canada, and receive substantial contributions from Canadians. From such knowledge as I have been able to obtain, I think there must be not less than 300 missionaries, male and female, in the Foreign Field, whom we may fairly con-

sider as representing the Christian men and women of Canada in the work of the world's evangelization.

The missionaries' wives also render great assistance in the work. Of these there are 56 Presbyterian, 47 Methodist 21 Baptist, 13 Anglican and 2 Congregational, together with the wives of the missionaries sent out by the other organizations above referred to.

The total contributions of the Protestant Churches of Canada to Foreign Missions, that is for work outside Canada, are substantially less than \$600,000. I have named \$600,000 to allow a wide margin for unreported contributions, that is, contributions through agencies outside of Canada. So far as I have been able to get the returns dealing with the contributions the amount is less than \$500,000.

But, assuming \$600,000 to be correct, on the basis of one missionary to every 25,000 people, with a supply of native workers, the amount we are now giving in Canada would not be sufficient to evangelize more than 7,500,000 of the 40,000,000. There are at least 32,500,000 untouched, and the responsibility rests upon our Canadian churches to send them the gospel. They will not receive the knowledge of the truth unless the Canadian churches accept and discharge this responsibility.

We require at least 1,300 more missionaries and \$2,600,000 additional contributions per annum, or a total for Foreign Mission work of \$3,200,000 per annum. \$1,300,000 per annum should be sufficient to enable our churches to make adequate provision for all forms of mission work in Canada. An annual contribution therefore by our churches of \$4,500,000 should, on the estimates given, be sufficient to meet our missionary responsibility both at home and abroad.

We have about 900,000 communicant members in our Protestant Churches. An average contribution of 10 cents per week per member would supply the moneys required.

When we think of the general average of wealth and income of the membership and adherents of the Churches of Canada, is it much to ask that they should give \$4,500,000 per year for missions both at home and abroad? Surely we should have no real difficulty in raising this amount if we are in earnest.

One of the most conservative business men of Toronto, a prominent member of the Board of Trade, with whom I was talking a short time ago, and who could not be considered a faddist or a crank, said he and some friends had figured out the amount the theatres of Toronto were probably taking in every year, and they were satisfied it could not be less than a million dollars.

Most of the people of Toronto were star-

tled when it was proposed that all the churches of Toronto should increase their missionary contributions from \$142,000 to \$500,000 a year, and yet if they so increased, the Christian people of Toronto would not be giving for the world's salvation and for that of the incoming multitudes to our own land more than one-half of what the people of Toronto pay for this one form of pleasure.

Do the Conditions in Non-Christian Lands Require Immediate Action?

The world's thought to-day is centred on China, where more than one-fourth of the human race is awakening from the sleep of ages. The spirit of unrest, of change, of reform is everywhere manifest. For centuries the pathway of promotion in all departments of the public service has been through examinations in the Chinese classics—the books of Confucius. By imperial edict this whole system has been changed, and henceforth these examinations will be based upon the Western system of education.

This change has been described by those thoroughly conversant with China as the greatest educational revolution the world has ever seen. Public schools to teach this Western learning are being established by the Government in every province. The establishment of girls' schools under the patronage of the court, is a not less striking indication of the changed attitude of the Chinese people, for heretofore woman has been completely ignored in their educational system.

In two of the chief provinces of the Empire, containing a population of over 50,000,000, by order of the Viceroy the Bible is taught in all public schools side by side with the books of Confucius, taught not because of its religious truth, but as being the book upon which our Western civilization is founded.

The newspaper, a few years ago regarded as an evidence of the handiwork of the "foreign devil," is now everywhere published and read. There are 10 daily newspapers in Peking, one a woman's, probably the only woman's daily newspaper in the world. Chinese students, who formerly thought all knowledge worth acquiring could be gained from the study of their own classics, are now flocking by the thousands to Tokio and in smaller numbers to the universities of Europe and America to learn the secret of Japan's marvelous success, and of the power of the Western nations.

Chinese students are not slow to learn. Their Grand Canal was the greatest engineering feat of its age and they rested on their laurels. To-day, swallowing their prejudices, they are building railways to open up their country, and teaching their own civil engineers for this and other engineering

work. They are establishing agricultural colleges to improve the cultivation of the soil.

The spirit of reform is touching the foundations of government. A constitution and representative assembly is promised, and already some municipal councils are being established and the people trained in the principles of self-government. The social status of the soldier has been raised, modern weapons are being introduced and a standing army trained in the science of modern warfare.

Under an Imperial Decree dated the 20th of September, 1906, the great national vice, the opium habit, is being outlawed, and the growth of the poppy, and the use of opium will be completely abolished in ten years so far as China can control the situation.

Another imperial decree has placed a ban on foot-binding.

In all Government offices Sunday is a legal holiday.

China is awaking. What will China be when awake? We to-day know the power and influence of Japan in the world's civilization. Multiply Japan by ten and we have some faint conception of the power and influence which China may possess in the days to come. "Confucianism represents the intelligence and morality of China, Taoism, its superstitions, and Buddhism, its ritualism and idolatry, while yet it acknowledges no God."

Sir Robert Hart, that great English statesman who has given his life service to China, says: "China is to-day the greatest menace to the world's peace unless she is Christianized." "How then shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

What is true of China is true in a large measure of Japan, India, Corea and the Isles of the Sea. Their almost countless millions wait for His law. The Pacific Ocean no longer separates us from Asia, it unites us. The Divine Command, the constraining love of Christ, the highest patriotism and the unprecedented crisis and opportunity all call, imperatively call, to the adequate performance of our work in the East.

The Men for the Work.

Can we secure the men needed for this work? It has been necessary to supplement our home force by recruits from Great Britain and Ireland. How can we expect to meet the needs for both home and foreign fields? I greatly fear there is not in the Christian homes of to-day the noble ambition which filled the atmosphere of the homes of our fathers—that the best boy of the family

should give himself to the Christian ministry. How many mothers give their sons to the Lord as Hannah gave Samuel?

No position so calls for the best brain and heart of the young men of to-day; no calling gives such opportunity for the fulfillment of the high resolves, the noble ambitions and heroic aspirations of youth; no work is so Christlike. It should not be difficult to secure every year sufficient candidates for the ministry; young men of consecration and capacity, who would fully qualify themselves for this worthy life-work. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

These are the high and compelling considerations which induced our Laymen's Movement and our Mission Boards to call the Christian men of Canada to a great and worthy advance. Let us inform ourselves on these missionary problems. Let us study the religious and social conditions in non-Christian lands as well as among the thousands of immigrants flocking to our shores. The study is all absorbing.

Let us bring ourselves in sympathy with the Divine thought and plan for their salvation by prayer and study of God's word. Let us seek to know the mind of "Him whose we are and whom we serve." Let our gifts be commensurate with our ability and with the world's need, and let us adopt in all our churches an advanced and businesslike policy as a means of helping our churches to adequately discharge their missionary responsibility.

Personal Responsibility.

To-night let each ask himself this question: Am I personally doing all I can to extend Christ's Kingdom? If my love for Him is measured by my prayers and my gifts for the extension of His Kingdom, will He be able to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?" His command is "that ye love one another as I have loved you." . . . "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

It all comes to this, are we serious and in earnest? Do we really believe that Christ's command is binding on us as Christians? Do we really believe the Christian Church exists in order that the knowledge of Christ may be spread throughout the earth?

Has not the great weakness of all our churches—individuals as well as churches—been this, we have been living for ourselves. Our Christianity has been largely selfish Christianity. We have rejoiced in the experience of religion and the peace and happiness which fill the heart through trust in Christ; but how have we utilized the spiritual power that has come to us as we have been brought in touch with the Divine? Has it been expended to ensure that every other man may be brought into a similar relationship

The other day I heard a prominent member of the Anglican Church express this idea, which very much impressed me. He said, the Church that lives for itself, beautiful as may be the church edifice and cultured as may be the people, is not a Christian Church at all. It is pagan, because Christianity is unselfishness. Christ's life was unselfishness. It is impossible for a truly Christian man to be material and selfish; and until we as Christians break away from the material, selfish conception of life and become unselfish and express our Christianity in service, the Church will not come to her own in this or any other land.

We sometimes think the religion of these peoples in far-off lands is good enough for them. In China and India they have ancient and, in many respects, great and cultured civilization, also in Japan.

But if Paul had looked out upon the world in that spirit he never would have gone to preach to the cultured Grecians or the powerful, all-conquering Romans. The fact that these people belong to ancient civilizations with a great history back of them is all the more reason that there should be brought into their lives the power of the gospel to transform and ennoble them.

The appeal comes to the men of the Churches to do this great work. With all respect let me say it is not the work of the children—much as they can and do help—it is not the work of the women, splendid and self-sacrificing and important as their work is—it is men's work. It is not only nation building, it is Empire building for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is a mighty problem, world-wide in its sweep, and calls for the highest display of genuine devotion and self-sacrifice by the brainiest and wisest men of the world. It is into this noblest of all services and most wonderful of all work that we as laymen are called. I can think of no privilege, for which, night and morning, a man should with more gratitude thank his Heavenly Father, than that it is given to him, in this our day, to take some small share, either in the work of determining the civilization of our own Western Canada, or in shaping the civilization of the Far East.

What investment can we make of our influence and our substance that will give us so great satisfaction when life's work is done as investing them in the service of our Master for the transformation and ennobling of the lives and characters of multitudes of men?

Will Canada evangelize her share of the world? I believe the Christian men of Canada will answer promptly and unanimously, Canada can and will.

SYNOD AND PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notice of calls, inductions, resignations, as early as possible. If not given here it is because they are not received.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, St. John, 1st Tues. Oct.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 15 Dec.
2. Inverness.
3. P. E. I., Charlottetown, 2 Mar., 10 a.m.
4. Pictou, New Glasgow, 10 Dec.
5. Wallace, Parrsboro, 9 Dec., 7.30 p.m.
6. Truro, Truro, 3rd Tues. Jan., 9.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Halifax, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
8. Lunenburg, New Dublin, 11 Dec., 9.30 a.m.
9. St. John, St. John, 19 Jan., 10 a.m.
10. Miramichi, Chataam, 8 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Pembroke, 2nd Tues. May.

11. Quebec, Richmond, 1 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, last Tues. Feb.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 5 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 24 Nov., 10.30.
16. Brockville, Morrisburg, 2 Mar., 4 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tues. May.

17. Kingston, Kingston, St. A., 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 Dec., 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 15 Dec., 11 a.m.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 20 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 1st Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 12 Jan. '09.
23. Barrie, Orillia, 15 Dec., 1.30 p.m.
24. North Bay.
25. Algoma, Thessalon, 1 Tues. Mar., 8 p.m.
26. Owen Sound, Owen Sd., 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, last Mon. May.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, 5 Jan., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 12 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
31. London, London, 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.

33. Sarnia, Sarnia, 8 Dec., 11 a.m.
34. Stratford, Stratford, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
35. Huron, Clinton, 19 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
36. Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
37. Bruce, Paisley, 1 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tues. Nov.

38. Superior, Fort William, March, 1909, 10
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
40. Rock Lake, Belmont, 2nd Tues. Feb.
41. Glenboro, Elm Creek, Feb., 1909.
42. Portage, P. la Pra., 1 Mar., 7.
43. Dauphin, Dauphin, Feb., '09.
44. Minnedosa, Rapid city, 9 Feb., 2 p.m.
45. Brandon, Brandon, 3 Mon., Feb., 7.30 p.m.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, 1st Tues. Nov.

46. Yorkton, Yorkton, Feb.
47. Arcola.
48. Alameda, Estevan, 9 Feb., 9.30 a.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, Feb., '09.
50. Abernethy.
51. Regina, Pense, 3 Tues., Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 23 Feb., 3 p.m.
53. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, Feb. 10.
54. Battleford, N. Battleford, 1 Tues., Feb.
10.30 a.m.

Synod of Alberta, Calgary, last Tues. April.

55. Edmonton, Strathcona, 8 Dec., 8 p.m.
56. Vermillion, Vegreville, on or about 15
Dec., 9.30 a.m.
57. Red Deer, Olds, Feb.
58. Lacombe, Camrose, Feb., '09.
59. Calgary, Calgary, 8 Dec., 8 p.m.
60. McLeod, Lethbridge, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia, Victoria, 1st Wed. May.

61. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Feb., 1909.
62. Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod'r.
63. Westminster, Vancouver, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
64. Victoria, Comox, at call of Mod'r.

Special attention is asked to the article in this issue, By Newton W. Rowell, K.C., Toronto, with the title, "Will Canada Evangelize her Share of the World."

The Church Funds, West.

	Received during Oct.	Rec' Mar. 1st to Oct 30
Home Missions....	\$4,444.56	\$26,386.14
Augmentation.....	264.41	2,591.76
Foreign Missions...	2,589.66	18,552.81
Widows' & Orphans'	243.35	2,456.89
Aged Ministers.....	138.55	4,148.02
Assembly.....	94.10	665.58
French Evangeliztn.	372.21	3,003.45
Pt-aux-Trembles....	292.61	1,843.95
Tem. Moral Reform	55.90	966.13
Knox College.....	89.83	385.16
Queen's College....	38.28	126.34
Montreal College...	28.03	82.41
Manitoba College...	80.50	300.24
B. C. College.....	102.00	128.62

Received during Sept.

At the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the donors.

Cresswell ss.....	6	Fairbank, Ont.....	2
Elsinore and ss.....	4 38	Gedrich, Un. ss.....	7
The Maples ss.....	1 68	Leeburn, Ont.....	2 35
Townline ss.....	3	Atwood, Ont. ss.....	8 80
Oakdale ss.....	5 38	E. Oxford St. A.....	4
Newbury ss.....	3 15	Harri-ton, Guthrie.....	15 70
Tweed St. A. ss.....	10 02	Glenmorris ss.....	8
Tetreville ss.....	3 17	McLean Bridge, ss.....	2 60
Barre ss.....	8 50	Baie de Dore ss.....	4
Wmstr Ont., St. A.....	35	Hamlin, St. Jno.....	2 90
Gravenhurst, Kx. ss.....	5 35	Dr. J. Ferguson Grant	25 90
Carlyle, Sask. ss.....	6	Dunblane ss.....	5
New Denver, B.C.....	8 60	Blake Ont. ss.....	8
Bethel, ss.....	12	St. K. Keith, Tor.....	200 60
Ottawa, Glebe.....	100	Joliette, Que.....	4 20
Lachine, St. And.....	3 77	Loring, Ont. ss.....	4 20
Clinton, Willis ss.....	17 22	Sharbot Lake, ss.....	1 60
Cannington, Kx. ss.....	9 25	Jarrison, Kx. ss.....	7 50
Oakville ss.....	6	M. Brydges, Cook's.....	8 25
Kitsilano ss.....	6 50	Port Dalhousie ss.....	2 03
Howard, Sask.....	1 50	Reidsville, ss.....	8
Glenboro' Wmstr, ss.....	8 55	Rev. Arch. Stewart.....	8
Fergus, Mel. ss.....	11	Rev. John Radie.....	8
Sand Point, Un. ss.....	1 50	Carberry, Kx. ss.....	10 20
MacGregor, Man. ss.....	8 85	Chatham, St. Pa.....	6 25
Birdie, Vine ss.....	3 80	Bethel, Ont.....	11
Underwood.....	8 38	Ridge, Ont.....	6
Mitchell, Kx. ss. Mrs.		Oroon, Ont.....	3
A. cl.....	6 50	Belmont, Kx. ss.....	17 15
Seaforth, 1st ss.....	10	Leaskdale, St. Pa.....	44 25
Camille, ss.....	2	Francis, Sask, ss.....	7 65
Desboro' ss.....	4	Sintaluta ss.....	5 90
Lisle, Union ss.....	2 06	Indian Head, St. A. ss	15
M. Forest, Wmstr.....	86 55	Elgin Man., Kx. ss.....	10 25
Newdale Man. ss.....	15 00	Millerway, St. A. ss.....	4 30
Verden, Carmi ss.....	13 40	Lower Litch, ss.....	3 30
Fleming, Sask.....	5	Beachburg, Ont.....	11
ss.....	11	Banks, Ont., Kx. ss.....	5
Kingston, Chal. ss.....	10 43	Rosebank, Ont. ss.....	6 70
Manitou, St. And.....	7 45	Windham Cent., St. A. ss	3 25
Hartney, Man.....	14 20	Ferguson ss.....	3 36
St. Catharine, Kx. ss.....	11 28	Cache Bay, St. A.....	4 63
Maynooth, Ont.....	5	Arkona ss.....	3 03
Per Rev. A. D. Menzies	155 50	Rocky Sangeen ss.....	5 70
Three Rivers, St. A. ss	4 15	Alisa Craig ss.....	6
Port Colborne, ss.....	5	Churchill ss.....	13 37
Pleas, Val. ss.....	4 60	Red Deer, Kx. ss.....	7 80
Oro, Willis ss.....	10 30	Wardsville ss.....	5 14
Poltimore.....	6	Oak River Man. ss.....	6
J. A. Helmskay.....	20	Durham, Ont. ss.....	9 19
Claude Ont.....	12	Grassie's ss.....	3 70
Queensboro' St. A. ss	2	Wngp. Sherman ss.....	5
Per Rv. J. Menancon.....	50	Wngp. Augustin ss.....	15
Blytheswood ss.....	9 50	Pembroke, Cal. ss.....	20
Strabane, ss.....	9	Deloraine, ss.....	16 10
Eau Claire, Ont.....	14 10	Swan River, St. A. ss.....	5 39
Benfield, Ont.....	8 95	Thames Road, ss.....	5
Brule.....	5 95	Port Stanley, St. Jno. ss	4 61

Stewarton ss.....	22 80	Barnet, Ont., ss.....	4 50
1/ Original, St. And. ss.....	8 30	Long Creek, Sask.....	2
Carlton Pl., Zion.....	74	Galt, Central ss.....	18 83
Moorewood ss.....	4	Wolseley, St. Jas. ss.....	12 20
Moorewood, 9th ss.....	2	Stirling, St. And.....	12 15
Bristol, Que., ss.....	12 05	Kelowna, Beth. ss.....	6 15
Alberton ss.....	6 15	Stanley, Strling. ss.....	1 50
Miami, Man., Kx. ss.....	12 75	Victoria, St. Pa. ss.....	7
Melrose.....	27 56	Victoria, St. Pa.....	13 30
Cornwall, St. Jno. ss.....	92	Cornwall, Fr. ss.....	1
Cochrane Alta., St. A. ss	7 10	Saltoun, Sask. ss.....	3 35
Waubausene.....	22 95	Janetville ss.....	2 50
Ottawa, Bank ypa.....	123	Cranbrook, Kno. ss.....	5
Moose Jaw, Davy sch'l	8	Shoal Lake ss.....	6 25
Kisbey, Sask.....	16 50	Cadurcis ss.....	6 90
Pt. Edward, Ont.....	10 60	Clearwater ss.....	15
ss.....	4	Eden, Man. ss.....	8
W. Bay Road, N.S. ss.....	1 57	Riverview, Man. ss.....	8 45
Macdonald, Man. ss.....	2 25	Ranchville, Man. ss.....	2 35
Sebright, Ont. ss.....	2	Tor., Dovercurto.....	113
Waubuno, Guth. ss.....	1 53	Huron, Sask. ss.....	17 50
Okotoks, St. Lu. ss.....	3 85	Agassiz. ss.....	3 40
W. S. Leslie.....	10 66	Rosenfeld ss.....	2 35
For. St. Enoch's.....	25	Preston, Man. ss.....	5
Oxbow, Sask.....	12 90	Bear Creek, Man. ss.....	1
File Hills Sch.....	12	Humesville, Man. ss.....	21 25
Granton, Ont. ss.....	5 50	Richmond, St. And. ss	7 40
Dalesboro' St. A. ss.....	5	Strathroy, St. And.....	75 95
Three Riv., Que. St. A.	18 30	Highlands, Alta.....	1 50
Kingsbury, St. A.....	8 42	Madoc, St. Col. ss.....	3 40
Seaforth, 1st.....	51 00	Sandhill, Ont. ss.....	3
"J.R. McMi.".....	2	Oro, Esson ss.....	14 35
Cobourg, St. A. ss.....	15 90	Wpg., St. And. ss.....	26 65
W. Quoddy, N.S. ss.....	2 50	Wapella, Sask.....	5 65
Caledon, St. A.....	6 25	E. G'lester, Ont.....	10 20
Bulyea, Sask.....	13 50	W. Adelaide, Ont. ss.	7 25
Annan, Ont. ss.....	7 40	Hillham, Erskine.....	300
W. Adelaide yps.....	1 50	Kirkhill, Ont.....	42
Frobisher, Sask. ss.....	10	Farmers', Ont. ss.....	7
Barbara A Martin.....	100	Bar River ss.....	2
Kintore ss.....	4 05	E. Puslinch, Duff's ss.	16
Bradiard, St. Jno. ss.....	4 75	Mont., St. Gabr. ss.....	9 58
Campbellford, St. A. ss	10	Glance Bay, St. Pa. ss.	12 20
Seymour W. Ont. ss.....	5 10	Flodden, Que., Kx. ss.	4
Pickering, St. A. ss.....	5 86	Fairfield, E. ss.....	3 25
Chesterfield.....	68 42	N. Vanc., St. A. ss.....	8 15
Chatham, Ont., St. A. ss	5	St. Mary's, Sask. ss.....	3 70
Tamworth, St. A. ss.....	2 95	St. Aidan's, B.C. ss.....	6 50
Shelburne, Kx. ss.....	3 70	Gordon Head, B.C. ss.	6 50
Streetville, St. A. ss.....	10 70	Glenn Ewen, Sask.....	25
Rosthern, Sask. St. A. ss	15 30	ss.....	6 25
Rounthwaite ss.....	1 60	Treherne, Chal.....	40
Ashburn ss.....	5 01	Roland, Man., Kx. ss.....	13
Hymers, Ont., St. A. ss.....	5 85	Inverness, St. Mat.....	10 56
Per Agent, Halifax, I.,	401 99	Midway, B.C. ss.....	3 50
Dr C. A. Webster.....	8 21	Cheserville ss.....	4 20
Emerson, Man. ss.....	7	Wellington, St. A. ss.....	1 25
Blackthorn ss.....	4 50	Ladysmith, 1st ss.....	12 25
E. Seneca, Ont. ss.....	3 60	Mrs. A. McKinnon.....	20
Kendal, Ont. ss.....	3 45	Revelstoke, Kx. ss.....	4 80
Balcarres, Sask. ss.....	8	Griswold, Man.....	4 60
Flettwode, Sask.....	2	Hrb. Grace.....	3 70
Nipissing, Ont.....	1 29	Midville, St. Pa. ss.....	3
Mr. W. B. McArthur.....	2	Wm. Rennie, Japan.....	10
Margt M. Hutchison.....	4	Brampton, St. A. ss.....	8
New Carlisle ss.....	4	Stonewall ss.....	6 85
S. Mountain ss.....	5 22	Hollin, Ont. ss.....	2
Kenmore, St. Pa. ss.....	9 20	Crawford, Ont. ss.....	7 30
Tees, Alta. ss.....	3 10	Catalone ss.....	4
Sargent, Alta. ss.....	1 15	Cranduff ss.....	13 85
Hillhurst, Alta. ss.....	4 45	Fairm't., Man. ss.....	8
Bankview, Alta. ss.....	2 40	Singhampton ss.....	5 65
Heckston, Ont., St. A.	7 60	St. Louis de Gonz.....	5 30
Innisfail, Alta.....	57 65	Westm't., Que., St. Pa.	
Innisfail, Alta. ss.....	4	ss.....	12 30
W. C. Paterson.....	25	Winchester, St. Pa.....	79 25
Calgary, Kx. Br. ss.....	9 19	Napanee, St. A. ss.....	4 13
Whitney, St. And.....	23 95	W. Tor., Victoria ss.....	7 79
London, St. And. ss.....	30 31	Markham, St. And. ss.	5 85
Aberard, St. Jno.....	8	Metcalfe ss.....	3 50
Aberard, St. Jno. ss.....	8	Riverview ss.....	3 15
Sundridge ss.....	50	Ninga, Man. ss.....	85
Ilay, Ont. ss.....	4 70	Fergus, St. And. ss.....	10
Glen Andrew, Ont. ss.....	6 24	St. Cath., Haynes ss.....	6 25
Westville, St. Phil. ss.....	1 60	Cromarty ss.....	5 85
Tantallon, Sask. ss.....	6 13	Markdale, Cook's ss.....	3 81
St. Peter's ss.....	7 42	Exeter, Caven ss.....	10
Ethel, Ont. ss.....	9	Chiselhurst ss.....	2 23
Uxbridge, Chal. ss.....	12 35	Westwood, Ont.....	8 50
E. Wawanosh, Calvin.....	34	Brookdale, St. And.....	37
Floss, Noe. 2 ss.....	5 50	Corbetton, St. Ja. ss.....	5 11
Bethel, Ont. ss.....	6	Bervie, Knox ss.....	3

Holstein ss	11 28	Warwick, Knox ss.	6 34	London, Knox ss.	13 10	Clydesdale ss.	1 80
Auburn, Knox ss	10	Florence ss	4 75	Belleville, John ss	11	St. Mary's	2 55
Strangfield	7 70	Port Hope St. Pa. ss.	8	Brooke, St. Pa. ss.	3	Port Sydney, Ont. ss.	3
Rossland, St. And. ss.	5 39	Rev. Wm. Millican	8	Erin, Burns' ss	8 10	"S. A. M."	10
Perth, St. And. ss.	10	Moonstone, Knox ss.	6	Brantford, St. And.	130	Lorne ss.	2
Lavant Road ss	1 65	Hibbert, Roy's ss.	17 05	Tarbolton	19	Westville St. Phil. ss	1 04
Wilbur, Mundell's ss.	14 75	Brigden ss.	5	Mrs. R. F. Hawkins	1	Doaktown ss.	4 91
Pettapiece ss	10	Thanet, Ont.	20	Leith	19 40	Ely ss.	1 20
Brucefield ss	4 7	Launceston, 2nd Con. ss.	19 03	Palmerston, Kx. ss.	11 75	Athin St. And. ss.	30
Simcoe, St. I. a. ss.	8 26	Kyestone ss	6 30	Montreal, Erskine.	1000	Glencoe ss.	15
Pender ss.	6	N. Battleford ss.	3	Sunbury ss.	6	Grandview ss.	2 70
Hamlin, St. Giles.	11 50	Portage la P., Kx. ss.	28 21	Pictou, St. And. ss.	1 89	Schreiber St. And. ss	7
Estevan, Wmstr. ss.	4	Aspdin, Ont.	6	New Liskeard ss.	10 46	Wpg. Westminster.	233 05
Moore, Burns' ss.	29 50	Aspdin, Ont. ss.	2 42	Westport, Ont.	22	Binscarth, Kx. ss	5 30
Carmunnock ss.	1 22	Bear Creek ss.	6	Ogilvie, Man.	6 25	Longlaketon ss.	7
Monkton, Knox ss.	4 23	Rev. Hugh McLean.	10	Tisdale ss	1 35	Kelowna ss.	1
Elma, 16th Con. N.S.S.	3 12	Bathurst, Calvin ss.	3 07	Franklin, Man. ss.	15	Crystal City	25 75
Bobaygeon, Knox ss.	4 30	Tor. Reid Ave. ss.	6	Morden, Man. Knox ss	19 20	Bar River, Ont.	75
Tor., Cooke's ss.	10 46	Mayfield ss	6 35	Oak Lake, Man.	56 40	Brooke Chalmers' Ch.	24 75
Tweed, St. And.	16 85	Hornby ss.	2 85	Victoria, St. A. ss.	15 00	Dover ss.	6 25
Beresford, Man. ss.	7 62	Dixie ss.	4 75	Billings ss	3	Willowdale ss.	3 10
Abbotsford B.C. ss	2	Clifford, Knox.	24 40	MacLennan ss	4 20	Dauphin Plains ss	10 10
Kaslo, St. And. ss.	5 25	St. John's, Newfld. ss.	5	Gore Bay ss	3 70	Enterprise ss.	2
St. Ann de Bellev. ss	8	Elizabeth Bay ss	1 30	Harrow ss	5 90	Dunannon ss.	5
Peterboro' St. Pa. ss.	25 35	Manville, Alta. ss.	2 75	Waters ss	2 06	Greenwood St. Col.	9
Nanaimo, St. And. ss.	6 68	Clifford, Knox ss	6	Creighton Mine ss.	3 64	" ss.	
Dawson, St. And.	50	Hornby's Mills, Kx. ss.	6 61	Oxford Mills ss.	4	F. W. Nash	4 25
Cornwall, Kx. ss	21 17	Hawkesville, St. A. ss.	2 35	Hyde Park ss.	8	Paspebiac ss.	5
Pakenham, St. And.	30	S. Luther ss	5	Barrie	200	Dobson's ss.	1
St. Lambert ss	8 62	Coldsprings ss.	5	Hamiota, Knox lad. aid.	10	Morrisburg, Kx ss.	8 70
Poltimore ss	3	"orningside ss.	4 30	Napinka ss	5	Ham. McNab ss.	7 54
Lochwinnoch ss.	5	Rocanville ss	9	Ridgetown Mt. Zion ss	5	Dundee Zion ss	7 23
Goshen ss	5	Englishville Settlem't.	40	Rev. R. H. Gilmour.	1 80	Argyle ss.	2 50
Leith ss	2 05	Lo. Duch. ss ss.	3 20	Quaker Hill ss	2 16	A friend.	5
Ravensthorpe, Un. ss.	1	Macdonald, Man.	13 30	Green Hill ss.	7	Arrow Riv. ss	5 30
Gordon Lake ss.	1 08	Montreal, Taylor ss.	21 51	N. Derby ss	4 50	Brookville, St. Jno ss	6
Gilbert Plain ss.	68	Novar, Kearney ss.	5 55	"In Mem. T. F."	10	Lion's Head ss.	3
Victoria, 1st ss.	17 25	Ventnor ss.	7 53	St. David's	8 15	Caledonia	20
Bethel, Ont. ss.	3	Winlaw, Sask. ss.	5 93	Corunna ss.	1 79	St. David's Man.	48 75
Pincher Creek, Kx. ss.	19	New Denver, Kx. ss.	2 80	Olds, Alta., St. And.	16	Austin, Man.	18 20
Taber, Knox ss.	2 8	Unionville Cen. ss.	4	Banff, St. Pa. ss.	15 25	Swan Lakes ss.	6 60
Victoria, St. Col. ss.	5 35	Bury's Green, St. Jno.	3 36	Woodville, Man. ss.	6 35	Northcote ss.	4 20
Georgetown.	26 65	ss.		Lindsay, St. And. ss.	12 20	Wmstr. Ont., 1st.	125
Limehouse.	4 25	Drayton, Ont ss	6 20	Cote St. Geo. ss.	5	Tor., Emmanuel	66 90
Woodbridge.	42 55	Argyle, Brant ss.	4	Ratho ss.	2	Rev. J. R. Conn.	17 15
" ss.	4 70	-tonewall ss	5	Fletcher on ss	2 37	Bethel, ss.	5 15
Per Rv. W. D. Turner.	5 20	Daywood, etc., ss	2 35	Thamesford, St. And.	19 80	W. Bentinck ss.	4 25
Laskay ss.	9	Cottesloe ss	1 95	Biddulph, Fraser ss.	5 18	Ham., St. John's ss.	19 35
Priceville.	60	Brooke, Ennisikln.	2 5	Niagara St. And. ss.	5 62	Elkhorn ss.	2 35
Swinton Park.	30	Floral, Man. ss	8 85	N. Gower ss	7 30	Baysville ss.	3 70
Brucefield Un.	24	Pilot Mound, Kx. ss.	6 85	Ham. St. And. ss.	17 85	Olds, St. And. ss.	9 10
Alliston.	14 41	Canmore ss.	3	Danville, St. And. ss.	5	Burk's Falls, St. And ss	2
"M.M.A."	10	Harrington, Kx. ss.	9	Sarah Ewing.	50	Wilton ss.	1 25
Creemore, St. And.	5 20	Kirkfield ss.	5	Asquith ss	3	Embro ss.	6
Sprague, Ont.	4 70	Wroxeter, Ont ss	10 68	Culloden ss.	1	Bookton ss	1 70
Hilton, Ont.	3 95	Rev. John Radford	8	Doon ss.	3 80	Grand Metis.	3 01
Hambury, Ont.	8 50	Per Mrs. J. A. Wad'ell	18	Wpg. St. Jno ss.	8 85	Koscoe Sask.	4 15
French Riv., Ont.	5 07	Clearsprings, etc.	10 69	Noel Shore ss	3 23	Holland Mann. ss.	10
Dunchurch, Ont.	7 62	Russelltown, Que	7 08	Burnside ss	9 26	Wpg. Augustine.	350
Tomstown, Ont.	2 14	Grand Bend, Ont.	6	Renwick ss.	4 25	Knoxville ss	5 62
Conger, Ont.	6 57	Field, St. Step ss.	7 05	Mrs. H. H. Cameron	2	Tor. Bloor	1 15 46
Rockwood, Ont.	1 50	Tynehead, B.C. ss.	5	Duntroon, St. Pa. ss.	2 90	Hagersville, St. A. ss.	7 30
Marwayne, Alt. ss.	80	Wilmer, Ath., etc. B.C.		Black Bank ss	6	Bishopgate ss	4 50
Thedford, Knox ss	10 58	ss.	2	Grand Coulee ss.	5 35	Mon., Crescent.	135
Markham, St. And.	50	Rainey Lake ss.	4	N. Mornington ss.	14	St. Cath., Kx	140
King, St. And.	7	White Lake ss.	9	Moore, Burns' ss.	6 75	Claremont Erskine ss.	4
Bruce Mines ss.	4 22	Arnprior, St. And.	15	Gladstone ss.	27	S. Qu' Appelle ss.	3 10
Gravel Hill, Cx., ss.	2	Athens, St. Pa. ss.	2 21	Dominion City ss.	5	Merritt, St. A.	22
Kingston, Cook's ss	5	Victoria, St. Col. ss.	3	Napier, St. And. ss.	4	Galt, 1st ss	3
Elgin, Que.	12 85	Carlyle, Sask. ss.	6 25	Brooke, Chal. ss.	94	Avoca ss.	3
Cedar Park ss.	8 47	Meaford, Erskine	75	Brantford, Alex. ss.	7 10	Harrington ss.	5 25
Fetton, Ont. ss.	4 3	Rydall Bank ss.	4 70	Clareholm ss.	5 40	Camden E. ss	8 25
Westboro' ss.	4	Raleigh ss.	5 90	Lumby, B.C. ss.	1 40	Stirling ss.	4 72
Chalk River	10	Euphemia, Camerons	2 10	Rapid City, St. Paul	85	Southampton, St. A. ss	7
" ss.	4 50	Thamesville, St. Jas. ss	7	Creelman, Sark	15	Shannonville ss.	8 75
" St. A. Laid.		Duntroon	12 50	Mono Mills ss.	5	Minnedosa ss	14 60
Carp, Ont.	12 75	Limehouse ss	5 8	Bryson, Que.	1	Ayr, Knox	40 06
Ottawa, Stewart.	95	Selina ss	2 30	Milestone ss.	5 63	Mont. St. Mark's ss.	2
Toledo, St. And. ss	1 61	Bradford ss	3 85	Gilbert Plains, ss.	6 47	Wmt. St. Paul's Miss	25
Midhurst ss.	5	Bethany ss.	2 75	Golden ss.	3 75	Keremotes B.C. ss.	8 19
Merritt, St. And. ss.	6 96	Ashcroft ss.	3	Red Deer Lake ss.,	10 25	Tofield Alta., St. A.	11 15
Me rose ss.	4 31	Grand Forks, Kx. ss.	12 75	Kennedy's ss.	1 40	Edwards, Kx. ss.	1
Petrolia, St. Jno. ss.	5 38	Moose Jaw, St. Pa. ss	5 90	White Lake, etc.	12	Wolfe Is, St. A.	30
Welland, Ont. ss.	4	Port Wm., St. And.	15 68	Calgary Knox	450	Vellore ss.	5
Caledon E., Kx. ss.	15	Westmount, St. And.		Per Rev. S. B. Rohold	58	Cromarty yps	13 06
Newtonville ss	8 35	ss.	12 81	McCrimmon Un., ss	7 75	Caintown ss	6 60
Vars, Kx. ss	5 55	Sulphide Mission	11 60	Monck ss	3 25	Kintyre ss.	18 75
Bancroft, Kx. ss.	5	Depot Hrbr. ss.	15 16	The Valley ss	11 10	Goldsmith.	7
Malta ss.	3 40	Port Arthur, St. Pa. ss.	15 50	Vancouver 1st ss.	15	John Island ss	3
Sparrow Lake ss.	3 35	Newmarket ss.	8 55	Strangfield ss.	15	Smith's Falls, St. Pa. ss	5 25
Collingwood.	250	Baxter ss.	6	Rodney ss.	10 16	Kemptville, St. I. a. ss	5 36
Hillsdale, St. And. ss	4 40	"M. M."	10	Ottawa Kx. ss.	8 36	J. P. Hume	2 50
Norwich ss	4 18	Portypool ss.	2 25	Longueuil ss.	5 50	Per Rv. A. D. Menzies	100

Rev. A. D. Menzi's.	10	Bristol, Que., Knox ss	2 71	Rev. Thos. Paton.	12	Howick ss.	8 50
Haileybury, ss.	5 09	Lake Megantic ss.	2	Weston ss	4 89	Elora, Kx.	68 35
Grand Bend ss.	17 60	Dunbarton, Ont.	13 95	Alleford, St. And. ss.	1 65	Westwood ss.	2
Miss I. Broomfield	10	Inverness, Que.	109	Hampden, Ont.	6 60	Alton, ss.	4 70
Glenallan Kx. ss.	3	Cedar Hill, Ont.	10	Mont., Stanley.	150	W. Huntingdon, St. A. ss	7 50
Tor. Dovercourt ss.	17 39	" "	2 50	Sanford, Man.	8 25	Nassagaweya.	60
Paris ss.	14	Pakenham ss.	3 90	Kilsyth, Ont.	24 50	Tor., McPherson ss.	75
Atkins Cor. ss.	4 22	Brule Un. ss.	1 30	Cobden, Ont., St. A. ss.	5 50	Smithville, Ont.	46 66
W. Flamboro ss.	2 90	Hantsport ss.	2 85	Douglas Z on.	7 34	Smithville, Ont., ss.	3
Fergus, St. And.	66 20	Arden, Man., St. A. ss.	5 25	Ravenswood.	5	Russell ss.	6 50
Wolfe Is. St. A. ss.	6	Foxwarren, Wmstr. ss.	11 50	Heward, Sask. ss.	2	E. Templeton.	32
Eldorado, St. Pa. ss.	5 87	Richmd. Que., Chal. ss.	8 70	Berriedale.	27	Eden, Man., ss.	2 10
Revelstoke, St. A. ss.	9 45	Lenore, Man. ss.	11 50	Manotick, S. Glos.	9	Petite Cote ss.	5
Tor., St. Paul's.	400	McGillivray, Ont. ss.	6 14	New Wmstr., West.	50	Tenby Bay ss.	61
Merivale, ss.	7 75	Brantford, Balf. ss.	5	Wmstr., Ont., 1st ss.	12 59	Gray Church ss.	2 60
Cumberland ss.	3	Lakeport ss.	7 30	Ailsa Craig.	175	Blenheim ss.	7 29
Wmstown, Heph.	8 10	Morden, Knox.	69 50	Carlisle, Ont.	75	Glen Eden ss.	3
Ormstown.	80	Dundurn, Ont.	5	Austin, Man. ss.	6 10	Lyndoch ss.	5
" ss.	17 50	Zephyr, Ont.	6	Belmore, Knox ss.	3 15	Owen Sd., Div. ss.	23 21
" St. Pa. Miss. ss.	15	Bowmanville, St. Pa. ss.	5 93	Westbourne, Man. ss.	4 10	Fernbank, Union ss.	22
Grand Mere, Beth ss.	5 20	St. David's, Man.	12 50	Landing, Man. ss.	3 30	Elora, Ont., Knox ss.	5
Calvin, Ont. ss.	10	Stratford, St. And.	36	St. Sylvester ss.	2	Adamston ss.	3 85
Beeton, Ont. ss.	6 58	First Essa ss.	6 09	Leeds Village ss.	25	Levendale ss.	1 40
E. Puselich, ss.	1	Saitcoat, Sask.	4 60	Whitehorse, St. And. ss	24	Namur, Que., ss.	1
Owen S., Div. St. ss.	423 10	Maitland, Sask.	2 45	Union Pt. Man. ss.	2 80	Fergus, Ont.	2
Bayfield St. And. ss.	4 58	Woodstock, Chal. ss.	3 10	Rev. Dr. Hamilton.	20	Paris, Ont.	5
Cobden, ss.	22 07	Preston.	26 30	Niagara-on-Lake.	6 45	Dalkeith, Ont.	1 08
M. Albert Chal. ss.	5 75	Parry Sd., St. And. Ch.	31 65	Fairlight, Sask.	17	Cruikshank ss.	2
Enniskillen ss.	3 82	Flesherton, Chal.	10 75	Rosetti, Mann. ss.	3 80	Salmon Arm ss.	3 35
Latona ss.	12 25	Sydenham, Kx. ss.	3 20	Vonda, Sask. ss.	3 20	Beauharnois, St. Ed.	84 90
Principal Brandt.	10	Woodford ss.	5 80	W. H. M. S.	81 35	Rosedale, Man., ss.	7
E. Oxford ss.	3	Dewars, Ont. ss.	7 40	Granton, Pasqua ss.	5	Beechburg, t. And.	51 85
Port Langley ss.	2 65	Brasidie ss.	10 10	Lockerby, Man. ss.	1 65	Ospringle, Ont.	13 75
Skea ss.	50	Alexandria ss.	4 60	Yorkton, Sask. ss.	21 25	Ayr, Knox.	9 79
Van And., ss.	50	Eganville, Mel. ss.	9	River Dennis ss.	1	St. Mar.'s, Knox ss.	10
Ayr, Stanley ss.	5	Wingham, St. And.	136 61	Tor., St. Enoch's ss.	7 67	Winthrop, Caven ss.	5 86
Watford.	33 68	Guthrie ss.	5 50	Belfry ss.	1 25	Leadbury Union ss.	2 30
Stratford, St. A. ss.	5	Elora, Ont.	6	Carstairs ss.	8	Strabane, Ont.	81
Woodstock Chal.	100	Rev. Dr. Gregg.	8	Kenmay, Man. ss.	12 05	Mont., St. Pa. ss.	10 30
Inwood ss.	7 70	Rev. R. Knowles.	6	Victoria, B.C., Knox.	5 50	Flos, Kx. ss.	4 31
N. Lunenburg.	5	Corbett, Ont. ss.	1 60	Central Park, B.C. ss.	11	Orangeville, St. And. ss.	8 75
Margaret Craig.	15	Granum, Alta. ss.	7 10	Coleman, Alta, Un. ss.	2 55	Portsmouth ss.	90
Carholme ss.	5	Vernonville ss.	6 64	Barton ss.	9 54	Quebec, Chal. ss.	29
Huntsville, St. A. ss.	3	Didsbury ss.	2 75	Lucknow ss.	8 50	Klondike ss.	6 35
Eau Claire ss.	1 25	Bivbrooke, Knox ss.	8 50	Carleton Pl., St. And. ss	5	S. Nissouri ss.	6 15
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Dwight, St. Peter's ss.	2	Carievale, Sask.	4 20	Cambray, Burns.	3	Westport, Knox ss.	4 08
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Millbank, Kx. ss.	14	Mont. McVicar ss.	5 69	Greenbank ss.	2 82	Centerville ss.	1
Newton ss.	3	Leithbridge ss.	7 59	Lyn, Christ Ch. Y.P.G.	5	Iderton ss.	1 35
Metz St. Paul's.	8 90	Galt, St. And. Miss. ss.	2 60	Althelstan.	31	Embro, Knox Church.	150
Lamon ss.	3 80	Wakefield ss.	3 95	Rev. F. A. Clare.	14 95	Zorra, Burns.	33 97
Lagan ss.	5	Masham, Que. ss.	3	George Hay.	250	Avonton ss.	4
W. Essa, Burns ss.	12 31	Melvin, Man.	11	Rockside, Melville ss.	5	Atwood, Ont.	8 70
Nairn, St. And. ss.	10 50	MacAuley, Sask. ss.	8 75	Oro, St. And.	8	New Wmstr., B.C., St.	
Spence ss.	1	Welwyn, Trinity ss.	10	Ham., St. Jno. H. M.		And.	21
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Buckingham, St. A.	10	Centerville ss.	44 50	Renfrew, St. And.	25	Upper Lachute ss.	6 20
"Inasmuch"	2	King, St. And. ss.	4	Moore Line ss.	6	Caintown, Ont.	10
Wellandport ss.	2	Rockway, Ont. ss.	6 57	Plum Creek ss.	8	Gibraltar, Kx. ss.	3
Logan, St. Paul's ss.	1 30	Ham., St. James' ss.	9 51	Rev. H. S. Lee.	16 40	Wm. A. Allen.	1
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Springfield d. ss.	3	Harrington, Knox.	40	Kilsyth ss.	8 17	Underwood.	16 90
Silver Creek ss.	16	David Ogilvie.	10	Bertha Jaffary.	2	Langside, Ont.	42
Deer Park, Ont.	100	Cushing, St. Mungo's ss	2 02	Lynden, Ont. ss.	11 31	Twelve Mile Lake ss.	1
Port Neuf, Que.	7	Pr. Mme. J. Tessier.	3	Tor., Riverdale ss.	6	Clyde River ss.	2
Mewassin, Alta.	2	Agriola, Alta ss.	1 50	Mont., Stanley ss.	5	Waters, Ont.	3 16
Brucefield Union	19	Lackey, Alta. ss.	90	Avondale ss.	7 60	Creighton Mines.	3 97
Douglas, Man. ss.	4 75	Homewood, Alta. ss.	3 05	Beulah, Man. ss.	3 25	Peterboro. St. Paul's.	102
Boisveavin, St. And.	11 50	Henry Morton.	50	Wpg., Man., Clifton St.		Westmeath, St. And. ss	8 50
Manor, Sask.	5 39	Lac. St. Jean.	5	ss.	5	Medicine Hat ss.	14
S. Canoe Creek ss.	2	Kingston, Chal.	250	M. Brydges, St. And. ss	5	Brownlee, Sask. ss.	2 40
Molesworth ss.	5	Petrola, Ont.	8 25	Nanton, Alta. ss.	9 65	Tumbell, Man. ss.	85
Hartney, St. Pa. ss.	5 65	" ss.	11 98	Centre Road, Knox.	82 14	Grandview, St. And. ss.	7 40
Carnduff, Calvin ss.	3 45	Sapperton, Knox ss.	7 65	Nassagaweya ss.	6 75	Stayner, Ont.	108
Theford, Ont.	22	Innisfail ss.	9 50	Ingersoll, St. Pa. ss.	19 80	Ayton, Knox, ss.	6
Lindsay St. And.	200	Bracebridge, Knox ss.	6	Cut Arm, Sask. ss.	6 55	Mont., Chal. ss.	16 09
Glenlandfield ss.	15	St. Thomas, Alma ss.	6	Wellesley, Zion ss.	6	Havelock ss.	3 50
Ottawa, Erskine ss.	6	Providence Bay.	1 50	Davis, Alta. ss.	4 50	Inverness.	6
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Windsor Mills, St. A. ss	6 30	Arcola ss.	35	Orillia.	200	Pr. Jas. Thomson, Wpg	25
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Tor., Old St. And.	100	Camachie, Knox.	14	Rv. W. C. McLeod	8 40	Pilot Mound, Kx.	156 75
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Home Missions.....	453.79	4,120.66
Augmentation.....	399.76	2,123.36
Coll. ge.....	380.91	4,605.08
A. and I. Ministers..	203.95	1,769.73
French Evangelizatin	27.60	445.04
Pt-aux-Trembles....	143.72	291.77
For North West.....	32.50	2,255.78
Children's Day Col...	932.58	1,095.91
Assembly Fund.....	21.00	95.25
Bursary Fund.....	169.00	925.88
Library Fund.....	24.29	111.49
Manitoba College....		1.00
Widows' & Orphans..	354.00	557.97
Temp. Moral Reform	6.00	1 2 00
Unallocated.....	206.33	1,683.80

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Trenton ss.....	9 10		Soapstone ss.....	3
Sydney River ss.....	2 80		Alexandra ss.....	1 45
Stewartville ss.....	3 45		Mullach ss.....	2 05
Brookfield.....	29 57		Stewart ss.....	3 20
Carlton, Chebogue.....	6		Eastran ss.....	1
Springfield.....	21 50		Little Bass River.....	6 85
Port Duferin ss.....			Inverness ss.....	12 24
Mulgrave.....	9 45		Hopewell Union.....	68
Moser River.....	5		Caledonia Mines ss.....	14
Campbelton ss.....	21		West Bay ss.....	2 50
Mortimer Union ss.....			Refund.....	50
Musqdbt. Harbour.....	4 25		Upper Kintore ss.....	2
E. L. Ainslie.....	30		St. John, St. Stephen	
River View ss.....	55		ss.....	10
Calvary ss.....	2		Fairville ss.....	4 43
Strathcona ss.....	90		Eureka ss.....	7
Alma ss.....	7 65		Hilden ss.....	4
"A Friend".....	22		Kouchibougnac ss.....	5
Mrs. Rbt. Davison.....	20		Metapedia.....	31
Refund.....	15		Sydney Mines B.C.....	3
Boulardre, S. Side ss.....	2 35		ss.....	18
Cheveland ss.....	2 30		Brookfield Centre ss.....	5 60
Fredricton ss.....	19 04		Pleasant Valley ss.....	3 24
Rv. Wm. McLeod.....	10		Brentwood ss.....	2 75
Clifton, New Lon. ss.....	8		Bathhouse ss.....	5
Riverside ss.....	4 20		Hartsville Miss. Soc.....	13 50
Brookway.....	6		Neils Harbor ss.....	5 75
Elmsdale ss.....	8 75		Sherbrooke.....	11
Boulardrie.....	55		Amherst, Knox ss.....	12 23
Bridgeville ss.....	5		Head Hillsboro' ss.....	1
W. Middle River ss.....	2 34		North River.....	9 02
Great Villages.....	5 60		Orangedale ss.....	5 60
Kensington ss.....	3		Indian Brook ss.....	1 25
Lower Stewiacke.....	75		Indiantown ss.....	9
Newport ss.....	2 23		Reserve Mines ss.....	10
Bass and Nicolas Riv.....	49 02		New Maryland.....	7
Loggville ss.....	7 50		Chatham St. Jno. ss.....	3
Barrington Pass. ss.....	3 50		Mundville ss.....	4
Lunenburg ss.....	8		S. Branch ss.....	2 62
New Glasgow P.E.I. ss.....	4		Mabou ss.....	7
Westville, Carmel.....	76		Port Hood ss.....	7 95
Bedeque, N. ss.....	5		E. A. O'Brien.....	100
Yarmouth.....	51 33		Mira ss.....	5

Castlereagh ss.....	5 55	Orwell Head.....	4 40
Otterbrook ss.....	5	Hx., Park St.....	100
Glen More ss.....	1	Durham ss.....	6 50
Northport ss.....	1 50	St. John, St. And. ss.....	5 27
Clam Harbor ss.....	2 03	Bass River.....	37 37
Hx., St. And. ss.....	1	Economy ss.....	2 75
Kentville.....	35	Middle River ss.....	2 30
Mrs. Dodge.....	20	Big Hill ss.....	1 50
New Glasgow Ist.....	25	Port Hastings ss.....	6 58
Springville ss.....	5 10	St. John, St. David's.....	125
Balfour ss.....	1 40	Little Narrows ss.....	1 70
Coalburn.....	5	Bethany, Ec., ss.....	3 10
Interest.....	19 90	Truro, St. Paul's.....	10
Part Thompson Bcq.....	417 72	New Glasgow United.....	397 80
Hx., Park St. ss.....	10	Refund.....	20
Pictou Presby.....	15	Avondale ss.....	1 40
Kirkland ss.....	2 45	Belle River ss.....	6
"Inasmuch".....	20	Culloden ss.....	2
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Hunter's Mt. ss.....	1 60	The Falls ss.....	4
Lyons Brook ss.....	6 30	Cross Roads ss.....	2 68
Lornevale ss.....	2 15	Brookway.....	6
Englishtown ss.....	2	Lower Economy ss.....	1
Englishtown, C.E.....	2	Tatamagouche.....	27 19
Milford, Gay's River.....	29 60	Balfour.....	5 45
Milford ss.....	6 66	Balfour ss.....	3 10
Gay's River ss.....	7 12	Tatamagouche Mt. ss.....	4 26
Woodville.....	32	Barney's Riv.....	9 35
Dundas ss.....	4 67	Glen Bard ss.....	2 25
Bathurst ss.....	8 05	Marshy Hope ss.....	1 25
Carleton ss.....	7 80	Marsh ss.....	1 55
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Harcourt ss.....	4 33	Kenzierville.....	2 40
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THINKING AND ACTING.

Right-thinking and right-acting are closely related, and are mutually dependent. Emerson spoke a truth when he said, "Our lives are what our thoughts are."

But there is a truth equally as important, that our thoughts are what our lives are. Which has the ascendancy in your life. Are you controlled more by thought or act? Noble thoughts do not spring from a life trailing in the dust of sin and deceit. A clean life compels clean thought and pure thoughts put purity into life. Evil thoughts will destroy the noble life, just as effectively as the evil thwarts the best thought. If both life and thought are kept pure, the result will be happiness and peace.—Christian Observer.

HOW TO GET TO THE TOP.

Concentration, or its lack, marks the difference between leaders of men and the rank and file. Those who forge to the front are not so often those of extraordinary ability as those who are simply using ordinary ability to its utmost.

And this is concentration: to take the everyday, average powers that we have and, when there is any occasion to use them, to use them with an intensity of earnestness and a devotion to "this one thing" that will drive out of the way everything that might divert our attention and so lessen our effectiveness.

Did you work that way yesterday in all that you had to do? Are you filling up today with this kind of vehement, result-producing effort?

One of the first effects of concentration is that we have more time,—to do more things; for concentration saves time in finishing any given piece of work. And it improves the quality of our work.

Its secret is will-power and practice,—both within the reach of every one. Its basis is scriptural: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And its effect is that of a tonic, on body, mind, and spirit. Let us learn to concentrate.—S. S. Times.

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A lion in God's cause must be a lamb in his own.—Matthew Henry.

A fence at the edge of a precipice is better than a hospital at the bottom.

Man has too many enemies than that he can afford to be his own foe.—Emerson.

There is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The bolts which hold back the windows of heaven are always on the human and never on the Divine side.

Gentle words are never lost, how'er small their seeming; sunny rays of love are they o'er our pathway gleaming.

Christ's great end was to save men from their sins; but he delighted also to save them from their sorrows.—Baxter.

The sooner one retraces his steps when he has gone wrong the fewer he will have to take before he gets right.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

If there are ten commandments, keeping nine of them involves a miss; and according to the final standard, a miss is sin.

When one has learned that he cannot raise grapes from thorns, he has mastered the most important lesson in natural and human history.

There are two kinds of trouble in this world—the kind that we find, and the kind that finds us. The former is by far the hardest to bear.

"It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money won't buy."

God thought the man he had made needed a vacation once a week; the mistake of the man's driving himself to work on the vacation day, for profit's sake, has cost the world dear.

"A little that is bad in character or life will more than offset a great deal that is good, while a little that is good will not offset the large evil. How it does behoove us to be vigilant against all evil, no matter how tiny!"

The practice of pausing momentarily in business and recreation to realize God's presence is one of the rudimentary lessons in the primer of religion, which teaches us to walk by faith, and not by sight.—E. M. Gouldburn.

If you have not much time at your disposal, do not fail to profit by the smallest portion of time which remains to you. We do not need much time in order to love God, to renew ourselves in His presence, to lift up our hearts towards Him, to worship Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him what we do and what we suffer.—Fenelon.

"Every great spiritual blessing is but a stepping stone to some greater thing. God has promised to pour water on him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. But this is not an end, but a means to better work. Let us not neutralize our blessing by resting back in it but let us consecrate it to higher service and loftier achievement."

Live true to God and the idea of God which he has given you to fulfill among men,—witnesses for the truth as revealed by Christ. We complain, we fret we hurry, we strive to make a figure in the world, and chafe against our limits. Why should we make so much ado? We have an eternity before us. He that believeth shall not make haste.—Stopford Brooke.

Have you ever had your day suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble. Think *now* "What can I do to-day to make someone happy?"—Maltbie D. Babcock.

It is a law of man's nature that happiness does not come by seeking it. The very effort to obtain joy defeats its own end. But God in His wisdom hath ordained that by forgetting self and seeking to bring joy to others, shall true happiness come. It is the grain of corn, that falls into the ground and dies, that lives again and yields a hundred-fold. And just so it is the life given in self-sacrifice that results in love and joy.

Politeness is too often but imitation courtesy. Many a man is polite to his customers but discourteous to his family. There are many who are polite to their acquaintances, but not to strangers. There are men who are exquisite in a drawing-room, but boorish in a railway car. Politeness is largely a matter of education and habit; courtesy goes beneath both—it is a matter of character.—Henry Clay Trumbull.